THE SLEEPING SEA

Far away ships are sailing-Far and faint and dim-Gleams of white, or glints of light. On the vague horizon's rim.

And the ocean, only varied Where the breakers cry From the strand of gleaming sand, Stretches level to the sky. Cloudless naure heavens bending O'er the sleeping sea-Pulsing heat about her feet-

Where can peril be?

Can it be that tempests gather. Strong winds lash the deep? Tossed in pain the tall ships strain, Maddened billows shoreward leap: Trust the lion, trust the serpent

When he sleeping lies; Trust thy hands to flaming brands-Trust not fickle seas and skies. -Overland Monthly

The Proper Way to Walk.

As soon as a man comes into my shop and takes off his shoe I can tell whether or not he is a good walker, and it is astonishing to find how few men know the proper way to step out. If the shoe is worn down at the heel-not on the side. but straight back-and the leather of the sole shows signs of weakness at the ball of the foot, a little greater on the inside just below the base of the great toe, I know that the wearer is a good walker. If, however, the heel is turned on one side, or is worn evenly throughout, and the sole is worn most near the toe. I know that 1 have to deal with a poor pedestrian.

The reason of the difference in posttion of the worn spots lies in the fact that the poor walker walks from his knee and the good one from his hip. Watch the passerby on the street, and you will at once see the difference. Nine men out of ten will bend the knee very considerably in walking, stepping straight out with both hips on the same line, and the toe will be the first to strike the ground. The tenth man will bend his knee very little, just enough to clear the ground, and will swing the leg from the hip, very much as the arm is swung from the shoulder and not from the elbow. By so doing he calls upon the muscles which are strongest to bear the strain, and increases the length of his stride four or six inches.

The heel touches the ground first and not the toe. A slight spring is given from the ball of the foot on making another stride. Men who walk in this fashion cover the ground 30 per cent. faster with the same exertion than those who walk from the knee. In pugilism the old rule is to strike from the shoulder and not from the elbow. In pedestrianism it is to walk from the hip and not from the knee.-Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How the Estate Was Divided.

Once, while Mamoun was conversing with one of the most famous scholars in his realm, a woman claimed an interview. "Justice, oh, prince! Justice. I implore! My brother left 600 pieces of gold, and his heirs have given me but a single one." "That was only proper," replied the caliph; "each of your broth-er's two daughters is entitled to onethird of his property, or 400 in all. The widow's share is one-sixth, or 100 pieces. Your brother's mother should receive one-eighth, or 75 pieces. You and your twelve brothers are entitled to the remaining 25; but, as the law allows a double portion to the male, they had each 3 pieces of gold and you 1."-San Francisco Argonaut.

He Understood.

Jocko's Sunday Recreation.

A few pedestrians who were out for a morning stroll witnessed a brief but bloody battle through the windows of the Market street bird store Sunday morning.

Among the denizens of the place is a monkey called Jocko, whose proclivity for mischief has led him into disgrace before. On the morning in question Jocko determined to go on a lark. He succeeded in picking the lock of his cage, and once free turned his attention to his feathered companions. It took but a few minutes to unlock a dozen of the various cages in the room, and soon a funny procession of monkeys and parrots were strutting about. In a few minntes trouble began to brew. One of the parrots, in a spirit of mischief, probably bit Jocko, and a lively battle ensued. Polly soon found that she was getting the worst of it and made a rush for her cage, minus her tail feathers and part of

a wing. Jocko, who was 'then thoroughly aroused, sailed in for a general massacre, and in a short time had the floor to himself, save for Minnie, a little nightingale, who was too dazed to escape. With one blow the bird was stretched lifeless on the floor. The monkey then offered battle to a big stuffed owl which had been gazing solemnly upon the scene, and receiving no answer to his challenge, threw the bird off its pedestal. Jocko's Waterloo was awaiting him however. A huge vampire bat, which had been watching the battle, jumped down from his perch, and Jocko started for him. The contest was brief. The sharp beak and talons of the bird buried themslves like a flash in the monkey's flesh, and Jocko was glad to make his escape with the blood flowing from a dozen wounds. At this juncture the proprietor appeared and hostilities ceased .- San Francisco Chronicle.

A True Hat Story.

Here is a new and absolutely true hat story. A New York gentleman, dining at a hotel in Boston, found on coming out that he was the last to leave the dining room, and his hat had been taken by somebody who had preceded him, leaving one very similar, but unmistakably not his, in its place. It was a sufficiently good substitute to allow of his wearing it for three weeks after his return home, when, after dinner one day, three weeks later, he said to a friend with whom he had just been din-

"I must replace this hat; its not mine, and it doesn't fit. Come with me and I'll do it now.

Together they sought a neighboring shop and began to examine hats. One after another was tried on by the intending purchaser, none quite suiting him.

"It's too bad," said his friend. "Like yon. I am hard to fit. Now, this one is the most comfortable hat I ever had."

"It looks so," remarked the hat seeker; "let me try that on." The hat was handed to him. It adjusted itself perfectly to his head. "Man alive!" he ejaculated, "this is my lost hat," and he took it off quickly, turned back the inside band, and, sure enough, there was his name and residence in indisputable proof. It turned out that the friend had been in Boston the same day, though they had not met, had dined at the hotel, but had not discovered that he had worn away another man's hat. And the shop lost a sale of a hat .- New York Times.

Not an Eleemosynary Institution.

"It's funny about some people one Anton Rubenstein, the Russian com-oser, in his autobiography tells of the at the Cadillac as he threw his feet upon

THE OLD PRINTER.

He Was Short of Type and When "Thir-ty" Came, His Spirit Had Flown. And so, year after year, he wrought

among the boys on a morning paper. He went to bed about the time the rest of the world got up, and he arose about the time the rest of the world sat down to dinner. He worked by every kind of light except sunlight. There were candles in the office when he came in; then they had lard oil lamps that smoked and sputtered and smelled; then he saw two or three printers blinded by explosions of camphene and spirit gas; then kerosene came in and heated up the newsrooms on summer nights like a furnace: then the office put in gas, and now the electric light swung from the ceiling and dazzled his old eyes and glared into them from his copy.

If he sang on his way home a police-man bade him "cheese that," and re-

minded him that he was disturbing the ace and people wanted to sleep. But when he wanted to sleep, the rest of the world, for whom he has sat up all night to make a morning paper, roared and crashed by down the noisy streets under his window, with cart and truck and omnibus; blared out with brass bands, howled with hand organs, talked and shouted, and even the shrieking newsboys. with a ghastly sarcasm, murdered the sleep of the tired old printer by yelling the name of his own paper.

Year after year the foreman roared at him to remember that this was not an decongements of the stomach and bowels. As afternoon paper, editors shrieked down Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla is the only bowel the tube to have a blind man put on that regulating preparation of Sarsaparilla, it is see dead man's case, smart young proofreaders scribbled sarcastic comments on his work on the margin of his proof slips that they didn't know how to read, long return. winded correspondents learning to write and long haired poets who could never learn to spell wrathfully cast all their world: he had more friends than ene-

mies. Printers and foremen and pressmen and reporters and editors came and went, but he staid, and he saw newspapers and sanctum filled and emptied and filled and emptied again, and filled with new strange faces. He believed in his craft, and to the end he had a silent pity, that came as near being contempt his good, forgiving old heart could feel, for an editor who had not worked his way from a regular devilship up past

the cases and the imposing stone. He worked all that night, and when the hours that are so short in the ballroom and so long in the composing room wearily on, he was tired. He drew hadn't thrown in a very full case, he said, and he had to climb clear into the boxes and chase a type up into a corner before he could get hold of it. One of the boys, tired as himself-but a printer is never too tired to be good naturedoffered to change places with him, but the old man said there was enough in the case to last him through this take, and he wouldn't work any more tonight. The type clicked in the silent room, and by and by the old man said:

"I'm out of sorts."

so quietly.

WE GOARANTE With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied by \$5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to re-fund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by And sat down on the low window sill by his case, with his stick in his hand. his hands folded wearily in his lap. The types clicked on. A galley of telegraph 175 Second St.

waited. "What gentleman is lingering with 18 D?" called the foreman, who was dangerously polished and polite when he was on the point of exploding with wrath and importance.

Slug nine, passing by the alley, stopped to speak to the old man sitting there

The Inventor's Dream of Fame

has left unfinished.

Every inventor has some idea of dis-" overing a great useful article, which will benefit the whole human race and carry his own name down to posterity as a great man of genius. Often these ambitious schemes are never realized, but the best part of the inventor's life is spent in vain efforts to accomplish this great result. Such high aims ennoble and dignify his work, and, though they may never be realized, he has the satis faction of knowing that others will come after him to take up the work which he

Many of the great inventions of today have not been the product of one man's genius, although he may enjoy all of the credit, but the result of generations of thought, experiment and suggestion of dozens of scientists and inventors. George E. Walsh in New York Epoch.



Sick-headaches are the outward indication why it is the only appropriate Sarsaparilla in sick-hemlaches. It is not only appropriate; it is au absolute cure. After a course of it an occasloun! dose at intervals will forever after prevent

Juo. 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 imperfections upon his head. But three times a week. Some time ago Ibought two through it all he wrought patiently and bottles of Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla and have found more sunshine than shadow in the | only had one attack since and that was on the second day after I began using it."

THE DALLES, OREGON

Health is Wealth

SE.C.WES

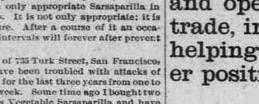
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TREATMENT



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[4]

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confusion which overcame a certain architect of his acquaintance, who had a habit of interlarding all his remarks

with the phrase, "You understand." On one occasion he was explaining certain architectural matters to the emperor, and according to custom made free use of his favorite expression.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Emperor Nicholas at last irritably, "of course 1 understand. My dear fellow, how could I help it?

Negroes in London Fast Life.

In London a negro can go into the finest restaurants and be served just like a white man. He can sit at any public table if he is quiet and can pay the bill. White waiters serve him without a murmur, and the American darky imagines he is sitting sideways on a cloud, picking a harp with one kand and eating honey with the other, when he is turned loose in the English metropolis with fifty dollars in his pockets.-Richmond Dispatch. drummer sighed.-Detroit Free Press.

Arkansas Poultry.

(Ark.) Locomotive.

Dr. Cunning has a clay bank yellow

it is settled, it makes a road like papier

Hanifah, the founder of the Hanifites,

the most ancient of the four sects of

Orthodoh Mussulmans, did not accept

the doctrine of absolute predestination. His commentary on the Koran was en-titled "The Help."

The most powerful telescopes now in use magnify 2,000 diameters. As the

moon is 240,000 miles from the earth. it

is thus, to all intents and purposes

brought to within 120 miles of the earth

In the ten years that elapsed between the census of 1880 and that of 1890, Seat-

tle increased in population by more than 1,000 per cent. Tacoma by 3,000 and

A compound composed of oxygen and

hydrogen has been discovered which

will dissolve metals, and when united

with mercury and silver it forms a pow

Spokane Falls by 5,592 per cent.

erful explosive

mache. smooth and dustless.

the writing table. "How?" inquired the man next to him.

"On a dining car, for instance, the other day," he went on jerkily. "What?" asked the other man en-

couragingly. "Coming over from New York. Odd sort of a genius across the car from me. After he left the car the waiter who had served him brushed the crumbs off of my table.

"See dat man, boss?" he asked. 'Reckon he nevah was on a dinin car befo'.'

" 'Why? I inquired.

"'Caze, boss, he axed for a second helpin. Gemmen what eats on dese yer dinin cahs, boss, knows dey ain't no char'tible institutions fer givin victuals away in no sich mannah as dat.'

"I had been thinking I wanted a little more than had been allowed me, but I didn't ask for it after that," and the

Bloss Hert

There is a family of little folk not far hen which hatched eighteen white chickaway who are delightful from their love for each other. Vin has the greatest adens from sixteen eggs. He also has a Texas rooster three feet high. Charles miration for his sister Molly, and will Graham says one would think it was a do anything for her-"You's so pitty. horse to hear it walk .- Siloam Springs Molly." He is five and she is three. One cold morning Molly's mamma set her in her high chair, while baby had her neces-The farmers in the Palouse country, sary care and papa ate his breakfast. It was rather chilly, and Molly was in her Washington, have straw roads, which are pronounced excellent. They take the straw after it is thrashed and scatter it over the roads, and, after awhile, when nightdress.

Vin wanted to make her warm, so he wrapped up her feet in a newspaper, but poor Molly slipped and fell solidly on the floor from her high chair. "Oh, Molly," said Vin, in tears, "did you hurt yon?" "No," said Molly, winking back the tears which would come; "No, bruver, I fell on 's paper."-Gardner (Mass.) Home Journal.

Finis

Consin Jennie-Wholly cured of your love, did you say?

Cousin Tom-Wholly Consin Laura-What killed it this time?

Cousin Tom-4 asked her a simple uestion. And when her faultless lips formed the words "I disremember," my love became a corpse .-- Pittsburg Bulletin

Handleapped. "Poor little soul!" said Uncle George gazing at the baby. "Why poor?" asked the proud father.

"Nature has given him a black eye to start with." replied George.-Harper's

June 19th, 1891. The telegraph boy came running in with the last manifold sheet, shouting: S. B. Medicine Co., GENTLEMEN-Your kind favor received,

For

DR

"Thirty!"

the stick out of his nerveless hand and read his last take:

"Bostoy, Nov. 23 .- The American bark Pilgrim went to pieces off Marble had no complaints so far, and everyone head in a light gale about midnight. She was old and unseaworthy, and this virtues. Yours, etc., was to have been her last trip."-Bob Burdette.

Various Uses of Oue Tree.

One of the strangest of trees is the Ita palm, found abundantly on the banks of the Amazon and other South American rivers. In the swampy regions, which cover immeuse areas, the Ita palm furnishes food, drink, clothing and comfortable homes for the natives.

The Indians that inhabit these swampy districts make a tolerable wine from the sap of the palm, and they distill a stronger stimulant by crushing and fermenting the young fruits. The food is de rived from the soft inner bark of the stems, and is a substance that in taste and appearance closely resembles sago. The soft and fibrons bark is used for garments and for making strings, ropes. hammocks and the like,

In times of high water, often lasting two or three months, the natives make floorings in the trees with the bark ropes and live there in comfort and cont ment .- Philadelphia Times.

Hard Work Made Mackay Rich.

John W. Mackay was born in the humblest circumstances in Dublin, Ireland, some fifty-five years ago. Coming to this country very early in life, he worked for a time on board ship. During the years that followed in whatever occupation he engaged he labored indus-triously and faithfully. He saved his money and watched his opportunity, which so very few people do. He is now twenty times a millionnire. - Henry Clews in Ladies' flome Journal.

The Devil's Kpell.

Among the famous bells of Dewsburg, Yorkshire, Eugland, is one known as "Black Tom of Soothill," which was presented to the church in expiation of a murder. "Black Tom" is always rung on Christmas eve. Its solenin tolling a it strikes the first tap at exactly midnight is known all over Yorkshire as the devil's knell," it being the notion that when Christ was born the devil died,-St. Louis Republic.

Dry Goods and Clothing at Your Own Price. and in reply would say that I am more They carried the old inan to the fore- than pleased with the terms offered me man's long table and laid him down rev-erently and covered his face. They took 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 M. F. HACKLEY.

A Revelation.

Few people know that the bright bluish-green color of the ordinary tess exposed in he windows is not the aral color. Unplemant as the act may be, it is nevertheless matter being used for this purpose. The effect is two-fold. It not only makes the as a bright, shiny green, but also permits the se of " off-color " and worthless teas, which,

once under the green cloak, are readily worked off as a good quality of tee. An eminerat authority writes on this sub-ject: "The manipulation of poor teas, to give them s'finer appearance, is carried on exten-sively. Green teas, being in this country marking a green teas and the subfally popular, are produced to meet the mand by coloring cheaper black kinds by glazing or facing with Prussian blue, tumeric, gypsum, and indigo. Tais 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 be tween the artificial green tea that you have een accustomed to and the black teas. It draws a delightful canary color, and is so

regrant that it will be a revelation to tea drinkers. Its purity makes it also more nical than the artificial teas, for less of it is required per cup. Sold only in pound packages bearing this trade-mark:

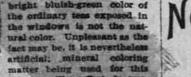
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