

THE SONG OF THE FARM.

The poppies that peep from the wheat at morn. With pearls of the night dew glittering still. The shadows that race o'er the waving corn. And the shy little rannel down under the hill. The hoary old orchard whose trees are bent. And the clover fields where the honeybees swarm.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

"BUSINESS" IS NOT BY ANY MEANS THE CHIEF AIM IN LIFE.

The Youth Is Under No Obligation to Imitate Others or to Do as Others Do. Respect the Sanctity of the Soul and Beware of Superficial Friends.

Here are some extracts of William Winter's address before the Staten Island academy: What will you do with your lives? We, who are older, who have lived longer and traveled further, are usually ready enough with our counsel; but it is your ideal that must lead you now, and not the advice of others.

The book of commonplace precept need not be opened here. Yet there is one word of counsel which now more than ever—in this Pagan age of denial and democracy—ought to be spoken to the youth of America.

You cannot live in absolute independence of the world. You must have affiliations with other persons. But it is not imperative that those affiliations should be numerous, and you have it within your power to make them select.

You are under no obligation to imitate others or to do as others do. You ought never to permit your minds to be inundated with the ignorance, the crudity and the vapid chatter of commonplace persons.

It is your life that you must live; it is not theirs; and now that they rest from their labors, let their works follow them. Neither must you suppose yourselves enjoined to assume the burdens that other persons have created in the present day.

Let those attend to grievances who have them, and do not allow your spirits to be dejected, your hopes darkened and your lives encumbered with the vices, the errors, the follies and the weakness of failures and of fools. It is, no doubt, pitiable and deplorable that failures and fools should exist and suffer; but they must not be permitted, merely because they exist and suffer, to drag you also into failure and folly.

For it is only the temporary and the expedient that is gregarious. In every great moment of life—in every time of insight or inspiration or crisis—the human being is alone. The object of education, therefore, should be the development and building of an original, noble, adequate character—not simply a preparation for industrial pursuits, but an armament for everlasting life.

The occupations of this world, however important, are transitory. The soul of man is immortal. Other views, I am aware, are commonly entertained. People who claim to be practical but are only narrow are never weary of declaring that education must be sensible and not visionary. An effort to worry the public mind on this subject is a part of the errant activity of the complacent man of business, all the world over, and has been so, at periodic intervals, for many years.

I remember its pernicious existence long ago—the jealous sneer at what was called "book learning," as opposed to what was called practical knowledge of affairs; meaning thereby cotton, iron, coal, the Stock exchange and the Revised Statutes.

Not long since—in 1890, in the newspapers of New York—that epidemic of mean commonplace burst forth with uncommon virulence, and various individuals, in every case possessed of more wealth than sense, apprised us that scholastic training is superfluous, because it aims to furnish an equipment wholly in excess of what is requisite for business.

My dear old friend, William Warren, the comedian, used to tell, in his inimitable way, a story about a pompous tradesman of the conventional kind, who once was addressing the pupils at a Sunday school. "I knew a little boy," he said, "who always obeyed his mother, always washed his face in the morning, always came early to Sunday school, never stole an apple. And where do you think that good boy is now?" To this inquiry a small voice piped out an answer, "In heaven, sir."

That is the mental drift of those enemies of the higher education. To their minds the chief end of man is to get himself employed in a store. They are what Joseph Jefferson calls "the selfish madmen of our time." Certainly the fact is significant that the sensitive feeling is all on one side.

Educated men are not worried. If education has not always given them wealth, it has given them blessings that no prodigality of wealth can buy, and by this token they know that the province of education is not to train young people for business, but to embark them upon life—of which business is only an incident. The best wisdom of the wisest of mankind has always taught that lesson.

Make your business tributary to your mind, and not your mind subservient to your business.—New York Tribune.

Plurals of Several Words. Knight errant is not written as one word, and need not be even connected with a hyphen—indeed, is not so generally. Therefore the plural, of course, is knights errant. Lookers on is not one word. Once that usage has soldered two words, the resultant word will form its plural with a final s. The plural of bootjack is not bootsjack.—Notes and Queries.

ONE OF A VANISHING RACE.

He Hunts Over Wide Areas and Is at Home Wherever There Is Wilderness.

The professional hunters and trappers who at one time comprised the whole of the white inhabitant class in this section are becoming so few that a real old time solitary woodsman who plunges into the forest and divests himself of human companionship is becoming a rare sight. Joe Thomas is one of the best examples that remain of these men, and a study of his characteristics is interesting.

Thomas is a man of about forty. He is slightly below medium height and is not heavily built. He appears like a full blooded negro, although he says that his mother was a half breed Indian. He has sparse, tightly curled whiskers and does not look like a Nimrod and a mighty man among coons and deer. Thomas follows as near the life of the red man as any one can in these days, and has an antipathy to human society, though he is nothing of a misanthrope, and talks well to any one who questions him.

In the summer time Thomas works at whatever he can get to do about the cities in this vicinity and through to Ohio. When the squirrel season opens he is in Ohio, and puts in the first few weeks of the autumn shooting squirrel. As the deer season opens, he emigrates northward, and for the rest of the winter lives the life of the solitary hunter, shunning human habitations and sleeping in the woods in the most inclement weather.

His domestic outfit consists of a tent, blankets and a small stove, and he declares that he is more contented in the woods than he would be in town. When the night is cold he lights his fire, chains his dog up in the tent and sleeps. While the deer run, Hopkins follows them tirelessly, and when night overtakes him on the trail he lies down in the woods to sleep; confident that the deer is as tired as he and will not move during the night unless disturbed, and in the morning will be so stiff that the second day's chase will be a comparatively easy matter.

After the deer season is over Thomas starts for the open, and traps skunks and other and all other fur bearing animals for the rest of the winter. At all times he is ready in case old Zip Coon comes racking around, and his dog he alleges to be one of the best coon dogs in the country. The animal is a liver and white hound, slightly larger than a fox-hound, and with no more fat on him than is required to grease his joints. Thomas says that the dog got him more than fifty dollars' worth of coonskins in one season, and he would not part with him for three times that amount. Joe tells a story to illustrate the sagacity of the dog.

He says that one winter the dog treed a coon in a big tree. Joe always carries climbing irons, and he skinned up the tree. He followed the coon out on a branch and shook him off, and he heard him squeal as the dog nabbed him. When Joe got to the bottom of the tree there was no coon in sight and no dog. He heard the dog running and called to him; the dog came out of the bushes a moment and then ran back. Joe followed and found that the dog was running around a skunk, keeping it from going into its hole. Mr. Dog did not want to interview the skunk closely, but the skunk was not sure of that, and he kept his eye on the dog, circling around, and the dog was gradually getting him away from his hole. Joe killed the skunk, but he could find no trace of the coon, and concluded that the dog had lost it.

The next morning he reproved the dog, saying: "You didn't do right about that coon last night; you lost him. Now you go get him." The dog looked kind of ashamed and moved off. Joe followed him, and they went back to the place where the trouble occurred on the previous night. After nosing around a while the dog unburied the coon from where he had buried it, having been afraid to leave it while he went after the skunk, so he buried it, leaving the tail sticking out of the snow so he could find it again.

Some one asked Thomas if he was not afraid that the bears would eat him some night. He said that the only thing that made him mad was that the bears kept away from him and didn't give him a chance. Joe says that the houses are getting altogether too thick, and when he meets up with a house he wants to get as far away from it as he can and as quick as he can.—Oil City Derrick.

Cheaper in the End. Boutton—So you are not going to housekeeping when you get married? De Boarder—No. We shall take board for a year. "Isn't that rather an extravagant way to begin?" "Not at all. I desire my wife to study economy of my landlady. Then we will start housekeeping, and I will make her an allowance of as much a week as we paid for board."

"What do you think will be the result?" "Well, by the time we are old she ought to have about a million."—New York Weekly.

Free Toads in Demand. Tree toads are in big demand by young doctors and chemists, who are anxious to learn something of the circulation of the blood. The tree toad has legs that are almost transparent. The young doctor takes the leg, spreads it out under a microscope and can see the blood corpuscles chasing each other here and there in the veins of the leg of the toad. We sell hundreds of tree toads for this purpose every month.—Interview in New York World.

Not to Be Taken Literally. "Is it your opinion," said the theological professor, "that the portion of the parable which represents the prodigal son as feeding among swine is to be taken literally?" "Perhaps not," the thoughtful young man replied; "maybe it is a reference to the meals he ate at a railway lunch counter."—Washington Star.

A Public Duel.

In the case of the trial for murder which is going on at Naples the deceased some time before his death fought a duel with a man who is now one of the prisoners. At the hearing the other day one of the witnesses, a government official, said that on the day of the duel he went with others to meet the carriages coming back, for "at Palermo every one knows everything, and the carriages returned as if from a festival, and the people waited to see them."

The public minister asked the witness how the news of the duel being about to take place was known to the public. Witness: "First by the Mafia in fixing on the place and hour. I have never seen such a duel; people went as if to a feast, and every one knew of it. Perhaps the circumstance that an officer was fighting had some influence, and that therefore the authorities did not prevent it."—London News.

He Couldn't Be Frightened.

A small boy on Sixth street hates the washing process worse than snakes. His mother was scrubbing him and he was kicking.

"Why don't you be a good boy," she begged. "Don't you know that you'll go to the bad place if you are not?" "There ain't any water there, is there?" he asked.

"Not a drop," she answered solemnly. "Then I guess I'll keep on being bad." And he kept on.—Detroit Free Press.

Fully 85 per cent. of artificial limbs made are legs, 15 per cent. arms. Of legs, 40 per cent. are right, 46 per cent. left, 5 per cent. both right and left. Seventy-eight per cent. of legs amputated are of males, 22 per cent. are females.

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 polish Sarsaparilla and Joy's modern vegetable preparation. Mrs. C. D. Stuart, of 420 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."

Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla. Largest bottles, most effective, same price. For Sale by SNIPES & KINERSLY THE DALLES, OREGON.

LA GRIPPE. IF YOU HAVE... CURED. By using S. B. Headache and Liver Cure, and S. B. Cough Cure as directed for colds. They were SUCCESSFULLY used two years ago during the La Grippe epidemic, and very interesting testimonials of their power over that disease are at hand. Manufactured by the S. B. Medicine Mfg. Co., at Dufur, Oregon. For sale by all druggists.

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 tea used by any nation are those consumed in America.

Beech's Tea is procured 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 a artificial tea, 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 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.

Commencing with the first number of the second volume the weekly has been enlarged to eight pages while the price (\$1.50 a year) remains the same. Thus both the weekly and daily editions contain more reading matter for less money than any paper published in the county.

GET YOUR PRINTING DONE AT THE CHRONICLE JOB ROOM.

Book and Job Printing Done on Short Notice. LIGHT BINDING NEATLY DONE.

Address all Mail Orders to Chronicle Pub. Co., THE DALLES, OREGON.