

The Dalles Chronicle

— IS —

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.

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One Better.
People in the waiting room of the Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee depot were more or less interested the other afternoon in the conduct of a middle aged couple who were evidently very much in love. As they sat together on a seat the man had his arm around her waist and she leaned confidently on his shoulder. The depot policeman might have looked at them rather sharply as he passed through the room, for soon thereafter the man came outside and queried:
"Do you remember me?"
"Can't say that I do," replied the officer after a careful scrutiny.
"I was in here last summer on an excursion."
"Yes."
"Had a girl with me—girl with long curls and a white dress."
"Yes."
"She was a widow's daughter and had forty acres of land in her own name."
"I see."
"That was the best I could do at the time, but that's the widow and mother inside, and she owns the rest of the farm and all the stock. I've gone one better, and do you blame me for kinder squeezing around, even if folks do laugh at us?"
The officer assured him it was all right and according to Hoyle, and he returned to business much relieved and encouraged.—Detroit Free Press.

What Cleanliness Really Is.
What is needed is not that a place shall merely look clean, but that something shall be used that will purify it, so that it shall be to some extent scientifically clean. This means that it shall be purified from microscopic germs as far as possible, which simple soap and water will not reach.—New York Tribune.

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."

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

LA GRIPPE
IF YOU HAVE
THESE SYMPTOMS:
HEADACHE, BRUISES, RHEUMATISM, STIFFNESS, AND ALL THE OTHERS OF THE LA GRIPPE, USE
SUCCESSFULLY
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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 guarantee that it is uncolored and unadulterated; in fact, the sun-cured tea leaf pure and simple. Its purity insures superior strength, about one third less of it being required for an infusion than of the 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.

Bowie's Original Knife.
Ten days ago Colonel John R. Davis, of Mississippi, who had been a resident of the Old Men's home since a year ago last April, received a stroke of paralysis. This was followed in a few days by another, and then a third, which proved fatal.

The deceased was a cousin of Jefferson Davis, and during the war was the colonel of a Mississippi regiment known as the Tigers. Colonel Davis had in his possession the original knife constructed for Colonel Jim Bowie, who, though a native Kentuckian, moved to Texas and married the daughter of ex-Governor Veramendi. The knife was said to have been invented while Colonel Bowie was confined to his bed in Natchez, suffering from the effects of a wound he had received in a border fray. He was a man of great mechanical ingenuity, and whittled it out of white pine as a model for a hunting knife, which he sent to two brothers named Blackman, in the city of Natchez, and told them to spare no expense in making it. It was made from a large sawmill file and afterward perfected by an Arkansas blacksmith.

Davis, who was a young man at the time, was present the first time the knife, as perfected, was used in a duel, and, as he described the scene, the parties cut the underbrush down and fought to the death. The peculiar part of the knife was that the end was poisoned, an operation that cost Colonel Bowie ten dollars.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Tree Climbing Pig.
A curiosity has lately been shot by Mr. Le Mortemore, who has a selection on Tinana creek, Queensland. He says it is a sort of tree climbing pig. For a number of years the wild pigs have been numerous in this locality, and his theory is that the original or common pig must have amalgamated to a certain extent with some aboriginal animal, or that the necessities of climate, etc., have caused the variety. The captured animal weighs about 100 pounds, and is pretty fat, with bristly brown fur, small black spots, snout and ears like a pig, but the jaw is furnished with front teeth like a rodent; it has large canines and powerful back grinders.

The fore feet are furnished with hook-like claws; the hind ones have two hook claws on each hoof. The tail is thick, about a foot long, and highly prehensile, and in a state of rest is usually carried in what is known as a Flemish coil. The animal is also furnished with a pouch, which it only appears to use for carrying a supply of food in while it is traveling to fresh pastures. The skin is saved and will be sent to the Maryborough exhibition. Mr. Le Mortemore says the flesh is excellent, and that it tastes just like veal and ham pie. He is sure there are plenty more about by the marks on the trees. In drought the animal climbs trees and hangs by its tail while it gathers its food by the hook claws. He intends capturing some live specimens and breeding from them.—Pall Mall Budget.

The Liverpool Moslems Mobbod.
The little building in Brougham terrace, Liverpool, in which the few Moslem worshippers thereabout gather together for prayer and to listen to sermons in Arabic and English is hidden away in a garden, and it does not seem that its congregation has ever done anything to give offense, yet for more than a month past they have been exposed to persecution, and the ferment appears to be increasing. On a recent Sunday, according to a local report, the appearance of the "Muezzin" in the balcony to give the customary "Azan," or call to prayer, was the signal for a great uproar from a crowd of some 400 roughs, indulging in the usual oaths and excretions and throwing of stones and filth.
Several times, it is stated, the Muezzin was struck. After he had retired the disturbers burst into the mosque and threw stones, one of which fell within a few inches of where the little son of Ahmed Quilliam Bey was kneeling in prayer. These annoyances, it is added, continued during the service, and the congregation on leaving were pelted and struck.—London Public Opinion.

Calendar Crusaders.
The calendars for 1892 are beginning to put in an appearance, and the calendar fiends are also hard at work. "I've had about 500 applications for calendars this week," said an insurance man yesterday, "and some of the calendar beggars are very impudent in their demands. Women are the most cheeky applicants we have to deal with. One woman today requested me to give her one of each kind issued by our office, and I granted her demand, but she came back in half an hour and asked me to duplicate her haul in order to please a female acquaintance who could not come herself. I gave her a blotter and told her to blot herself out of existence. It was ungalant, of course, but I wasn't in the humor to deal otherwise with her."—Buffalo Express.

Bees Graft a Rare Apple.
Horticulturists who have seen it say that an apple which was picked in E. B. George's orchard, New Franklin, Pa., could only have been produced by a peculiar grafting done by the bees in the apple blossom season.
Exactly one-half of the apple is golden russet, like the apples that grew on the same tree, and the other half is bright green pippin, such a variety as grew on trees 100 yards distant. In blossoming time a bee must have transplanted a part of a distant pippin blossom into the petals of the russet's flower.—Exchange.

The recent stir in the freight lines of steamers caused by the trip of the whale-back steamer Wetmore to Europe has been extended to passenger boats for ocean service, and recent designs for a vessel carrying 800 passengers have been made which is expected to cross the ocean in five days.

The authorities of Vancouver island have received an offer from a Chinaman to take into the interior two Chinese lepers who were recently landed there and dispose of them so that they would never again be heard of for \$300.

Money Lost on Dining Cars.
"It is imagined by nearly every traveler who pays seventy-five cents or one dollar for a meal on a dining car that the company is reaping a wonderful harvest," said a traveling passenger agent of one of the leading roads in America, "but the figures will soon convince the most skeptical that the project is a losing one to the companies, and every one would dispense with the dining car service if they only could. It is the great competition existing between the different roads and the desire on the part of the public for rapid transit that forces the companies to place dining cars on their through trains. All of the great trunk line roads are putting on faster and faster trains every few months.

"As soon as one company puts on a train that will cover the distance between any two important points quicker than the other roads can, then all the rest of the roads set to work to reduce the time, and inside of two or three months some other road will announce a train that will make the distance in fifteen, thirty, forty-five minutes or an hour faster than its rival. And so it goes. If any of those fast trains should stop twenty minutes at a station where a dining hall is, then the trains with the dining cars attached would reach the point of destination all the way from forty minutes to an hour earlier, and the result would be that they would carry the majority of the traveling public. It is not cheap meals the people who travel on railroads want so much today as rapid transportation. Last year the Pullman Car company served 5,000,000 meals on their dining cars, and profits realized did not pay 1 per cent. upon the investment. A leading western road last year lost \$36,000 on its dining car service."—Toledo Blade.

Gave Her Ring to Uncle Sam for Liberty.
A young lady, a gold ring and a United States patent letter box were the central figures in a little sidewalk drama enacted at the corner of Joyner and Chelsea streets, Charlestown, which was witnessed by a large and enthusiastic audience.
A young lady in Charlestown went to drop a letter in one of the new patent letter boxes, with the tilting lever, and being evidently used to the old style of box, where it is sometimes necessary, in order that the letter be really dropped to the bottom to push it through the slot with the finger, she followed the missive, with her hand to be sure that it was safely deposited. Then, satisfied that her sacred epistle was all right, she started to withdraw her hand, when the ring on her finger held her hand firmly, and all her efforts to withdraw it proved in vain.

Some suggested that she try to pull her finger out of the ring, but the attempt proved unsuccessful. Then a few excited persons favored breaking the box with an ax, when a bright policeman appeared upon the scene, and viewing the situation, immediately went for a file with which to file the ring off the finger. It proved impossible to get the file into the box, and finally after half an hour the hand was extricated minus the ring.—Boston Cor. Chicago Herald.

A Lapse of Memory.
"Humph! It's very clear that I am not in the proper vein today," growled Mr. Scribbler as he threw aside his pen and substituted a stumpy lead pencil in its place.
"What's the matter now?" asked Mrs. Scribbler as she left her ironing to come to his assistance.
"It's only that Christmas story I started to write for The Echo. I can't for the life of me get beyond the opening sentence."

"Let me see what you have written," said his wife as she looked over his shoulder and read from the paper on the table: "It was bitter cold. The poor little match girl on the corner shivered in the biting blast. 'Why, that's all right. Go on,' she said encouragingly."
"But I can't seem to remember what comes next," remonstrated Mr. Scribbler.
"Let me see! Um—in the biting blast"—and drawing her ragged shawl about her slender, frozen body, timidly offered her scanty stock of wares to the passers by.
"That's it!" exclaimed the author as he drew his wife to him and kissed her tenderly. "What a help you are, dear. I suppose I have written that thing hundreds of times, and yet I had utterly forgotten it."—Life.

A Freak of Science.
An English chemist who was at a Washington hotel exhibited a little microphone he had made which would render audible the footsteps of a fly. It was only a small affair and consisted of a box with a sheet of thin straw paper stretched over the upper side. By means of a little electrical device, consisting of two carbon disks, a carbon pencil and a weak battery, the sheet of paper over the top of the box was caused to produce vibrations when a fly walked over it strong enough to react energetically on an ordinary telephone transmitter when held close to the latter.—Washington Post.

The Postage Stamp Nearly 52 Years Old.
The postage stamp will be fifty-two years old in May. Its inventor was a printer, James Chalmers, of Dundee, Scotland, who died in 1833. England, fifty-two years ago, introduced the new system of prepaying letter postage, and according to a decree of Dec. 21, 1839, issued the first stamps, which were to be put before the public on May 6 of the following year. A year later they were introduced in the United States and Switzerland, and within three years had become common in Bavaria, Belgium and France.—Charleston News and Courier.

The Oldest Voter.
Nathaniel Laird cast his eighty-seventh vote at Oswego, N. Y., Tuesday, Nov. 2. He was born 109 years ago in Iceland and came to this country at the age of fifteen. His wife is still living at the age of seventy-nine, but they have no living children.—Exchange.

Sailing Over Submarine Craters.
The American bark Hesper has arrived from Kobe, after an excellent passage of twenty-seven days, with a full cargo of tea and a graphic account of an experience with a submarine volcano, hot sea water and sulphurous gases.
Captain Sodergren states that about 6:45 a. m. on Oct. 28, while laying at anchor in Kobe, the bark received a sudden shock that caused the masts to strain and creak. Some of the standing rigging snapped like a piece of twine and all hands were thrown from their feet. The vessel pitched heavily and caused one of the cross-tees to break from its fastenings and fall on deck. The waters became still an hour later and the bark put to sea.

Early on the morning of Oct. 30, when about seventy-five miles off the Japan coast, the bark was almost thrown on her beam ends by the sudden eruption of a submarine volcano. The water became so hot that when a sea was shipped on deck the crew took to the rigging. The heat became so intense that the pitch in the deck was melted and the seams opened.
"Great blasts of hot air with a strong sulphurous smell," said the captain yesterday, "would come up from the breaking surface of the ocean and almost suffocate us for the moment. Then the membrane of the nostrils became irritated, causing us all to have a fit of sneezing. This phenomenon lasted for several hours. I have had all I want of the Japan side for some time to come."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Rather a Curious Accident.
We have just learned of a curious accident which befell the team of Otto Barber, of near Dixonville, recently. Some time ago Mr. Barber in prospecting for coal dug a hole in one of his fields about sixteen feet deep, and succeeding in finding the coal he filled the hole up again, and going down the hill to the proper place started a drift, the mine passing directly under the place where he had been prospecting. A few weeks ago he was harrowing in the field and his team passed over the site, when the loose earth gave way suddenly, carrying both horses down, the timbers being the only thing to prevent them from going clean into the coal mine.

Mr. Barber's first thought was that his team was lost, and that the best thing to do was to cut the animals' throats and bury them where they were. But upon further thought he went to a neighbor's, and securing help took the timbers of the mine out and let the horses clean down into the banks. Then, tying their feet together to prevent them from struggling, he dragged each animal out of the mine by the means of a long cable and team at the entrance.
It was about fifty feet from the mouth of the bank to where the horses fell in, and beyond a few bruises the animals were not much injured, and were able to go to work again after a day's rest.—Marion Centre Independent.

Climbed Down a Crater.
C. Webster, an American newspaper correspondent, had an experience at the crater of Kilanea a few weeks ago which might have cost him his life, but which luckily allowed him to escape with only a few burns and bruises. He accomplished a feat never before done by any tourist and by only a few native guides, that of going down to the surface of the crater and getting specimens of the fiery lava. This he succeeded in doing in company with a guide, and twice came near falling into the abyss on account of being overcome with the sulphuric gas of the crater. The guide saved him both times, though not without having suffered some bruises.

The volcano is gradually rising to its old level of last March, and if the present rate there will be an overflow in about seven or eight months.—San Francisco Examiner.

The Typewriter in the Schools.
A suggestion that the course of instruction in our public schools might properly include stenography and the use of the typewriter has brought out the fact—not generally known before—that the city of Lynn has already introduced these studies in the evening schools of Lynn—as, indeed, in those of Boston—there have been classes in shorthand for a number of years.

Typewriting has been taught in these schools for one year, and in the Lynn English high school for a yet longer time. The results are said to be very encouraging. There would seem to be no reason why such instruction should not be included in the course of our higher schools everywhere.—Boston Commonwealth.

Things Some People Don't Know.
The death of Horace Greeley occurred nineteen years ago, yet every now and then letters still come to The Tribune office addressed to him. Izaak Walton died 208 years ago. A new edition of his "Complete Angler" was recently published in Boston. The firm which published it has received a letter addressed to "Izaak Walton, Esq.," conveying the information that his book is attracting considerable attention, and requesting, in behalf of a certain bureau of "newspaper clippings," the privilege of sending to Mr. Walton notices of the book from the papers of the United States and Canada! In spite of the diffusion of knowledge, there is a vast deal of ignorance in this world yet.—New York Tribune.

The centennial of the invention and operation of the cotton gin will be celebrated next year in Augusta, Ga., by an international cotton exposition, and the unveiling of a statue of the inventor, Eli Whitney.

Ex-Governor Meriwether, of Kentucky, has very lately been celebrating his ninety-second birthday, and seemed to be as hale and hearty as any of his guests.

The new structure over the Mississippi at Memphis will be 8,000 feet long. It will be supported by eight piers, varying in height from 117 feet to 197 feet.