

**South American Love Making.**  
All the love making in South America must be carried on through a third person. If a youth desires to marry he does not speak of it to the girl whom he wishes for a wife, but to his own father. The latter, if he approves, goes to the father of the young lady and the two discuss the matter together. Each tells the other what he will do for the young folks, and between them a contract is drawn up respecting settlements and all such things.

The intending bridegroom is not permitted to see his fiancée for a moment before the wedding. As soon as that event has taken place there is a wedding breakfast, and usually without the formality of a preliminary tour, the couple settle down to living, either in an establishment of their own or more often in the house of the parents of the bride or the groom.

One drawback about marriage in South America is that in taking a girl to wife it is apt to be considered a matter of course that the young man marries her whole family also. He has no occasion for surprise or displeasure if, together with his bride, fifteen or twenty people come to share his household and domestic comforts, including all her available relatives and their servants.

These Latins are a very clannish race, and a father is apt to be willing to adopt a raft of sisters and cousins and aunts, not to mention a mother-in-law, rather than have his son or daughter leave the family roof. It is due to the strength of family attachment among them that hotels in South America are only for strangers from afar; the natives always find hospitable entertainment among the kindred.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

**A Sensible View of the Seat Question.**  
The question of relinquishing seats to women in the public conveyances is, like the poor, always with us. Said a man recently discussing it: "There is just this point which I have come to realize; either I must make up my mind never to have a seat in a car, or I must decide never to give it up. I go and come to my place of business at the hours when almost everybody else does; the cars are invariably crowded and there are always women standing to whom it is possible to offer my place, if I get one. Such being the case, it is also possible for me to stand the year through. I cannot see that this sacrifice is demanded by the conditions."

**Uncle Si as a Commentator.**  
A dozen men who were in the habit of loafing away their Sundays outside of the old Penobscot meeting house, while their wives attended service, were gathered by an enthusiastic young pastor into a Sunday school. They were called the "shored-up class," and no members of the school were more regular in attendance, or original in response. One day the lesson was upon the death of Moses, and the teacher, having located "Nebo's lonely mountain" upon his map, asked the meaning of "Nebo"—no doubt having in mind the tutelary deity in honor of whom the Babylonian dignitaries bore such goodly names as Nebuchadnezzar, Nebuzaradan, etc.

"What do you say, Uncle Si?"  
"Wa-al," answered the old man, solemnly, "I've heard that them Bible names all has meanin's, an' I reckon it's so 'f a body only jest studies into 'em. Now this here, to me, is plain 'n two times two. I calculate Moses called it Nebo because the mountain was so marster steep it made his knees bow to get to the top of it. I've clum hills right down here in Maine, time 'n time ag'in, as you could call Nebo and not feel as if you'd swear in neither. Marster steep!"—Lewiston Journal.

**What Buttons Are Made Of.**  
Do you know of what material the buttons on your coat are made?  
Well, perhaps if you did you would never recognize it in the raw, for in four cases out of five it is a material vulgarly known as vegetable ivory. To the trade it is the ivory nut. Down on the pier of the Pacific Mail Steamship company will be seen long rows of sacks made of jute, which bear the appearance externally of being filled with potatoes. These are stacked at the head of the pier in the open air. There is no danger of them being carried away, for they are as heavy as lead, and not extremely valuable, as they are. Potatoes would not remain in that exposed position untouched for a single night. The ivory nut, however, is valuable only when it comes from the hand of the manufacturer in the button or the ornamental state.—New York Telegram.

**How a Bishop Was Put to Death.**  
Traces of this primitive superstition, bewitching by images, are found among civilized people, for Grimm reports that in the eleventh century Jews were accused in Europe of having killed Bishop Eberhard by a scroery of the kind. They were said to have made a figure of wax representing the bishop, hired a priest to baptize it, and put it into the fire. As soon as the wax was melted, the bishop was attacked by a mortal disease.—L. Popoff in Popular Science Monthly.

**He Had to Keep Him Going.**  
Stranger (to car driver, conductor, etc.)—"Why don't you stop? I want to get off!"  
Car Driver, Conductor, etc.—"I'll have 't ask ye 't jump off. This mule's balky, an' if he stops onct thar won't be any startin' 'im inside uv a hour.—Harper's Bazar.

**CULTIVATION OF RICE.**

**WATER PLAYS A BIG PART IN THE RAISING OF THE CEREAL.**

**An Industry in Louisiana That Is Very Profitable to the Grower, but Which Is Still in Its Infancy—How Rice Fields Are Kept Flooded.**

"Tell you something about rice in Louisiana?" repeated Andrew C. Wilkinson, the owner of a large rice mill in New Orleans, where the rice grown on his plantation is cleaned, at the Gilsey House. "I see that the papers have just found out that Englishmen are trying to buy up and form a trust of the rice mills in the south, although the agents have been down there for something over six months. Nobody is quicker than John Bull to scent a bargain."

"New Orleans is the chief rice milling city of America. Fifty years ago we did not have such a thing as a rice mill, but now we have sixteen, working 220 rice pounders and employing more than 1,200 men. Louisiana has always been known as the Sugar State, but we also want to add to it that of the Rice State of the Union."

"How is it cultivated? Well, the first necessity of profitable rice culture is a comparatively level piece of land, properly prepared for the seed. This field must be located so as to be conveniently irrigated from the prairie reservoir or the flume in the levee." Highland rice does not pay in Louisiana, the only profitable rice being that grown in water. Water is the first and last want of sprouting, growing and ripening rice. Before the ground is ready for the seed it is divided up by a system of little subleves and watering ditches. It is then planted in drills dug by machines—or rather I should say that the machine is the proper way to do it, but the seed is frequently broadcast with us in Louisiana."

"Then comes the most delicate part, in the water manipulation. After the seed is planted the soil is thoroughly saturated with water to sprout it, but the water is at once taken off when the seeds have evenly germinated, and kept off until the tender shoots of the plant rise two or three inches above the ground. You can easily see that the young plants may be either drowned out or dried up by the least inattention in regulating the flow."

**DRAWBACKS TO THE WORK.**  
On the other hand, with too much water, crawfish invade the fields and devour the delicate plants, while with none at all, rice caterpillars cut them down and kill them. If you neglect the main flume you not only risk the total loss of your crop, but by permitting the water to get ahead of you there may come a break in the levee, and away go your cattle and crops.

"The most expensive part of rice growing comes when it is about a foot high, after it has been liberally watered; I mean the grassing of the rice. You see, the laborers wade through the rice, pulling up and throwing into heaps all the weeds and water grasses they find. This grassing costs on an average about four dollars an acre, and after that is over the rice planter has but little to do except to give it plenty of water. One peculiar thing about irrigation is that the heads of the rice plants never fill out, no matter how much water you give them artificially, unless there are plentiful rains."

"One feature of rice cultivation would be great fun to city sportsmen, but is a terrible nuisance to us. I mean the birds. Talk about your ducks and geese hiding the sun. Perfect clouds of rice birds, English sparrows, summer ducks, rail and other fowl of the air and water, come to see if they can't harvest our crops for us. From daybreak to dark a perfect fusillade from the guns and old muskets is heard in hundreds of square miles of country. Over in this field you hear the shrill shouts of creole farmers shrieking out Sunday school language in French patois; from the next probably the deep chested whoop of negro field hands, and in another the hoarse yells of the new American rice growers—those who have come from the great northern wheat fields. It is scream—pop!—whoop!—bang!—boom!—in the noisiest battle from dawn to dark that you ever heard."

"The rice birds are our worst enemies, and while we kill millions of them, left to manure the fields, other millions come in to take their places. The ravages of the rice birds some years are fearful, the crop being almost a total loss. Perhaps now that the Yankees are coming down to grow rice they may invent some machine that will either destroy the birds or keep them away."

**PROFITS OF RICE CULTURE.**  
"As soon as a pale yellow tint appears over the level heads of the opening grain the water is carefully drawn off, the fields being drained as thoroughly as possible, and the work of harvesting is begun. The dried sheaves are carted direct from the field to the steam thrasher, where the grain is prepared for market."

"The profits in rice planting, with good luck, will in a few years make any man rich. The yields on good lands in Louisiana give from fifty to seventy-five bushels to the acre. Rice is a plant which is generous to the attentive and industrious farmer, but it resents neglect more than any other cereal. A man can cultivate fifteen to twenty acres of rice land, and if strong and industrious he can easily secure from 1,000 to 1,500 bushels of rice, worth at present prices about a dollar a bushel. The work is not hard, except during grassing time, and, as good living is cheap with us, a small rice farmer can easily save one-half of his gross income."

"The cultivation of rice in Louisiana is still in its infancy. Many of the hundreds of immigrants are yearly turning their attention to rice, and at the present rate of increased acreage Louisiana will be able to supply the entire country with this most valuable cereal."—New York Telegram.

**The Crazy Ball.**

Street peddlers have a new catch-penny device on their trucks that is quite an amusing thing for old as well as young folks. They call it the "crazy ball," and it is well named. For ten cents you can buy one of these things and see the laws of gravity defied. It looks like an ordinary wooden ball, about the size of a tennis ball, but you can't roll it in a straight line to save you. Of course the secret of the thing's queer actions lie in the fact that it is loaded on one side. This makes every movement of the ball eccentric. It will roll up hill of its own accord, and it will refuse to roll down hill. If you try to roll it from you it will perhaps start out all right, and then turn around and roll back, or maybe it will go off sideways and describe a wobbly circle around you. All its movements are jerky and spasmodic. Give it to a kitten to play with and the chances are that the kitten will go mad, while a baby will cry with vexation over its eccentricities. A grown person who is not up in spherical geometry will assure you that it is wonderful. It is not. It is only some sharp fellow's way of gathering in the dimes. Nevertheless, ere long the city will be flooded with these "crazy balls."—New York Herald.

**An Artist's Mansion.**

Sir Frederick Leighton, Bart., P. R. A., is at present enjoying himself in the beautiful town of Perugia, the air of which is most invigorating. Electric light is being laid in the president's house, in Holland Park road. The splendid eastern hall, paved with tiles from Damascus, with the fountains and couches of exquisite workmanship, will now be lit by the electric light. So will the drawing room, with its fine specimens of Corot's paintings representing the seasons, and the handsome dining room. The large studio, with its priceless treasures, will be properly illuminated.

The fountain at one time had no railing. One evening after one of Sir Frederick Leighton's epicurean feasts, the hall not being sufficiently lit, several of the academicians stepped into the fountain and got thoroughly wet; a popular painter had to borrow a pair of the president's trousers, much to the amusement of his brethren of the brush, as the garments did not fit him; but the strong electric light will put an end to any more of these uncomfortable adventures.—London Star.

**A Dust Storm in Simla.**

A curious phenomenon occurred in Simla recently on two successive nights. This was nothing less than a dust storm in the midst of a downpour of rain, or rather, to speak more correctly, a shower of mud. A column of dust seems to have been carried up into the higher atmosphere from the plains and to have been caught and forced down by the heavy rain. In the morning, as a result, all the plants and flowers in Simla were found to have received a thick coating of mud. There could be no doubt that the mud had been rained down, for it was freely sprinkled on plants away from the hillside and at a great height from the ground. Moreover a deposit of mud was found in the rain gauges in various parts of the station. It is a common thing to see the atmosphere in the hills during the hot season thick with dust from the plains, carried aloft by a strong wind. But the conjunction of rain and dust is an accident of which, it is stated, there is no previous record.—Exchange.

**The Smallest Snake.**

J. C. Couch, who lives a mile south of Fox Postoffice, has brought us what is probably the smallest snake ever captured in Ray county. It was caught about two weeks ago by his stepson, Theodore Jackson, and is of the black-snake species. It is only three inches in length, and at the thickest part of its body is only three-sixteenths of an inch in circumference. It is a perfectly formed reptile, but with an extra large head. Mr. Jackson accidentally killed it by spilling a few drops of petroleum on it. This snake could not teach school or plow corn like some of his kinsmen found in Colonel Jim Denton's neighborhood, but Mr. Jackson is just as proud of his find as the colonel ever was over any of his discoveries.—Richmond (Mo.) Conservator.

**A Child Killed by a Pig.**

While "playing funeral" in Kiota, Kan., Johnny Denner, aged six, met a strange fate. He and his eight-year-old sister had dug a hole and Johnny sat in it. When she had covered him with earth up to the neck, an old sow drove her off and then attacked the little boy. Several times the animal sunk her teeth in the lad's head, and when friends came to his rescue they found him dead.—Exchange.

**Neglect of a Hero.**

The fact that Louis Kosuth is now a poor, blind old man, who is dragging out a miserable existence, embittered by sheer want and heartless neglect, is not complimentary to an age of hero worshipers which will spend fortunes upon gorgeous monuments to the dead and grudge a crust to the living.—Boston Globe.

It is given out that 50,732 accounts, claims and cases, involving the sum of \$170,834,062 were settled during the last fiscal year by the United States government—a large increase of work with no increase of force as compared with the preceding fiscal year.

A pair of very economical lovers, in Los Angeles, Cal., hit upon a plan to cheat Uncle Sam of his postage. The young man hired a box at the postoffice and gave his sweetheart a duplicate key. They exchanged correspondence through the box.

The recent losses by fire in the cargo of ships carrying cotton has shown that cotton seed oil, when held in the cotton on the outside of the bale, rapidly oxidizes and generates spontaneous combustion.

**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 healthy 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 400 Hayes St., S. F., writes: "I have for years had indigestion, I tried a popular Sarsaparilla, but it did me no good."

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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. 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, tannic, 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 teas. 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:  
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