

EATERS OF CARBON

Trees and Plants Grow Out of the Air. Not from the ground. Take an ordinary seltzer water siphon and empty it till only a few drops remain in the bottom. Then the bottle is full of gas, and that gas, which will rush out with a spurt when you press the knob, is the stuff that plants eat—raw material of life, both animal and vegetable. The tree grows and lives by taking in the carbonic acid from the air and solidifying its carbon; the animal grows and lives by taking the solidified carbon from the plant and converting it once more into carbonic acid.

That, in its ideally simple form, is the food in a nutshell, the core and kernel of biology. The whole cycle of life is one eternal seesaw. First the plant collects its carbon compounds from the air in the oxidized state; it deoxidizes and rebuilds them, and then the animal proceeds to burn them by slow combustion within its own body and to turn them loose upon the air once more oxidized. After which the plant starts again on the same road as before, and the animal also recommences *de capo*. And so on ad infinitum.

But the point which I want particularly to emphasize here is just this: That trees and plants don't grow out of the ground at all, as most people do vainly talk, but directly out of the air, and that when they die or get consumed they return once more to the atmosphere from which they were taken. Trees undeniably eat carbon.

Of course, therefore, all the ordinary scientific conceptions of how plants feed are absolutely erroneous. Vegetable physiology indeed got beyond those conceptions a good hundred years ago. But it usually takes a hundred years for the world at large to make up its leeway. Trees don't suck up their nutriment by the roots, they don't derive their food from the soil, they don't need to be fed like babies through a tube with ferrous solids. The solitary instance of an orchid hung up by a string in a conservatory on a piece of bark ought to be sufficient at once to dispel forever this strange delusion—if people ever thought, but of course, they don't think—I mean other people.

The true mouths and stomachs of plants are not to be found in the roots, but in the green leaves; their true food is not sucked up from the soil, but is inhaled through tiny channels from the air; the mass of their material is carbon, as we can all see visibly to the naked eye when a log of wood is reduced to charcoal, and that carbon the leaves themselves drink in by a thousand small green mouths from the atmosphere around them.

But how about the juice, the sap, the qualities of the soil, the manure required, is the incredulous cry of other people. What is the use of the roots, and especially of the rootlets, if they are not the mouths and supply tubes of the plants? Well, I plainly perceive I can get "no forrader," like the farmer with his claret, till I've answered that question, provisionally at least; so I will say here at once, without further ado, that the plant requires drink as well as food, and the roots are the mouths that supply it with water.

They also suck up a few other things as well, which are necessary indeed, but far from forming the bulk of the nutriment. Many plants, however, don't need any roots at all, while none can get on without leaves as mouths and stomachs—that is to say, no true plant-like plants, for some parasite plants are practically to all intents and purposes animals. To put it briefly, every plant has one set of aerial mouths to suck a carbon, and many plants have another set of subterranean mouths as well, to suck up water and mineral constituents.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

This Dog Knew a Good Thing. It would be quite impossible for any living being, it would seem, to be insensible to the charms of camp life. One morning when the Listener was in camp, a queer looking black dog of uncertain race, but broad between the eyes, like all intelligent dogs, suddenly popped into the place, evidently upon some journey around the lake. He looked about him in astonishment, and then sat down and looked again. Then he settled instantly down, in a sort of glad, grateful way, which was as much as to say, "This is exactly the sort of place that I've always been looking for!" Not another step did he stir on the journey.

THE LEAD MINES OF LO.

TRADITIONS CONCERNING THEM IN PENNSYLVANIA.

A Blacksmith of Former Days Who Ran Into Bullets Ore Supplied by Indians. Pointers That Do Not Develop—Red Men's Pipes and Weapons.

Where, if anywhere, are the lead mines of northwestern Pennsylvania? In connection with attempts to answer this question the writer hereof, in boyhood, harvested many stone bruises by day and treasure dreams by night, together with numerous traditions of the days of practically unbroken forests, bears' grease and primeval economy.

This section, comprising parts of northern Venango and southern Crawford counties, is about forty miles south of Corry, sixteen miles north of Oil City, ten miles west of Titusville and eight miles east of Meadville. There is no doubt in the minds of plenty of entirely rational people that somewhere within, or contiguous without, the region of country which these towns bound, there is a locality where an exceptionally good quality of lead ore may be obtained, or, at least, the locality where ore of such quality was obtained formerly by the Indians, both for their own use and to sell or trade to the white settlers. As the source of this supply was carefully kept a secret by the Indians—mainly of Chief Cornplanter's tribe—and has never been discovered, it is regarded as reasonable to infer that it may yet be a source of profit as to believe that it was exhausted.

A PIONEER'S EXPERIENCE. At what is now Bradleytown, a village three miles southwest of here, on one of the branches of Sugar Creek, a pioneer named Jacob Jennings lived 100 years ago and had near his pioneer house a small blacksmith shop. From Mrs. Samuel Matson, of Chapmanville, and John Jennings, of Sunville, some interesting reminiscences were obtained as related by their father, who was a son of Jacob Jennings. The latter, at his blacksmith shop, frequently smelted and ran into bullets, rich lead ore supplied by the Indians. They made periodic trips to this place for that purpose. Coming up from the Allegheny river they made it a point to reach his home in the evening, there being usually several in the party. They would be allowed to stay and would sleep around the fireplaces in the house and shop. At daylight they would strike northward up the creek and would return a few hours later with a stock of the lead product to be melted. No amount of persuasion, of barter or of purchase price would cause them to disclose the whereabouts of the lead deposits.

Fifty years ago, according to a member of the family, Mrs. Robert Gillespie and a daughter, then a little girl, were lost in the woods, and during their wanderings found along a ravine an outcropping of lead-filled rock, a piece of which they took with them. After finding their way home they were unable to find their way back with older members of the family to the point where they had found the lead. Various and continuous searches have been made since along the ravine in that section, one enthusiast devoting a considerable portion of a year to the search; but aside from a fragment weighing about four pounds, and found in a field in Randolph township, Crawford county, where it had apparently been dropped, no lead ore has been discovered.

MATERIAL FOR PROSPECTORS. The prospector able to develop pointers from Indian relics may find considerable material in that line in this section. At Wallaceville, three miles southeast of here, he may find a wide field of yet well defined mounds and excavations. A mile north of here, just across the line in Crawford county, he may find remnants of several large stone piles constructed of stones having notable uniformity in size and piled up by the Indians for some unknown purpose before the time of the earliest settlers. If he will follow the plow for a season in the southwestern part of this township—Plum township, Venango county—or the northerly adjoining township of Troy, in Crawford county, his labors will probably be rewarded with a fresh stock of pipes, weapons and other relics of the noble and ignoble Lo.

If he will further follow the plow in a field along the Sugar Creek flats, about two miles north of the Jacob Jennings homestead, and will fail to lift the point of his plow when he reaches a certain point in that field, his plow handles will smite him hip and thigh and put him to rout. The cause thereof will be that the plow point will strike the edge of a circular bed of burned and pounded stone. It is about ten feet in diameter, projects to the top of the ground where efforts have not been made to get down to the bottom of it, and is known to have been there fully 150 years—how much longer no man knows, as it was then, according to pioneer tradition, as much a matter of mystery and antiquity as at present.

If the lead prospector chooses to consider it of no value to him, he may regard it as one of the places where the Norwegians, poking out this way from Newport and the vicinity of Boston, paused to bake beans. If he is inclined to be less skeptical he may do as tradition says the early settlers did—regard it as the foundation of a sort of Indian crucible or furnace which served in part as a smelter for lead previous to the introduction of firearms on this continent, and for purposes unknown.—*Plum (Pa.) Cor. Philadelphia Press*.

He Had Change. Tramp—Have you change for half a dollar? Gentleman—Yes. Where's the half dollar? Tramp—I haven't any, but I thort if you had change for a half dollar you might have a dime or two for a poor man wot's seen better days. All the gents I have asked for help said they hadn't any change.—*Good News*.

A Dog's Love for Another Dog.

I had two puppies of the Molossus, commonly called the Maremma, breed; large, white, very beautiful dogs, with long hair, varying in size between a Newfoundland and a collie; the old Greek race of watch-dogs to which, quite certainly, Argos belonged. These puppies, named Pan and Paris, lived together, fed, played and slept together, and were never separated for a moment for seven months. In the seventh month Paris fell ill of distemper and died.

Now, by my own observation, I can declare that Pan nursed his brother as assiduously as any boy could have nursed another, licked him, cleaned him, brought him tempting bits to eat; did all that he could think of; and when his brother at last lay there cold and unresponsive to his efforts, his grief and astonishment were pitiful to see. From that time he ceased to play; from being a very lively dog he grew grave and said; he had a wistful, wondering inquiry in his eyes which it was pathetic to behold; and although he lived for many years after, and was as happy as a dog can be, he never recovered his spirits; he had buried his mirth in the grave of Paris. Something was lost for him with his brother which he never regained. This is the only instance I have known of a dog's love for another dog.—*Ouida in North American Review*.

A Plain Truth.

No man has a right to marry till, in every human probability, assured that he can support a family in his own station. Mere love or improvident matches seldom turn out well; poverty comes, and there is so much self reproach on either side that gall is added to its bitterness; their tempers are soured, and they soon wish tussal an attached, a reasonable pair, sorrow unites them closer; the man, never flags in his exertion, and often recovers the lost step; if not, there is still consolation in his wife's unvarying love—in her sweet, noiseless sacrifices. In these uncertain times there are few commercial men who have not met with reverse, and they will often say:

"Had it not been for those at home I should have blown my brains out; I could not have stood it." Wife and children! They are a beacon to us in our troubled sea; we renew the struggle when ready to sink beneath the wave, and at last are saved. At the worst, when all is black—when friends are cool or reproachful—when the cruellest doubts assail us—there is still one who respects and loves us, at home we are still dear.—*New York Ledger*.

A Giant Horse.

There is in Detroit an equine thoroughbred which is pronounced not only the handsomest, but one of the largest horses in existence. He is in truth a giant, and the veriest novice in horsemanship could not but view his size and beauty without a certain feeling of awe. This colossal animal is 5 years old and is 21 hands high, weighing 2,365 pounds. An ordinary sized man cuts but a small figure beside him. He is a dark chestnut in color, with superb mane and tail. He is owned by Richard Tregaskis, and can trot in four minutes.

It seems a pity that there will be none of his progeny. He was imported from France by a Kentucky horse breeder, who paid \$5,000 for him. When put in the stud the animal became a veritable fiend. He would kick and bite on the slightest provocation, and no one could do anything with him. He soon killed one attendant and a short time after another man fell a victim to the vicious brute. The death of these two men caused the owner to change the animal into a gelding, and with good effect, his temper being greatly improved.—*Detroit Free Press*.

One Thing Women Can't Learn.

"There is one thing a woman never learns," said a Broadway conductor as he yanked the bellcord, "and that is to get on and off a car with a swing toward the horses. She steps on or off backward—that is, with her face the other way. If the car is moving the least bit she is liable to trip and fall down. Then she looks daggers at me, as if I did the whole thing purposely. A five-year-old boy knows better. Talk about dress reform," he murmured contemptuously, "what a woman wants to reform is in getting some sense about horse cars. She ought to take lessons from her brother."

"People have no idea how much anxiety women cost conductors and drivers. I am that worried about women getting on and off my car that it is with a sense of relief from great responsibility that I turn in my last trip every day feeling that no woman has had her neck broken or fallen down from my platform. We have narrow escapes from that every hour in the day."—*New York Telegram*.

The Fall Bonnet.

As you see the fashionable fall woman approaching, you wonder if she is wearing a crown upon her head. Her hat is of a material that looks like burnished gold or polished brass. It sets closely to the head in front, and extends upward as if it were going to end, or rather "peak off," into the regulation top for a crown. But she isn't wearing any such mark of power. She has simply put on her fall bonnet and is wearing it, not for the purpose of astonishing the natives, but simply because it is fashionable. If she is a very fashionable woman she has had a piece of her dress material cut into the top of her bonnet, and the affair she has cut out of a whole field of brass daisies has been fastened upright, so that they nod upon their wavy stems and wave to and fro as their wearer walks or talks, bows or nods.—*New York Letter*.

What He Would Do.

Isabelle—If you loved Tom Barry as much as I do wouldn't you marry him. Uncle Dick? Uncle Dick—No, I would not Isabelle—Why not? Uncle Dick—I should prefer to marry a lady.—*Life*.

Mme. Geoffrin's Husband.

Mme. Geoffrin married, at the age of fourteen, M. Geoffrin, a wealthy glass manufacturer and lieutenant colonel of the National Guard. His duty as husband seems to have been to provide the funds for her social campaigns and to watch over the details of the menage. It is related of him that some person gave him a history to read, and when he asked for the successive volumes, regularly palmed off upon him the first, as if it were new. At last he was heard to say that he thought the author "repeated himself a little."

Old People.

J. V. S. is the only Sarsaparilla that feeble people should take, as the only fact which is every other day a danger to the life of a man, is under certain conditions, to be enervating. 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. E. 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: "While in that 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 tea, 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 planting 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:

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