

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.

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After half the American people get their only one preparation of Sarsaparilla that acts on the bowels and reaches this important trouble, and that is Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla. It relieves it in 24 hours, and an occasional dose prevents return. We refer by permission to C. E. Elkington, 125 Locust Avenue, San Francisco; J. H. Brown, Petaluma; H. S. Winn, Geary Court, San Francisco, and hundreds of others who have used it in constipation. One letter is a sample of hundreds. Elkington writes: "I have been for years subject to bilious headaches and constipation. Have been so bad for a year back have had to take a physic every other night or else I would have a headache. After taking one bottle of J. V. S., I am in splendid shape. It has done wonderful things for me. People similarly troubled should try it and be convinced."

Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla

Most modern, most efficient, largest bottle, same price, \$1.00 per bottle. For Sale by SNIPES & KINERSLY, THE DALLES, OREGON.

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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 Spermatorrhea 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.

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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 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 fine appearance, is carried on extensively. Green teas, being in this country especially popular, are produced to meet the demand by coloring cheap or black kinds by glazing or facing with Prussian blue, turquoise, 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 Japanese 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." 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.

\$500 Reward!

We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes containing 24 Pills, 25 cents. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by THE JOHN C. WEST COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. BLAKELEY & HOUGHTON, Prescription Druggists, 175 Second St., The Dalles, Or.

ONE NIGHT OF TERROR.

EXPERIENCE OF A TRAVELER IN AN UNCIVILIZED LAND.

Journeying Through Kurdistan He Makes a Halt Among a Very Strange Tribe. Awakened from a Sound Sleep He is Robbed and Left Naked and Bound.

"Talk about experiences that turn one's hair gray in a night," said a gentleman whose curling locks were as black as the traditional raven's wings. "I had one once which, according to the authorities, ought to have made me not only gray, but baldheaded, if the traditions are right, which I don't believe they are."

"It was in Kurdistan that my experience occurred. I was traveling through that forsaken country merely for the purpose of seeing it, and I was accompanied by two men—Jean, a French servant, combining in his own personality all the excellencies of cook and valet, and a Prussian guide named Multi, whom I had engaged for the trip. We had two horses and an ass, which Jean rode and on which he carried the utensils necessary to the cuisine. We had been in Kurdish territory for four days, had passed through several villages, and I was just beginning to think the Kurds were a pretty decent sort for a half savage people, when one night we came to a little town that I never succeeded in finding on any map, and I decided to put up for the night."

"I saw the head man of the village, and despite the fact that he was as villainous a ruffian as I had ever met, his words were those of welcome and hospitality. Now I had never heard of actual brigandage among the Kurds, who, while they are semibarbaric and fierce, are essentially a race of shepherds and small farmers. So when the head man assigned me a hut I felt remarkably secure and rather thankful, despite the fact that I knew I should have to pay liberally for my accommodations. I bought a sheep, and Jean soon transformed it into a savory stew. Supper over, I smoked a few pipes, and rolling myself in a traveling rug lay down on a cot of ill smelling sheepskins to sleep."

AWAKENED FROM SLEEP. I did sleep, and soundly, too. The first awakening I had was when a shrill shriek rang in my ears, and I jumped up to find myself surrounded by burly ruffians, armed with ferocious looking knives, and to see one of their number withdraw his ensanguined blade from the breast of my Persian guide, who lay as he had fallen on awakening, across his pallet. Jean was in the grasp of two more of the party, and so frightened that he could not speak. I was sure at first that they intended nothing less than to instantly dispatch both of us, but as I heard them parleying and disputing I gathered hope. They ransacked the place, took everything we had except our trousers, tied us tightly and departed. "The hut was entirely cleaned out as far as our effects were concerned—portmanteaus, revolvers, rugs, coats; even Jean's cooking utensils were gone. In agony I lay till daybreak, and then, hearing some one passing, I shouted at the top of my voice. A Kurd entered, and he was not of the visiting party of the night before. Now I didn't know a word of Kurdish, and poor Mufti was dead. I finally made him to understand that I wanted to be released, but he only grinned and shook his head. Then, remembering the name of the chief, I repeated it several times. He finally shuffled off, leaving me in an agony of suspense as to whether he intended to go to that personage or not. After half an hour's wait, however, the chief appeared. He gave some order, and we were immediately cut loose."

"Once my hands were free, I succeeded in explaining to him finally by pantomime what had occurred. He seemed to understand, and sent for some one else. HELP FROM FRIENDS. The party sent for appeared eventually. He wasn't a Kurd, but a Persian, and he spoke a little French. I told him of the outrage and he told the chief. Then he replied to me that the chief said he could do nothing, as the robbers must be of another band or village. This I greatly doubted, as I was sure I had seen two at least of my assailants loitering around when we arrived, but that I deemed it best not to speak. I implored the chief to give me an escort back to the last town I had left and where two Englishmen and their retinue were stopping. I knew one of the Englishmen, and promised to amply reward him if he would do so. He finally consented to that and furnished me with a guide and two asses upon my swearing to him that I would pay the man, be also agreeing if he could get track of our assailants to visit summary punishment on them. "So Jean and I finally set out, and the next day, hatless, coatless, penniless and nearly starved arrived at the head town of the section, where I borrowed some supplies from my friend, paid the Kurd who had accompanied us about ten dollars of American money in Persian silver, and whence, rehabilitated in borrowed raiment, we set off for the Persian frontier. I afterward learned that our friends of the Kurdish village were notorious robbers and murderers, and that the chief himself had been seen later wearing my coat and riding my horse. I'll tell you I never crossed the Kurdish border again, and I don't ever intend to. I like travel, but in the future I'm going to keep under the flag of some civilized or semicivilized nation."—Chicago Times.

Wanted His Band.

Band Leader—You wants us to play mit der funeral! Ees it a military funeral? Stranger—No, it's the funeral of my brother. He was a private in the army. He requested that your band should play at his funeral. Band Leader (proudly): My paid, my Vy he shoos my paid? Stranger—He said he wanted every body to feel sorry he died.—New York Weekly

AN ADVENTURE IN CAIRO.

Egyptian Ladies Viewing the Museum Put to Flight by an American.

One day when I was passing the hot hours in the shaded rooms of the museum, surrounded by seated granite figures with their hands on their knees (the coolest companions I know), I heard chattering and laughter. Presently there came into view ten or twelve Cairo ladies, followed by eunuchs and preceded by a guide. The eunuchs were hideous, though they represented all ages, from a tall, lank boy of seventeen to a withered old creature beyond sixty."

The ladies were taking their ease; the muffling black silk outer coats, which all Egyptian women of the upper class wear when they leave the house, had been thrown aside; the white face veils had been loosened so that they dropped below the chin. Their carriages were waiting below. The most modest of men—a missionary, for instance, or an automologist—would, I suppose, have put them to flight; but as the tourist season was over, and as it was luncheon time for Europeans, no one appeared, but myself, and the ladies strayed hither and thither as they chose, occasionally stopping to hear a few words of the explanations which the guide (a woman also) was vainly trying to give before each important statue."

With one exception, these Cairo dames were, to say the least, extremely plump; their bare hands were deeply dimpled, their cheeks round. They all had the same very white complexion without rose tints; their features were fairly good, though rather thick; the eyes in each case were beautiful—large, dark, lustrous, with sweeping lashes. Their figures, under their loose garments, looked like feather pillows. They were awkward in bearing and gait, but this might have been owing to the fact that their small plump feet (in white open-work cotton stockings) were squeezed into very tight French slippers with abnormally high heels, upon which it must have been difficult to balance so many dimples."

The one exception to the rule of bilowy beauty was a slender, even meagerly formed girl, who in America would pass perhaps for seventeen; probably she was three years younger. Her thin, dark, restless face, with its beautiful inquiring eyes, was several times close beside mine as we both inspected the golden bracelets and earrings, the necklaces and fan of Queen Ahhotpu, our sister of vanity of 3,500 years ago. I looked more at her than I did at the jewels, and she returned my gaze; we might have had a conversation. What would I not have given to be able to talk with her in her own tongue? After awhile they all assembled in what is called the winter garden, an up stairs apartment, where grass grows over the floor in formal little plots. Chairs were brought, and they seated themselves amid this aerial verdure to partake of sherbet, which the youngest eunuch handed about with a businesslike air. While they were still here, much relaxed as regards attire and attitude, my attention was attracted by the rush through the outer room (where I myself was seated) of the four older eunuchs. They had been idling about; they had even gone down the stairs, leaving to the youngest of their number the task of serving the sherbet; but now they all appeared again, and the swiftness with which they crossed the outer room and dashed into the winter garden created a breeze. They called to their charges as they came, and there was a general smoothing down of draperies. The eunuchs, however, stood upon no ceremony; they themselves attired the ladies in the muffling cloaks, and refastened their veils securely, as a nurse dresses children, and with quite as much authority. I noticed that the handsomer faces showed no especial haste to disappear from view, but there was no real resistance; there was only a good deal of laughter."

I dare say that there was more laughter still (under the veils) when the cause of all this haste appeared, coming down the stairs. It was a small man of sixty-five or seventy, one of my own countrymen, attired in a linen duster and a travel worn high hat. His silver head was bent over his guide book, and he wore blue spectacles. I don't think he saw anything but blue antiquities, safely made of stone.—Constance Fenimore Woolson in Harper's.

Not So Peaceful as We Seem.

We are supposed to be a peaceful nation, but we have had our fair share of strife, foreign and domestic. Since the Revolution there have been wars with England and with Mexico, with Tripoli and with Algiers; broils with Paraguay and Corea, and a gigantic civil war; rumors of wars with France, England, Spain and Italy. There have been the John Brown raid, the Barbarnier and Fenian raids to Canada, many incursions across the Mexican border, and the filibustering expeditions to Cuba and Nicaragua. We have had the Whisky and Shays rebellions; the election, draft, railroad, reconstruction and sundry serious city riots; we have had well on to 800 deadly Indian fights and many awful massacres. We have lost more men in active war since 1776 than any nation of Europe. This is a startling record for a peaceful people.—Colonel T. A. Dodge in Forum.

Good Points of the Broncho.

The broncho is, generally speaking, a homely animal, but one soon gets attached to a fine specimen of the breed. They can do so much and act so intelligently that it is only natural to look upon them as pets and companions. The great ambition for a young Indian boy is to own a broncho, and then to train him to know his master and to obey his words and signs. No less ambitious to possess one of these ponies are the young sons of western pioneers, and many stories of wonderful attachment between the ponies and their young masters have been related. Although apt to kick, buck and be stubborn by nature, the little bronchos possess many fine qualities that redeem them from positive ugliness.—New York Epoch.

Bones' Duck.

Bones was a shaggy, fat skye terrier with a short tail. Just why these scruffy looking skye terriers always find luxurious homes and fond admirers I don't know, but they seem to do it. Bones was no exception. He was the household pet. Every member of the family coddled and kissed him, and he returned their affection with equal ardor.

When any one came home after a short absence, Bones showed extravagant delight, and his demonstrations were usually rewarded with candy or cake.

He had a trick of catching up any small object which came handy, and bringing it to lay at the returned one's feet, as if to display the generosity of his heart.

Sometimes he overshot the mark like the rest of us.

One day the lady of the house returned, and Bones, dashing out to find some token of affection to present her, fell over three unfortunate little ducks walking primly behind their mamma. He caught one up in his mouth and with joyful haste rushed back to the parlor.

Poor duck! Poor Bones! The duck struggled. Bones took a firmer grip. The duck struggled harder. Bones gave a hurried gulp, and, to his own dismay as well as to the duck's, the duck went down Bones' throat and never came up again.

The shout of laughter which greeted his exploit was too much for Bones. He ran out faster than he came in. His stomach and his conscience both troubled him for long after. It was only necessary to say, "Duck, Bones!" to see him sink away with the funniest expression of doggish shame, caused by the remembrance of his unintentional dinner.—Harper's Young People.

Oriental Students in London.

The superior orientals in London are almost exclusively from India, except such as represent diplomacy; and they include two classes—men of business and students. The former are few, but represent very large commercial interests. The latter number about 200. They have their headquarters at the Northbrook club in Whitehall Gardens, of which the majority are members. The practice of sending young Indians to study in England is increasing. They come from all parts of India and include Mahomedans, Hindoos and Parsees. The luxury of a European education is not to be had for nothing, and as a matter of course only men of means can indulge in it.

These young fellows are, as a rule, extremely intelligent, with charming manners, and they speak English admirably—far better than most European foreigners who have lived for many years in England. They study law and medicine in London; but some go to Cooper's Hill for the engineering service and others to Cirencester for agriculture. The English universities, and Edinburgh also, have their contingent. In nearly all cases they go back to practice in India, but of late a tendency to settle here has been visible. The only other eastern country which occasionally sends us a similar class is Japan.—St. James' Budget.

The Value of a Racehorse.

The sum of £15,000 paid by Mr. Blundell Maple to Lord Alington and Sir F. Johnstone as the purchase money of Common is the highest price ever paid in England for a horse. It is commonly reported that the Duke of Westminster received a larger sum for Ormonde from South America, though £12,000 was probably nearer the price. Moreover, Signor Ghinistrelli was offered £20,000 for Signorina, and the Duke of Portland a still higher price for Donovan, but in these cases the offers were refused.

When the Duke of Westminster paid £14,000 for Doncaster—the highest price given in England for a race horse before Common was sold—people were almost shocked at his temerity and extravagance, and yet it has been calculated that the duke made a net profit of £160,000 out of the transaction.

Stewards of known merit such as St. Simon, Hermit and Isonomy are gold mines to their fortunate owners, and in these days of excessive turf competition a horse who has run well but has yet a reputation to make at the stud will bring in thousands before he has provided either a success or a failure.—London Tit-Bits.

There Are Two Kinds of Mustard.

There are two varieties of mustard—black and white. Black mustard is the most valuable for commercial purposes. Its seeds are very minute, weighing not more than one fiftieth of a grain each. Its peculiar pungent taste is caused by an essential oil. This oil can, like fruit flavors, be exactly imitated by the chemists. Both as a table condiment and as a medicine, mustard has been known from a very remote period.

As now found in our grocery stores, this spice consists of white and black mustard seeds, mixed and ground fine. The white mustard keeps better than the black variety and is not so bitter. A good deal of the mustard sold is adulterated, sometimes with wheat flour, but more often with turmeric, the pulverized root of a common East Indian plant.—Foods and Beverages.

How the Kangaroo Fights.

The kangaroo fights with great address and intelligence, and if he can find a stream or water hole in which to wait his foes will station himself waist deep in it, and pushing the dogs under one by one as they swim out to attack him either drown them outright or compel them to retire for want of breath. Against human enemies, armed only with clubs or stirrup irons, the kangaroo often shows himself a clever boxer, warding off blows very dexterously with his forepaws, and now and then making forward bounds, with rapid play of his dangerous hind feet, which are difficult to avoid.—Boston Journal.

More Advantages.

"My husband hasn't treated me very well lately, but I'll get even with him," said Maude. "I wouldn't if I were you," returned Estelle. "I'll get ahead of him."—New York Epoch.

Estelle: "I'll get ahead of him."—New York Epoch.