

The Dalles Chronicle

THE LEADING PAPER

Of the Leading City of Eastern Oregon.

During the little over a year of its existence it has earnestly tried to fulfill the objects for which it was founded, namely, to assist in developing our industries, to advertise the resources of the city and adjacent country and to work for an open river to the sea. Its record is before the people and the phenomenal support it has received is accepted as the expression of their approval. Independent in everything, neutral in nothing, it will live only to fight for what it believes to be just and right.

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An Ideal Way to Live.
"The man I marry," quoth a vivacious young woman the other day, "has got to promise to give me a yacht home. I've just been visiting some friends who live all the year round on their yacht. During the summer they cruise about our northern waters and in winter go south, taking in the Mediterranean, Japan or Norway and Sweden by way of occasional outings. The yacht, a large schooner, is gorgeously fitted and has every needed convenience, comfort and luxury, including a well stocked library, aboard. It is an ideal existence—no calls to make, no balls, no shopping, no uncomfortable gowns, sunshine, fresh air and the starlight—what can one want more?"—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Where Amber Is Found.
The largest quantity of amber is found on the southern shore of the Baltic, between Memel and Konigsberg, where it is cast up by the action of the ground swell after the northerly gales. It is also found on the coast of Sicily, on the shores of the Adriatic, on the English beach of Norfolk and Suffolk and at Cape Sable in Maryland. Mining for amber in beds of brown lignite or wood coal is carried on in Prussia, and it is found in excavations all over Europe.—Philadelphia Times.

Lobsters Dig Clams.
There is nothing which lobsters, when grown, are so fond of as fresh fish. Flounders and other bottom fishes frequently fall a prey to their appetite, and sometimes they will nimbly capture small minnows as the latter go swimming by. They dig clams out of the mud or sand and crush the shells of mussels with their claws, devouring the soft parts.—Washington Star.

CON STIPATION.

Afflicts half the American people yet there is only one preparation of Sarsaparilla that acts on the bowels and reaches this important trouble, and that is Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla. It relieves it in 24 hours, and an occasional dose prevents return. We refer by permission to C. E. Elkington, 125 Locust Avenue, San Francisco; J. H. Brown, Petaluma; H. S. Winn, Geary Court, San Francisco, and hundreds of others who have used it in constipation. One letter is a sample of hundreds. Elkington writes: "I have been for years subject to bilious headaches and constipation. Have been so bad for a year back have had to take a physic every other night or else I would have a headache. After taking one bottle of J. V. S. I am in splendid shape. It has done wonderful things for me. People similarly troubled should try it and be convinced."

Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla
Most modern, most effective, largest bottle, same price, \$1.00, at \$3.00.
For Sale by SNIPES & KINERSLY
THE DALLES, OREGON.

REAL MERIT

PEOPLE
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 Severe Law.



The English people look more closely to the genuineness of these staples than we do. In fact, they have a law under which they make seizures and destroy adulterated products that are not what they are represented to be. Under this statute thousands of pounds of tea have been burned because of their wholesale adulteration.
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 thousands of pounds of substitutes for tea leaves are used to swell the bulk of cheap teas; ash, sloe, and willow leaves being those most commonly used. Again, sweepings from tea warehouses are colored and sold as tea. Even exhausted tea leaves gathered from the tea-houses are kept, dried, and made over and find their way into the cheap teas.

The English government attempts to stamp this out by confiscation; but no tea is too poor for us, and the result is, that probably the poorest teas used by any nation are those consumed in America.
Beech's Tea is presented with the guaranty that it is uncolored and unadulterated; in fact, the sun-cure tea leaf pure and simple. Its purity insures superior strength, about one-third less of it being required for an infusion than of artificial teas, and its fragrance and exquisite flavor is at once apparent. It will be a revelation to you. In order that its purity and quality may be guaranteed, it is sold only in pound packages bearing this trade-mark.

BEECH'S TEA
"Pure As Childhood"
Price 60c per pound. For sale at
Leslie Butler's,
THE DALLES, OREGON.

the pages, and— But that, you see, at the moment, was precisely what I desired to do, to turn the pages with all speed, the fair white page of this young girl's life, as yet without a trace of gray. I had turned so many pages, you see, that resembled in everything those mirrors of the restaurants, which everybody scratches with names and addresses. "Ah! the young girl! That ignorant, innocent and timid being, exquisite and white, white as the virgin snow! I had found her at last, that ideal maid! How happy I should be to have always beside me that clear regard, that smiling mouth, that skin so satiny and soft! I was fully decided—I would marry, as soon as possible, Mlle. Brivard!"

"And then, every evening while pushing my suit, I went to dine in the Boulevard Malesherbes, to find myself again in the white and gilt salon, with the same bronzes, the same screens, the same divans and easy chairs from Beauvais, only, Mlle. Bertha no longer cut the leaves of The Revue des Deux Mondes.

"Now she read lighter and droiler journals, filled with sketches and pictures of genteel little ladies, who greatly resembled herself. Every day, too, I took her a bunch of flowers, roses or white lilacs, entering daily at the same hour the same shop, where, on seeing me arrive thus and always for the same purpose, the same young flower girl put out her hand to the one I had brought her.

"So much the better—I would utilize it myself, and the single blossom I took from the heap and pinned in my button-hole lay upon my breast and kept my heart warm during the whole of that interminable dinner.

"That beastly dinner, during which it seemed to me that the little Angele beside me played a pointless role and I saw opposite to me perpetually the Madonna profile and the serious air of my little flower girl. She it was that should have been the fiancée. The fiancée! Surely if the word had color, that color would be white, all white, like the rose on my breast.

"The denouement, the denouement—wait, it approaches.
"Gradually, as I frequented that white and gilt salon the little Bertha made me afraid, yes, actually afraid. And likewise, as I frequented the florist's shop I told myself that it was there I should find the companion, the friend, the true associate in happiness or pain!

"That charming child! Poor, it was true; doubtless an orphan, living alone and possibly destined to marry some shopman or railroad employe, or to turn—as turned to the wind of Paris—all those homeless beings who had no support. How good it would be to draw that child from this risk by drawing her from the condition itself, by—making her my mistress, you say? No, no, I swear it. I swear that I never thought of it.

"My wife, then? Ah, if only I had dared! And while not daring, slowly, gently, politely, I detached myself from Mlle. Bertha Brivard—I had nearly said of the Bonfies Parisiennes. I left her to her father, her white and gilt salon and her gay "Remontoir." I sought delays, pretences, excuses. In short, when one evening M. Bergeot said to me plumply, "We can no longer leave my friend Brivard with his nose in the water—great naturalists, these notaries; 'is it to be yes or no?' this time, my faith, I answered:

"Eh, bien! No, then! I am not made for marrying!"
"And I did not, as usual, set out for the Brivard domicile. All the same, the same evening saw me at my florist's shop. In place of my little flower girl there stood another one; this one red headed, pretty also and also polite, but she was not the one I sought. She, they told me, had gone away to relations in Bourgogne. They had recalled her to marry her. To what sort? To what beer keg? To what vine dresser? I know nothing—I shall never know anything.

"Of my little brown flower maid I never had known anything—her name, her age, her life. Nothing, nothing whatever, save that she was ravishingly pretty, with an honest air, deep eyes, and that she handed me bouquets of lilacs and roses with a hand white and slender, which, on my soul, I would have supplicated her to give me, and which, at all events, hindered me from taking another.

"Behold my adventure! A very simple one—eh, bien! yes; but I have never in my life had a more agreeable one. It seems to me that I have gathered in the midst of our hothouse existence a flower of the fields, whose perfume I have still on my fingers, its sweet odor still in my nostrils.
"Ah! I grow elegiac; but God bless her, wherever she be, my little brown flower maid, who, compared to my cocottes of the Boulevard Malesherbes, was like a rose on a green stem beside a tulip on a wire one.

"Mlle. Brivard, by the way, marries tomorrow a young and skillful financier, who has found a way to shape a fortune that has ruined others; they will be very happy.
"As for me, I depart this evening for Monaco. I have lost my little flower maid, but I shall perhaps win at roulette—unlucky at love, etc.—Translated from the French of Jules Claretie by E. C. Waggener for Short Stories.

Why the Little Boy Was Crying.
Marshall P. Wilder, the humorist, tells this story: Some people think they haven't got much to be thankful for, but they might at least be grateful that things aren't any worse. But there's a good many that never can be satisfied. They remind me of a little boy that I met in the street. He was crying so hard that he appealed to my sympathies. "Well, boy," said I, "lost your mother?" "Nope," said he.
"Lost something else?" said I.
"Yep," said he, with a sob.
"What is it, then?" said I.
"I didn't feel good," sobbed he, "and I cried, and a man give me a penny, and I felt bad some more, and another man give me a penny, and now I feel bad 'cause I've lost my bellyache that made me feel bad in the first place."

WHY THEY TWINKLE.

When Eve had led her lord away,
And Cain had killed his brother,
The stars and flowers, the poets say,
Agreed with one another
To cheat the cunning tempter's art,
And teach the race its duty,
By keeping on its wicked heart,
Their eyes of light and beauty.
A million sleepless lids, they say,
Will be at least a warning;
And so the flowers would watch by day,
The stars from eve to morning.
On hill and prairie, field and lawn,
Their dewy eyes upturning,
The flowers still watch from reddening dawn
Till western skies are burning.
Alas! each hour of daylight tells
A tale of shame so crushing
That some turn white as sea-beached shells,
And some are always blushing.
But when the patient stars look down
On all their light discoverers,
The traitor's smile, the murderer's frown,
The lips of lying lovers—
They try to shut their saddening eyes,
And in the vain endeavor
We see them twinkling in the skies,
And so they wink forever.
—O. W. Holmes.

A MARRIAGE FAILURE.

Gontran shook his head and raised his arms with the gesture of one that has escaped a great danger.
"It is I, yes; look at me well, for you have not seen me lately. I have been cloistered, padlocked, confiscated, suppressed, as good as married. An accident that is past, yes, but which makes me cold to think of it. Not that my fiancée was ugly, silly or disagreeable—no, she was charming. Eighteen years of age, blond as a corn tassel, great shining eyes that sparkled drolly and looked you full in the face with a gaze a little questioning, a little wondering, as of one that had taken her experience a little from everywhere, the world and the coulisses.

"How did I find her? Very simply, as such things are always done when one wishes to marry. Voila! I got up one day in a devilish temper, stomach irritable from the last night's supper, heavy of head, empty of heart. With all this, bad weather, cold, gray, sad, vague ennui in the morning; at noon, black ennui. Nothing to do, nothing to read, nothing to love!

"Zounds! I told myself, 'it's time to marry. If I found a family it will certainly occupy me.'
"I threw myself into a coupe and made for the house of my notary, an old friend of my father, and laid the case before him.
"Do you desire a blond or brunette wife? said he, turning his papers.
"A blond I should prefer," said I.
"Why?
"Because—Toupinette was brunette—contrast."
"The preference appeared to him just. He proposed to me Mlle. Bertha Brivard.
"Pretty?
"Very pretty!
"Whom does she resemble?
"No one—only herself!"
"But see you, think well," said I, "is there not in the corps de ballet some face that recalls her own?"
"In the corps de ballet! What a question!"
"But I only ask an approximate affirmative."

"My notary reflected.
"In the corps de ballet! The corps de ballet! No, no one; but at the Bonfies—ah, yes, the little Angele!"
"Angele! Angele! Ravishing! She resembles Angele, does she, your little blond?" said I. "Ah, well! I'll marry her instantly. When will you present me?"
"Well, to skip preliminary details, we were to see each other first at the Hotel Continental. A charity ball for the benefit of the shopgirls who desired to become water color painters. A quadrille, a waltz, two fingers of flirtation and we should know each other sufficiently well to enter upon the official parleying. An Americanism? Yes, but one goes rapidly in such affairs.

"At the last moment, behold the ball countermanded.
"They replaced it by the opera comique. A classic presentation. The notary preceded me to the box. Bow to the mother, bow to the father, a flash of the eye to the young girl! Ah! delicious, that young girl! A genuine pastel! A saucy little nose, rosy lips, great shining eyes, and the darriest little ears, behind which curled and clustered tendrils of hair that shone in the gaslight like a golden mist. Much prettier than Angele!

"It was settled! the wedding should be!
"The wedding? Yes, but before that realism would come the romance, the poetry of the engagement! To marry thus was enchantment, and M. Brivard, the father, a very agreeable old man, with no other occupation than that of detaching his coupons, had set the day for my coming to his house, the evening of our first meeting.
"I see still that family picture in the Boulevard Malesherbes, the great white and gilt salon, the usual furnishings of the dealer a la mode, sofas from Beauvais, richly atrocious, bronzes too golden, screens too gaudy, plush too glaring, pictures too new. A luxury born of yesterday and stamped upon the invoice!
"But flawlessly exquisite, pretty enough to eat, so to speak, her blond head bent under the rays of the lamp, Mlle. Bertha cutting with a Japanese paper knife the leaves of the last number of The Revue des Deux Mondes—a Greuze reading Feuilleton!

"A trifle arranged, a trifle too studied, perhaps, this playing the family note; a little too sentimental, but very genteel. Genteel enough to damn a saint, and I was not a saint.
"But, after all, what is so delicious as the passing of the betrothal hours? It is the preface, the prologue, the preamble to marriage! A preface full of beautiful promises! That makes one believe reading it—a beautiful book to come! What romance! What poetry! What happiness and delight!
"Yes, but unfortunately one must turn

the pages, and— But that, you see, at the moment, was precisely what I desired to do, to turn the pages with all speed, the fair white page of this young girl's life, as yet without a trace of gray. I had turned so many pages, you see, that resembled in everything those mirrors of the restaurants, which everybody scratches with names and addresses. "Ah! the young girl! That ignorant, innocent and timid being, exquisite and white, white as the virgin snow! I had found her at last, that ideal maid! How happy I should be to have always beside me that clear regard, that smiling mouth, that skin so satiny and soft! I was fully decided—I would marry, as soon as possible, Mlle. Brivard!"

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