

ASTRIDE A LIVE SHARK.

PARING FEAT OF A CALIFORNIA SWIMMING TEACHER.

A Man's Sport with a Marine Monster. The Entire Harmlessness of a Huge Basking Shark Amply Demonstrated The Visitors No Longer Afraid.

That a man should take a ride on a live shark's back, apparently with all the delight of a wild cowboy breaking in an unruly mustang, would be difficult to believe unless circumstances were presented to verify it. Such an occurrence has really taken place, however, and at so short a distance from San Francisco that any doubting Thomas can easily satisfy himself by making a personal investigation.

For the past few years the fishermen in the northern part of Monterey bay near Santa Cruz, have been greatly annoyed by basking sharks. These sharks, while in search of food, often run into the nets of fishermen, and in thrashing about and trying to escape from the meshes which enfold them, tear the nets and injure them so that the fishermen at times suffer the loss of hundreds of dollars. Sometimes a shark struggles about so much in the water as to wrap the nets around it in such a manner that escape is impossible, and the huge fish dies from the exhaustion produced by its wild efforts to get free. To extricate the dead fish from the nets it is sometimes necessary to tow it ashore, and to recover part of the loss sustained in the destruction of the nets the fishermen try out the liver of the shark and obtain a quantity of cheap but profitable oil.

AN OXULAR DEMONSTRATION. A huge basking shark about thirty or forty feet long became entangled in the nets of some fishermen off Sequel point about four miles from Santa Cruz. The shark, still alive and enfolded in the nets, was towed by the fishermen in boats to the wharf at Capitola. Its arrival created great excitement among the visitors at that resort. The fact that sharks, any sharks, were near the beach drove hundreds of bathers from the water, and people began to make up their minds to leave the place. No amount of assurance on the part of the proprietors of the hotel or the fishermen that basking sharks were not man eaters, and that many had been caught with no accident happening, could entirely quiet the fears of the visitors, and bathing was almost given up.

Some oxular demonstration of the fact that a basking shark was harmless therefore became necessary. Swimming Teacher Swanson, of the Capitola baths, then determined to give an exhibition with the shark which should convince the most timid. A performance followed the like of which no man ever participated in before. Swanson put on a bathing suit and swam to the wharf where the partially exhausted monster lay, still partly wrapped in the torn and tangled fishing nets. Slowly approaching the gasping yet enraged monster, a whale in size if not in species, Swanson swam close to its side, and then clambered slowly on top, a moderately easy task to accomplish, as the shark lay almost entirely under water. Sitting astride the huge fish like a baby on an elephant, the bold swimmer shouted in triumphant derision at the several hundred people on the wharf, who had gathered to witness the strange performance.

NOT USED TO IT. His song of success was quickly cut short, for as soon as the lazy shark realized it had gathered something more on its back it commenced to thrash about and threw Swanson off. Women in the crowd shrieked in fear and men held their breath in excitement. It was hardly a minute, however, before Swanson appeared uninjured and laughing outside of the line of foam caused by the shark's struggles. The crowd on the wharf breathed more freely when they saw the man emerge from the seething waters and realized that he had not been devoured, as they expected him to be.

The undaunted swimmer again went to the side of the shark, and once more mounted his marine steed. The shark again showed its fear and anger by shaking him off, but not so violently as before. With great persistence Swanson again climbed on to the monster.

What seemed before to the many spectators a most foolhardy act, and but the courtship of certain death, now became a strangely comical sight. Swanson mounted the fish, and the shark becoming accustomed to its queer burden, merely rolled the man off each time he got on its back, simply turning lazily in the water and shaking himself. This was repeated several times, and the large crowd of people who came expecting to see the man killed and eaten departed laughing at the ludicrous ending of the performance. Swanson became the hero of the camp. Bathing was resumed and even more freely indulged in as a consequence of the exhibition, and no one can now be found in Camp Capitola who will admit that they fear a shark, or a basking shark at least.—San Francisco Chronicle.

An Interesting Calculation. An uptown man, having nothing else to do, thought he would try an experiment, so he turned the hands of a clock in his room the full twenty-four hours of a day, and found it took, with moderate movement, one minute of time to accomplish that task. He then made a calculation of how long it would take him to turn off the full measure of a man's life, which, according to the Scriptures, is "three score years and ten," and found that it would take seventeen and one-half days to turn the hands of the clock to represent seventy years.—Philadelphia Record.

A Bargain. Small Son—Dot snit fit dot man awful tight. Dealer—It was a tight fit, mein son. "Vy did you zell it zo cheap?" "I was afraid I couldn't get it off without tearing it."—Good News.

An Enjoyable Way to Take Tea.

There are people who get more out of life than others by a sort of philosophy of contrast or change. The listener, being invited to tea not long since, found the table set under the apple trees just a few steps from the kitchen door. There were several children seated about the table, expressing by their demure manner that it was not a novel thing at all. "Oh, no!" said the hostess; "we've hardly eaten dinner or supper in the house for three weeks. If it's a possible thing we set the table out here or on the piazza at least. There is only one disadvantage, it makes it harder on the girls, but we all take hold and help, so that they are as pleased as we are."

It was delightful to sit under the trees that flecked the table cloth with moving shadows and seemed to add new flavor to the simple food. The house stood back from the street of course, and yet if it had been near the street there might have been a great gain for the passerby. It would have given a touch of sociability to the street, like that characteristic of the French, who eat in public so gracefully.

It formed a sort of daily picnic, without the toil and bugs and depressing after effects of that great American institution. It added charm and relish to the meal, and made the summer more distinctly a time for vacations and out of door impressions. It seemed a custom that could be profitably followed by many suburban dwellers and it would be a distinct lengthening of the play-time of midsummer.—Boston Transcript.

He Changed the Day.

The story is told of the late "Pig Iron" Kelley that on one occasion a young woman, the daughter of an old Pennsylvanian, who had been one of Kelley's political lieutenants, applied to him for a position, which he promised to secure for her the next day. On the following morning, when the young woman called on the judge, he had forgotten all about her case, but upon being reminded, apologized profusely and told her to "call tomorrow." The judge kept this up for nearly a month, when the young woman, lost her patience. On the occasion of her last visit the judge, who was very absentminded, did not catch her name as the servant announced her presence in the parlor and, walking hurriedly into the room, shook hands with her and began the old formula.

"My dear young lady, I am very busy today; you will really have to call tomorrow." "But, judge," she protested, "that is what you have told me for a month. I have come almost every day, and you have invariably told me to call tomorrow." "I beg your pardon, I am sure," said the judge with great suavity. "Call day after tomorrow."—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Barn Owl.

How soft is the plumage of the owl, and how noiseless her flight. Watch her as she floats past the ivy tod, down by the ricks and silently over the old wood: then away over the meadows, through the open door and out of the loophole of the barn; round the lichened tower and along the course of the brook. Presently she returns to her four downy young with a grouse in one claw and a vole in the other, soon to be ripped up, torn and eaten by the greedy, snapping imp. Young and eggs are not infrequently found in the same nest.

If you would see the midday siesta of these birds climb up into the hayrack. There, in an angle of the beam, you will see their owlish snoring, and blinking wide their great round-eyes. Their duct is the most unearthly, ridiculous, grave ever heard. There they will stay all day, digesting the mice with which they have gorged themselves until twilight, when they again issue forth upon their madcap revels.

This clever mouse has a strong claim on our protection; so let not idle superstition further its destruction.—Manchester Times.

The French National Printing Works.

The French national printing works date from the year 1640, and owe their origin to Louis XIII, who established them under the title Imprimerie royale. The works were suppressed at the beginning of the revolution and reorganized in the Year II. The state printing office has had many homes. It is now in the former abode of the princely house of Rohan, in the Rue Vieille du Temple, which still retains traces of its former splendor.

Besides executing all the printing of the ministries and other public bodies, the presses of the Imprimerie nationale are at the service of all private individuals who require in their works types impossible to procure elsewhere. The collection at the Hotel de Rohan is unique and contains 200 varieties. It would almost satisfy the archdeacon of the story whose sermons could not be printed because the printer had only one ton of parentheses in stock.—London News.

Piled.

A titled Parisian, after wasting much time in the Latin quarter, finally managed, by hook or crook, to become engaged as a pupil of Gerome. Day after day the nobleman came, took his place before the model and sketched as best he could. Finally Gerome paused before the new pupil one day and said, "You come here in the morning; what do you do in the afternoon?" "Oh," said the nobleman, "I ride in the Bois, see a few of my friends, and then dress for dinner." "You do," mused the master; "don't you think you'd better do the same things in the morning, also?" The next week a new pupil had the nobleman's place in front of the model.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Why alloys should vary in their properties so widely as they do from the metals which form them is an obscure question. Experiment is still the only means of discovering what properties such and such an alloy will have, or how these properties may be usefully changed by a slight difference in composition.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

The world is so changed since I knew her! The sky is a tenderer blue, The wood thrush sings sweeter and truer—Yea, all the wide world is made new. The breezes that blow from the clover And kiss all the flowers on the way, Are whispering over and over A name that is sweeter than they. Oh, love, thou hast fettered and bound me, I ne'er shall be heart free again! Yet life flows like music around me, And flow'rs are the links of my chain. —James Buckham in Detroit Free Press.

How Cloth is Tested.

When the cloth arrives, it is slowly passed over a double roller which measures the yards, and carefully examined for the purpose of discovering any defects in the manufacture. If there are any—broken threads or loosely woven spots—they are indicated by sewing a string in the margin, and the cutter is thus able to avoid the defective portion. Then we cut off a small piece of the goods and put it outside on a window-sill, where, for ten days, it is exposed to the sun and the rain. If it fades, it is rejected. Then we test by chemicals to see if the dye stuff is indigo, which is the surest dye that can be used. If the color produced by the use of this test is a bright orange, it indicates that the dye has an indigo basis.

After that a piece of the goods is put in a solution of caustic potash, which has the effect of eating up the animal fiber and leaving the vegetable fiber. Some cloth manufacturers nowadays, instead of making their goods of separate threads of cotton and of wool, take cotton and wool and mix them in such a way that no one, by merely feeling, can tell whether or not there is cotton in the piece. The only way we can know is by boiling a piece of the goods in this solution, which has the effect of eating up the wool and leaving the cotton.—Interview in New York Epoch.

The Czar's Romance.

The following episode is said to have been related by the czar himself to intimate friends: His elder brother, who died at Nice, was, as is generally known, first betrothed to Princess Dagmar of Denmark. On his deathbed he left his brother, the present czar, a letter in which he begged him to take his place in the heart of the princess. The Grand Duke Alexander, however, was a very bashful lover, and had not the courage to carry out his dying brother's last wish, till one day the Grand Duke Vladimir said to him, "If you will not fulfill the wish of our dead Nicholas, I shall propose for the hand of the princess myself."

A short time after the Grand Duke Alexander set off to Copenhagen, and one day, being alone with the Princess Dagmar, he handed her, tremblingly the letter of his brother. When the princess had read it she blushed and said, "I also received a letter from Nicholas in which he begged me to become your wife." Alexander asked to be allowed to read the letter. The princess fetched it and together they read it. The sequel was a marriage.—Cor. London News.

Pay of Swiss Embroiderers.

The common old embroidering hand machine of 1827, with few improvements, is the one that is used today for the millions of fine embroideries that are sold to all quarters of the globe. There are, perhaps, 23,000 of them in use in eastern Switzerland, the number of the needles averaging about 250 to the machine, and the number of stitches not exceeding 2,000 to the needle daily. Embroiderers are paid on the stitch basis only, and sometimes as low as 44 cents a hundred, they have very small earnings left after paying their threaders and other expenses. At the present time fifty cents, sometimes less, is a fair average of the daily earnings of a hard working embroiderer, who must toil a long day with head, hands and feet working his machine.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Youthful Connoisseur.

Bessie is an original little thing, and her comments are often very amusing. Having been brought up in a family of bric-a-brac hunters, her knowledge of ceramics is quite remarkable for a child. One day her mother noticed her gazing fixedly at her great-grandmother, a very old woman, whose kind old face was literally a network of fine wrinkles. "What are you looking at, Bessie?" she asked the child. "I was only thinking," she answered promptly, "what a remarkably fine specimen of old 'crackle' granny was." This was much to the old lady's delight, she being a bit of a collector herself.—New York Tribune.

New England Piety.

There are communities of sturdy New England people where the general rule that religious services languish in the absence of a pastor does not hold. In North Warren weekly prayer meetings have been held for over seventy years unintermitted, and this without the help of a minister, except for an occasional lecture. At first the meetings were held at private dwellings, but for over thirty years the people have met at a schoolhouse.—Rockland (Me.) Tribune.

The English opinion is that the farther south you go for oyster brood the poorer you get. A certain rock oyster from Scotland "has a firmness, richness and snap of the sea," according to an English authority, "that is greatly preferred by many to even the best Thames natives."

Charles E. Townsend, in his report upon the pearl fisheries of California, says that a pearl shell company of Lower California has an invested capital of \$10,000. From 400 to 500 men are employed. The season begins in May in the vicinity of Cape St. Lucas.

An iron last, made by Spence, Boggs & Co., Martin's Ferry, O., for John Farmhouse, a colored preacher of Charlotte, N. C., is 20 1/2 inches long and 7 1/2 inches wide. The owner of this monstrous foot is 6 feet 10 inches high and weighs 410 pounds.

Maurice Bernhardt, who is traveling with his wife in this country, is a rather handsome specimen of the Frenchman, with a tall, wiry physique, a clear olive complexion and a small dark mustache. He resembles his mother in the prominence of his features and is as exquisite in dress.

Direct telegraphic communication between the United States and Brazil has been opened. This was done by a new cable at the Brazilian end from French Guiana to the town of Virgin in Brazil. It is controlled by French capitalists.

A man fishing at Jersey (England) was caught by the rising tide and a boat had to be put out to rescue him. The next day the magistrate sentenced him to eight days' hard labor "for the trouble he had caused."

Old People.

J. V. S. is the only Sarsaparilla that old or feeble people should take, as the medicinal principle which is in every other Sarsaparilla that we know of, is under certain conditions known to be emaciating. J. V. S. on the contrary is purely vegetable and stimulates digestion and creates new blood, the very thing for old, delicate or broken down people. It builds them up and prolongs their lives. A case in point:

Mrs. Belden an estimable and elderly lady of 510 Mason St., S. F. was for months declining so rapidly as to seriously alarm her family. It got so bad that she was finally afflicted with fainting spells. She writes: "White is the dangerous condition I saw some of the testimonials concerning J. V. S. and sent for a bottle. That marked the turning point. I regained my lost flesh and strength and have not felt so well in years." That was two years ago and Mrs. Belden is well and hearty to-day, and still taking J. V. S.

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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 cheap 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:

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