THE MERRY BRITISH BEGGAR.

I brave the day, I brave the night, I throw my sorrows to the wind, And try to keep a cheerful mind, Although my coat is thin and light, Although my hat Is wondered at, Because I shaved the outer fim To try and keep it support and trim.

To try and keep it smooth and trim.

I laugh and sing and whistle, too, I laugh and sing and whistle, too, When I have wind enough to spare. But in the sharp and frosty air My breath comes short, my nose turns blue, My fingers freeze, And my poor knees Would knock together did they dare; But still I keep a jaunty air.

When bread is scarce and shelter poor I watch the sparrows, and I say "I only want a meal a day." And if they turn me from the door I tramp for weeks, And dodge the beaks, And with no money for a bed I try an archway or a shed.

I brave the day, I brave the night,

I throw my sorrows to the wind, Tis wise to keep a cheerful mind

And screw your courage for the fight. And so, kind sir. In case you err. With over pity worse than none, Just hand a copper and have done. -Nina F. Layard in Longman's Magazine.

Chinese Points for Hosts.

"Don't eat with your ears," says Yuan Mel, a Chinese writer, "by which I mean do not aim at, having extraordinary out of the way foods, just to astonish your For that is to eat with your guests. ears, not with your mouth. Bean curd, if good, is actually nicer than bird's are not first rate, is a dish of bamboo shoots.

"The chicken, the pig, the fish and the duck, these are the four heroes of the table. Sea slugs and bird's nest have no characteristic flavors of their own. They are but usurpers in the house. once dined with a friend who gave us birds' nests in bowls like vats, holding each about four ounces of the plain boiled article. The other guests applauded vigorously, but I smiled and said, I came here to eat bird's nest, not to take delivery of it wholesale."-Temple Bar.

How to Acquire a Foreign Vocabulary.

Perhaps one of the best ways of fixing the words and idioms of a language in one's mind is to teach them to somebody else. The learner should try to impart to some member of his family what he has already mastered. He should, above all, seek command first of words in familiar use, leaving to a later stage of his progress the forms of literary expressions; his first business is with the common objects of daily life, his last business is with general terms. As he sits at his desk he ought to be able to name every article about him, just as when he is riding in the street car or on the railway he should be able to mentally recall the equivalent for every detail in the moving panorama of objects.-Boston Herald.

Frösted Glass.

The frosty appearance of glass which we often use when it is desirable to keep out the sun or for a protection against inquisitive eyes, is brought about by using a paint composed as follows:

Sugar of lead, well ground in oil, applied as other paint, then pounded while fresh with a wad of batting, held between the thumb and finger, after whichit is allowed to partially dry. Then with a straight edge laid upon the sash you run along by the side of it with a stick sharpened to the width of the line you wish to appear between the diamonds,

Reckoning by Her Time.

"Hold the baby, please; I'll be back in just a minute," said she. Ten, twenty, thirty minutes passed. Baby awoke and yelled as if seven ghosts were after it. Taking the child, he went to find his wife

"She isn't here," said the neighbor. "She has gone to the dressmaker's. But she left her parasol here and said she'd call for it in just a minute. Have a chair.

"Thanks." Baby screaming, head thrown back, face red, eyes shut, back stiff, kicked off one little red shoe and made its month and hands go. Half an hour, no wife. He carried the baby to the dressmaker's, where he was told:

"Your wife isn't here. She has gone to the milliner's. But she left a dress pattern here and said she'd call for it in just a minute. Be seated." "Thanks."

He trotted the screaming child on his knee, laid it on its back, rolled it over on its stomach, tossed it in the air, stuffed a handkerchief in its mouth and hummed "We Won't Go Home Till Morning." He asked for a rattle box, but the dressmaker got mad and said she wasn't married. Half hour, no wife. He took the child to the milliner, who said:

"Your wife isn't here. She has just left for home. Oh, what a cute little mouth; that child has been crying!"

"Hain't it!" He started for home and met his wife on the street. Tossing the nest. And better than sea slugs, which child into her arms he strutted away, muttering:

"I'll be back in just a minute." "Chicago or New York time, dear?"

"Your time!" he thundered. That was two years ago and she hasn't een him since. - Chicago Herald.

Lord Castlereagh's Ghost.

In one of the standard British biographical works may be found the story of Lord Castlereagh and the ghost. It seems that when quite a young man Castlereagh commanded a militia regiment in Ireland. One night he was stationed in a large, desolate country house. The bed upon which my lord reposed was at the end of a long, dilapidated room, while at the other extremity a great fire of wood and turf had been prepared within a huge, gaping, old fashioned fireplace. Waking in the mid-dle of the night, Castlereagh lay watching from his pillow the gradual darkening of the embers on the hearth, when suddenly they blazed up and a naked child stepped from among them, upon the floor

The figure advanced slowly toward the drowsy but thoroughly puzzled general, seeming to grow with surprising rapidity at every step, until, coming within two or three paces of his bed, it had assumed the proportions and appearance of a ghastly giant, pale as death, with bleeding wounds across the brow, eyes seeming to glow with rage and despair. Lord Castlereagh said that he leaped from, the bed and confronted the figure in an attitude of defiance, where-

upon it retreated before him, diminishing in size as it withdrew, in the same I'll resign if the fool killer doesn't get manner that it had previously shot up and expanded.

He followed it, pace by pace, until the original childlike form disappeared among the embers. This story Lord Castlereagh told and declared to be true in every particular at a party in Paris in 1815 when Scott was among the hearers. -St. Louis Republic.

The Sweetest Visits.

Birds and the Statue of Liberty Light. A few evenings ago I took the steamer with a party of naturalists, to Bedloe's island, as the electric lights at the top of the statue are known to attract multi--tudes of birds every spring and fall. There had been cold weather for a few days before, and millions of birds were hurrying south. We obtained a permit, and went up to the topmost gallery of the statue and waited. The night had not far advanced when all the heavens seemed to become full of wings, which produced a tempest of whirring sound. Then came the calls of the leaders, and they rang out so clearly that they could be heard for half a mile through the storm. The responses were fainter than the signaling cries, but they were quite definite. The object of the calls, of course, was to keep the flocks together, for, as could be seen through strong glasses, birds of a hundred species were driving along on the breast of the storm. All that came near the statue hovered around the light in large circles, but ing a change. It cleansed, purisome of them struck against the bronze or stone. There were sandpipers of every kind, "peeting, peeting" as they went; golden wings and other wood peckers, with their loud and rather hoarse cries; warblers of every kindand their signaling ran through a wide gamut of sounds-thrushes, robins, meadow larks, nuthatchers and congre gations of bobolinks that filled the air with hurricanes of lovely music as they swept by. Sometimes a huge black cloud passed along, and the glasses showed that they were blackbirds, but they did not *chatter as they do on the

edge of the forest. The leaders made all the noise and preserved order. I know not how many flocks went by of teal, wood duck, black duck, mergansers, curlew, snipe, plover, pewees, phoebe birds and what not, but none could mistake the kingfishers as they went, with their scolding laughter.

through the dark. We caught a score or so of the, birds in nets and in our hats, and kept them till the morning, after which we released them. And all through the night bats chased and feasted upon the silly moths that gathered around the spikes of electric flame.

A large number of birds lay dead upon the grass in the morning, having struck the statue.—Harper's Weekly.

A Stamp Fad.

"It makes us swear." "It's the most senseles fad in the 175 Second St. world."

The postoffice clerk went on, "Some fool has discovered that the most ungainly place in the world for a postage stamp is in the middle of the back of the envelope, where the flap is glued down.'

"I see."

"It's a fad now. You must stick your stamp in the middle of the back of the envelope.' "Like a porous plaster?"

"Exactly. Oh, don't the stamp clerks rage! They lose hours of time turning over letters and hunting for stamps. to work.

"Must be very annoying?" "Well, I should say it is. For heaven's sake don't spread this awful fever. I suppose next the idiots 'll hide the postage stamps under a pile of bricks, and expect the clerks to go out and dig 'em up!"-New York World.

> A Club of Ocean Travelers. ero

Bad Blood.

Impure or vitinted blood is nine times out of ten caused by some form of constipation or indige tion that clogs up the system, when the blood naturally becomes impregnated with the el-fete matter. The old Sarsaparillas attempt to reach this con by attacking the blood with the drastic mineral "potash." The potash theory is

old and obsolete. Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla is modern. It goes to the sent of the trouble. It arouses the liver, kidneys and bowels to healthful action, and invigorates the circulation, and the impurities are quickly carried off through the natural channels

Try it and note its delightful action. Chas. Lee, at Beamish's Third and Market Streets, S. F., writes: "I took it for vitiated blood and while on the first botthe became convinced of its merits, for i could feel it was workfied and braced me up generally, and everything is now working full and regular."





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to lay it off .- Detroit Free Press.

A Little Brute.

Nearsighted, Lady-The boy who is trying to tie that tin can to that poor dog's tail ought to be thrashed within an inch of his life—the horrid little brute.

Maid-It's your boy, mum. "My boy?" "Yes, mum." "Tell him if he'll stop I'll give him

some cake."-Good News.

A Tribute to the Frog.

The bullfrog is a combination of piscatorial, venatorial and aquatic delights. From his cradle to his grave he is an ornament and an honor to the land. There is fine sport in the hunting of him and the eating of him, and it is both policy and justice to protect him from the onslaughts of rival and foreign bullfrogs.-Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Poetie Child.

My oldest boy, who has not yet reached the mature age of three, has, I think, a poetic way of expressing himself. Thus the other day, on noticing the ripples on the lake in Central park, caused by the wind, he exclaimed, "Mamma, look; see how the water is laughing."—New York Cor. Babyhood.

Cloth and Paper Made from One Tree.

The paper tree of the South seas is a species of the mulberry. Its inner bark is so deficate that a soft and pleasant feeling cloth is made from it, which the natives use in making their "best suits." It is also used in the manufacture of a very fine grade of paper .- Philadelphia

fathoms, many animals have either imperfect eyes or none. Their condition in this regard affords a suggestive parallel to that of cave life, and the causes are probably the same. Science is of the opinion that all deep sea life originally emigrated from the shallows.

A writer on social affairs in Iceland says there is not a single prison on the island; that such things as locks, bolts and bars are unknown, and that there are neither watchmen nor policemen.

In the line of eating the Manchus, who have ruled in China since its con-quest by them some 250 years ago, are of butler)-You are familiar with waitstrongest in baked meats. The Chinese ing? excel in soups.

Old French forts are being sold very chenp. A French artist has bought the Fort du Guesclin for about \$1,100. They go from a few hundred to \$1,000.

There is a pleasure in little, "scrappy," unexpected visitings with friends, which is often wanting from the planned and rounded comings when the "fire is bright and the cake basket ready in the closet." We are never conscious of a warmer, more living nearness to a friend than after we have unexpectedly chanced upon him in the street and had a few minutes of that flavorsome chat which glances at so much and grasps so little, or after he has dropped in, for an unanticipated half hour, at a time when we had no reason to look for him.

Why is it that the longer, more ordered hours of meeting leave, on the the whole, an impression less vivid and less warm? Perhaps because we have lived he visit once, in anticipation, and the reality has some faint fatal suspicion of staleness? Certain it is, the scrappy hours are sweetest.-Boston Common wealth.

Did Not Know What Was Going On. There is a fact about the French revolution more wonderful in its way than any which can be discovered in old newspapers. It is the fact, gathered from private letters of the period, that in those stirring times, when all the world was ringing with the events in Paris, there were actually people in that city living in absolute ignorance of the hor-rors around them. There was no Beign of Terror for them. They lived veritable recluses in their quiet suburban houses, hearing nothing, reading nothing of the turmoil which startled and terrified the nations. One wonders much what manner of people these oysterlike folks might be. Nothing sounds more incredible today. Yet there are many things in history not half so well authenticated, In the abysses of the oceans, below 500 though history is curiously silent on so strange a circumstance.—London News.

What the Present Was Used For.

There was once a school teacher who received from her pupils a most elaborate jewel casket of, glass and silver. Not lewel casket of glass and silver. Not long afterward she announced in family conclave, "That thing is horrid, but we really must use it." "We?" queried her mother. "Why, how many of us are ex-pected to make use of it?" "As many as possible, I should say," was the inno-cent reply. "Isn't it a pickle jar?"-Youth's Companion.

Knew How to Wait.

John Thomas. Oh, yes, sir. Van Jorkins-Where did you get your experience?

John Thomas-1 was a fashionable tailor, sir; and I gave long credits,-New York Epoch.

business or pleasure calls them frequently to England, have formed them selves into what may be termed a travelers' co-operative association, with the object of lessening the expense of their voyages to and from the east. The subscription to this ocean club is to be 850 rupees, payable in monthly installments of ten rupees, there being no annual payment, and members will have the privilege of a free return passage once in three years, paying simply for the bare cost of their food on board. Should a member not be able to take his turn when it comes round, he can sell his passage ticket for anything he can get for it, not exceeding the total cost of membership. A steamer replete with all the latest improvements is to be built specially for the association, and it is proposed that the first journey to this country shall be made in January, 1898. The vessel is to accommodate 1,000 saloon passengers.-London Cor. Manchester Courier.

Lake Erie Drying Up.

Mr. J. T. Wamelink had occasion to visit the building inspector's office in the city hall, and as one or two of the officials are, like him, fond of hunting, the conversation naturally turned to that subject.

In speaking of the state of the water in the marshes, Mr. Wamelink said that within a few years the level of Lake Erie had been reduced two feet. Mr. Wamelink expressed the opinion that the permanent lowering of the water level was due to the constant increase in the channel at Niagara falls, which permitted a greater volume of water to roll over the falls. He was of the opinion that, in order to preserve the proper stage of water in the harbors of the lake, it would yet become necessary for en-gineers to raise the level of the Niagara river. Inspector Morse stated that it would be necessary to drop huge bowl-ders into the stream in order to accomplish that result .--- Cleveland Leader and Herald.

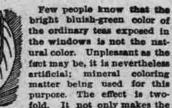
Seventh Pig Had Seven Legs.

Friday night last a sow belonging to C. W. P. Howell gave birth to a litter of seven pigs. In this there is nothing very remarkable, but that the seventh one should have seven well formed legs is somewhat strange, to say the least. The pig is still alive and doing well .- Live Oak (Fla.) Banner.

A Knowing Cabbage.

seen in our counting room window. It was raised by Charles F. Mendall on the James Sherman place window and the second se James Sherman place on the King Philip road, this, city,-New Bedford (Mass.) Mercury.

A Revelation.

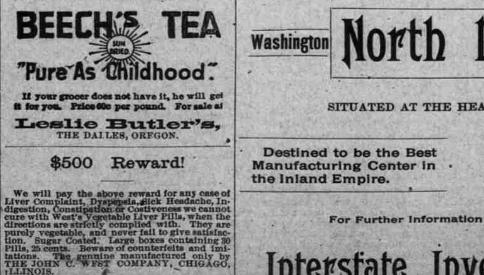


purpose. The effect is two-fold. It not only makes the tes a bright, shiny green, but also permits the use of "off-color" and worthless teas, which, once under the green cloak, are readily

worked off as a good quality of tes. An eminent authority writes on this subect: "The manipulation of poor teas, to give them a finer appearance, is carried on exten-sively. Green teas, being in this country especially popular, are produced to meet the demand by coloring cheaper black kinds by glasing or facing with Prussian blue, tumeric, gypsum, and indigo. This method is so gen-eral that very little genuine uncolored green tea is offered for sale." It was the knowledge of this condition of

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

een 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 nical 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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