

THE SWOOP OF A HAWK.

EXPERIENCE OF A SUMMER VISITOR IN A NEW YORK SUBURB.

He Had Heard About a Hawk Chasing a Man, but Didn't Believe It Until He Encountered One of the Animals in a Lonely Evening Walk—How He Tells of It.

Mr. Rogers was late for tea. The red twilight of August had faded, and a sea breeze was rattling at the shutters before he came in, looking warm and agitated. Seeing him roused out of his usual calm excited our curiosity, but we asked no questions till he had eaten and refreshed himself. Then we gathered around him. "I have had a most unpleasant adventure," he said in his solemn way. "I have been chased by a hawk." Now, if a child of six had made that remark it would have been touching, but for a broad shouldered person of any number of feet to announce that he was afraid of hawks was too much for our sense of humor—we laughed. "What did you do?" asked the inquisitive member of our house party. "I clapped my hands and shouted," said Mr. Rogers, "but the hawk didn't mind at all; it kept circling round my head and swooping down."

We reasoned with him. We said it was physically impossible for a hawk to fly away with him. We told him the next time a hawk chased him to fall flat upon his face and call for help. We suggested that a plump mosquito had caused his alarm. All in vain. He listened without emotion, and fixing his eye on me as the most obtrusively merry person present, said, "Wait till a hawk is after you; you won't like it."

AN EVENING WALK. The meaning in his words came to me a few days later. We had been bathing in Peconic bay. We staid there, splashing and swimming, till the blue water turned gray and the sun went down in a red smudge. Then suddenly we all felt an overpowering desire to get out of our clammy bathing suits and home to tea as fast as possible. I decided to walk. I was cold; besides I rather wanted to get away from the noisy crowd.

So the house party packed itself into the wagonette and quickly disappeared down the winding road, leaving me to cut across the hills alone. (Fanny with what alacrity people who are really fond of you leave you behind.) I felt very much alone somehow, and I almost wished I had gone with them. Our house is only a mile from the Peconic beach on a level line, but as the Shinnecock hills are like so many green dumplings one's progress is very up and down, and a mile may be twisted into astonishing lengths.

I struck across the fern scented hills at a rapid pace, one moment on top of a mountain range, with a view of the two bays, the next down in a hollow with only bay bushes for a horizon. Stopped in a sort of cup to watch the coming night. The earth sent up a warm, sweet smell; little stars began to twinkle as though pricked into the sky. Something dark started up under my feet—my shadow, for the moon had risen. "It is nice to be alone sometimes," I thought. "One can't be intimate with nature when crowds of people are about. I feel now that I am lying on her bosom." Whirr-ri! from the sky. Then two short sounds like the flapping of a wet towel.

DISCREETION AND VALOR. I looked up. Right over my head, poised as neatly as the sword of Damocles, was a hawk. It looked quite stationary, but I remembered Mr. Rogers' words, and I felt bold. "The thing doesn't seem inclined to swoop," I thought. Then I started up a hill, with my nose pointed at the hawk. Just as I reached the top it gave two flaps and swooped. I clapped my hands. Whereupon the bird circled and dropped a few feet.

"I won't encourage it by looking at it," and I walked into the next hollow in a dignified manner. Then I looked. That brute of a bird was hovering in an expectant attitude. As it caught my glance it began to circle: it circled till I grew dizzy; then it gave a cry of triumph and swooped. That action demoralized me; it turned the hawk into a roe and me into a hare.

With one "wool" of despair, I threw manhood and self respect to the winds. I ran. I ran as hard as I could, up hill and down. Braambles caught at me; blackberry vines clasped my ankles; but once mounted on terror nothing could stop me. My white flannelled figure shone out in the moonlight, adding zest to the hawk's attacks. On we raced, swooping, running, dodging, but never stopping till the friendly lights from the house streamed out to meet us. Then the hawk, with a long cry of scorn, sailed away to the pine woods in the west.

The house party was on the piazza as I came up. "Glorious walk," I cried. "Ran half the way. Finest sport in the world after bathing!" Mr. Rogers followed me into the house. "It's awful when it swoops, isn't it?" he said, with a cruel look in his brown eyes.—New York Post.

A Mischievous Schoolgirl. Commodore P. Vedder, while a young man, teaching school, had occasion to punish a mischievous girl, and, as was usual in that day and locality, was about to resort to the ferule. To the offending maid he said, "Miss—, give me your hand." She dropped her head and blushed. Again he said, sternly, "Miss—, I say, give me your hand." Slowly lifting her eyes, she remarked: "Mr. Vedder, this is embarrassing for me. You should not make such proposals in public. However, you must ask my papa first."—Buffalo Express.

A Choragus. A choragus was the superintendent of the equipment and instruction of a chorus. The Athenians made him a state officer, and the position became one of importance and dignity. The terra choragus was in the course of time used to signify a person who supplied the costs for any purpose.—New York Weekly.

Not for Herself.

It gives some women a deep and almost oppressive sense of responsibility to be intrusted with the selection of a pair of gloves or a yard of ribbon for another woman. "It isn't for myself," said an anxious looking customer at the ribbon counter of a large dry goods store one afternoon when the clerks were busiest. "If it was for myself I should know exactly what I wanted and wouldn't waste any time over it. But"

"Did you say dark or light green ribbon?" asked the clerk. "She said dark, and yet not too dark, so I don't exactly know what to get. If I were going to use it myself—"

"How would this do?" "Well, I hardly know. It seems a trifle light to me, and yet maybe it wouldn't be. I don't know just what it's to be used for, which makes the matter all the more perplexing."

"How wide did you want it?" "She said from two and a half to three inches, which is of course rather indefinite. It's for a friend of mine living in M—, and she simply wrote for a yard of dark green ribbon, from two and a half to three inches wide, and I am puzzled to know just what to get. If it were for myself—"

"You didn't want satin ribbon?" "She didn't say, and I don't know whether to get satin or grosgrain or watered ribbon, or ribbon with a plain, corded or picot edge, or what. Everything is so indefinite about it. If I knew what she wanted it for, or had some little hint to go by, or if it were for myself—but as it is, I'm entirely in the dark."

"I think, on the whole, I'd better write and get more definite information before selecting anything. Yes, that's what I'll do, and then I'll not make any mistake."—Youth's Companion.

A Thought Measuring Machine. Dr. J. K. McKatterell has constructed an ingenious apparatus by which he can determine, with a considerable degree of accuracy, the time it takes to think, and has experimented with many interesting results. He has shown that to see a piece of white paper and be conscious of the fact takes one-twentieth of a second; to see a picture takes one-tenth of a second; to see a letter of common print, one-eighth of a second; to see a full word, one-seventh of a second; to be able to judge between red and blue, one-thirteenth of a second.

He has also proved that to see some words and letters requires more time than others. By this same machine, with some added pieces of mechanism, the time of remembering can also be accurately measured. According to the learned M. D. and his curious little machine, it takes much less time to remember the name of a familiar word than it does the name of a letter, and we are all supposed to be very well acquainted with the names of the letters of the alphabet. This seems strange, especially when we take into consideration the fact that we can see the letter in less time than we can the word.

The name of the next month to come can be thought of in less time than that of the last. This machine also shows that sensations travel by the nerves to the brain at the rate of one mile per minute, much slower than has been supposed.—St. Louis Republic.

Lincoln's Face and the Artists. Lincoln's features were the despair of every artist who undertook his portrait. The writer saw nearly a dozen, one after another, soon after the first nomination to the presidency, attempt the task. They put into their pictures the large, rugged features, and strong, prominent lines; they made measurements to obtain exact proportions; they "petrified" some single look, but the picture remained hard and cold. Even before these paintings were finished it was plain to see that they were unsatisfactory to the artists themselves, and much more so to the intimate friends of the man—this was not he who smiled, spoke, laughed, charmed. The picture was to the man as the grain of sand to the mountain, as the dead to the living.

Graphic art was powerless before a face that moved through a thousand delicate gradations of line and contour, light and shade, sparkle of the eye and curve of the lip, in the long gamut of expression from grave to gay, and back again from the rollicking jollity of laughter to that serious, far away look that with prophetic intuitions beheld the awful panorama of war.—J. G. Nicolay in Century.

Cruelty to Lobsters. It is singular how the cruel practice of boiling lobsters alive continues. Our forefathers—and, indeed, our parents—let calves bleed slowly to death, on the theory that in no other way could white meat be secured, and later on calves were bled one day and killed the next. Now every one knows that a calf can be killed in a humane manner and the veal made just as good. Hogs are largely killed by electricity instead of by the old barbarous method; and, generally speaking, animals killed for food have been put out of the way in a much more humane manner than formerly. But lobsters are still tortured out of existence, the only difference being that, while formerly they were exclusively boiled to death, now some are boiled and some broiled. Which process causes the most agony no one can say.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Broncho. The genuine broncho pony is a wonderful product of our western prairies. He is the great friend of the Indians and the invaluable companion of the cowboys, from whom he has received his various descriptive terms of the "kicking broncho," the "bucking broncho" and the "stubborn broncho." These terms have become so closely associated with the pony that one can hardly imagine the existence of a broncho minus all of these negative virtues. Yet when kindly treated they make staunch friends, and unless provoked to it they will hold their bad qualities in reserve until some stranger comes near them.—New York Epoch.

SLICK PATENT FAKIRS.

THE HARM THEY DO AND THE DECEIT THEY USE.

Ambitious, Hardworking Inventors Are Their Victims—They Generally Operate by Publishing a Paper—What They Promise and How They Avoid the Law.

Of the making of patents there is no end, like the making of books. The bookmaker and the patentee are half brothers, the one making machines for the convenience of the mind, and the other making things for the convenience of hand. Both see through the same glass, and both see the illusive vision of wealth and fame. The distinction is that bookmaking and patentmaking, which are failures, produce an army of desperate cranks, whose persistence of purpose is equalled only by the uselessness or impracticability of the book or patent. This age of invention has, however, produced one class of inventors called "fakirs," which derives a livelihood by its schemes to draw the coins from the pockets of the better class of inventors.

The patent fakir in some cities is becoming numerous, prosperous and bold. It is only a question of time until congress will have to suppress him. The "patent fakir," as distinguished from the legitimate agent, is so called because he runs an agency that is a pure fake. Any one can become a fakir, and he doesn't need much knowledge of either patent laws or mechanical laws. The legitimate patent agent is a man of wide knowledge, easily commanded. The fakir simply rents a suite of rooms and puts up his sign. Then he frequently begins the publication of a patent paper.

It isn't necessary for the paper to have any circulation, but is a good idea to send out several hundred sample copies to known inventors. Then he watches legitimate patent journals closely, and the publications and reports of the patent office, and when an invention is found that it is possible, he thinks, to induce its originator to back it up to the bottom of his purse, he writes him a ticklish letter.

HOW THE FAKIR WORKS. He says something of this sort: That he "has regarded with deep interest your valuable invention." Continuing, he may state that he will be glad to put the article on sale, and a model will help him greatly. The last paragraph of the letter is to the effect that "the agency is publishing a paper of general circulation, and that a description of the patent will be printed for ten dollars; for a like amount the reading matter will be adorned with a cut of the invention, which is the property of the inventor after used once, but to properly and cheaply advertise the invention it is necessary to purchase 6,000 circulars at two dollars per 1,000, which the "agency" will mail to interested capitalists.

Here is a bonanza for the inventor for only thirty-two dollars! Publication in an illustrated journal and introduction to the wealth necessary to make his invention marketable. So he replies to the circular and incloses the necessary amount.

This is how the "agency" plays its part. When the thirty-two dollars is received a cheap cut is made and about two "sticks" of descriptive matter printed. About three thousand circulars are printed, a bundle of which is sent to the inventor, and the remainder fed to old Boreas from the housetops. The paper may have little or no circulation, but still its circulation is "general."

The model of the patent which is forwarded is placed on "exhibition" for sale, and thus the agreement is nominally kept and no law is violated. This the "agency" is about twenty dollars better off without much hard work. When one stops to consider the enormous number of inventors who accept these proffers of help it can be seen how prosperous the business may be.

GULLIBLE INVENTORS. It is said that one man who has been in this "fake" business in a city down east for many years has secured a vast fortune, and that he occupies several floors of a building with his offices. "No persons are more gullible than inventors," is the belief upon which the fakir works.

But there are other schemes to interest inventors. Another agency method is to organize an "association" for inventors, the membership in which is all the way from ten dollars to twenty-five dollars. The inventor is not required to pay his membership fee until his patent has passed the "test" of the "examining board." Be that test successful or unsuccessful, the inventor receives a highly illuminated picture of an examining board examining inventions and passing judgments thereon. If his was successful he is eligible to membership, and if unsuccessful he must go elsewhere. There is no violation of the letter of the agreement which induces the inventor to join the association. The latter does all it promises, but all it promises can benefit him little.

Recently there came under the ban of the French government an academy of invention. The plan of this institution was to have a gradual system of investigation of the patents submitted, and each stage cost a few dollars additional. When the last one was reached medals were awarded at different prices, but the inventor seldom got off for less than fifty or seventy-five dollars. The "academy" was opened by an astute Parisian, who, while he had violated no law, was morally guilty of working a confidence game upon thousands of his countrymen.—Indianapolis News.

An Agreeable Dentifrice. One of the most agreeable of dentifrices is to be found in a few drops of tincture of myrrh in half a glass of water. It not only cleanses the mouth, making it fresh and sweet, but it is an excellent tonic for the gums and arrests decay. It also has the merit of being very inexpensive, as ten cents will buy enough to last a year or more.—New York Tribune.

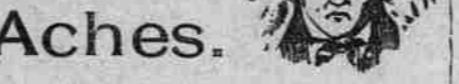
Water, it should be known, can easily be kept cool without ice by infolding the earthen pitcher or jar which receives it in three folds of cotton or linen cloth kept constantly wet.

Colonel Theodore A. Dodge makes the startling statement that "every shot from a big gun consumes \$1,000." At this rate war has become a very expensive luxury.

The father of a fretful baby consoled himself with thinking that after all he shouldn't know how to get along without it—in fact, that it was "a crying necessity."

SICK

Head-Aches.



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 all 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.

John M. Cox, of 235 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."

Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla

For Sale by SNIPES & KINERSLY, THE DALLES, OREGON.

Health is Wealth!



DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatocidia caused by over exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1.00 a box, or six boxes for \$5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

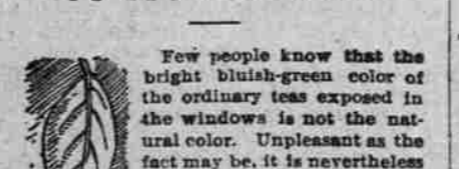
WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES. To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied by \$5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by BLAKELEY & HOUGHTON, Prescription Druggists, 175 Second St., The Dalles, Or.

REAL MERIT



PEOPLE. Say the S. B. Cough Cure is the best thing they ever saw. We are not flattered for we know REAL MERIT WILL WIN. All we ask is an honest trial. For sale by all druggists. S. B. MEDICINE MFG. CO., Dufur, Oregon.

A Revelation.



Few people know that the bright bluish-green color of the ordinary teas 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 teas that you have been accustomed to and the black teas.

It has 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.

THE DALLES CHRONICLE



is here and has come to stay. It hopes to win its way to public favor by energy, industry and merit; and to this end we ask that you give it a fair trial, and if satisfied with its course a generous support.

Its Objects

will be to advertise the resources of the city, and adjacent country, to assist in developing our industries, in extending and opening up new channels for our trade, in securing an open river, and in helping THE DALLES to take her proper position as the

Leading City of Eastern Oregon.

four pages of six columns each, will be issued every evening, except Sunday, and will be delivered in the city, or sent by mail for the moderate sum of fifty cents a month.

JUST, FAIR AND IMPARTIAL.

We will endeavor to give all the local news, and we ask that your criticism of our object and course, be formed from the contents of the paper, and not from rash assertions of outside parties.

THE WEEKLY,

sent to any address for \$1.50 per year. It will contain from four to six eight column pages, and we shall endeavor to make it the equal of the best. Ask your Postmaster for a copy, or address.

THE CHRONICLE PUB. CO.

Office, N. W. Cor. Washington and Second. Sts

AUCTION SALE!

Dry Goods and Clothing at Your Own Price.

The entire stock of N. Harris consisting of General Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods will be sold at Auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand.

Sales held every night commencing at 7 o'clock.

J. B. CROSSEN, Auctioneer.

New Columbia Hotel,

THE DALLES, OREGON.

Best Dollar a Day House on the Coast!

First-Class Meals, 25 Cents.

First Class Hotel in Every Respect.

None but the Best of White Help Employed.

T. T. Nicholas, Prop.

Washington North Dalles, Washington

SITUATED AT THE HEAD OF NAVIGATION.

Destined to be the Best Manufacturing Center in the Inland Empire.

Best Selling Property of the Season in the Northwest.

For Further Information Call at the Office of Interstate Investment Co., O. D. TAYLOR, THE DALLES. 72 WASHINGTON ST., PORTLAND.