

The Formation of Tumors.

The oldest theory by which it was attempted to account for the origin of tumors ascribed to a peculiar state of the system, a "cancerous diathesis," which rendered the tissues of the body liable to "cancerous degeneration." The great answer to this theory is the large number of cases now on record in which complete cure of the disease has been attained by early and thorough operation, for if the tumor does not return at its previous site or elsewhere it is manifest that its cause must have been a local one and must have been removed with the tumor.

The coexistence of several tumors has been advanced as proof that there was a constitutional taint, but more careful pathological work has shown that in almost every case it can be proved that where there are several tumors one is considerably older than the rest, and that the latter are secondary and owe their existence to an infection from the first. The old theory also fails to explain why the cancerous growth remains confined to one small portion of the body for so long a time; and why, after removal, it persists in returning to the same locality; whereas both of these facts become clear at once on the supposition that cancer is a local disease.—Harper's.

Britishers Enlightened.

Miss Jennie O'Neill Potter relates a funny story of an experience in England during her tour in that country. She was invited by the Royal artillery to give an entertainment in aid of a military charitable institution at Woolwich garrison, near London. Her readings met with approval, and in response to an encore she recited "Sheridan's Ride." An old general of the Royal artillery, who was chairman for the occasion, came to Miss Potter during the interval and said, stroking his gray mustache: "Aw, Miss Pottah, don't cher know, several persons wish to know—aw—where the incident of this—aw—Sheridan's ride took place. Of course I've heard about it, but it has—aw—quite escaped my memory."

"Why, general," replied Miss Potter, who dearly loves a joke, "that Sheridan's ride took place at the battle of Bunker Hill."

"Certainly it did," rejoined the general, who rose, and addressing the audience, said, "Ladies and gentlemen—in response to numerous inquiries I have to inform you that the ride of General Sheridan was an incident of the battle of Bunker Hill."—New York Telegram.

Peculiarities of French Bread.

In Paris bread is indeed the "staff of life." It is carried about the streets without even a string around it. Women clasp the long rolls affectionately to their bosoms and rest the ends against their hair. Men forget that it isn't a cane they are carrying and rap the end of the loaf on the pavement as they walk. I saw a little boy in the dirt by the Seine using a long piece of bread for a plaything. Presently he wiped it upon his dress and took a mouthful. I saw a woman sitting on a bench in the Luxembourg gardens cosily hugging a great round loaf—without any wrapper, please remember. We heard angry voices before our window, and beheld a woman thumping a man with a fresh baked roll. It broke in two, but the woman beat a tattoo on his back with the pieces. When we go to buy bread we are tempted to ask, "How much is it a yard?" We are sure the French people never die of lockjaw, for any grinding apparatus that can stand the test of years on this bread can stand anything.—Paris Cor. Chicago Post.

Glass and Paste Diamonds.

Of late years paste diamonds, imitation diamonds, quartz diamonds and glass diamonds have been placed upon the market in quantities, and it is difficult to distinguish many of these from the genuine articles. They are cut in the most approved style, and a good quartz diamond, cut in the shape of a brilliant, makes a very effective show. Its value, however, is less than one-twentieth of that of a diamond of similar size and shape.

Glass cut in prism shape will illustrate the value of angles in any transparent body, and glass diamonds can often be cut so that they resemble greatly the pure water gems. Fine, large diamonds are so very expensive that many wealthy people prefer to wear imitations on general occasions and leave the genuine stones for only very important and special times.—George E. Walsh in New York Epoch.

The Ivory Nut in South America.

The ivory nut is grown in the equatorial regions in South America. The principal point of shipment is Colon, on the Isthmus of Panama. Like the banana, the ivory nut is perennial in its native clime, and may be found in all stages from the bud to the ripened nut at all seasons of the year. The nuts grow in great bunches of about fifty incased in a shell, as are chestnuts in the burr, though the shell outwardly resembles in roughness the surface of a pineapple. The entire cluster of nuts in this shell is as big as a man's head. This shell comes off easily after the nuts are ripe. At this stage they fall from the trees—which are fourteen or fifteen feet in height—and are packed on the backs of natives to the points of shipment. They are about the color of an unwashed last year's potato and as hard as an elephant's tusk.—New York Telegram.

Singular Ocean Sponges.

A singular ocean sponge is the glass rope, which sends down into the mud a coiled wisp of filaments as thick as a knitting needle. The latter opens out into a brush, fixing the creature in place after the manner of a screw pile. Still another remarkable sponge is found in the deep water off the Loffoden islands. It spreads out into a thin circular cake, surrounded by what looks like a fringe of white Hoss silk. Yet another curiosity is the "suepetella" sponge of the Philippines, which lives embedded to its lid in the mud and supported by a lovely frill.—Interview in Washington Star.

A Doctor Who Refused a Fortune.

Dr. Gower, of Brighton, carried in his pocket a competency for life when he left the house on Walsingham terrace with the knowledge of Parnell's death; for Parnell died at midnight, and the doctor could have realized a fortune by selling the exclusive news of the event to any of the richer papers in London or New York.

It was so when Gambetta died at 5 in the morning. At midnight he was pronounced convalescent. The death watch of reporters was relaxed. Yet one of them, a Frenchman, member of a small Parisian news agency, came out of a wine shop at early morning and saw a maid servant running across the grass.

"The master is dead," she called to him. He stood there in great perplexity. To whom should he sell the news? He hesitated between the Paris, London and New York papers. He finally cabled thus, "Gambetta died at 5 this morning." The dispatch reached a New York office at ten minutes before 3, there being five hours difference between Paris and New York. Half a page of accompanying matter was given to the compositor, and at twenty minutes past 2 the whole story was on its way to the stereotypers.

The reporter is still living on the proceeds of his "beat," and the sensation of Gambetta's death was nothing to that of Parnell.—New York Truth.

They Eat as Dickens Told Them.

A good story is told at one of the hotels here about some of the English divines who are in the city in attendance upon the Methodist ecumenical council. It was noticed that at the hour set down for dinner on the card posted in each room giving the rules of the house these English preachers would gather about the doors of the dining room and when they were opened would make a wild rush inside, and to seat themselves hastily at the first table they reached and to begin to eat as quickly as possible.

The landlord was puzzled to know the cause of this strange conduct on the part of his foreign guests. Inquiry developed the fact that these reverend gentlemen had before coming over posted themselves on American customs by reading Dickens' "American Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit." The scene in the latter descriptive of the effect of the hotel dinner gong causing everybody to quit whatever he was doing and make a rush for the dining room lest he should fail to get any dinner they took as gospel truth and were governing their own conduct accordingly.—Washington Cor. Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Parnell's Brother.

According to an Atlanta paper a seedy looking man, not quite fifty and wearing a discouraged and colorless slouch hat, with a suit to match, stood before the bulletin boards in Atlanta the other day to get a glimpse of dispatches about the death of Charles Stewart Parnell. The man was John Parnell, a brother of the Irish leader, who has spent the latter years of his life tending fruit trees on a little farm seventy-five miles from Atlanta. "I cannot believe that he is dead," said he. "The only thing that makes me believe the report is the statement that he died suddenly. There were twelve children in our family, six of whom are dead, and every one of the six died suddenly. Our sister Fanny, who died last, was found dead in bed. Charles, and in fact all of us, are subject to attacks of nervous prostration, and if he is dead this must have caused his death. He loved us all, and but a short time ago he wrote me a most affectionate letter."

Illustrated Reporting.

In connection with the suicide of General Boulanger, a feat has been accomplished by one of the Paris weekly papers which shows to what perfection of dispatch illustrated reporting has now been brought. On Wednesday, on the reception of the news of the general's death, the illustration sent to Brussels two members of its staff, one a draftsman, the other a photographer. On Thursday morning these artists had photographed the general lying in state, as well as the hotel in the Rue Montoye, and had even improvised a representation of the scene in the cemetery. They then took the train, and arrived in Paris on the same day with all that was needed for the illustration of that day's issue of the journal. An interesting detail is that the proofs of the photographs were taken and the artist's drawing executed during the railway journey back to Paris.—London News.

Basil's Forge.

From reports it would appear that the site of Basil's forge at Grand Pre is no longer a mystery. Mr. W. C. Archibald, while cutting away a sandy knoll about two miles west of the village of Wolfville, came upon what is supposed to be the remains of the ancient blacksmith shop, under about four feet of soil. Foundation stones, charcoal and slag were discovered in large quantities, so unless the Acadian Grand Pre could boast of more than one smithy, this is in all likelihood the spot where Basil lived and worked. It looks as though Wolfville was the heart of the ancient village of Grand Pre.—Nova Scotia Bulletin.

The late Banker James H. Mead, of Sheboygan, Wis., in his will, besides a bequest of \$20,000 for a public library, left \$10,000 for the erection of a hall wherein the boys of Sheboygan may indulge in innocent sports and pastimes.

Arnold T. Jahn, who recently died in Chicago, was the son of Frederick Ludwig Jahn, the founder of the now famous Turn Vereins and in his day one of the greatest of German patriots.

The government proposes to build another timber dock in the navy yard at Brooklyn, the accommodations of the other two docks being insufficient. It is to be about 600 feet in length.

Four years ago a strange birthday present was received by Charles Kettleberger, of San Francisco. It was a coffin, and the other day he was buried in it.

How New York Boys "Whip the Land."

Trust the small boy, whose playground is the busy street, to get all the fun out of life that there is in it—for him. He never wants for a game. When he tires of one his ingenuity will quickly suggest another. The boys over on the west side of the city around the appraiser's stores are now enjoying a sport that has just enough of danger and deviltry in it to make it a craze among them. The streets there are traveled from daybreak to sundown by trucks going to and from the stores and the wharves. Stealing rides on these trucks has long been the pastime of the youth of the locality, but it was accompanied by so great a possibility of a swish across the legs from the whip of some irate driver that the lads began to tire of it. The boys have now circumvented that difficulty. Scores of them have obtained old jute bags and have stuffed them with hay, straw or rags. They have tied around the necks of these long pieces of strong rope.

Now they stand innocently on a corner and wait for a truck that is moving rapidly enough to make it a desirable victim. As it passes them they pass the end of the rope around one of the guard stakes on the truck. The stuffed jute bag comes along, they jump down on it, still holding the end of the rope, and are towed along until the driver forces them to retreat. They are so far out of the reach of whips that he generally must stop his truck and get off to do this. By that time the boys are half a block off. Sometimes five or six lads will get a tow on the same truck. The result of so many drags on behind is often to bring the poor beast on whom the burden is placed to a standstill.—New York Times.

The Ancient Schoolmaster.

A roll measuring about fifteen feet long, containing poems hitherto unknown of Herodius in Season or chomantic meter, has just been exhibited in the manuscript department of the British museum. One of the poems is entitled "The Schoolmaster." A mother appears before the master called Lampriscus. She is accompanied by her son, and entreates the pedagogue to flog him within an inch of his life because the boy is the terror of her existence. He has nearly ruined her by playing pitch and toss, he associates with the lowest characters of the town, and if he is asked to spell the name of Maron he turns it into Simon; in fact, he has entirely got beyond the control of his parents. Lampriscus therefore fetches his instrument of correction, which is made of cowhide, and applies it without mercy. The boy howls and promises to be good, and when the schoolmaster thinks that the youth has had enough he tells the mother to keep him a close prisoner for some time to come.—Manchester (England) Guardian.

About Furnaces.

In placing your furnace in your new house, always remember that lateral pipes never give out much heat. The hot air must invariably ascend to produce a current, and therefore we see very often a register in the third story giving out splendid heat, when in the extension library, where warmth is particularly desired, the air of the room is hardly affected at all. In a large country house it would really be better to have two small furnaces rather than one large one. Less coal would be used to more purpose, and they would not be much more troublesome to tend than is one. But if you have two, do not make the mistake of putting them side by side, as was done in a very large house near New York. This simply intensified the heat in the same part of the house without carrying it into the wings, where it was chiefly needed.—New York Tribune.

An Aeronaut's Experience.

A story is told of the thrilling experience of a veteran aeronaut with a bald eagle and a Connecticut constable. During a recent ascension, when at a height of 3,000 feet, the balloonist was attacked by the eagle. A desperate fight ensued, which resulted in the eagle being killed. Half fainting, the aeronaut descended to terra firma. When he had recovered he hunted for and found the dead bird. While he was examining his prize the constable came along and arrested him for killing the bird, for which offense, he claimed, a fine of \$50 is imposed. The aeronaut, it is related, had more difficulty in escaping punishment than he had in killing the bird.—Boston Journal.

Weighing Mosquitoes.

It is told of a great author that he was wont to amuse himself by jumping over a chair. But I have a correspondent who, as the following shows, amuses himself by weighing mosquitoes: "I have recently weighed some mosquitoes of this locality on a sensitive balance. The average weight of one mosquito was 1.27 milligrams—that is, it would take 380,000 to weigh a pound. "Mosquitoes which had filled themselves with human blood were found to weigh about three times as much as others, showing that they had swallowed twice their weight in blood."—Boston Globe.

Buried in Silver.

William L. Scott was buried in a magnificent coffin, the manufacture of which required seventy-six pounds of solid silver, besides quantities of silk and broadcloth. The undertakers say that within their recollection only one other American, Samuel J. Tilden, ever had his mortal clay housed so elaborately. The use of gold bars and solid gold plates on expensive caskets is not unusual, but so lavish a use of solid silver is unprecedented.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Lake in the Great Desert.

It is estimated that nine-tenths of the water from the Colorado river is flowing into Salton sea, and the winter floods will greatly augment the volume of water, which may seek a gulf outlet. A lake 150 miles long and 300 feet deep is predicted.—San Francisco Bulletin.



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In just 24 hours J. V. S. relieves constipation and sick headaches. After it gets the system under control an occasional dose prevents return. We refer by permission to W. H. Marshall, Brunswick House, S. F.; Geo. A. Werner, 831 California St., S. F.; Mrs. C. Melvin, 126 Kearny St., S. F., and many others who have found relief from constipation and sick headaches. G. W. Vincent, of Terrence Court, S. F. writes: "I am 50 years of age and have been troubled with constipation for 25 years. I was recently induced to try Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla. I recognized in it at once an herb that the Mexicans used to give us in the early 50's for bowel troubles. (I came to California in 1839,) and I knew it would help me and it has. For the first time in years I can sleep well and my system is regular and in splendid condition. The old Mexican herbs in this remedy are a certain cure in constipation and bowel troubles." Ask for

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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 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 staining 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 tea. It draws a delightful canary color, and is so fragrant that it will be a revelation to teadrinkers. 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:

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