

FEASTING IN HAWAII.

Abundant Food Prepared in a Novel Manner for One Thousand Guests.

The following extract from a private letter written from Honolulu by Dr. George P. Andrews outlines a novel feast:

We have been having a festival week, the semi-centennial of Dahu college. A number of alumni came home from the states, among others General S. C. Armstrong, of Hampton, Va., and he gave us some grand talks on his work in the great school there. Rev. William Gulick and wife also are here from their twenty years' work in Spain. The great feast was a novel sight. An awning of sails covered in a space about 60 by 100 feet, under which were laid tables, and the viands, cooked a la Hawaii, were laid on them. As provision was made for a thousand people an account of the cooking may be of interest.

There were provided forty-five half grown pigs, two beeves, 125 chickens, several hundred fish, bushels of sweet potatoes, etc. The larger pigs were cut into fragments and tied in bundles of banana and drachma leaves of a pound or two weight each. The beef was served in the same way, also the chickens. The smaller pigs were wrapped whole in the leaves. Preparations for the cooking were made the day before. Four holes were dug, one 10 by 4 feet, one 6 by 4 feet and the others about three feet wide and two feet deep. A quantity of wood was placed in the grotto and upon this were placed large stones a foot deep.

One fire was lighted early in the morning of the day before and the second about 1 o'clock. At 3 o'clock the wood was burned out and the bottom was a mass of red hot stones. Upon these were spread a layer of crushed fresh banana stems six inches thick, and upon these were piled the small bundles of meat two or three feet high and the size of the hole. Over them was placed a mass of fresh banana leaves several inches thick, over this matting, and then dirt a foot thick and the imu was finished and left to steam until the next morning.

At 5 in the evening the big one was similarly filled with the remainder of the meat and the trussed pigs, and also covered. One can imagine what a delightful heat would be brought to bear upon the contents of the imu, and how delicately the contents would be cooked during the long hours of the night.

Early in the morning of the feast day the two small imus were filled with the fish tied up in leaves and sweet potatoes and covered. The large ovens covered the day before were opened during the morning and the contents taken out and covered to keep hot.

The tables seated between 200 and 300 at a time. Poi, the native food—a paste made from the Calocosen esculentum and soured—was put in small, water-tight baskets along the center of each table so that four persons could reach each one with the fingers (knives and forks are eschewed at a luncheon). Each table was also gay with crimson, fleshed watermelons cut in fancy shapes, various relishes of raw sea urchins, meat, seaweed, raw shrimps and pounded kukui nuts and salt. Conveniently at hand were fern leaves, and the viands upon leaves, gourds and wooden bowls and platters.

The guests recline at their ease on the left side and eat with the right hand. Each one has a bowl of fair water to cleanse the fingers. The method of eating is not disgusting. The natives use their fingers dexterously and daintily and not pigginally, though they are rather gormandizing in their native state.—Detroit Free Press.

Maternal Love of the Whale. No other member of the animal kingdom displays more maternal affection than the whale, especially if its calf is harpooned. The harpooner never throws his harpoon into the little one with the intention of killing it, for if this is done the mother will instantly forsake it. If alive and struggling, however, the dam can be easily enticed toward the boat to meet its fate. Knowing this, the whale fishermen always strike a calf if possible, and thus often make captures that could not be effected under other circumstances.

As soon as the dam becomes aware of the snoring of her young she rushes toward it, encourages it to swim away, and even assists by taking it under her fin. She seems to lose all regard for her own safety, and boldly attacks the boat containing the whalers, or circles about it totally regardless of the harpoons that are hurled at her and enter her flesh.—Detroit Free Press.

A Peculiar Prayer. In a Maine town near the seacoast was one of many communities where the men were, so to speak, a cross between farmers and sailors, and where, as a natural consequence, the cultivation of the soil was somewhat neglected.

The minister of a neighboring town exchanged with the minister of this community, and as a drought was upon them the people sent him a request that he would pray for rain. This he did, as follows: "O Lord, thy servant is asked by this people to pray for rain, and he does so. But thou knowest, O Lord, that what this soil needs is dressin."—Atlantic Monthly.

How the Natives Treat Gorillas. Natives in the countries inhabited by great apes regard them always as human beings of inferior types, and it is for this reason that for a long time it was found impossible to get hold of an entire gorilla skin, because the savages considered it religiously necessary to cut off the hands and feet of the animals when they killed them, just as they do with their enemies, possibly for the purpose of rendering them harmless in case they should by any chance come to life again.—Interview in Washington Star.

A Protest. Bunting—Good morning, Dr. Paresis. Paresis—Good morning, Mr. Bunting. How is your health? Mr. Bunting—Now, doctor, don't talk shop.—New York Truth.

HOW AN AUNT WAS FOUND.

A Lost Child Whose Knowledge of Botany Came Into Good Play.

Colonel W. D. Moore tells a story which would, could it be given in print as Mr. Moore tells it, produce a great effect. Ex-Sheriff Cluley was accosted a day or two since at the corner of Sixth street and Liberty avenue by a little tot, a girl, too young to talk plainly, who pulled at his coat and asked "Do 'oo know Aunt Tatie?"

Somewhat surprised, Mr. Cluley replied that he could not say unless he knew "Aunt Tatie's" last name. The child opined that the wanted party didn't have any last name: she was "dist Aunt Tatie." The little one then explained that she was lost, and she was in great distress, her lips quivering so that at times she could scarcely speak.

Mr. Cluley thought with all his might for a few moments, when an idea struck him and he asked the child for a description of his aunt. The little maiden replied that "Aunt Tatie" was rather tall and wore nasturtium flowers in her bonnet.

Now, Mr. Cluley would hardly stand a creditable examination in botany. He knows cabbages from potato vines, and knows the nasturtium when he sees it on the table in the shape of a pickle, but to save his soul he could not tell what its flower was like. Again he rubbed his dome of thought until he rubbed into it a fresh suggestion and acted upon it at once. Accosting a lady who was passing, he asked her if she knew a nasturtium flower when she saw it. She was at first disposed to resent the question as an impertinence, when Mr. Cluley hastened to explain, and begged her to take an observation and ascertain whether there were any ladies in the neighborhood with that familiar flower in their bonnets.

The lady glanced into several millinery and dry goods stores, and finally called out that she had discovered a lady with a bonnet bearing the flower wanted. She pointed her out, and immediately the little one cried out joyfully, "That's Aunt Tatie."

"Aunt Tatie" was disposed to be cross with her charge for wandering away from the spot she had designated to wait until her aunt did some shopping, but Mr. Cluley's feelings were aroused, and he wouldn't hear the little one scolded. Instead he proceeded to reprimand the woman for her thoughtlessness in leaving her charge exposed to the danger of being kidnaped.

"Aunt Tatie" had become so interested in her shopping that she had forgotten to note the flight of time. Had the little one not been bright enough to recollect the name of the flower in the bonnet she would probably have been crying her eyes out, a guest at the central station, and her aunt would have been frantic.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Childish Faith. An example of childish faith, of a kind a dull age wears away, was seen the other day. A little boy was sitting in the yard of an old country homestead: on either side of him sat a huge dog, patient and loving. The sun shone down scorchingly on the trio, and its rays were uncomfortable. Shading his eyes with his curved hand the child looked skyward and said, "Put in that sun, please." The sun shone brightly, and the little fellow repeated softly, "Please put in that sun, man up in the sky; it hurts my head."

Just then over the face of the blazing orb there sailed a white summer cloud, then another, and the yellow blaze turned suddenly to a hazy, restful gray. Turning to the dogs, the little boy, putting an arm around the neck of each, said: "Did you see the sun pulled in. Romeo and Chieftain? When you wants anything, if you is good, and you asks God for it, he gives it to you. The sun hurt my head, and I asked him to put it in, and don't you see how he did reach out and put it in for me?" The dogs looked wise, leaned their heads lovingly toward the diminutive little theologian, and whatever might have been their belief, kept an inscrutable silence.—Providence Journal.

Why Eyes Are Light and Dark. An interesting point is the cause of the different shades of color we see in the eyes. On a certain membrane in the interior are numerous cells, called "pigment" cells. When these are present in very great numbers they produce that deep black color of some eyes, and in proportion to their numbers decrease also the depth of color, till finally a light blue is reached. In certain eyes these pigment cells do not exist at all, being wanting, indeed, all through the system, hair and skin. A person of this description is called an albino, and among animals we find a parallel in the case of the white rabbit.—Chambers' Journal.

Inventors Are Born. Generally speaking, inventors, like poets, are born, not made. Nearly every boy can become a good mechanic or tradesman by diligent study and perseverance, but not every one can become a good inventor. If he has a "knack" for invention, study and hard work will greatly help him, and he stands a fair chance some day of succeeding as well in his chosen line as his brother playmates do in business or professional life. Invention is no longer a spasmodic work, but a legitimate branch of industry, which has its rewards and remunerations for those who follow it faithfully.—George E. Walsh in New York Epoch.

There Are No Blind Fish. There are many animals in the world which pass all their lives in darkness, never seeing a ray of light. Every one has heard of the blind fishes of the Mammoth cave. The latter is the biggest of 500 great caverns in the United States. All of them are inhabited by numerous other sorts of creatures that have no eyes for vision. Literally speaking there is no such thing as a blind fish, since the most sightless of the finny tribe possesses visual organs in a rudimentary condition, but through want of use the optic ganglia and nerves have broken down and been absorbed.—Washington Star.

The Warrant Was Not Served.

"The worst scare I ever had," remarked Superintendent of Police Colbert, "was one night when Quigley, John Lowe and myself sneaked into a boarding house without the inmates knowing of our presence. We went up stairs into the room of a boarder for whom we had a warrant to wait for his coming. He was likely to be in some time between 12 and 3, and was said to be a very slippery citizen. We kept very quiet, as we didn't want any one to know we were there. A large coal oil lamp was burning in the room, and instead of putting it out, John Lowe, who had a skin coat, undertook to shut off the light by holding the coat around it. Pretty soon Lowe fell asleep. We woke him up and he promised not to do any more. But the promise was hardly cold when we heard him snoring.

"This was worse than ever and enough to wake up every one in the house. We punched him, and as he awoke, with a start, he pitched over and the lamp came to the floor with a crash that, in the dead silence of the night, could have been heard half a mile away. There was nothing for it but to rush out of the room and down stairs into the street. As I went down stairs I felt awfully queer. My hair was standing straight up, and I was expecting at every step that some one would take a crack at us, thinking we were burglars.

"The next day the papers all had a sensational account of an attempted burglary, and one or two of them spoke of the inefficiency of the police. As for us we said nothing."—Indianapolis Journal.

London Life in Elizabeth's Time. In Elizabeth's time the ordering of the household was strict. Servants and apprentices were up at 6 in the summer and at 7 in the winter. No one one on any pretence, except that of illness, was to absent himself from morning and evening prayers; there was to be no striking, no profane language. Sunday was clean shirt day. Dinner was at 11, supper at 6. There was no public or private office which was not provided with a Bible. In the better classes there was a general enthusiasm for learning of all kinds. The ladies, imitating the example of the queen, practiced embroidery, wrote beautifully, played curious instruments, knew how to sing in parts, dressed with as much magnificence as they could afford, danced the coranto and the lavolta as well as the simple hey, and studied languages—Latin, Greek and Italian.

The last was the favorite language. Many collected books. Dr. John Dee had as many as 4,000, of which 1,000 were manuscripts. They were arranged on the shelves with the leaves turned outward, not the backs. This was to show the gilding, the gold clasps and the silken strings. The books were bound with great care and cost; everybody knows the beauty of the type used in the printing.—Walter Besant in Harper's.

Making a Fuss. Many years ago a prominent clergyman was consulted by the ladies of his congregation about certain clerical work in which they were interested. Smiling at their earnestness, he said: "That's right, ladies; make a fuss—make a fuss! That's the only way to get work done in this world! Set about it yourself and make a fuss while you do!" And so it is. Thinking about wrongs and sighing over them never mended one. But the people who exert themselves to right the wrong, making a good stir about it while they do, and worrying at other people to exert themselves, too, will often force the other people into activity in sheer self defense.

The other people would like to sit quiet and take it out in sighing, but these energetic fussers will not let them. At last, to get rid of the agitators, they rouse up, go to work with a will, and accomplish what is asked of them for the sake of the peace they obtain thereby. But whatever their motive, all mankind has the benefit. It is not only well to get wrongs righted, it is also well to get sluggish people stirred up occasionally.—Harper's Bazar.

Big Chance for Improvement. First Arctic Explorer—I say! Second Arctic Explorer—Say on. "I say! We're in a box." "Jesso." "We'll have to wait for a rescuing party." "That's it." "One will come I suppose." "Yes, they always come—but not always on time." "I say!" "Well?" "Don't you think the present style of arctic exploration might be improved?" "Perhaps so. What would you suggest?" "I think the rescuing party ought to go ahead."—New York Weekly.

Dickens' Sons. Three sons of the great author of "Pickwick" are still living. Charles Dickens, his father's namesake, is editor of All the Year Round, and is known to American audiences for his readings from his father's works. Alfred Tennyson Dickens is a merchant in Melbourne, and the youngest member of the family, Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens, is a sheep farmer and a new member of the New South Wales parliament.—Exchange.

All Bad. It is never safe to study the opinion of the multitude. "What do folks say about me?" asked an old lady who had been largely unfolding a budget of scandal. "I s'pose there's some bad mixed in with the good!" "Well, there," said her frank neighbor, "I do know there's any good spoke of to mix it with."—Youth's Companion.

The Queen's Oysters. The queen is remarkably fond of oysters. All the shells which make their appearance on the royal table are sandpapered and polished so brilliantly as to glisten almost like mother of pearl.—London Tit-Bits.

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 400 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."

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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, 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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