

His Simple Sparrow Trap.
The crusade against the English sparrow is developing a marvelous amount of ingenuity. A cheap, effective and unerring method of killing the birds is the essential requisite to success in the new industry.

One little fellow on the south side has solved the problem, and has already brought in over 100 heads. He explained his system and the comparative merits of it and other systems to Captain Hayward.

"You see," he said, "I didn't have no gun nor no money to buy one, an if I had the policeman'd arrested me for shootin'. An me mother wouldn't let me poison 'em. She said it was cruel. Anyway, you couldn't never tell whether you got all the sparrers you poisoned. So I just got up a scheme of my own, an an another boy that lives on the street I do."

"We made a lot of paper funnels out of writin' paper 'bout half as long as a lead pencil, the top of 'em just big enough for a sparrow to get his head in. We put birdseed in the bottom of 'em an set 'em up in the alley back of our house, where lots of the sparrers come. The sparrers come peckin' around an find the birdseed in 'em, an stick their heads in to get it. Well, it's down at the bottom, you know, an so they just push their heads right in, an then the funnels stick to their heads. They can't fly, 'cause they can't see, an 'sides it 'springs 'em, so they forget to fly. Then we come right up an catch 'em. It's lots of fun watchin' 'em flutterin' round tryin' to get the funnel off. The other boy had his funnels marked with his name, an I had mine marked with mine, so we'd know which was mine and which was his."—Chicago News.

The Art of Cutting Clothes.
When we read and listen to discussions of comparative value of long or shoulder measures with those that are short and sectional, in which one or the other is denounced as unscientific or impracticable, our mind immediately dwells for a moment on a proverbially stupid animal with long ears. The fact is that many cutters are successful with the first, and just about as many with the others.

Every man cannot become a good cutter. Some do not seem to "catch on," as the saying is, and others who seem to do so are never able to produce any other results than such as "make old heads swim."

Natural ability and educational advantages generally insure success, but years of work on the board, the ability even to make a good coat, is no guarantee of the possession of that mental equipment which is necessary to make a good cutter.

When it requires hours of labor to fix in some one's mind the difference between one-third and one-quarter of a size, how can such a one expect to succeed as a cutter?

When a student is able to think quickly and clearly, we confidently expect him to become a skillful cutter, even though he cannot make a coat so well as many others. The fact is that to be successful in garment cutting, as in any other trade or profession, a man must have brains, know how to use them and use them as he should.—Tailoring Journal.

A Joke on the "Britisher."
I had been traveling in a railway carriage in the south, in company with two very pleasant men who chanced to be seated opposite to me at the end of the crowded car, and had got out to "buy a lunch," as they say, at a station, my two fellow passengers having promised to keep my seat for me. When I returned to the car I found a tall, gaunt man, in a broad slouch hat, apparently about to take my seat, but yet not actually taking it.

A glance at my acquaintances opposite showed me why he hesitated. Each of them was holding a cup of coffee to his mouth with his left hand, while his right grasped a revolver covering the intruder. Time being short, they were drinking their coffee while they "kept the Britisher's seat." The tall stranger politely retired on my appearing, the others put their revolvers in their hip pockets without any remark and we resumed our journey.

What amused me most of all, though, was a glimpse I got of a solemn looking old man about half way down the car, who had drawn out from somewhere an enormous, antiquated, ivory handled six-shooter, and was holding it up with his finger on the trigger, ready to take a hand in any little festivity that might arise. He looked so disappointed when it all ended in nothing that I felt quite sorry for him.—Contemporary Review.

A Boy's Method of Avoiding Bad Dreams.
A friend has told us that during a long period of his childhood he maintained the habit of praying every night before going to sleep that no bad dreams might trouble him, acting in curious, unthinking coincidence with good old Bishop Ken, who generations ago resorted to the same expedient. To further his prayers the little boy, in a spirit of philosophy beyond his years, would try to concentrate his ideas on all the most humdrum things he could think of, his thoughts usually settling on the figure of an old Welsh landlord, a small man with a brown wig, whom he had occasionally visited with his father, and who, to his childish fancy, appeared the very personification of commonplace.—Argoey.

Silk Manufacture.
France exports silk goods to the value of \$10,000,000, two-thirds of which are taken by England and by the United States. Swiss and German houses are serious rivals in point of quantity of manufactured goods, but in quality the taste and skill of the French will long maintain supremacy. The United States are rapidly increasing their silk factories.—Leisure Hour.

Learning Rapidly.
Watchmaker—What is the most essential feature of a cheap watch?
Bright Apprentice—Its resemblance to a costly one.—Exchange.

SIZED UP AS A RUSTLER.
He Proved Quite Harmless, However, Notwithstanding His Appearance.

He had on a cowboy's hat—he had long hair and fierce black eyes—there was a claw from the foot of a grizzly bear dangling from his watch chain. You could size him up only in one way—he had killed his man, or perhaps half a dozen of them. If he hadn't fought Indians and stood up to the bad, bad men of the far west, then his looks belied him. He was a quiet, unostentatious man, as all nifty men are. He was reading a dime novel, as all game men do when they travel. Now and then he felt down the back of his neck to see if his bowie-knife was cuddling up to his spine in a proper manner, and now and then he reached down to his boots to see that his cargo of revolvers hadn't shifted.

Three or four of us, after taking plenty of time to size him up, decided to ask him how and where he got the wound which had left the scar clear across his left cheek. It looked like the work of setting Bull's tomahawk, but we wanted the particulars. So it was agreed that I should work him up to tell his story, and after a quarter of an hour of diplomacy I had shaped matters so I dared observe:

"That is a bad scar you have on your cheek, and there is no doubt a story connected with it?"

"Yes, sir, there is," he replied. "We should like to hear the particulars, if you have no objection."

"Oh, the story don't amount to much," he modestly remarked.

"But you certainly had a close call. How many Indians were around you?"

"Indians? I didn't see no Indians."

"Oh! Perhaps you were in a western stage when it was held up, and you got that scar in fighting off the road agents?"

"Never saw a road agent in my life," he answered.

"Tackled by a bad man perhaps?"

"Never saw a bad man."

"But you had a fight," I persisted.

"No, I didn't."

"Well, perhaps you'd be kind enough to explain how you got that scar?"

"I will. I went into a restaurant and ordered a pumpkin pie. The waiter brought me a squash pie instead. I kicked. The owner of the place, who was a woman, got mad and slashed me with an old case knife. I afterward settled with her for three dollars in cash. That's the story, sir."

"But why—why are you wearing that hat and other things belonging to a western terror?" I asked.

"These things? Oh, I got 'em of an actor for four dollars. He had to sell out or walk home, and as the walking wasn't good he sold out."

"And may I ask who you are?" I inquired, as an awful silence fell upon our crowd.

"Certainly you can. I've been working for a farmer near Monroe all summer for seven dollars a month and found, but I quit the other day and am going to Toledo to get a stock of stomach bitters to sell on the road. Needn't nobody be afraid of me. I ain't loaded, and if I was I ain't got the sand to go off. Never tackled but one man, and I ain't got through running away from him yet."

Then we went to the other end of the car and tried to call the convention to order and do some resolving, but it was a failure. Everybody seemed to want to sit and think.—Detroit Free Press.

The Sailor and His Pets.
Jack is fond of pets, and when at sea is allowed to cultivate that fondness to a certain extent. The most hard hearted shipowner does not object to having one or two stray dogs or cats provided with homes on his vessel. And Jack is very grateful for this indulgence. It affords him deep pleasure to hold in his loving though rough embrace the innocent creature who, either by a cheerful wag of the tail or a responsive purr, assures him that his attentions are appreciated, and that the fact of his being lacking in personal attractions is not taken into consideration.

Jack loves the poor creature just as tenderly as if he were perfect. The ship's cat may be lean and uninviting in appearance, but this does not prevent Jack from petting it. Other pets are sometimes kept on board ship. It is not unusual for seamen on vessels returning from tropical ports to have pet monkeys or parrots. The captain's wife, who has her own way sometimes, turns her cabin into an aviary. Single captains have been known to keep pets on shipboard, although, as a rule, they seem ashamed to display any weakness of this description.—London Tit-Bits.

A Quaint Bit of Praline.
To be eulogized when dead is more often the lot of a man than to be praised in life, but surely a quainter compliment was never paid a dead man than was received by Talleyrand, for when his demise was announced to one of his acquaintances, the latter exclaimed, "He must have had some good reason for dying! I think I will be at least ill myself," and forthwith went to bed. Yet another compliment to a dead man was uttered by the Marchioness of —, who, when told that the celebrated physician Borden had been found dead in bed, exclaimed, "Ah! Death was so afraid of him that he did not dare attack him except when he was asleep."—London Standard.

Famine Carried Off 9,500,000 People.
The worst calamity from famine ever recorded took place in the years 1877 and 1878 in China. Complete crop failures took place in all the northern provinces, and the number of those who perished from want of food was estimated at 9,500,000. As the internal communications of a country are improved the danger of wholesale starvation is much lessened.—Providence Journal.

The New York Method.
Cabbage—I wonder why they are paving this street.
Rubbage—They probably intend to put a sewer down as soon as the paving is done.—New York Epoch.

A LITTLE FAMILY DIFFERENCE.
Two Old Ladies Differed Over a Small Matter, but the Elder Won.

Up on the Delaware and Hudson railroad the other day two nervous old ladies climbed on board the south bound train at Crown Point. They were of the same height, looked much alike and both of them wore gossamer rubber cloaks—possibly under the vague impression that cinders melt. They fluttered into a seat near the door, evidently prepared for a long journey. When the bird cage, two satchels and three shoe boxes of luncheon had been properly stowed away, the two ladies sat down in unison, much as if pulled on one string.

Beyond a vigorous attack on the luncheon an hour later, they quietly devoted their attention to the scenery until Albany was reached in the late afternoon. That being the terminus of the road, the passengers started for the car door as the train stopped, but there seemed to be a blockade of some sort on the platform. It wasn't just exactly a blockade; it was the two old ladies from Crown Point.

Equipped with satchels, the bird cage and the luncheon (now reduced to one shoe box), they had led the procession to the door, but had succeeded in getting no farther, as the train had run into the station on a middle track, and they could not agree on which side of the car to get off.

"I tell you, Janet," said the old lady with the bird cage, with much dignity, "that this is the proper side. It is nearer the depot, and no doubt our train is close by. Come, don't be obstinate, sister," she added persuasively.

"I will not leave the car on that side," declared the other, holding up the shoe box and both satchels as if for a barricade, which the impatient crowd within the car thought quite superfluous. "If you think I am going to career across three tracks," she continued emphatically, "in front of moving locomotives, and risk ourselves and that precious bird, then I say, Hannah, you have lost your senses; that's all."

"You seem to forget that I am older than you, Janet," rejoined the other with offended dignity.

"That may all be, but little good it's done. You would have scandalized the whole family at Cousin Maria Soper's funeral up at the Corners if I had not insisted!"

"Hey!" "What's the matter?" "Shake it up!" "Get off!" came in a chorus from the impatient throng inside.

"Sakes alive!" ejaculated the beligerent Janet, for the first time observing the crowd in waiting. "Come this way. Do come," pleaded the other.

"I won't."

"You must; I insist," cried the elder sister, stepping hastily down to decide the matter. There was no further chance for argument. Already the other passengers were pushing out. So, with an expression of annoyance and fright, the second, old lady tourist joined the other and the two rubber gossamers began their devious fight across the tracks and before waiting locomotives toward the station. They reached there at length, but it was apparent that something had happened.

"I told you so! I told you so!" almost screamed the younger sister as soon as she could catch her breath.

"You say you dropped it?" asked the other in troubled tones.

"Yes; that horrid engine let off steam and I jumped. I suppose I dropped it then. Why can't engines hold their steam till they get out in the country, I'd like to know?"

"Well, never mind, Janet, we can get along," said the other soothingly.

"But I do mind. I suppose, Hannah, I ought to be thankful that you and the bird are safe; but just to think," she added, with almost a sob, "the whole of Aunt Lucinda's sponge cake gone, and we've only got to Albany."

And sure enough, some distance up the second track, reposing peacefully on the off rail, lay the familiar green outline of the last shoe box.—New York Tribune.

Two Bold Compliments.
A bold stroke to obtain liberty by means of a compliment was that made by M. de Mampertius, who when a prisoner in Austria was presented to the empress, who said to him, "You know the queen of Sweden, sister to the king of Prussia?" "Yes, madame." "I am told that she is the most beautiful princess in the world." "Madame," replied the cunning prisoner, "I always thought so until now." This was as diplomatic as the words and action of the Marquis Medina, a Spanish nobleman.

Queen Elizabeth, who had been admiring his elegance, and complimenting him on it, at the same time begged to know who possessed the heart of so accomplished a cavalier. "Madame," said he, "a lover risks too much on such an occasion; but your majesty's will is law. Excuse me, however, if I fear to name her, but request your majesty's acceptance of her portrait." He sent her a looking glass.—London Standard.

The Craze for Souvenirs.
The popular craze for souvenirs which now prevails among persons who have money to spend is spreading in various directions. Formerly the silver spoon held undisputed sway, but now there are souvenir bracelets, souvenir napkin rings, souvenir buttons and souvenir fans. The silversmiths are kept busy getting up new and novel designs, and each jewelry store of any importance has its souvenir department. Spoons of course are still in the greatest demand. One young married woman in this town, who is an ardent collector of souvenirs, is the proud possessor of nearly 100 spoons, each representing a city or village that she has visited.—New York Times.

A Fine Word.
The following extraordinary word is given in Miss M. A. Courtney's "West Cornwall Dialect": "Pednobakhrloest-wihl, spoken by fishermen in describing the peculiar model of a boat; is said to mean 'cod's head and conger's tail.'"—Notes and Queries.

A Trick of the Young Men.
There are tricks and tricks, and it is said that all is fair in love and war, but here is something that has a discrimination worthy of a better cause. A young man who sometimes calls at our house confessed it in a moment of confidence.

All the girls know to their cost how easily a party fan is broken, and each girl will easily recall the fact that she herself did not break her fan. It was in the hands of her escort, or a youth on dancing duty, who was twirling it while uttering soft nothings, and snap—went a pearl stick! Now I am told that this is always done on purpose. As soon as the fan is broken the young man is overcome with regret and insists on having it mended or replacing it.

He may not do either, but he carries it off and calls with it when it is repaired, or to say that he lost it, or that it was stolen from his pocket that same evening; but there it is, a door opening to the future. It forms a flimsy society tie—but still a tie—between him and a girl he adores, and whom he could not reach without this little passport. It is worth a dozen letters of introduction, because it places the girl under an apparent obligation at the start. But who would have believed there was so much deception in—the other sex?—Detroit Free Press.

Life History in Hair.
A single hair is a sort of history of the physical condition of an individual during the time it has been growing, if one could read closely enough. Take a hair from the beard or from the head and scrutinize it and you will see that it shows some attenuated places, indicating that at some period of its growth the blood supply was deficient from overwork, anxiety or underfeeding.—National Barber.

Bad Blood.

Impure or vitiated blood is nine times out of ten caused by some form of constipation or indigestion that clogs up the system, when the blood naturally becomes impregnated with the effete matter. The old Sarsaparilla attempt to reach this condition by attacking the blood with the drastic mineral "potash." The potash theory is old and obsolete. Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla is modern. It goes to the seat of the trouble. It arouses the liver, kidneys and bowels to healthful action, and invigorates the circulation, and the impurities are quickly carried off through the natural channels.

Try it and note its delightful action. Chas. Lee, at Beamish's Third and Market Streets, S. F., writes: "I took it for vitiated blood" and was on the first bottle became convinced of its merits, for I could feel it was working a change. It cleansed, purified and braced me up generally, and everything is now working full and regular."

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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 sold 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 presented with the guarantee 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 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:

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