

# 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 Prevent Crust in a Teakettle.**  
Keep an oyster shell in it, changing it as soon as it is well covered with crust.

**How to Be Healthy, Wealthy and Wise.**

Before the days of good lights, illuminating gas and the electric light there was much truth in the old rhyme which enjoined man to be very economical of daylight, but nowadays one can be healthy, wealthy and wise without imitating the habits of the barnyard fowl. Outdoor exercise taken in moderation, temperance in eating and drinking, and sleeping for that matter, too, are great contributors to health. Wealth can only be attained by fixedness of purpose. Let a man decide that which he wishes to do and adhere to it, and if he be not a fool in his choice, he will be pretty sure to get wealth. Having the ability to get wealth in such a legitimate way he will need no rule for acquiring wisdom—wisdom will come of its own accord; and without health neither wisdom nor a fixed purpose will avail much, though any observer can mention notable exceptions to this rule. But we should all strive for the whole three, for Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense, lie in three words—health, peace and competence.

**How to Take Care of Goldfish.**  
Poor results in the care of goldfish are said to be caused by one of three things—bad water, handling the fish or starvation. The water should be kept as clear as crystal, a fresh supply being poured in each day after most of the other is poured out. When necessary to remove the fish to clean the globe do not handle them, but use a net made of mosquito netting. For food use anything they will eat and as much as they will consume, including worms, meat, fish spawn, flies and bits of bread. A little watching will enable one to know whether the fish are in good condition or not.

**How to Clean Matting.**  
Wash it with a cloth wrung out of salt water or sprinkle it with Indian meal, and then sweep thoroughly.

**How to Make Paper Comforters.**  
Fasten two layers of soft paper or newspaper between two sheets of cheap calico or cheesecloth. This will make a warm and very light coverlet for winter use.

**How to Keep a Pipe Sweet.**  
A pipe should not be smoked too continuously. When a bowlful of tobacco has been burned up the pipe should be taken apart, the bowl cleaned, the stem swabbed out with a straw or wire and the joints wiped free of nicotine. If this be always done the pipe will never get strong or foul. This is a deal of trouble, but a good smoke is worth some pains. A good plan for an inveterate pipe smoker is to have a pipe for each day in the week. One for Mondays, one for Tuesdays and so on. In this way each pipe has a week's rest, and if each one is cleaned before its vacation the pipe smoker will get delight from his pipes which he never realized before.

**How to Keep the Finger Nails in Order.**  
It is a very bad habit to scrape the finger nails either on the out or inside with the blade of a knife. When there is dirt under the nails it should be removed with the nails of the other hand, with an ivory nail cleaner or even an ordinary wooden toothpick. But never use a steel knife blade. It breaks the skin of the nail, and then dirt catches and adheres despite every effort. If the nails be left hard and the skin undisturbed an ordinary washing of the hands will clean them thoroughly. Don't bother with manicures. They do more harm than good, for they destroy the enamel of the nails. In trimming the nails, whether with knife or scissors, be sure that the instrument is sharp, so that it will make a clean cut. Do not trim down into the quick, and never under any circumstance bite the nails. Children contracting this habit should be broken of it, even though frequent applications of the rod be necessary. If you get in the habit of staining your nails with ink, get a shallow inkstand or see that the one in use has only a small quantity of ink in it.

**How to Have in Every Room a Place for Scraps.**  
A scrapbasket is not needed in each room, but some place where tiny order destroyers, such as bits of lint, ravelings, lime or paper can be dropped out of sight, is worth having. Those in the chambers can also be used for hair combings. Take small boxes of any shape, say stocking or soap boxes, remove the edge that goes around the lid, and cover all the rest of the box and lid with colored muslin, over which dotted swiss is to be placed. Frills of narrow lace are put around the bottom and the lid, the latter being sewed on at one side and furnished with a loop to lift it by. These dainty scrapholders can find places on bureaus or tables.

**How to Deal with a Case of Poisoning.**  
Salt and mustard are the great reliance for many reasons. They are found in every house; they can be given instantly; they produce vomiting quicker than other substances in common use, and the danger of overdosing is practically nothing. Another reason is that they are almost equally good whether the poison be a narcotic (opium, laudanum, etc.) or like arsenic or strychnine. The main object in either case is to get as much of it as possible out of the stomach at once. After thorough vomiting is produced pour in hot, strong coffee for an opiate or two or three whites of raw eggs for acid poisons. Raw eggs and hot coffee suit a greater number of poisons than any other articles in common use.

### A LEGEND OF CAMP HORROR.

A Terrible Incident of a Bivouac in the Country of the Sioux Indians.

You will wonder, of course, why a soldier's camp should have received such a name, but it is on the military records, and no man will ever attempt to explain it to you without grieving over the recollections aroused thereby.

It was out in the Indian country, on the Kansas frontier, when the red men were making such a fight against the troops sent out after the close of the rebellion. They had swooped down on the Smoky Hill stage route and scalped and slaughtered right and left, and our command had been hurried forward to protect such settlers as might have escaped and to open the route again. Day after day the red men hovered on our flanks, and night after night they crept upon us like serpents and sent their silent arrows into camp to find living targets.

One night, when the day had been full of excitement, and when it seemed as if the Sioux had determined to retreat no further, the sentinels were warned to extra vigilance. We knew that they were peering into the darkness with bated breath and were ready to fire at the first suspicious sound. At 1 o'clock I thought I heard a light footstep on the grass. It was a dark night, with now and then a gust of wind sweeping up with lonesome sound, and I could not be sure I heard aright.

I waited, with finger on the trigger, ready to fire if I heard the footstep again, but it did not come to me. Scarcely ten minutes had passed when the sentinel on my right, who was only thirty feet away, fired into the darkness. The report of his carbine had not died away when a loud, wild scream rang out upon the night, and every man who heard it knew that it was uttered by a woman.

It is a good many years back to that night, but I remember every incident as well as if only a week had passed. Now and then I have dreamed of it, and that scream has aroused me and taken all my nerve. As soon as we could investigate we found an amazing thing—a woman lying dead on the grass with a year-old baby in her arms! The sentinel had shot her dead in her tracks, but the baby was still asleep, with one of its mother's arms hugging it to her breast.

We looked and looked, and it was hard to believe we saw aright. It was a settler's wife, as was afterward known, who had escaped a massacre more than forty miles away. She had wandered around for five days, suffering with hunger and thirst, and had no doubt become crazed with anxiety and exhaustion.

There was none but old veterans in that camp, but there were tears in all eyes when that poor dead body was brought into camp, and when the wakened baby cried with fright and hunger and held out its little hands to the very trooper who had fired upon the mother. No one could blame him in the least, but he blamed himself. When he realized what he had done he turned away from us without a word and walked away as men walk in their sleep.

We had washed the mother's life blood off the baby's hands, and the colonel himself was feeding it with the gruel hastily prepared, when there came another shot and another alarm. The trooper had gone just without the lines of the camp and fired a bullet into his own heart. Remorse had driven him to it.

Somewhere in the west that boy baby, now grown to manhood, still lives, but the two graves we dug next morning were years ago leveled and obliterated from all sight but that of God. At the last great day he will awaken the dust of their dead. —M. Quaid in New York World.

**Whirled Around Inside of a Big Pulley.**  
Blacksmith Ed Keough lately had a miraculous escape from instant death at the Holyoke Paper company's mill. The machinery was out of gear, and in order to fix it Keough got inside a big wheel. The machinery was stopped, and he had given orders that it should not be started until he signaled.

He was at work inside the wheel when the machinery started. The steam had been turned on by a man who thought that was the thing to do. Mr. Keough was tossed about pretty lively in the wheel where he was at work for a revolution or two, and then the momentum threw him out. He landed on a wide belt that travels along near the floor for a distance of sixty feet before passing around a big pulley. Keough was carried along toward certain destruction.

Had the belt been traveling in the opposite direction he would have been crushed between it and a wheel before he had been on it an instant. He almost reached the wheel toward which he was rapidly going, when his struggles tipped the belt a little and he fell off. At this point he did not fall on the floor, but went down a considerable distance, landing on a pile of debris, receiving numerous bruises in consequence.

His horrified fellow workmen stopped the machinery as quickly as possible, and then picked up Keough, expecting to find him far more seriously hurt than he really was. —Holyoke (Mass.) Democrat.

### A Story of Love and Marriage.

The statement of the marriage license clerk in Covington to a young lady yesterday afternoon was one that would disappoint even an ardent lover of the male persuasion. She applied for a marriage license, and was told in cold, judicial accents that it was not yet leap year, and that it was a custom, sanctioned by the laws of Kentucky, that the gentleman in a marrying affair should call for the license and do the necessary oath taking. She was somewhat abashed, but soon recovered her serenity and went on to explain. Her name was Leonora Schloenker, she said, and the gentleman to whom she was to be married was John J. Ruby. It was almost impossible for him to leave his occupation before dark, and then it would be too late to get the license. Therefore, she had consented to come over and secure the paper.

It seemed a deserving case in the eyes of the clerk, and he proposed a plan to circumvent the difficulty. He agreed to hold the office open to a certain hour and secured the promise of Judge Shine to be present at the appointed time to perform the marriage ceremony. Miss Schloenker went back to consult Mr. Ruby, who was more than delighted with the arrangement and readily assented to the proposition. Last evening they met and went across the bridge, and a half hour later returned husband and wife. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

### David's Coat.

David Robertson, the Scotch naturalist, had, when a boy, rather an unusual experience in clothing himself, and the method he adopted seems amusingly different from that of boys in our own day, who when they want a new jacket, ask for it or go without.

David was early apprenticed to a farmer to herd the cattle, and one day he went to a fair with his master and there gained a prize of twenty shillings by running a race. When he reached home his mistress offered him for the pound enough of homemade woolen cloth for a coat, but though David joyfully accepted it, he was disappointed at finding that the tailor would not make his yearly visit to the house for some time.

With the impatience of youth he begged his mistress to let him make the coat himself. At first she refused, but when David persisted, she agreed to the wild project, stipulating, however, that he should take all the responsibility and ask help of no one.

The boy began by carefully ripping his old coat in pieces for a pattern, and by this he cut the new one, first numbering the pieces in chalk that he might know how to put them together. As all his time belonged to his master he was obliged to take his sewing out into the pasture, and there after a month of laborious work the new coat was completed. Its buttons came from an old coat which had been discarded by his master, and the thread with which it was put together had been spun and dyed at the house.

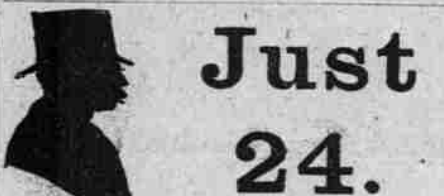
When David showed his mistress the new coat she was loud in praise of it, and declared that not even the tailor could have done it better. One thing, however, it needed, and that was a careful pressing, which he was allowed to give it at the house.

The hardest task of all remained, for he was obliged to remake his old coat, and as the seams were frayed and delicate he had to exercise great care in joining them again. Another month and this task also was done. Then was David the proud possessor of two coats. —Youth's Companion.

**Queen Victoria's Spider Dress.**  
In February, 1877, the queen received from the empress of Brazil a dress woven entirely of spiders' webs, which for fineness and beauty is said to surpass the most splendid silk. —Notes and Queries.

**It Can't Be Helped.**  
Twynn—What makes the wealthy people in the boxes chatter so noisily?  
Triplett—Money talks, you know. —New York Epoch.

**A Desperate Order.**  
Noggles—Say, there, bring me a professional burglar! I want to see if he can break into this spring chicken. —New York Truth.



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, Brunswick House, S. F.; Geo. A. Werner, 631 California St., S. F.; Mrs. C. Melvin, 136 Kearny St., S. F., and many others who have found relief from constipation and sick headaches. G. W. Vincent, of 5 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 to the wind 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 quality of tea. An eminent authority writes on this subject: "The manipulation of poor teas, to give them a better 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 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"

If your grocer does not have it, he will get it for you. Retail 40c per pound. For sale at Leslie Butler's, THE DALLES, OREGON.