

# 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

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## 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

## New Columbia Hotel,

THE DALLES, OREGON.

Best Dollar a Day House on the Coast!

First-Class Meals, 25 Cents.

First Class Hotel in Every Respect.

None but the Best of White Help Employed.

T. T. Nicholas, Prop.

## TO RENT.

\$500 Reward!

A Union Street Lodging House. For terms apply to GEO. WILLIAMS, Administrator of the estate of John Michelbaugh. dtf-9-2 175 Second St. The Dalles, Or.

We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes containing 30 Pills, 25 cents. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by THE JOHN C. WEST COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

BLAKELEY & HOUGHTON, Prescription Druggists.

1880. He said that through overexertion and insufficiency of sleep he had then suffered from violent headache for two weeks, and that afterward he saw everything as if it were red. The latter symptom had continued for three months, after which time he had lost all sensation of color. In the beginning of May, 1890, he presented himself again, declaring that he had perfectly regained the power to distinguish colors. A thorough examination completely confirmed the assurance given by the patient, who was consequently again fit for service. Dr. Reich believes that "erythrope" is due to central mischief. The case seems to show that sensation of color is perfectly independent of the physiological function.—New York Ledger.

## Bad Blood.

Impure or vitiated blood is nine times out of ten caused by some form of constipation or indigestion that clogs up the system, when the blood naturally becomes impregnated with the effete matter. The old Sarsaparilla attempt to reach this condition by attacking the blood with the drastic mineral "potash." The potash theory is old and obsolete. Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla is modern. It goes to the seat of the trouble. It arouses the liver, kidneys and bowels to healthful action, and invigorates the circulation, and the impurities are quickly carried off through the natural channels.

Try it and note its delightful action. Chas. Lee, at Beams's Third and Market Streets, S. F., writes: "I took it for vitiated blood and while on the first bottle, I became convinced of its merits, for I could feel it was working a change. It cleansed, purified and brooded me agreeably, and everything is now working full and regular."

Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla 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 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.

## 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, 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.

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. Guarantees 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 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 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 teas.

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.

## MARRYING LITERARY MEN.

A Woman Very Ably Answers Andrew Lang, Who Says "Don't Do It."

Your quotation from Andrew Lang's essay in Longman's Magazine headed "Don't Marry Literary Men," draws forth a few remarks from me, as I fear there are many young women who will look upon such penny scrap writings in a serious light.

In the first place women should know enough to attend and conduct their own business undirected and unmolested by men. Secondly, love for a man does not necessarily mean that each and every minute of the husband's time should be devoted in listening to what his wife has to say.

There come moments when woman wants solitude, time to think and deliberate. And every woman who is intelligent enough to think and act independently knows very well that every man must do the same thing.

Mr. Lang is mistaken when he thinks it only misery to live with a literary man. Forsooth, even were it so, I would rather by far have an intelligent person about me, moods and all (not meaning that all literateurs are intelligent), than to have the constant company of a person who is led by the nose like a blind mule in a salt mine.

Then, too, Mr. Lang, if he is really studious, must know that woman today is also deeply interested and moved by some of the horrible and shocking doings of society, which are apt to make the most intelligent of them moody also.

The average young woman imagines (a thought put forth in dime novels and other such literature) that "his thoughts must be her thoughts." This is a grievous mistake, if not a malicious lie on the part of authors who so habitually use the expression in one way or another.

The trouble is that young people jump into matrimony without the slightest knowledge of each other's characteristics and natures, blindly but firmly believing that matrimony settles everything—mental differences and physical weaknesses. In fact, the average young person is so mentally weakened by industrial worry that mental preparations to marriage are altogether strange to them.

The real science of a married life is the preparation for it. Mentally, there is no such thing as a "woman's sphere" or "man's sphere in life." What is right for a man to know is equally right for a woman to know, and vice versa. And I venture to say that the average woman will never be free, mentally and physically, before she discovers this undeniable fact.

Conditions of today, seriously considered, no man will ever liberate woman nor can woman liberate man. Each person, with a kindly feeling and consideration for the rights of all others, must pursue a course of self thought and study, individual culture and personal purity. It will be only when the world becomes, through this process of self education and self refinement, more enlightened, or at least civilized, that the average marriage will be a thoroughly happy one, intellectually honest and physically pure, whether husbands are bricklayers, doctors, clerks, barristers, litterateurs or what not.—Eleanor Metz in New York Sun.

## Prompt and Heroic.

All Australian boys are taught the necessity of guarding against snake bites. The treatment of such wounds is a necessary part of their education. One day two little fellows six and eight years old went into the bush to play. The smaller one, chasing a rabbit into a hole, pushed in his hand and brought it out quickly, with the head of a venomous snake attached to one of the fingers.

"Quick, Charley!" he cried, putting his hand down on a stump. "Chop off my finger! The snake has bitten it!" Charley, without a pause, lifted his ax and chopped, not only the damaged finger, but two of the others as well. Then the boys ran straight into town, over a mile distant, and sought a surgeon, who dipped the injured members in ammonia before dressing them. Imagine the pain of such a burning bath!

A young Australian lady was one day walking along the street, when she saw a dirty and wretched looking tramp to whose leg a venomous snake had affixed itself.

After killing the reptile with her parasol she borrowed his pocket knife, cut the trousers away from the wound, and then, cutting a cross upon the bite itself, applied her lips to it and sucked the poison away. The tramp's life was saved at the sacrifice, perhaps, of some dainty scruples.—Youth's Companion.

## Old English Holdings.

Among strange conditions connected with the subject of holdings we learn that the town of Yarmouth was bound by charter to send to the sheriffs of Norwich a hundred herrings, "which are to be baked in twenty-four pies or pasties, and then delivered to the lord of the manor of East Carlton, who was to convey them to the king." We are also told that three noblemen held thirty acres of land in a town in Norfolk by the sergeantry of carrying to the king, wherever he should be in England, two dozen pasties of fresh herrings on their first coming in.

In like manner some lands at Bishop Auckland, and also the manor of Lockburn, are said to be held by the bishop of Durham by the easy service of presenting a falchion to every bishop on his first entrance into his diocese.—London Tit-Bits.

## Color Blindness.

An English engineer, forty years of age, was dismissed from his situation because he was unable to correctly distinguish colors. Dr. M. Reich, who examined the man, and who afterward published the results of his examinations in a Russian paper, found sight, focus and sensation of light normal, and discovered no disease by the ophthalmoscope, yet the patient could distinguish no colors when of a dark shade, and only yellow and blue when of a light shade. The patient assured Dr. Reich that he had been able to distinguish colors correctly and with confidence up to the summer of

## Coincidence in Phrases.

So much interest is taken in the origin of phrases that the literary editors of most of our large dailies are kept on the alert to answer the inquiries put to them. There is just as much interest taken in the coincidence of ideas and the similarity in expressing them. Not a few of such instances have been attributed to direct appropriation, and sometimes justly so, but more frequently without taking into consideration that the same ideas, comparisons and illustrations may occur to different writers. It must not be forgotten, either, that there is a "nebulous" condition of the brain that may lead to unconscious reproduction.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Hark! the jury is returning.

Surely they cannot have made up their minds in so short a time to condemn a fellow man to life imprisonment. In response to a request from the judge I stand up and face the jury. There is not a friendly countenance among the twelve. I barely hear the ominous word "Guilty," which the foreman speaks. The shock is so unexpected that I scarcely realize the meaning of the judge's cruel words as he pronounces the sentence of imprisonment for life. The hour is late, and

## SLEEP.

When for departed joys we blindly weep, Or, overborne with toil, are fain for rest, Comes, with still feet and soft unincumbered vest, The pale, sweet angel that the world calls Sleep.

She doth our eyes with bruised poppies steep; She salves the wound that rankles in the breast. Drives sorrow from the heart (unwelcome guest), And laves us in Lethean fountains deep.

Gentle is sleep, but fast she binds us all. Rebuffed, resisted, sure she stands and waits. As sure and patient as her sister, Death. At length the closed lids and even breath Proclaim her conquest. Then, at her soft call, Grim Pluto sets ajar the ivory gates. James Buckham in Springfield Homestead.

## MY LONGEST DAY.

George Parsons and I were enemies from the first; we did not affiliate as boys in the village school, and as we passed together into the higher grades we became even less friendly. We did not use our fists on each other, but with each breast there still rankled the remembrance of unsettled old scores. Later on we bestowed our affections upon the same lady. Laura Marshall was not a coquette, but it seemed to take her a long time to make up her mind which one was to be the happy man. When her choice was announced Parsons was furious and we had bitter words before witnesses.

About the time of our marriage Parsons and I began business in the same line. This was unfortunate, and had either been aware of the other's intention, it is doubtful if we would have become competitors in so small a place; as it was we never missed an opportunity to injure each other. It was a foolish feud between us, but such silly quarrels are common in every country village.

I think Laura worried over the matter more than any one else, and often attempted to heal the breach between us, but it widened every day. George, however, was as agreeable to her as he was bitter to me.

One day our townspeople were startled by the announcement that Parsons had disappeared. His business affairs were prosperous and everything in good order. He was a reticent sort of fellow, but had he left of his own accord he would naturally have left some word with his clerk or at his boarding place, but none could be found. As time passed the mysterious disappearance became the one topic of conversation in our village.

On the morning it became known I discharged our servant maid for a frequent neglect of duty. She was chagrined at her dismissal and soon spread stories that were founded partly on facts. My wife had been seen in earnest conversation with Parsons the previous day; we had a little tiff at the tea table, and I had not returned home that night till quite late. It was plain to be seen that public opinion was forming against me, as it became necessary that some one must be suspected to give the gossiping tongues an occupation.

In less than a week some boys found a man's body in the river just below the village. It had apparently been in the water but a short time, but the face had been eaten by eels or beaten out of human shape. The skull had been broken by a blow, and the medical examiner proved, to his own satisfaction at least, that the man had been killed before being thrown into the water. It seemed to require no effort to identify the remains as those of George Parsons, and it was but natural that my arrest should follow.

I was as willing as any one that my trial should take place at once, confident that my innocence would somehow be proved, despite the circumstantial evidence which was gathering against me. Accordingly the case was entered at the term of court then in session. As I recall the testimony I do not think a single witness, unless it be our former servant, testified to anything but the truth.

My wife had fallen ill, but her testimony, even if it could have been admitted, would have proved more against than for me. It was easily determined that Parsons and I were unfriendly; that we had quarreled; that I was jealous of my wife for speaking to him, and that it would be to my business advantage and domestic peace to have him out of the way.

Could I have proved that I passed the hours from 8 till 11 o'clock on the night that Parsons disappeared in walking upon a lonely road, all the other testimony would have proved worthless, but I did not remember meeting a single person abroad that night after 8 o'clock. When I returned home the streets were deserted. I was harassed about business matters, vexed with my wife and suffered from a headache, but when I explained this it was evident that my story was not credited.

My counsel was an old and tried friend of my youth, but he did not possess the ability to show the jury the filmy character of the evidence of the prosecution. It was against his advice that the case had been put on trial so early, but so confident was I of acquittal that I did not realize on what precarious ground I stood. I felt that in some way my innocence would be proved, although I stood almost alone in my belief. The trial was a brief one, and the arguments of the lawyers were soon finished. To these and the charge of the judge I listened like one in a trance. The jury passed out and a few friends came to me with words of cheer and hope.

Hark! the jury is returning. Surely they cannot have made up their minds in so short a time to condemn a fellow man to life imprisonment. In response to a request from the judge I stand up and face the jury. There is not a friendly countenance among the twelve. I barely hear the ominous word "Guilty," which the foreman speaks. The shock is so unexpected that I scarcely realize the meaning of the judge's cruel words as he pronounces the sentence of imprisonment for life. The hour is late, and

he is anxious to be at home. He has no compassion for me. They lead me back to my cell, and, thanks to some unknown friend who drops a potion in my coffee, I soon fall asleep. Exhausted nature can stand the strain no longer. I am aroused in the early morning, and a few friends come in to say farewell; they realize the situation more fully than I do. A short railway journey, a ride in a boxlike carriage and the prison is reached. I answer a few questions mechanically and exchange my clothing for the striped dress of a convict. With an officer I pass down a flight of steps and through a long corridor lighted by a single flame: I am pushed into a small, dark, ill smelling cell, and for the first time realized that the judge's last words to me were, "And the first day thereof shall be in solitary confinement."

Everything had been a dream up to this moment, but the awakening is terrible. As I hear the last echo of the retreating footsteps I comprehend my position—alone in prison. It seems as if I shall go mad; a feeling of suffocation overcomes me, as in vain I attempt to cry out and clutch at the bare stone walls. My head throbs as if it would burst, the wildest thoughts crowd to my brain in a confused mass, I do not comprehend them. My blood courses through its veins like rivulets of molten fire, burning the flesh at each pulsation. How long the paroxysm lasts I know not, as in the darkness I can take no note of time, but when I grow calm I think out the course of the trial.