

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.

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Staple and Fancy Groceries,

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Pimples.

The old idea of 40 years ago was that facial eruptions were due to a "blood humor," for which they gave potash. Thus all the old Sarsaparillas contain potash, a most objectionable and drastic mineral, that instead of decreasing, actually creates more eruptions. You have noticed this when taking other Sarsaparillas than Joy's. It is however now known that the stomach, the blood creating power, is the seat of all vitiating or cleansing operations. A stomach clogged by indigestion or constipation, vitiates the blood, result pimples. A clean stomach and healthful digestion purifies it and they disappear. Thus Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla is compounded after the modern idea to regulate the bowels and stimulate the digestion. The effect is immediate and most satisfactory. A short testimonial to contrast the action of the potash Sarsaparillas and Joy's modern vegetable preparation. Mrs. C. D. Stuart, of 409 Hayes St., S. F., writes: "I have for years had indigestion, I tried a popular Sarsaparilla but it actually caused more pimples to break out on my face. Hearing that Joy's was a later preparation and acted differently, I tried it and the pimples immediately disappeared."

Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla

Largest bottle, most effective, same price. 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, Weakness, Neural Prostration, 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 pre-paid on receipt of price.

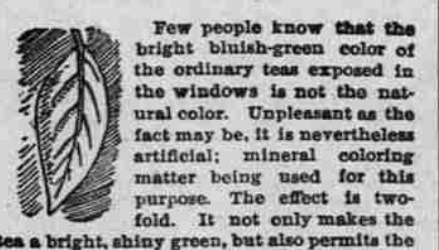
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BLAKELEY & HOUGHTON, Prescription Druggists, 175 Second St. The Dalles, Or.



REAL MERIT 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 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 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 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 30 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.

A Turtle's Nest.

In the town of Patten, a place distant from tidewater over ninety miles, there is a great curiosity, known as the "turtle's nest." For fifty-two years a turtle has come annually to the nest to deposit her eggs. Over half a century ago she selected her nest, then in an open field, but now in a yard in front of a residence. A relative of the owner of the house branded the date 1841 upon the turtle's back, and it can be plainly traced now. She comes about the same date each year, and her first few days are passed in inspecting the ancient nest, the yard and surroundings.

Later she digs a hole in the ground and there deposits her eggs. This year she left forty-two eggs, but as many were carried away and the others often disturbed, only about a dozen of the eggs hatched out. The owner of the house has ten of the little turtles, none more than twice the size of a postage stamp. The old turtle always departs after laying the eggs; the warm sand and sun serve as an incubator yearning. This turtle has been seen at the Drew Dead Water on the Mattawamkeag river, fully fifty miles away from the nest. Her weight varies from thirty to thirty-five pounds, and it is said she was as large when branded as she is now. Each June she comes to Patten, and is always welcomed by old and young.—Bangor (Me.) Letter.

Hats Off in the Synagogue.

The vexed question of "hats on" or "hats off" during public worship was settled at the annual meeting of the Anshe Chesed congregation, at the temple on Scoville avenue. The old Jewish custom of the male members of the congregation wearing their hats during public worship has always been in vogue in this congregation. A number of the younger and more progressive members have objected to the custom, and it has caused more or less discussion for several years. The older members held tenaciously to their hats, and the younger ones bided their time until they should have a sufficient majority converted to their views to change the custom. The matter was brought up at the annual meeting, which was very largely attended. The hat question was discussed at great length, and several very warm speeches were made on both sides. It was finally put to a vote, and the members who are opposed to wearing hats were victorious by a decided majority. The decision was that hereafter the congregation shall worship with hats off, but those who desire to retain their head covering will be permitted to do so.—Cleveland Leader and Herald.

Walking Back to the Big City.

Wrecks of the early winter theatrical season are already seen in New York—managers whose ventures have failed after a few nights out of town, tired looking actors who seem to have walked home, and bedraggled looking women, whose faces tell plainly of their disappointments. It is the old story of poor plays, poor houses and the refusal of the ghost to do his weekly little pedestrian act. And yet in the main the theatrical outlook is very good, for with big crops comes plenty of money and an army of people to be amused. But it is the survival of the fittest. The poor plays are not patronized, and the managers of many come to grief. There are many familiar faces on the Rialto today, men and women who started off a month ago filled with hope. Some of them will be glad to shovel snow for a living before spring.—Poster Coates in Mail and Express.

A Bad Place for Wrecks.

When a vessel sinks in the channel through Lake George flats, near Sault Ste. Marie, there is plenty of trouble. The value of the vessels delayed by a wreck there recently is estimated at \$14,000,000, and that of their cargoes at \$4,000,000. At one time seventy lake steam vessels were anchored on the east side of the blockade and sixty on the west side, and a new channel had to be cut through the flats to allow them to continue their ways. Four dredges worked day and night to make a channel 700 feet in length, 60 in width and 50 in depth. It is said that the only way to prevent accidents like that which caused the wreck is to limit the speed of vessels in the channel. There was the same trouble at the St. Clair flats until men were stationed at the ends of the channel to time the vessels.—New York Sun.

A Wonderful Underground Lake.

An underground lake has been discovered three miles from Genesee, Ida. It was found by a well digger. At a depth of sixteen feet clear, pure lake water ran out over the surface for a time, then settled back to the earth's level. The most curious part of it is that fish were brought to the surface on the overflow. They have a peculiar appearance and are sightless, indicating that they are underground fish. The spring has attracted much attention, and many farmers in the vicinity fear that their farms will drop into the lake.—Boise (Ida.) Statesman.

Robbed While Asleep.

A queer case was tried in the circuit court of Louisville Friday. The defendant was a man who was captured in the act of committing burglary. The defense set up the plea that the defendant was a somnambulist and was asleep at the time he committed the deed and was, therefore, unconscious of wrong doing. The jury believed and acquitted the man.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Rabbit and the Kittens.

J. R. Chapman has a cat that found a young rabbit in the field a few days ago and carried it home, placing it with her kittens, and now the rabbit is just like one of the family and seems to be as happy as any of them. The mother cat nurses it just the same as her kittens.—Raymond (Ill.) Independent.

After the Vacation.

"You look all broken up." "Naturally; just been dividing myself among forty girls at a seaside hotel!"—Harper's Bazar.

To Send Flowers by Telegraph.

Half a dozen florists met at the Sherman house recently and tackled the task of circling the earth with flowers. That is, they planned a scheme which provides for a chain of correspondents throughout the world to act together as one concern for the purpose of executing orders given in any part of the globe for anything in floral arrangement from a tiny buttonhole bouquet to an elaborate bank of roses. In order to effect this purpose an organization known as the Florists' International Telegraph Delivery association was started in Canada last August.

A majority of the board of directors do business in the United States. The gathering was attended by H. S. Liebrecht, of New York; C. B. Whittall, of Milwaukee, and Frank Huntsman, of Cincinnati, all three members of the board of directors. G. L. Grant and Joseph Curran represented the Chicago florists. "Our purpose is," said Mr. Liebrecht, "to make it easy for a man in Chicago, New York or Timbuctoo to convey a bouquet to a lady in any part of the world, with lightning speed, without starting it from the point where he himself may be.

"For instance, take a person here in Chicago having a friend arriving or leaving on an ocean steamer in New York. He simply has to walk into the store of our agent here and give his order. The order is at once telegraphed to another agent of the association in the place where the flowers are to be delivered, and there you are. We have come to Chicago to perfect our rules and appoint an agent."—Chicago Herald.

A Hermit with Millions.

The coming novelist who will dissect American character and hold it up to the wonder or admiration of the world will find something worth studying in the life of the hermit of New York and Newport who has just died and left behind him the \$10,000,000 he asked to take away with him beyond the grave. For ten years Edmund H. Schermerhorn had lived in a literally palatial mansion at Newport, with his gates locked against all but his physician, surrounded only by servants, and living in parsimony which contrasted strangely with his once spendthrift ways. In his boyhood I had heard of him as the gayest of gay young men about town, and afterward as entertaining the fashionable world at lavish expense in his Twenty-third street residence.

Then, after awhile, he wearied of social pleasures, drew more and more within his cell, became a recluse and scholar, and finally grew utterly unsocial. A bachelor of seventy-five when he died on Thursday, he belonged to one of the oldest of New York families. Why the wild and luxurious bachelor leader of society became transformed into the unsocial recluse is one of the secrets at which his friends can only guess—they allege disappointment in love—and which the novelist can spell out to suit himself.—Philadelphia Record.

The Bursting of a Big Wheel.

The bursting of the great fly wheel—or perhaps more properly the driving wheel—in one of the mills of Manchester, N. H., illustrates the ever present danger hidden in the use of modern machinery. There does not appear to have been carelessness or even an accident which usual caution or foresight could have prevented. The automatic governor regulating the supply of steam to the engine seems to have become clogged, the engine suddenly speeded up and the great wheel was set whirling at a pace that tore it into pieces by the enormous centrifugal force thus generated, scattering the entire building over the country round about and crushing and wounding the work people. This wheel was forty feet in diameter, with a face nine feet wide, weighing fifty-five tons and turning, when run at the usual and safe rate, sixty revolutions per minute.—Boston Commonwealth.

Truck Loads of Money.

Did you ever see more money than you could carry? Comparatively few people have, but such a sight may be often witnessed in the lower end of the city. As an incident to draw a crowd the loading of a truck with silver is very potent. A custom house truck stopped in front of one of the Broadway safe deposit institutions yesterday and men wheeled out handcarts loaded with silver bars which others tossed into the truck. They looked very pretty—the bars, I mean—and crowds of people stopped during the process and passed remarks upon their weight and value.

It wasn't money, of course, but it will be soon after Uncle Sam gets possession of it, and a very snug fortune it will make, too, in silver dollars.—New York Herald.

Tennyson at Aldworth.

Lord Tennyson's stay at Aldworth is now drawing toward a close, but he will not be returning to Farringford for some three or four weeks. He has not for some years been so strong and well as he is at this moment, and there is no doubt (as I heard a friend of his remark) that the regular periodical changes from the mild climate of the Isle of Wight to the bracing air of a country lying 800 feet or more above the sea level have had much to do with his amazing vigor of body and mind. He has as usual been constantly entertaining visitors from his first reaching Aldworth, the latest being Lord Dufferin and Theodore Watts, who have but just left.—London Globe.

Names of Three Children.

An Egyptian family lately arrived in Chicago, the father to work at the World's fair, have a small son whom they have named Abraham Lincoln Levey. The two elder children are named Tonah, the Egyptian for Star, and Victor Hugo. The first boy was born in Paris.—Boston Transcript.

The Surest Way.

First Outer—I didn't see you in bathing this season. Second Outer—No. When I want a bath I go canoeing.—Good News.

An Episode of Nebraska Life.

I met a gentleman at the Union depot the other night who had just returned from Kearney county. He said: "I took up a claim three weeks ago and built my shanty with more care than is usually taken with them. I built a bedstead of boards in the corner and laid in a stock of canned goods and dried meat. The first night after it was completed I crawled into bed and fell into a deep sleep. About midnight I was awakened by a half dozen rude jolts, some one cracked a whip, yelled 'Git up!' and I straightway felt the motion of a heavy wagon. I was but half awake, but I realized that my bed was tipped to an angle of 45 degs. and that everything was moving. I realized that my shanty, supposed to be unoccupied, was being stolen with me in it. I grasped my revolver and emptied it at the walls and in answer heard the sound of scattering feet. I crawled out of the small window and drove back about 100 yards to the site of the house, where I made the horses fast and posted myself under the wagon. The next day I drove two miles to my nearest neighbor and soon had his opinion and that of several other farmers. They all said the horses and wagon were mine beyond doubt, as no one would ever claim them."—Kansas City Times.

Going Home to a Wife He Has Never Seen.

Wong Sie Kie came from Hong-Kong to America three years ago. He married not at San Francisco or New York, but selected Hartford as his abiding place. Immediately he began washing clothes, and his attention to business and his good natured "Hello" to all visitors brought him many customers. He prospered so well that he thinks he has now made enough to justify his return to China. Wong will leave Hartford for San Francisco, from which port he will take immediate passage for his beloved Hong-Kong. He has sold out his business to a cousin, who has taken charge. His savings and the money he got for his laundry amount to \$3,000, representing his net profit after his living expenses have been deducted from three years of laundrying. Wong says his father and mother are living, and that he has brothers and sisters. Besides, he has a wife in China, to whom he has been married since he came to America. His imperfect English prevented a lucid explanation of how this marriage occurred.—Hartford Courant.

A Successor of Newton.

Sir George Gabriel Stokes, who is still the retiring senior member for Cambridge university, is one of the most distinguished mathematicians of the day. He is an old man in the "seventies," below the medium height, with snow white hair and a very high forehead. Sir George is president of the Royal society, an office which was held by the famous Sir Isaac Newton, who was also member for the University of Cambridge. These two positions, which have never been held by one individual since the time of Newton, are now, after the lapse of upward of two centuries, happily combined in Sir George.

To carry the analogy further, Newton never once spoke in parliament, while Sir George, although an assiduous sifter out of debates, has during his five years of parliamentary life addressed the house on two or three occasions only. It is not generally known that Sir George Stokes is an Irishman. His father, a distinguished graduate of Trinity college, was rector of Screen, about seven miles from the town of Sligo.—London Star.

How Maine Firemen Managed.

The firemen of Caribou, Me., were called upon to perform a feat rather out of the usual line of duty. The bridge across the Aroostook river connecting the two sections of the village burned, and although the adjacent buildings in the main village were saved those on the opposite side of the river, near the end of the bridge, took fire and were threatened with destruction. All of the fire apparatus was in the main village, the bridge was destroyed and there were no boats at hand. Accordingly the best swimmers in the fire company were selected to swim the river with a line of hose. They accomplished the feat and got across just in time to prevent the destruction of \$50,000 worth of property.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Came Back After Forty-one Years.

A Missouri man left his wife and went to Australia forty-one years ago, where it was reported he died. A few days ago, however, he unexpectedly returned home with a large fortune. There was a joyous meeting between husband and wife so long separated, but once more happily reunited. Strange to say, his wife had lived single all these many years with the dim hope of one more seeing her husband. They are both quite aged now, being upward of seventy years.—Exchange.

Did Two Foolish Things.

An erring brother in Vermont got up in open meeting and made the following confession: "Brethren, my conscience compels me to confess that when boiling down my sap in the spring I put into the kettle two buckets of water and sold the sugar at the same price as that made from pure sap."—Congregationalist.

A Solid Train of Beans.

A solid train load of beans, twelve carloads in all, left Salcoy, Cal., recently, consigned to Chicago by the Farmers' Alliance of Ventura county. The train ran through to its destination as a special train.

A railway is now being built from La Paz, in Bolivia, to the headquarters of the river Madeira, in Brazil, which is the main tributary of the Amazon, thus giving a water outlet for the Bolivian products. Money to the amount of \$28,642 and checks and notes to the value of \$1,471,871 were found in the 6,000,000 letters that reached the dead letter office last year.