MILITARY TRAINING FOR ATHLETES.

Advantages of Discipline and Restriction

in Muscular Development. Americans take a special interest in athletics and all forms of outdoor exercise. In this they partake of a habit of most of the northern races. The Englishman indulges in rude sports in the field, and in his hunting will travel as far as India to have a brush with the tiger or lion in his native jungle. In Germany societies prevail everywhere for the purpose of physical training, and the German is fond of dashing into the forests to hunt the wild bozr. The favorite diversion of the Americans in the west has been the hunting of the buffalo and grizzly bear. The excitement of such sports amply compensates for their "It doth more stir the blood to rouse a lion than to start a hare."

The case is very different in most southern countries. In southern Europe the sports consist principally in hunting small game, involving no very great physical exercise. The favorite amusement is billiards or cards, which can be played within doors without exertion or exposure to the elements. Americans being among the most prominent people in pursuit of athletics and conspicuous in their disposition to indulge in manly sports, it is always an interesting question as to what training it is best to pursue in that direction. For youngsters the hoop, the top, marbles and tag answer every purpose. While young men are in college football and baseball furnish ample means of physical exercise.

At West Point and Annapolis military and naval drills, swimming and occasional outdoor games insure the perfection of physical training, and send the graduates of those institutions out into the world with muscles of iron and constitutions fitted for almost any strain. But after the college days the training ceases, a reaction sets in, and a breaking down in health is often the consequence. Gymnasiums, bicycles and long tramps may serve a good purpose for a time, but these are soon given up, as there is little incentive for exercising unless the exercise be systematic, part of some well organized plan and stimulated by association with one's fellows.

In casting about we find no better physical advantages to be gained than those derived from the military exercises which young men undergo in the militia services. Camping out in summer in well selected camps gives them an outdoor life which is a much needed change from the indoor life led throughout the long winters, during which so much vitiated air is breathed in crowded places of business and ill ventilated sleeping apartments. Marching is the most rational exercise for the legs; the manual of arms always insures healthy chests and well developed arms, and moving at the double quick improves the breathing power of the lungs.

Unlike the athletics in college there is no overtraining, which so often injures the subjects by excess, and no breaking down after the training has ceased. The instructors improve the gait of the reand a more graceful carriage.

Military service has many advantages mentally. It cultivates intelligence among young men and does much toward improving the memory and curing absentmindedness. The necessity of being alert, listening for each word of Connaught. Almost always the heir ap-command and acting promptly upon it, parent carried the parapet and drove the quickens the wits and cultivates the habit of fixing the attention and concentrating the thoughts. Marching to the sound of music gives a young man a is calculated to make him more methodical in all things. His entering upon the parents, their uncles and their aunts duties of a soldier leads him to study military history, which embodies the after long and glorious sieges. chief history of nations.

tle restraint among young or old, where "go as you please," there is scarcely any school in which subordination and obedience are taught except in the military service.—General Horace Porter in Cos-

Edison and His Visitors.

About Orange you can hear number-less stories of Edison. Everybody likes him. One man, who had for years been in his employ as an experimentalist, told of a visit a number of men-Jay Gould, Sidney Dillon, Cyrus Field and otherspaid to Edison at the laboratory one day. Edison came out of his workroom, where he was busy, and shook hands with Mr. Field. At that instant something popped into his head apropos of the experiment he was at work on. He never gives an idea time to escape him. Without a word of excuse to the magates, he turned on his heel and hurried into his den again. They waited and waited, and by and by, tired out with delay, wended their way down stairs. Shortly afterward Edison came out and

"Where did those paupers go?"

"Down stairs. "Did they walk?"

"Yes. "That's right. I don't want 'em to wear the oil off my elevator.

Then he stood around and told stories to his men. He is a great man for stories, and it is a tradition among his employees that they can tell him the same story every day for a week and he will never tire of it, nor in fact show any sign of having heard it before.— Drake's Magazine.

Naval Officers' Clothes. American naval officers are men of many clothes, and the official etiquette of dress aboard ship is appalling to a landsman. Every officer must have four or five styles of hats and caps, at least as many different kinds of coats, and even prescribed styles of neckties in considerable variety. The captain ordinarily prescribes the uniform of the day, but when a flagship is within signaling distance of another man-of-war, the admiral cribed styles of neckties in consideris the authority on clothes as on other things.—Yankee Blade.

A GARDEN OF A QUEEN.

VICTORIA HAS ONE SPOT SACRED FROM HER SUBJECTS.

England's Sovereign Has a Mania for Planting Trees-A House That the Prince of Wales Built and in Which Many Royal Children Have Played.

Queen Victoria considers herself really at home in the private garden of Osborne only. For in this little corner of the Isle of Wight alone does the sovereign, whose possessions cover one-seventh of the globe, have powers absolute. Elsewhere, and especially in the parks of the royal residences, she is under the restraint of the officials of a constitutional

monarchy. The commissioner of public buildings and works treats the crown as an institution of which the rights are strictly limited. Her majesty cannot but a tree without the consent of the proper official. To escape this vigilance the queen has bought in the neighborhood of her castle at Osborne some acres of ground where she may have a gardener not subject to changes of administration. She has even gone so far as to disregard for once her position of political impartiality and chosen a former gardener of Lord Beaconsfield, a man accustomed to the growing of Tory flowers.

But any imprudences which he might commit will not easily reach the public. For while it is easy to get permission to roam about the grounds of the castle, this little garden is carefully shut off from visitors. A correspondent of an English paper recently had the good fortune to get into the Swiss chalet, which her majesty has made into a family museum, and to walk about the aisles of trees where each tree commemorates an episode in the history of the royal house and recalls a day of happiness or sorrow.

A short distance from the entrance to this private garden is a wooden playhouse, built with their own hands by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh in 1857. The heir to the crown has missed his vocation. He clearly had in him the making of a notable carpenter. Even to the present day the prince is very proud of his work, and whenever he visits Osborne he goes straightway to see if the playhouse is still standing. Not a nail has fallen, not a plank has sprung. The house is as solid as at first.

A HOUSE BUILT BY WALES.

In the little house are preserved the playthings of the royal children. Each of the children had little carriages of his own, and all are here preserved with the initials of the owners' names upon them.

The Duke of Edinburgh was a jack of all trades. He was a carpenter with his older brother, a mason with his younger brother, the Duke of Connaught. The miniature fortress they built together is still preserved in this same garden. It is made of stone and brick, and is at marching and drilling under competent least strong enough to brave the seasons. The princes worked under the eyes of cruit, and give him a firmer, easier step their father, who was trying to teach them the art of fortification.

This fortress has undergone some assaults. The Prince of Wales, having his five sisters and the youngest of his brothers under his command, attacked its garrison, the Dukes of Edinburgh and two dukes into a casemate, where they had plenty of arms and whence hunger

alone could dislodge them. Nowadays the children of the Duchess better idea of measure and rhythm, and of Albany and of the Princess Beatrice have so often captured with great valor

The day of her oldest daughter's wed-The hardest lesson to be learned in life | ding Victoria took a sprig of myrtle from is that of amenability to discipline. In the bride's bouquet and planted it in this a land like this, where there is very lit- garden. It rooted itself so firmly that now it is grown into a great bush. Every self abnegation is but little heard of, and time one of the grandchildren marries, where the race of life is pretty much a the myrtle bush at Osborne is called into requisition

MEMORIAL TREES. Not far from the matrimonial bush is a row of mourning trees. In February, 1862, every member of the royal family planted a tree to perpetuate the memory of the prince consort, who died in the December just before. Of the eight trees those of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alice have grown most luxuriantly. A little distance away the queen planted the parasol pine, which is

her memorial of her husban In another place are the trees commemorating marriages—the trees of the Prince and Princess of Wales, of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, of the Duke and Duchess of Albany and of the Princess Beatrice and Henry of Battenberg. It is in the shade of these trees, whose foliage murmurs the memories of happy times, that the queen likes to

take tea during the hot days of August. Now it is the new generation which is taking its turn at tree planting in this garden devoted to royal highnesses. The children of the Prince of Wales and of the Duke of Edinburgh have the place of honor. But the invading family of Prussia casts not a little of its shade upon soil which should remain exclusive-ly for British. Although the children of the queen's daughters are not repre-sented, the descent of the Empress Fred-erick has taken root there. The Princess Victoria of Prussia, her sister, the Princess Sophia, and the Prince Walde-mar, who died in 1879, have each a tree. The collection lacks nothing but the tree of the Emperor William .- Paris Figaro.

The biggest insect of its kind in the world is the Hercules beetle of South America, which grows to be six inches in length. It is said, whether truthfully or not, that great numbers of these creatures are sometimes seen on the mammaea tree, rasping the rind from the slender branches by working around them with their horns until they cause the juice to flow. This juice they drink to intoxication, and thus fall ser to the ground,-New York Journal.

TRIUMPH OF THE ALTO.

She Knew the Soprano Would Have to "From all envy, hatred and malice, good Lord, deliver us," slowly continued the minister.

"Good Lord, deliver us," echoed the congregation. It was a day of triumph for the so-

prano of the choir. All the city folks who were passing the congregation, and the alto, her

deadly enemy, had such a cold that she could not sing a note. So she soared aloft in highest notes of alto sat upon the back bench in the

choir loft, consumed wish envy that even her dampest tears could not quench. "Glory be for evermore!" droned the bass with gusto.

"Glory be for evermore!" shrilled the tenor with fervor. lower notes. Snatched it again from the deeps and ran up the vocal scale with it in her teeth, throwing it out above the heads of the enraptured congregation and catching it again before it could strike bottom, as she swept up the scale and over the measures in triumphant dered down to the river where some Kafjoy. It was a day of triumph for her indeed.

Again she took up the fervid cry, 'Glory be forevermore!" Striking the lowest note in her compass, she gloriously rolled up the chromatic scale with the pæan of victory-up-up-up-with her swaying head far back, her straining eyes half closed, her mouth round and open with the full crescendo of the pouring flood of melody. Up-up-up-higher and higher, till the air quivered in unison and the souls of the listeners lost themselves in ecstasy. Up-up-

Then suddenly, without warning: "Yeuch - yeuch! Chow-uch - uchuch-chow-whickerren!"

Her voice broke into a choking gasp a thin, reedy wheeze, a horrible, eye staring gurgle-she turned black in the face and fell backward into the choir chairs behind the green curtains in front of the loft.

The minister glared wildly from his place, hanging over the pulpit's edge. The entire congregation rose as one man to leap upon the pew seats and strain into the unknown horror with bursting eyes.

The Press representative dashed out the side door on a dead run for the telegraph office to wire in the death of a choir singer from a bursted blood vessel. When from the deathly stillness which hung over the fatal loft came a hissing whisper that stung the farthest ear dis-

"Ah-h-! Swallowed it, did she? Indeed! I told her once that if she would open her mouth like that in the summer time she'd have to get a screen door to keep the flies out! Why don't some one chunk her in the back once or twice?" It was the alto's voice.

"From envy, hatred and malice, good Lord, deliver us!"-Cincinnati Commer cial Gazette.

People Who Did Not Kill.

The inhabitants of the Canary islands, the Guanches, were, it is supposed, but the mountain shepherds of a submerged world. Though so strong physically, the Guanches were, nevertheless, a very gentle race; they rarely made war on one another, and when the Europeans fell into their hands they did not kill them, but sent them to tend sh the mountains. So tame were the birds in this happy land, that when the Spaniards first landed they came and fed out of their hands

To kill an animal degraded a man; the butcher was a reprieved criminal and outcast, and lived apart, he and his assistants being supported by the state. No woman was allowed to approach the shambles, and in such horror was killing held by these giants that no man could be ennobled until he had publicly declared that he had not been guilty of killing any animal, not even a goat. Their standard of morality was high; robbery was almost unknown among them.—St. Louis Star Sayings.

A TROUBLESOME TAME OSTRICH.

Pet That Generally Makes Itself a

Terrible Nuisance to Everybody.

When, as sometimes happens, a solitary ostrich chick is reared at the house it becomes inconveniently tame. We had one called Jackie, and it was often a terrible nuisance. All the little darkies about the place had a lively dread of him. As they sat on the ground at meals with plates of boiled pumpkin and rice in their laps Jackie would come up and, stretching his snakelike neck over their heads or under their arms, would coolly help himself to the con-tents of one plate after another. Occasionally he would make for the unhappy youngsters in so menacing a manner as to frighten them into dropping their plates altogether; then, while his victime ran away crying, he would squat on his heels and regale his enormous ap-

But one day retribution came. Being free to run into the kitchen-simply because no one could keep him out—he was not long in observing that the pumpkin and rice always came from one particular pot, and the idea suddenly occurring to him that he could do no better than to go straight to the fountain head for his favorite dish, he walked up, full of joyful anticipation, to the fire where this pot was boiling. The cook—who, being mother to several of the illused children, did not love Jackie-offered no friendly interference to save him from his fate, and plunging his bill into

petite at leisure.

triches, tossed down his throat a big monthful of the boiling rice. Then there was what boys would call a "circus." Jackie began dancing around the kitchen, writhing with agony, shaking his head nearly off and twisting his

the pot, he greedily scooped up, and

with the lightninglike rapidity of os-

neck as if bent on tying it in a knot, Finally he dashed wildly from the house, and the last seen of him was a little cloud of white dust vanishing on the horizon. He returned a sadder and wiser bird, and it was long before he would venture

again inside the kitchen. When about a year old Jackie was sold to a farmer that had long coveted him. No doubt he soon repented of his purchase. The bird was now now strong enough to give a good hard kick-that is the summer in cool Berryville were in the way ostriches fight-and being a more daring freebooter than ever, and no respecter of persons, he would march up and attack any one he saw carrying what he thought might be food, endeavgladsome praise, while the unfortunte oring, by a well aimed blow, to strike it alto sat upon the back bench in the out of their hands; and he was generally successful.

At last his master, tired of hearing complaints about his conduct, and impatient of his perpetual intrusion indoors, tried putting him into a camp inclosed by a wire fence. There, however, he obstinately refused to remain. As soon Then the soprano took it up, took up the glad strain, "Glory be forevermore!" Took it up and held it fondly; laying his head and neck on the ground; took it up and played with it among the then, making himself as flat as possible, he would squirm out under the lowest wire of the fence.

But Jackie soon ceased from troubling. His end, as may be imagined, was brought about by no other cause than his fir women were washing clothes, their children, a group of little animated nude bronzes, playing near them. One little fellow, who was eating, was of course instantly spied out by the greedy and covetous Jackie. The marauder, how-ever, this time paid the penalty of his lawlessness, for in rushing to kick the little darky and thus capture the food, he fell down the rocky bank of the river and broke his leg. Then Jackie, like all other broken legged ostriches, had to be killed.-Philadelphia Times.

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not what they are repres sented to be. Under this statute thousands of pounds of tea have been burned because of their wholesale adul-

Tea, by the way, is one of the most notoriously adulterated articles of commerce. Not alone are the bright, shiny green teas artificially colored, but thou ands of pounds of substitute: for ten leaves are used to swell the bulk of cheap tene; ash, sloe, and willow traves being those most commonly used. Again, sweepings from tea warehouses are colored and sold as tea. Even exhausted tea leaves gathered from the tra-houses are kept, dried, and made over and find their way into

The English government at empts to stamp this out by conficent on; but no ten is too poor for us, and the result is, that probably the poorest tensucced by any nation are these ned in America.

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