

FIGHTING FOR A BABY.

TWO WOMEN WHO STRUGGLED FOR POSSESSION OF A CHILD.

One Was the Mother, the Other Had Grown to Be a Foster Mother—Story of a Mother's Unfortunate Efforts to Provide a Home for Herself and Child.

A mother trying to kidnap her own child.

Another woman trying to hold the child for the payment of a board bill.

And two women using the two-year-old baby in lieu of a rope for a tug of war.

These three different views describe the spectacle which met the eyes of passersby on Tremont street, in front of King's chapel, about half past 4 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon.

It was a noisy incident. The mother had the baby by the legs; the other woman clung to it by the shoulders.

Neither would release her hold, and the frightened screams of the child quickly attracted the attention of a crowd.

"I want my child," screamed the younger woman between her gasps for breath, as she tugged away.

"You shan't have her," grunted the elder lady, as with determined grasp she maintained her hold upon the little one.

Then the crowd grew interested and took sides, although the weight of sympathy seemed to be with the young mother, and further complications might have ensued but for the appearance of Patrolman Maynes, of Station 2.

His arrival was the signal for a cessation of hostilities. The little one was dropped, and both sides entered upon voluble explanations, which he cut short by inviting the entire party to go with him to Station 2, where matters could be adjusted.

It was a unique party which presently stood before Captain Hemmenway's desk—the mother weeping and angry, the other woman flushed and defiant, the baby frightened and tearful.

The policeman quickly stated the case, and then mutual and instantaneous explanations began.

"I want my baby," exclaimed the little woman.

"Well, why don't you pay its board?" retorted the other.

"I did as long as I could," was the reply; "but you've no right to keep it from me."

"Well, you've got no right to snatch it from me on the street," was the quick response.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

Then the captain commanded silence and propounded a series of questions, the answers to which revealed one of those little domestic tragedies so common and yet so uncommon, as the pretty little woman told her story.

A few years ago she married a young fellow, who shortly after their union turned out to be a scamp. She lived with him as long as she could, and then left him to begin a hard battle for life for herself and her two little ones.

That was two years ago. She hired a room on a quiet street at the south end, and kept her eldest child with her, while her infant she placed in the care of a woman in Wakefield, who advertised to board children.

The mother obtained work in a restaurant, and out of three dollars a week and her board undertook to clothe herself and her little ones, pay for her room and give two dollars a week for the board of her baby.

For six months she succeeded. Then a brief spell of sickness retarded her efforts, and she found herself unable to make all ends meet, so she ceased the payment of two dollars a week for the little one's board until such time as she should be able to continue it.

That time has never yet appeared. Her other little one sickened, and her earnings were swallowed in bills for doctors and medicines.

Her brave fight for her child's life was without avail, however, and a few weeks ago the little one died. Heartbroken, but not crushed, the young mother again resumed the battle. She had one still to live for, although she had been unable for the last year and a half to do anything for it.

A MODERN SOLOMON.

On Wednesday afternoon she saw her baby going down Tremont street in the care of the lady with whom she had placed it two years ago, and the maternal instinct could not resist the desire to caress those red cheeks, lighted up by a pair of blue eyes and crowned with curly, yellow hair.

She caught the child in her arms and was about to kiss it, when the Wakefield woman recognized her, and thinking that she intended to take away the baby by force resisted to the best of her ability. Then the scene on the street ensued.

The Wakefield woman was then allowed to tell her story, which was that the mother's statement about placing the child in her care was true, but that she had received no money for the support of the baby for the last year and a half, and that the little one had so grown into her heart that she wished to adopt it and would give it a good home.

When both the principals had finished Captain Hemmenway in a few pungent words managed to convey a great deal of meaning. He suggested an amicable adjustment of the matter, and the child's parent agreed to go to Wakefield next Sunday and receive the little one, and to pay \$1.50 out of her three dollars weekly stipend until the board bill of the little one shall have been canceled.

Then the Wakefield woman with the baby started for home, the little one gazing with wondering eyes over the shoulder of its bearer at its mother, who, with red eyes and sorrowing heart, turned her steps in the opposite direction.

—Boston Herald.

Self Winding.

The watchmaker had been called from his work to hear from a customer a long story about the behavior of her watch, told several times over.

"Oh, dear!" said he. "I hate to have these self winding talkers come in!"

—Exchange.

GETTING OUT OF RUSSIA.

A Traveler's Anxiety Concerning Documents Sent Through the Mail.

Upon the advice of some of my friends in Minusinsk, I decided to get rid of all my note books, documents, letters from political convicts and other dangerous and incriminating papers, by sending them through the mails to a friend in St. Petersburg.

To intrust such material to the Russian postal department seemed a very hazardous thing to do, but my friends assured me that the postal authorities in Minusinsk were honorable men who would not betray to the police the fact that I had sent such a package, and that there was little probability of its being opened or examined in St. Petersburg.

They thought that the danger of losing my notes and papers in the mails was not nearly so great as the danger of having them taken from me as the result of a police search.

The material in question amounted in weight to about forty pounds, but as packages of all sizes are commonly sent by mail in Russia, mere bulk in itself was not a suspicious circumstance.

I had a box made by an exiled Polish carpenter, took it to my room at night, put into it the results of my whole Siberian experience—most of the dangerous papers being already concealed in the covers of books and the hollow sides of small boxes—sewed it up carefully in strong canvas, sealed it with more than twenty seals and addressed it to a friend in St. Petersburg, whose political trustworthiness was beyond suspicion and whose mail I believed would not be tampered with.

Thursday morning, about half an hour before the semi-weekly post was to leave Minusinsk for St. Petersburg, I carried the box down into the courtyard under the cover of an overcoat, put it into a sleigh, threw a robe over it, and went with it myself to the postoffice.

The officials asked no questions, but weighed the package, gave me a written receipt for it and tossed it carelessly upon a pile of other mail matter that a clerk was putting into large leather pouches.

I gave one last look at it, and left the postoffice with a heavy heart. From that time forward I was never free from anxiety about it. That package contained all the results of my Siberian work, and its loss would be simply irreparable.

As week after week passed, and I heard nothing about it, I was strongly tempted to telegraph my friend and find out whether it had reached him, but I knew that such a telegram might increase the risk, and I refrained.

We reached the Russian capital on the 19th of March, and as soon as I had left Mr. Frost at a hotel with our baggage, I called a droshky, drove to the house of the friend to whom I had sent my precious box of note books and papers, and with a fast beating heart, rang the bell and gave the servant my card.

Before my friend made his appearance I was in a perfect fever of excitement and anxiety. Suppose the box had been opened by the postoffice or police officials and its contents seized. What should I have to show for almost a year of work and suffering? How much could I remember of all that I had seen and heard? What should I do without the written record of names, dates, and all the multitudinous and minute details that give verisimilitude to a story?

My friend entered the room with as calm and unruffled a countenance as if he had never heard of a box of papers, and my heart sank. I had half expected to be able to see that box in his face.

I cannot remember whether I expressed any pleasure at meeting him, or made any inquiries with regard to his health. For one breathless moment he was to me merely the possible custodian of a box. I think he asked me when I arrived, and remarked that he had some letters for me; but all I am certain of is that, after struggling with myself for a moment, until I thought I could speak without any manifestation of excitement, I inquired simply, "Did you receive a box from me?"

"A box?" he repeated interrogatively. Again my heart sunk; evidently he had not received it. "Oh, yes," he continued, as if with a sudden flash of comprehension, "the big square box sewed up in canvas. Yes; that's here."

I was told afterward that there was no perceptible change in the gloomy March weather of St. Petersburg at that moment, but I am confident, nevertheless, that at least four suns, of the largest size known to astronomy, began immediately to shine into my friend's front windows, and that I could hear robins and meadow larks singing all up and down the Nevski prospect.

I sent the precious notes and papers out of the empire by a special messenger, in order to avoid the danger of a possible search of my own baggage at the frontier, and four days later Mr. Frost and I were in London.—George Kennan in Century.

How Kafirs Smoke Cigars.

Those interesting South Africans, the Kimberley Kafirs, are extremely fond of cigars, but their habit is to smoke them with the lighted end in the mouth.

When this peculiarity was first mentioned to Colonel Knollys, an Englishman, he supposed that his informant was cracking a joke, but to his amazement he saw numerous instances. The native, it is stated, first lighted his cigar by the ordinary method, then turning it around he deftly arranged the hotly glowing end in his mouth, and tucking away his tongue in his cheek proceeded to inspire and expire the fumes, very gradually consuming the whole of the cigar.

The smokers assured their visitor that the process was warm, comforting, delicious and far superior to the usual mode. On subsequent trial Colonel Knollys found, he says, that the knack is less difficult to acquire than might be supposed.—Exchange.

At the Club.

Cholly (with unwonted enthusiasm)—By Jove! I see that some fellow has introduced a bill into the state senate making it a misdemeanor to send annoying letters to any one. Duced clevah law, that. I'll have my tailor sent up for six months, by Jove!—Life.

Aerial Navigation and Warfare.

Many ask what use aerial navigation will be put to in case it succeeds. To this I would reply, certainly not for carrying freight, and not, for a considerable time at least, for carrying passengers.

When the first flying machine succeeds, its first great use will be for military purposes. It will at once become an engine of war, not only to reconnoiter the enemy's positions, as has been attempted with the so-called dirigible balloons, but also for carrying and dropping into the enemy's lines and country large bombs charged with high explosives.

It does not require a prophet to foresee that successful machines of this character would at once make it possible for a nation possessing them to paralyze completely an enemy by destroying in a few hours the important bridges, armories, arsenals, gas and water works, railway stations, public buildings, etc., and that all the modern means of defense, both by land and sea, which have cost untold millions, would at once be rendered worthless.

Of course this mode of warfare would not do away completely with all forms of small firearms, which would still have to be used in order to enable these future engines of war to combat one another; but it is safe to assert that none but small and light guns would be used.—Hiram S. Maxim in Century.

Maine's First Bicycle.

The great principle of the bicycle wheel is that it has tension spokes. That is, it differs from the ordinary carriage wheel in that the weight hangs from the tire instead of being supported upon the hub by stiff radiating spokes.

Hiram Maxim, the great gunmaker, claims and is supported by testimony that in 1857 he made a tension wheel. The wheel was used upon the bicycle that Maxim constructed. This bicycle was the first ever seen in Maine.

It was the real article in prototype, but Maxim confesses that "it went almighty hard." No one realized or even suspected the importance of Maxim's discovery, and he was fairly overwhelmed with jeers as he rode his strange contrivance about the streets of Dexter.

Perhaps it was for this reason that he gave the toy to his little brother, who took it into the seclusion of Sangerville. One day the little shaver left it out in the highway, and the first horse that came along that way nearly had a fit.

Finally the driver secured his frantic beast, and inspired by righteous rage and thorough ignorance attacked the bicycle as though it were some rare wild beast. He batted and mauled it every which way, and Maxim's hopes on wheels were a wreck forever.—Holman F. Day in Lewiston Journal.

The Horse That Paid His Toll.

Many of the older residents of this section remember the late Dr. John Warner, of New Milford, and will appreciate this little story. When Dr. Warner was a student at Yale he used to come home Saturday nights and return to New Haven Mondays.

That was before the days of railways, and as stage coaches did not leave New Milford Monday for New Haven young Warner used to mount his father's horse and ride to Yale on horseback.

There were several toll gates on the route, and at each Warner would pay the return toll for his horse. Arriving at Yale he would affix to the bridle a card bearing these words, "Please not stop this horse."

The sagacious animal would jog along homeward, invariably reaching his stall at New Milford all right. The toll takers got to know the horse, and he was never interrupted. On Fridays the horse would be started alone to New Haven with a small pouch attached to his saddle in which was the exact change for the tolls.

Each toll taker would take his toll, and the horse would trot along, reaching Yale in the evening. This practice was kept up until the young doctor was graduated.—Danbury (Conn) News.

Reform in Men's Dress.

"A Business Woman" writes to protest against the agitation of dress reform for women, upon the ground that women's dress is in no need of reformation, and to propose a dress reform for men.

She wants to know why men's trousers should not be cut off at the ankles; she wants to know if there is comfort in a shiny shirt front or a stiff collar—the growing prevalence of flannel, silk, cheviot and starched linen answers may; she asks why men should stuff a yard or two of superfluous cotton cloth into their trousers, instead of wearing shirt waists as the little shavers do; she shoots the hat of man, so to speak, with a condemnation of its stiffness.

Sensible men will welcome the thought of an effort to reform their dress in the direction of comfort and convenience. But our hopes are damped somewhat by the memory of the fact that, throughout the ages, when women were the architects of men's shirts, there was never known a shirt that fitted.—San Francisco Argonaut.

How Some Men Waste Time.

The train stopped at a little town. A commercial traveler, dealing in groceries and tobacco, got off; a crate of live chickens was put on and the cars started again.

The stopping of a train was no rare sight in that village, for it happens two or three times every day. The people had no welcome for the commercial traveler, no tears were shed over the departure of the chickens; yet on the station steps I counted forty men and boys who were there when the train came in.

—Farm boys, who ought to have been at work in the fields; village boys, who might have been doing something somewhere, every interest of economics and aesthetics alike calling them away from the village and off to the farms. Two men attended to all the business of the station. The solitary passenger went his own way.

The rest were there because they had not the moral strength to go anywhere else. They stood there on the station steps, embodied ghosts, dead to all life and hope, with only force enough to stand around and gape.—David S. Jordan in Forum.

A new aluminum alloy, with titanium, is being manufactured in Pittsburg.

It sells at from twenty-five cents to one dollar per pound more than pure aluminum. It is very hard and elastic and is an excellent material for making tools. About 10 per cent. of titanium is used.

Some peoples rest the neck instead of the head on hard pillows. In Africa extraordinary head-gears make this practice necessary, and many a civilized woman has been compelled by a somewhat similar coiffure to forego both the pillow and the recumbent posture.

A wonderful well in on the property of Colonel W. B. Warshaw of Henrietta, Tex. Its depth of water is usually eight feet; but when the wind is from the north the well becomes dry, and so continues until the wind changes.

Sick-headaches are the outward indications of derangements of the stomach and bowels. As Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla is the only bowel regulating preparation of Sarsaparilla, it is seen why it is the only appropriate Sarsaparilla in sick-headaches. It is not only appropriate; it is an absolute cure. After a course of it an occasional dose at intervals will forever after prevent return.

Dr. M. Cox, of 735 Turk Street, San Francisco, writes: "I have been troubled with attacks of sick-headache for the last three years from one to three times a week. Some time ago I bought two bottles of Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla and have only had one attack since and that was on the second day after I began using it."

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S. B. MEDICINE CO., CLEVELAND, Wash., June 19th, 1891.

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.

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 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.

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