

Another of the War's Strange Stories.

The suit of Joseph Troop brings out a most remarkable story. Thirty-one years ago Troop was married to Miss Elizabeth Carter in Ohio. Four weeks after the wedding Joseph went to the front as a soldier. He fought for four years, and finally was hit by a Confederate bullet and was left for dead on the field. News of his supposed death reached his Ohio home.

Nevertheless, he recovered after several months' suffering in a hospital, and in 1866 he returned to Ohio to claim his bride. But she had left and could not be found. He hunted for her for months and years, and finally heard that she was dead. Meanwhile he had met another charming young lady and the two were finally married. For twenty-three years they have lived together, and in addition to accumulating a handsome fortune they have been blessed with several sons and daughters, one now of age.

A week ago, while at the state reunion of soldiers at Grand Island, Troop was introduced to a widow by the same name. A few minutes' conversation revealed the fact that the gray-haired man was his bride of over thirty years ago. The old soldier was dumfounded, and hurried to his Lincoln home to bear the tidings to the mother of his children. He assured her that nothing but death could part her from him, and sent word to his long lost wife that he would have to sue for a divorce from her.—Cor. St. Louis Republic.

Saved from Suicide by His Dog.

An intelligent pet dog owned by Louis Schmidt, of Cumden, has prevented him from committing suicide.

Schmidt is just recovering from a serious attack of typhoid fever, which left him very nervous and subject to fits of melancholia. He was seized with one of these spells Monday night, and while his wife was asleep he stole to the kitchen.

Here he procured a rope and making a noose tied one end to an iron hook in the wall. Then procuring a chair he adjusted the rope, and kicking away the chair swung himself off, as he thought, into eternity. But, unknown to Schmidt, his faithful dog had followed him, and instinctively knowing something was wrong the intelligent animal went back to the bedroom whining pitifully. Finally he bed clothes him, tugging at the nose in her face, and she followed the dog down stairs as soon as she missed her husband.

There she found him hanging from the hook. She managed to cut him down in time to save his life.—Philadelphia Times.

She Had No Trust in Banks.

Over \$7,000 in greenbacks has been found hidden among a lot of rubbish in the trunk of an eccentric widow, who spent her summer in a cottage near Stonington, Conn., and who died recently. Always on leaving Stonington at the end of the season she left the trunk with a friend, telling him that it contained nothing of account, but that she didn't care to have burglars rummaging through it, which would be the case if she were to allow it to remain in her cottage.

After her last visit the trunk was stowed away in the garret of the friend, and he thought nothing more of it until some time after her death. His mind then happened to run on the old box and he opened it, finding the money. It is supposed that she accumulated it from slowances made her every now and then by relatives.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Wonderful Pigs.

Joseph Stevens, an Oxford farmer, has a sow and four well grown pigs, which run in an orchard where the limbs of the trees are quite low and laden with apples. The old sow springs up and catches a limb and shakes it, thus bringing down the apples, which she and her family quickly devour. After getting in this way all she can reach, one pig climbs on the mother's back and reaches a higher limb, which she shakes vigorously, bringing down a fresh supply of fruit.—Worcester Gazette.

Valuable Dirt.

The streets of Helena, Mont., are not exactly paved with gold, nor can one pick up a livelihood in nuggets from the roadway, but cellar digging is apt to uncover enough gold to pay for the labor, and sometimes quite a part of the cost of the house. In digging the foundations of a business block there the interested parties are taking out \$100 per day in pay dirt, and do not seem to think it a very remarkable find either.—Boston Transcript.

Professional Objectives.

"I notice by the papers," said McCordle to a chance acquaintance in the street car, "that one man has saved fourteen lives this past summer in the surf at Atlantic City." "Yes, and it does seem as if people ought to mind their own business." "Are you alluding to me?" "No, to the life savers. You see, I am an undertaker."—New York Epoch.

A rare reptile, a white rattlesnake, was exhibited at a fair in Clarion county, together, it is said, with a photograph of the snake's eye, in which can be distinctly seen the likeness of a farmer who narrowly escaped death from the reptile.

A new type of drawbridge is being built in Chicago to span the Chicago river. By a folding instead of a swinging process no central pier is needed, and greatly increased facilities for navigating the narrow river are obtained.

Western farmers are now urging the trial of a modification of the rain producing system to see if mists cannot be formed at times which will reduce the radiation of heat from the earth and thus save the crops from frost.

Professor Chaplin, the new chancellor of Washington university, is professor of civil engineering at Harvard. He is forty-three years old, a native of Maine, and a graduate of West Point.

ABOUT MOTHER GOOSE.

THE AUTHOR OF THE OLD RHYMES STILL A MATTER OF DOUBT.

One Authority Places Her in Boston, but Documentary Evidence Goes to Show That Goldsmith Wrote the Jingles for Children—A Bit of History.

The question, Who was "Mother Goose?" arises periodically in various journalistic query departments, and in recent years has generally been answered in one way. In fact, the tradition of this venerable character's Boston origin is now so ingrained, as it were, into current belief that very few dispute it. The story is that Mrs. Elizabeth Goose, widow of one Isaac Goose (or Vergoose), was the mother-in-law of Mr. Thomas Fleet, a printer in the early part of the Eighteenth century in Boston.

She seemed to have been a troublesome mother-in-law, too, for her multiplied improvised songs to her little grandson greatly annoyed the printer, Fleet. He, however, found his account and revenge by finally collecting them and making the book known as "Mother Goose's Melodies." This accords substantially with the reply the New York Ledger gives as to the authorship of the Mother Goose jingles.

CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.

According to the best accounts that we have on this subject the first book bearing the Mother Goose name was by Perrault, a French author. This was titled, "Contes du Tens Passe de Ma Mere L'Oye." The first English translation of this was by Robert Samber. Very soon, as Mr. Welsh's catalogue shows, it appeared in Mr. Newbury's list of publications in London. He says the seventh edition was printed May 16, 1777. Thomas Carman entered for copyright "Mother Goose's Melody or Sonnets for the Cradle," and was brought out in Worcester, Mass., by Isaac Thomas. Carman was Newbury's stepson, who formed a copartnership as his successor in business with Francis Newbury, the original Newbury's nephew.

It was from Mr. Newbury's efforts, therefore, that "Mother Goose" got its circulation in English—the Newbury who made famous the now forgotten but once celebrated story of "Goody Two Shoes." Both these books appeared without recognized authorship; but there is very strong evidence for believing that the "Goody Two Shoes" was written by no less a personage than Oliver Goldsmith. The facts supporting this assumption it would take too much space to relate here, but they seem, in addition to internal evidence, to make out a very plausible case.

It is believed also by Mr. William H. Whitmore, a noted Boston historical scholar, that Mr. Goldsmith had a hand in the "Mother Goose" book likewise. The stories of this fable, like Topsy, have grown in number from time to time, and some of those from the Newbury press were no doubt additions, and possibly additions from Goldsmith's own muse. A curious piece of evidence on this point is furnished by Mr. Whitmore, who says: "Forster, in his famous 'Life of Goldsmith,' gives proof that Goldsmith was very fond of the children and was familiar with nursery rhymes and games. He writes that Mrs. Hawkins says, 'I little thought what I should have to boast when Goldsmith told me to play Jack and Jill by two pieces of paper on his fingers.'"

INTERESTING HISTORY.

Mr. Whitmore also adds the following scrap of history: "Jan. 29, 1768—Goldsmith's play of 'The Good Natured Man' was produced. He went to dine with his friends after its Nay, to impress his friends still more forcibly with an idea of his magnanimity he even sang his favorite song, 'An Old Woman Tossed in a Blanket Seventeen Times as High as the Moon,' and was altogether very noisy and loud. Our readers will find this identical 'favorite song' in the preface to 'Mother Goose's Melody,' page 7, dragged in without any excuse, but evidently because it was familiar to the writer."

Mr. Whitmore has lately brought out an edition of the Newbury "Mother Goose," to which he adds twenty-eight pages of historical and biographical notes. He has undoubtedly settled the whole history of this vexed question of authorship so far as it can now be settled, and with no little pains to himself, and has certainly exploded the alleged Boston origin of "Mother Goose."

Forty years ago "Mother Goose" was much more current than it has been of recent years; but within ten years past a variety of editions have been on the market—some full and padded with later rhymes and a few containing only those that are the oldest and best known. To those who are greatly interested in that form of literature, "Halliwell's English Nursery Rhymes," edited with minute notes, as becomes a great Shakespearean commentator, is a book that will richly repay perusal. It seems to contain the whole of "Mother Goose," and nearly all of note that has been written by her imitators, but it lacks the amusing and almost necessary adjunct of pictorial illustration.—New York Home Journal.

Advice to College Students.

"Take care of your health," President Patton tells the Princeton boys. "You may not need binomial theorems, but you will need your digestion every day. I wish I had thought of my health. A frequently recurring headache, a bad appetite and sleeplessness are solemn warnings that you must heed. Dyspepsia is not a thing to make fun of."

THE ELDER BOOTH AND THE PIRATE.

How the Tragedian Saved His Money and His Life and Made a Friend.

One night in Louisville a number of people called on Edwin Booth, among them a doctor of local celebrity, who wanted to place in his hands a valuable relic that had once belonged to the elder Booth. He was shown upstairs by a little darkey, who carried something wrapped up in a newspaper. It proved to be a well preserved skull, thoroughly cleaned and the parts joined by springs and hooks.

The doctor told us this story of the skull, which proved romantic and interesting: Many years before Ted's visit the elder Booth had played an engagement in Natchez. After the closing performance he was taken down to the river with his trunk to wait for the upcoming steambath. He found at the saloon at the wharf a rough looking set of men who by their talk he decided were thieves and cutthroats.

Booth had \$1,000 in his money belt, and from motives of policy he invited the ruffians to take several drinks, which only served to increase their peculiar looks in his direction. There was no help near and escape was out of the question—he would probably have been followed and murdered.

Selecting the roughest and toughest man in the crowd, old Booth called him outside to say a few words. "Look here," said he, "my name is Booth; I'm an actor; you may have heard of me. I've a thousand dollars here in a belt and I'm afraid of being robbed. I want you to take it and keep it safe for me until the boat comes along."

The fellow looked earnestly at the old man, and then reached out for the belt. Booth never expected to see a dollar of the money again, but was glad to insure his personal safety. He slept on a table in the saloon, and was awakened early by the custodian of his treasure.

"Get up," said he; "here's your money. The boat's in sight." Booth was thoroughly surprised, but of course delighted. "What's your name?" he asked. "I always like to remember an honest man's name." The fellow hesitated, lowered his voice and answered: "It's Morrill; folks call me the chief of the river pirates. You trusted me and I appreciated the trust."

A year later Morrill was sentenced to the penitentiary for life. When Booth visited Natchez again he visited the prison and took Morrill some money and delicacies. At the last of his visits he found the man dying of consumption. "Booth," said he, "I've not long to live; I should die happy if I had something to leave you to remember me by. You have been good to me and I cannot repay you." Booth laughed and said, "If you are set on leaving me a legacy, let it be your head."

He spoke in jest, but the pirate took it in earnest, and on his death it was found that he had willed the tragedian his skull. Booth gave it to the doctor in Louisville to put in order, but dying himself soon after never claimed his bequest. The physician gave it to Ted. We used it for Yorick's skull in "Hamlet."

When on a visit to his mother in Baltimore, she unpacked Ted's trunk while he was out, and came across the skull. Not knowing what it was used for, she decided to get rid of it with some other rubbish. So when Ted came in she told him how she had thrown that nasty skull out of the window, and that a coal cart, passing by, had crushed it into a hundred pieces.—Interview in New York Epoch.

Some Familiar Quotations.

Walpole, the prime minister of the Georges, is misquoted in the expression, "All men have their price." He never said so, and entertained no such narrow views of mankind. He was referring to certain persons, and said, "All these men have their price." "Money is the root of all evil" is another misquoted quotation, and a wide deviation from the truth. "The love of money is the root of all evil" is the correct quotation. "Love me little, love me long" is a household phrase sometimes supposed to have originated with Charles Reade, because he wrote a novel by that name. Those who are familiar with the poets know that the expression originated with Christopher Marlowe, and is found in his "Jew of Malta." It was afterward given a new impetus by Robert Herrick.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Teddy Was Surprised.

Teddy, a little three-year-old, was one day following his father about the farm, when he saw a terrapin for the first time.

"Oh, papa," he called, "come and help me catch the bug with a shell on his back."

"Just cut his head off," his father replied, "and you have him."

Teddy excitedly hammered away, but the terrapin, after the manner of his kind, scenting danger near, drew in his head.

"Well, is his head off?" asked his father.

"Oh, no," cried the astonished little fellow; "he has swallowed his head!"—Springfield Homestead.

Diphtheria Taken from a Kitten.

P. C. Coleman, of Colorado, Tex., states that after a residence of five years at Colorado he saw the first case of diphtheria. A child of four years, living thirty miles distant in the country, and with no neighbor within six miles, had diphtheria, followed by paralysis. The child was far away from any source of human contagion and had rarely seen other children. The father stated that two kittens had recently died from what seemed to be the same disease, and the child had frequently kissed them. Dr. Coleman does not doubt that the diphtheria was contracted from them.—Dr. J. Lewis Smith in Babyhood.

Timely Taxes.

"That was an appropriate bit of music they had at the gentlemen's annual dinner." "What was it?" "The band played Beethoven's 'Concerto in G.'"—Harper's Bazar.

Irish Literature.

It is stated that Sir Charles Gavan Duffy is engaged on a long cherished project—the preparation of a series of notable Irish publications—some what after the style of Cassell's "National Library" volumes. The veteran statesman, though in rather weak health, is still as great an enthusiast in the matter of popular Irish literature as when, nigh fifty years ago, in conjunction with Thomas Davis and John Blake Dillon, he started the Dublin Nation.—London Star.

A Curious Hunter.

Dunbar Jack, who is one of the best hunters in all the down east region, is deaf and dumb. He has a camp near Beldington. He trapped four bears and a large number of otters, muskrats and minks last season. Trapping and hunting is the greater part of his business.—Bangor Commercial.

SICK Head-Aches. Illustration of a person holding their head in pain.

Sick headaches are the outward indications of derangements of the stomach and bowels. As Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment 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 a genuine cure. After a course of it an occasional headache at intervals will forever after prevent return.

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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. It is neverless 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 tea, 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 faking 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 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. Illustration of a beech tree.

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