

### TRAMPS ON RAILROADS.

THEY GET OVER GREAT DISTANCES ON SCHEDULE TIME.

When They Can't Get Inside They Have the Best That the Exterior Affords, and Sometimes That Is Very Good, Though a Trifle Dangerous.

While tramps are of one mind in regard to the annoyance which tramps cause to the railroad companies they disagree about the methods of these individuals in "doing" the country. In spite of the strict rule of all railroads prohibiting tramps, these professional travelers get over the road somehow or other with astonishing rapidity. They have been known to come from San Francisco to New York in but a trifle longer time than it took Mr. Mackey on his record breaking trip. It is by no means certain that one of these nomads didn't accompany Mr. Mackey part of the way across the continent on the fast mail train. Tramps are partial to mail trains. The trucks are roomier than those of the ordinary coach or freight car. Whatever doubt there was about Mr. Mackey's beating the record there certainly wasn't any doubt that Mr. Tramp beat the railroad company.

There are tramps and tramps. Many a poor fellow who has spent his last cent and is out at the elbows wants to try his luck in another part of the country, but he has no means of getting there except his heels. These will not carry him far without hunger staring him in the face. He slinks about some freightyard, and when a train is pulling out begs a tramping man to carry him along a bit. He admits that he is a tramp, but he isn't; he's a beggar and a tenderfoot. There are others, who have just got their hand in, traveling from town to town, and when a tramping man catches them stowed away in a box car they whine piteously and recount their sufferings or those of a sick family miles away which they are anxious to get to.

HOW REAL TRAMPS ACT.

"These are no tramps," said a brakeman. "There is nothing interesting about them and they are a nuisance. The professional tramp is a character, and sometimes you meet with one so slick that he deserves to beat his way. The real tramp makes no excuse when he is discovered. Nine times out of ten he makes a threat, and as a good many of them go armed it is dangerous to meddle with them. For if there is a human being who might be expected to value his life cheaply it is a tramp rather than a burglar. How many times have I had a tramp snarl at me with a string of oaths and wind up by threatening to put a hole through me!"

"Probably tramps will hang on to most anything, from the brakeloose to the wheel box," suggested the reporter.

"No," said a tramping man of the Central Railroad of New Jersey. "Many people have erroneous ideas about the habits of tramps. Personally I never saw a tramp on a truck, but others say they have. Tramps generally pull for an empty box car, if there is one open. It is curious to see them search the yard over, inquire about the departure of trains and their destination and the stops they make along the way. Why, Saturday night, just before leaving for Phillipsburg, I went to search my train for tramps, and I found an empty Fall Brook car full of them, right next to the train shed. They knew somehow that the car was going home, and that it went to the end of the journey. They always seem to want to go as far as possible."

"These fellows set up a whining and begged me to let them go along. They all had sick families, or something just as bad, to go for, and one of them said he wanted to go to Phillipsburg to attend the funeral of his brother. I drove them all out. None of them was a professional. They didn't know one another, and they all scattered in different directions."

REVENGE FOR ILL TREATMENT.

"Of course they will get into any car that is left open, and if there is anything eatable they always help themselves. If there isn't an open car they will try to find a car of lumber. That is more exposed, but there are always some vacant nooks between the piles of boards, and they make very good bunks. When I was running on a Long Branch train we had an experience with tramps at Matawan. We picked up a car of lumber there. A gang of tramps had learned of its time of departure and that it was a through car, which just suited them. They always try to get a 'through sleeper,' like passengers who pay their way. One of them, who had a wooden leg, they put on top of the lumber in plain sight, and then they appeared to go away. Of course the tramping men wouldn't put a deformed man off, and apparently he was the only one who was going along. But no sooner did the locomotive signal to start than the gang lit upon the lumber car like a swarm of bees. We went back and pulled them all out from the crevices, and we got curses in return."

"The next night when a freight train came along the switch at Matawan was open, and the train smashed a lot of cars on a siding. The tramps were around later to see the results, and they asked the agent whether that was Porter's train. No, said the agent, and they were very sorry that they had made a mistake."

"An empty box car or car of lumber lacking, they look for a car with a good sill at the end. But not many cars are built that way now. Where a car has ladders within reach of the bumpers tramps will stand on the bumpers and make a long journey sometimes in that position. But generally there is nothing to cling to at the end, and many a professional will stand between two cars with a foot on one bumper and the other foot on the other bumper. Of course this is reckless, for trains often break in two, and down goes the tramp and one section goes over him. Probably more tramps are killed in this way than any other."—New York Sun.

### Too Slow.

A music teacher who lives in a small town in central Ohio tells a delicious story, which goes to show what unappreciative ears classical music sometimes falls on, when the owners of the ears think that nothing is good music unless it is "fast and lively." The incident occurred during a concert given by August Wilhelmj, the great German violinist. Wilhelmj, as is known by musicians, particularly excels in rendering andante or adagio movements, containing much pathos and deep feeling.

The proprietor of the town hall had heard of the great artist, and although he had no more idea of what the performance of a solo violinist of the first rank would be than he had of the present system of political economy in the planet Mars, he thought it would be a paying speculation to engage the great violinist for a concert, and accordingly did so at a price which looked ruinous to his townsmen.

The attendance on the night of the concert proved, unfortunately, that the musical culture of the place was not sufficiently advanced to fill the house, for there was only a handful of people in the hall at 8 o'clock, the time for commencing the concert.

The music teacher who tells the story arrived after the concert commenced. He found the manager taking tickets at the door.

"Well, Jim," he asked, "how's it going?"

The manager looked up with an air of deep dejection. He said nothing, but plucking his friend's sleeve he led him silently to the door of the hall and looked in. On the stage stood Wilhelmj with all the classic repose of a statue. He was playing a soulful adagio. As he drew his bow slowly across the strings he drew forth tones which seemed almost like melodious sobs in their sweet pathos. His great lemon colored Stradivarius violin, "the Messiah," seemed to sing almost like a thing of life. The few people who were there sat entranced and breathless drinking in the matchless tones.

"Well, you see for yourself, prof.," said the manager to the music teacher. "I'm paying that chap \$300 for this concert, and looks how slow he's a playin'!"

—New York Herald.

### Household Deodorizers.

A deodorizer, it should be remembered, simply neutralizes the unpleasant odors of a room, and is in no sense a disinfectant. Where a disinfectant is needed, as in case of sickness, it is always better to obtain one from a physician. Coffee is one of the best deodorizers which we have. It should be simply ground and passed around the room on a hot shovel, on which two or three live coals have been placed. Burned cotton or cotton rags are also valuable for this purpose. Aromatic vinegar and camphor are both excellent deodorizers, and may be sprinkled freely in a sick room. The practice of some nurses who use cologne water, sprinkling it freely through the room by means of an atomizer, is very commendable, as it proves grateful and refreshing to a patient. A pail of clean cold water set in newly painted rooms is said to have a neutralizing effect on the poisonous odor given out by new lead paint. It is safer, however, not to occupy such a room until it has become thoroughly disinfected and deodorized by pure fresh air. One of the simplest and safest deodorizers to use about the house is chloride of lime. Cyre should be taken to buy only the best quality and to purchase it only of a thoroughly trustworthy chemist or druggist. Even fresh whitewash is a powerful purifier and disinfectant of the atmosphere, and for that reason the cellar and the outbuildings, where there is any danger of poison from decaying animal or vegetable matter, should be frequently whitewashed.—New York Tribune.

### Diners in New York.

There is one enjoyment of life possessed by New Yorkers which is rarely found in any other of the large cities of this country. The resident of the metropolis who prefers to live in furnished apartments and dine wherever his fancy suits him—a practice common enough in London and in Continental cities—can make a selection from among a hundred or more restaurants where meals are served table d'hote at prices considerably less than would be demanded for the same meal at an ordinary American restaurant. These places are to be found in nearly every section of the city, but they are most numerous in the neighborhood of upper Broadway. There are French, Italian and German resorts of this description and the price ranges from fifty cents to three or four dollars, including wine, so that the most impecunious individual can take his course dinner regularly at a small expense. In Boston, Philadelphia, and even in Chicago, table d'hote restaurants are practically unknown, while in New York they are as numerous, and many of them quite as excellent in every way, as in any of the principal cities abroad.—New York Cor. Brooklyn Eagle.

### Little Known About Birds.

For nine successive summers a pair of red wings built at the base of a button bush, and year after year more and more nests were made until every spot was occupied for many a rod around. In August the clan gathered, and, as a little flock that seemed scattered by day, but reassembled at sunset, these birds were a feature of the meadow for two weeks or more, then they disappeared. I never saw them unite with a passing flock, but this is what they did. Suggestive as is every flock of birds, we really know but little about them. No naturalists has yet fathomed the mystery of bird life, and bird slaughter has accomplished nothing.—Dr. C. C. Abbott in Montreal Star.

### How He Felt About It.

The sermon had been long and prosy. Finally the Rev. Mr. Pounder cried out, "And is this to last forever?" "It looks that way," growled the sleepy parishioner. "If it is, I'm going home."—Harper's Bazar.

### BEATING TIME.

When the Baton Was First Used It Was a Formidable Six Foot Club.

Investigations into the origin of the baton, or stick for beating time, which is used nowadays by the conductor of every large orchestra, have brought out the interesting fact that the first conductor's baton was a formidable staff, about six feet long, which the old time French musician, Lully by name, who invented it, may have used as much to intimidate the members of his orchestra as to mark the time. In the very oldest orchestras, as in Chinese orchestras of the present day, there was no conductor in the modern sense. Every performer played as well as he could, and the man who played upon the loudest instrument—the kettle drum, for instance—marked the time for the rest.

When music became more systematic and refined, the chief command of the orchestra was given to the member who was regarded as the most accomplished and skillful. He assigned the other members their parts, drilled them at rehearsals and supervised the final performance.

To produce a good effect it was necessary of course that the musicians should play in time, and the chief of the orchestra, who himself played one instrument, was accustomed to mark the beat by stamping on the floor with one foot. For this reason the conductor of an orchestra was at that period called the peditarius.

Afterward it became customary for him to give the time by clapping the fingers of his right hand against the hollow of his left. The beater of time after this fashion was called the manuductor. Meantime experiments were made in marking the time by striking together shells and bones. The bones were soon given up as instruments to be used by the conductor of an orchestra; but they survived as an independent instrument. Boys and negro minstrels "play on the bones" with great gusto to this day.

In the early part of the Seventeenth century the musician already alluded to, Lully by name, arose. He found all these instruments of leadership ineffective, and in order to reduce his performers to complete subjection, he procured a stout staff six feet long, with which he pounded vigorously on the floor to mark the time.

One day, becoming particularly impatient, and pounding with especial vigor, Lully struck his foot instead of the floor with his baton. The wound gangrened, and Lully died from its effects in 1687.

The baton continued in use throughout the Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries, but though it gradually decreased in size, there is no evidence that conductors marked the time in any other way than by pounding upon their music stands or some other hard object.

All this pounding must have had an unpleasant effect upon the music, and critics and musicians began to ridicule the practice. In course of time, therefore, we find musical conductors no longer thumping upon the floor or their music stands, but beating the time entirely in the air. It seems to have taken players a very long time to learn that they could get the time as easily by means of the eye as by means of the ear.—Youth's Companion.

### Not Wholly Complimentary.

A certain Mrs. Malaprop, who lives in a large eastern city, is noted for her skill in unconsciously embarrassing other people, while she herself remains perfectly at ease. Not long ago she was introduced to two sisters, young ladies who had long been known to her by name, though she had never met them. "Now, my dears," she said, addressing them collectively, with her usual bland smile, and regarding them earnestly through her glasses, "I have often heard of the bright and the handsome Miss Ratcliffe. Now I am so glad to meet you both, and I want you to tell me at once which of you is the bright and which the handsome one."

On another occasion she was dining with her nephew and his young wife, who had just set up housekeeping. The dinner did not go off quite so smoothly as the young couple had hoped, and the cooking was by no means perfect. The hostess unwisely began to murmur apologies and her husband joined in, half laughing, with references to his wife's youth and inexperience. "Don't say another word, my dear children," interrupted their kind hearted guest. "I can assure you I've eaten a great deal worse dinners than this in the course of my life; a great deal worse. Yes," she added meditatively, "I've eaten some pretty bad dinners, you may be sure!"—Youth's Companion.

### The Flavor of Coffee.

Real coffee is a very delicate substance and will readily not only lose its own flavor, but also take up the flavor of other substances. Thus it is quite necessary in shipping coffee to make sure that no other odorous substance is placed near to destroy the flavor of the coffee. The aroma is volatile. Let a quantity of pure ground coffee be exposed to the air for a considerable time and the best of the coffee will go out into the atmosphere. The careful housewife who wishes to make good, pure coffee of fragrant aroma buys it in the green bean, roasts it herself, keeps it tightly canned after roasting and grinds it the morning it is used. Coffee so made is a totally different article of consumption from the great bulk of ground coffee that is sold in the stores.

Some time ago an official analysis of some ground coffee exposed for sale disclosed the fact that there was absolutely no coffee in it.—New York Sun.

### That Fatal Number.

Superstitious Boarder—Yes, I like the rooms very much and will pay you a month's board in advance. Is this your little girl, ma'am? Nice child; how old is she? Landlady—Just thirteen, sir. S. B.—Give me back that money. Here's your receipt. I wouldn't live in a house where they had a thirteen. Good day, ma'am.—Detroit Free Press.

### Few Colds from Exposure.

I remember some curious facts of my own experience in the army in 1863 and 1864. I was not strong, and indeed was hardly fit to be in the army at all. And when I found myself exposed all day long to a steady rain, and at night to the outdoor air, with no fire, no change of clothing, no shelter but a canvas covering open at both ends, through which the rain dripped constantly, it seemed certain that the "death o' cold" so often predicted must surely follow.

Why it did not follow was more of a mystery then, however, than it is now. For I was in a place where the art of man no longer excluded one of the prime principles of health. I breathed pure air because I could not help it. During a service of fifteen months, with severe exposures, but fresh air constantly, the same immunity from colds prevailed.

I remember, too, that when I came home from the army the blessing and the curse—at least one of the curses of civil life—came back together. I had comfortable rooms to eat, breathe and sleep in on the one hand, but very soon colds, sore throats and related troubles on the other.—Rev. J. W. Quinby in Popular Science Monthly.

### A Small Loophole.

Housekeeper—I know that milk fresh from the cow is warm, but that you left here yesterday was hot—hot and thin, too, just as if boiling water had been poured in it.

Milkman—Oh, the milk's all right, mum—no water in it; no, indeed, mum.

Housekeeper—Then how came it to be almost boiling hot?

Milkman—Why—er—you see, mum, some o' the cows has typhoid fever.—Good News.

### 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 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



**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 flattering 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 tea; 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 tea.

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-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.

# 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.

## 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.