

HE WANTS A FLOATING HOTEL.

An Enthusiast's Vision of an Ideal Mid-summer Boarding House.

"Now that another summer is upon us, and the perennial cry, 'let me urge upon you newspaper men that you have an opportunity to do a great act of philanthropy for many hundreds of New Yorkers whose incomes will not allow them to spend the dog days out of the heated city, by persuading some capitalist to fit up a big steamer for a hotel. There's money in it."

"Get a big steamer, or, better still, build one with plenty of roomy staterooms, well ventilated, with ample dining, smoking and lounging saloons, and two or three decks for promenade and chairs. Charge the customary summer hotel rates, and let the steamer have a pier near the Battery."

"Let her start from that pier every evening at the close of business and steam slowly out of the bay while her guests are at dinner. Then let her touch her pier again in time for those who want to spend the evening on shore. After these people are landed on the pier let the steamer put out from the shore and steam slowly about in the cool evening air, while her passengers amuse themselves in her saloons and staterooms and on her decks just as people do in hotels. Just a little before midnight let the steamer steam up to her pier and take on board those people who have been at the theaters, etc., and then drop away down the bay again for the night."

"What refreshing and invigorating sleep a man could get in that salty air. Quiet and order could be preserved on board just as well as in a hotel, and in the morning passengers could be landed fresh for business, while those who had no business in the city could spend the whole day on board if they liked."

"There need be little unpleasant bumping and noise of machinery, as only enough steam would need to be kept up to insure stowage way. No one would look for speed. The expenses would be as small as any other city hotel's, and I am certain that people would just tumble over each other to get quarters on the ship. On those rare occasions when the water was too rough on the wind to bolster, the ship need not leave her pier at all, as the atmosphere would be cool enough then down by the Battery to render the night agreeable."

"Think of the thousands of New Yorkers who must stay in the reeking hot city all summer. How they would jump at such a boarding house! I tell you there's money in it for the first capitalist that takes it up."—New York Tribune.

Beitish Eccentricity.

It is hard for an Englishman to say whether his own countrymen are really more eccentric than other people. He is told they are; but how is he to know that the information may not be built solidly upon prejudice? The saying, "Oh, he's an Englishman," with the shrug of the shoulders that means so much, is often indeed commonly put forward abroad when there is talk of the doings of this or that man, whose ways are not like the ways of the herd of mankind.

Some Englishmen don't appreciate this sort of thing. They get in a rage with the foreigner who charges them with being of an eccentric race. But, for my part, I always take it as a compliment, bow and express my obligations and assure the speaker that I trust he does not intentionally flatter me and the countrymen of whom I am so proud.

On the other hand, however, every one who has been even but for a few months among the people of the Continent can not help coming to the conclusion that we English folk have not the monopoly of eccentricity.—All the Year Round.

Tea Will Detect Poisons.

"Tea," says a woman who knows, "clear tea, without sugar or cream, is one of the best of agents for the detection of suspected poison. I remember stopping once, in my travels, at a little country inn, whose buxom landlady offered me some beautiful looking waffles, beside which she set down a small pitcher of sirup. There was talk at that time—it was several years ago—about the adulteration of the sirup, and this particular pitcherful had a peculiar color which I did not like. So I asked her that a cup of tea be brought to me first, and when it came I took a teaspoonful of the sirup and put it in."

"Instantly the tea turned perfectly black, showing the presence of a mineral poison. I don't know that there would have been enough to have done me serious harm, but as I don't care to take poison, even homeopathically, when I know it, I ate my waffles that day with butter and sugar. More than that, I called the landlady's attention to the circumstance, which resulted in banishing all of that sirup she had in the house."—Her Point of View in New York Times.

The Bright Side of Misfortune.

There is a woman in Bellevue hospital who, though sick of a remarkable difficulty, is having a first rate time. She doesn't suffer any pain at all. Her right eye is paralyzed, also the right side of her mouth, the right side of her tongue and the entire right side of everything, yet she sleeps well, eats well and enjoys being an object of interest. Having only one-half of her senses, she very wisely devotes all that remain to her in sensing only the pleasant things of existence. She sees things only out of her smiling eye; doesn't smell anything that she doesn't want to smell; only tastes of what is good, and fully putting obnoxious medicines over on the right side of her mouth, where there isn't any taste.

It must be quite charming to have this power of discrimination and separation. Think what a comfort a blind spot in one's eye may be, and then fancy the joy of being able to shut off half of one's whole being so that it will be dead to the disagreeable things in life.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Tired Standing.

Old Lady (in electric car)—Dear me! We're going to have a thunderstorm.

Bad Boy (hanging to strap)—I don't see no signs of it, mum.

Old Lady—No signs? Why, the lightning is beginning. See the flashes and hear the thunder.

Bad Boy—That ain't outside, mum. That's in the car. I guess something's wrong with the electric connections.

Old Lady—Goodness me! (Conductor) Conductor! Stop the car; I want to get off.

Bad Boy (taking her seat)—I guess the old lady you get into some store before she gets wet.—Good News.

Insuring Electric Curious.

The collection of electrical apparatus on exhibition at Frankfurt-on-the-Main has been insured against fire and damages by explosion to the extent of \$500,000 marks. The risk has been undertaken by twenty three of the principal German insurance offices. The value of the exhibition as a whole is estimated at 7,000,000 marks.—New York Telegram.

A Copper Plate Found.

It was a piece of shining, bright metal, and the fisherman's eyes were sharp. And thereby hangs a tale.

It will be remembered that when the barkentine Thomas J. Stewart stuck on the ways and refused to take to the water one day last November, the tugboat Ralph Ross went to her assistance. After one or two sharp pulls that were ineffectual, all further proceedings were stopped by the sudden breaking of the post on the Ross to which was attached the tow line of the T. J. Stewart.

Now, to this post was secured a large copper plate weighing about twelve pounds, bearing the inscription of the builder's name, date of building and so on. This plate dropped overboard with the wreckage and was lost.

Wednesday a fisherman attending his weirs at Sandy point saw a glistening object in the water, and after much difficulty succeeded in obtaining possession of it. It was a copper plate bearing the inscription which proved to be the one lost from the tug Ralph Ross last November. The plate was returned to Mr. Ross on Thursday at his office.

The query is, How did that plate reach Sandy point, twenty-five miles away? It is hardly reasonable to say that the current could have carried so heavy a body so far down the river, and it is really explained by stating that the ice in some underhand fashion obtained possession of the Ralph Ross passport, and in its hurried journey to the south this spring forgot to leave it behind. It did not travel far under false pretenses, however, but has dropped its booty, which is now returned to its proper owners.

Mr. Ross is to have the plate polished, handsomely framed and hung on the wall of his office on Exchange street as a reminder of the queer things that Dame Nature will sometimes do.—Bangor News.

How Old Masters Are Made.

Propos de bottles, I find two curious business advertisements in my foreign papers. One is that of an ingenious person whose address is at the Batignolles, and who announces himself as a "signaturist" and a "monogrammist," and guarantees signatures of any artist at any period of his art at a franc apiece. Only think of it! For the price of a pony of brandy at Delmonico's one may convert any unidentified find of the junkshop into a Rembrandt, a Velasquez, a Millet, or whatever else one chooses.

Moreover, this expert announces that he "identifies" pictures for his clients. A wizard capable of transforming pictures could naturally identify them by the same process. There are some "collectors" in America whom it would pay to make a trip to Paris and a visit to the Batignolles. The demand for old masters has stimulated the ingenuity of some German genius in another direction. A standing advertisement in the leading art magazine of Germany is that of a "competent artist," as he signs himself, who offers to furnish copies that cannot be identified from the originals of any pictures in any of the public collections.—Collector.

Annihilated in Midair.

About 3 o'clock, just before the heavy shower, several gentlemen were sitting in front of a store in West Nashville when one of the party observed a large turkey buzzard that was sailing majestically across the sky, and remarked that if the buzzard did not look out he would get wet.

Their attention was thus called to the bird, and all were lazily watching its flight, when suddenly, just as it was opposite to and above them, they were blinded by a flash of lightning, which seemingly exploded on the back of the buzzard. They were astonished somewhat, but recovered themselves and looked for the buzzard, but, alas, the majestic bird was out of sight. All that was left of him was a few black tail feathers, which fluttered pathetically to the ground.

Those who witnessed the phenomenon succeeded in catching several of the scorched feathers, which they exhibit in corroboration of the story.—Nashville American.

Mr. Sears' Imported Razorbacks.

The Tamworth hogs, which J. Montgomery Sears has imported for breeding purposes, are an old English breed characterized by the large proportion of lean meat to the fat in its make up. It has of late been overlooked in the effort to breed for fat, hence has seldom been mentioned or heard of. Mr. Sears has called public attention to the breed by his importations, and still others now have them under trial. They are medium in size, light in the shoulder, deep sided, and rather fat as compared with the modern models, and "red" in color. Their recommendation is that they are unlike the rounded balls of fat that have been furnishing us our models.—Bangor Commercial.

A Boy Freed by a Wild Cat.

Charlie Heath, of Brooks, a boy sixteen years old, was attacked in that town the other day by a strange animal, probably a wildcat. The boy saw the animal in a tree and threw a stone at it. Thereupon the animal sprang down upon the boy and they had quite a fight, in which the clothes of young Heath were torn, his head and face and parts of his body badly scratched. The boy then managed to climb a tree and with his heavy boots would kick the animal down as it tried to get to him. After some time the beast became tired of this and slunk away.—Lewiston Journal.

Millions in Sawdust.

A well known mechanic of Portland, Me., is about taking out a patent on an invention for converting the sawdust and other waste from mills into a wood pulp of peculiar strength and quality that he says can be utilized for nearly every purpose in which wood is used. If half his claims prove true his invention is a most valuable one. One of the largest business houses in Portland have offered the inventor the free use of one of their factories for a year for experimenting purposes.—New York Telegram.

Retirent.

Cleverton—Was Miss Griggson bored by my talk last night?

Dashaway—I couldn't get her to say.

—New York Truth.

Water That Lost a Customer.

It is fun to watch the pineapple man. He is a generous fellow, and the slabs of pine that he cuts off and retails for a nickel are thick and sweet, and his trade is large.

Unto him clerks, newsboys and millionaires come the livelong day to refresh themselves with fruit. He peels and cuts and cuts and peels, and still the demand continues.

A Wall street banker stops and buys a piece, an editor refreshes his inner man with a slab of pine; a street gamin wheels a nickel slice out of the old man for a penny. An old, decrepit woman, with a cheek as hard as that of the statue of Liberty, comes up and asks him for a slice. The pineapple man looks at her a minute, subtracts a thin slice from the heap and gives it to the beggar, and she goes on her way rejoicing.

At last the curbstone merchant gets out his dinner pail and eats a hearty meal. It never occurs to him to flavor it with some of his luscious stock in trade, and he goes dessertless.

When he is through he takes out a very small tin pail of water and sprinkles some of it upon the fruit to keep it from getting dry. Then he carefully washes his hands in the pail, and then, oh, heavens! he carefully covers up the pail, as if water were precious under the shadow of the postoffice and with the free drinking fountain not thirty feet away!

Thank you, not today! I was going to treat myself to pines, but something has suddenly stolen my appetite away.—New York Herald.

The Neglect of the Groom.

A person about to be married has sent in a complaint for public consideration against the constant neglect which the bridegroom receives from the press, from the friends of the contracting parties and often from their immediate families. All interest centers in the bride, whose dress is described in voluminous detail, whose bouquet is not considered beneath mention, and whose face, blushing beneath her veil, is the most pleasing attraction of the wedding.

The bridesmaids, lovely girls, fluttering in dainty colors, are worth more than a passing notice. The ushers, the guests, and even the organist, are spoken of in an appreciative manner. Sometimes there is consideration shown to the sexton of the church. But where is the groom? There are columns of descriptions of weddings in the daily press, and in these columns the personality of the groom is passed over without a glimmer of apology.

How does the groom dress? What is his choice of flower? Do his gloves fit? Are his shoes of patent leather? Nobody knows these interesting details, although they are undoubtedly important to the neglected man. His presence is supposed from occasional mention of the "young couple," and he probably may be seen skulking around the corner of the pulpit; but he is evidently in a hurry for the completion of the matter. It is not his occasion. Unfortunate man, he is the chief and notable instance of "Hamlet left out of Hamlet."—Boston Journal.

Conscience in the Sleeping Man.

Dreams have been regarded as an interesting subject of study ever since scientific thought was born. Locke, the essayist on the human understanding, was of the opinion that a man did not think at all when really asleep, while modern investigators in this line of research believe that thought no more ceases during sleep than a watch properly wound runs down in the night.

According to their notion, under such conditions the mechanical functions of the mind are active, though uncontrolled by the judgment, and thus it happens that one's dreams are apt to be unreasonable and even absurd.

Could anything be more interesting than to trace the progress of a dream, if it were only possible? Think of the variety of experiences through which one would be conveyed, untrammelled by the limitations of common sense which restrict one's waking thoughts, and freed from the moral responsibilities that encumber the doings of ordinary life. Probability sets no bounds to the dreamer's vision, and even conscience is dormant, since the most righteous of men do, on occasions, misbehave themselves most shockingly in the strange Land of Nod.—Washington Star.

A Bird's Waterproof Nest.

Being out on a prospecting tour in the mountains and having some knowledge of birds and beasts in their native haunts, I was on the alert for anything I could see. One day while we were wading a mountain stream in Skamania county, Wash., I saw a water ouzel leave a waterfall some twenty feet above the stream we were in. By helping my companion up the rocks he was enabled to reach the place where the bird had left, and was rewarded by finding the nest, a splendid waterproof nest, built in a crevice of the rocks where the water was pouring over and partly into the fore part of the nest. I now have it and one egg at home in Vancouver, Wash., as a relic of our trip.—George Mitchell in Portland Oregonian.

Is It To or Too?

The violation of the particle "to" is a sin of continual growth, and not merely by that insertion of an adverb between it and the body of the verb censured by Taylor, but by total dislocation, as in such cases as "try to," "mean to," "going to" and "obliged to." Dr. Watts has been taxed with its perpetration in a well known line which occurs in his didactic rhyme for children, "Let dogs delight to bark and bite," the probable truth being that he wrote not "For 'tis their nature 'to,'" but, "For 'tis their nature (id est, the nature of bears and tigers to growl and fight), 'too.'" A misprint here is vastly more conceivable than an ungrammatical trip on the part of Dr. Watts.—Notes and Queries.

Retirent.

Cleverton—Was Miss Griggson bored by my talk last night?

Dashaway—I couldn't get her to say.

—New York Truth.

Pimples.

The old idea of 40 years ago was that facial eruptions were due to a "blood humor," for which they gave potash. Thus all the old Sarsaparillas contain potash, a most objectionable and drastic mineral, that instead of decreasing, actually creates more eruptions. You have noticed this when taking other Sarsaparillas than Joy's. It is however now known that the stomach, the blood creating power, is the seat of all vitiating or cleansing operations. A stomach clogged by indigestion or constipation, vitiates the blood, result pimples. A clean stomach and healthful digestion purifies it and they disappear.

Thus Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla is compounded after the modern idea to regulate the bowels and stimulate the digestion. The effect is immediate and most satisfactory. A short testimonial to contrast the action of the potent Sarsaparilla and Joy's modern vegetable preparation. Mrs. C. D. Stuart, of 400 Hayes St., S. F., writes: "I have for years had indigestion, I tried a popular Sarsaparilla but it actually caused more pimples to break out on my face. Hearing that Joy's was a later preparation and acted differently, I tried it and the pimples immediately disappeared."

Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla

Largest bottle, most effective, same price, For Sale by SNIPES & KINERSLY, THE DALLES, OREGON.

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 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.



The Largest, Fastest and Finest in the World. Passenger accommodations unequalled. NEW YORK, LONDON, DERRY AND GLASGOW. NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO AND NAPLES. At regular intervals. SALOON, SECOND-CLASS AND STEERAGE rates on lowest terms to the principal ports of the world. Excursion tickets available to return by either the Pacific or Atlantic route. Drafts and Money Orders for Any Amount at Lowest Rates. Apply to any of our local Agents or to HENDERSON BROTHERS, Chicago, Ill.

Health is Wealth!



DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, vertigo, Insanity and leading to misery, decay and death. Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Seminal Emission 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.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied by \$3.00 we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantee issued only by

BLAKELEY & HOUGHTON,

Prescription Druggists,

175 Second St. The Dalles, Or.

A Revelation.



Few people know that the bright bluish-green color of the ordinary teas 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 cheap or black kinds by gleaning or facing with Prussian blue, tumeric, gypsum, and indigo. This method is so general that every 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. Price 60c per pound. For sale at Leslie Butler's, THE DALLES, OREGON.

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

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

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.

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.

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