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Froud of the Climate.

Cousin John and his wife were visiting relatives in the west. It was their first trip to that part of the country, and they listened respectfully and admiringly to the descriptions of the climate given by their western host.

"There's nothing like it in the world. Why, we have days and weeks here without any moisture at night. We sit right out on our lawn until 10 o'clock and never think of taking cold. We don't have fog in the morning the way you do back in New England, either. Clear, bracing air and dry for an hour before sunrise. And then people talk about the wind in some parts of the west. I never saw any wind to compare with the east wind on Boston Common. The beauty of this climate, though, is its dry, cool, bracing atmosphere. It beats the world. Yes, sir, this is the paradise for people suffering from lung or throat trouble."

The next morning the visitors awoke and looked out of their window. A fog, or something very much like a fog, such as they were familiar with "down east," held possession of the country, and they could see nothing of the scenery.

They went down to breakfast, and the host apologized for the weather: it was the first fog he had seen for two years, he assured them, and it would lift in an hour or two.

Sure enough, it did lift, and before night it was blowing a gale. The severest wind that the "oldest inhabitant" could recollect set in and lasted three days. Several houses were unroofed and considerable damage was done to growing crops.

During the visitors' stay several very severe rainstorms occurred. Only one or two evenings were dry enough to permit sitting "on the lawn." Cousin John was afflicted nearly the whole time with a hacking cough, and his wife caught cold in the head from sitting on the veranda after sunset.

The host was disgusted. "Catch me bragging again about the climate! It's as dangerous as trying to have a child 'show off.' It's sure to do just what you don't want it to. After this I don't say anything about our weather!"—Youth's Companion.

Self Possessed.

Two ladies and an invalid boy who were carried on a stretcher by the last passengers on the gang plank of a river steamer. The boy and one of the ladies were successfully embarked, and the other lady was crossing the plank, which was loose and partially drawn in, when it tipped and plunged her into the river. Several young men on the boat hastily removed their coats and were just ready to leap into the water, when she came up smiling, holding fast to her bag and umbrella.

"Now don't any one jump in after me," she called to the excited passengers; "I'm all right, and will float until my clothes become soaked with water. Just throw me a rope. There's no necessity for any one else to get wet."

The rope was thrown to her and she grasped it with one hand and was drawn to the side of the steamer, when she said:

"Now some one lie flat on the deck and reach down and take my bag and umbrella, and then help me out."

A young man followed her instructions and she was soon standing safe on the deck.

Requesting a porter to take her trunk immediately to a stateroom, she retired, and in a few minutes returned dry clad and cheerful to receive the congratulations of her fellow passengers, and to relieve the alarm of her lady friend, who had promptly fainted at sight of the accident.—Washington Republic.

Polly's Command to Her Father.

The following extract from "Madame Knight's Journal," written in 1725, shows that children were much the same at that time as they are now:

Thursday, about 3 in the afternoon, I set forward with neighbor Polly, a girl about eighteen years, who her father said he had been to fetch out of the Narragansetts, and said they had rode thirty miles that day on a sorry lean horse with only a Baggs under her for a pillion, which the poor Girl often complained of.

About 7 that evening we came to New London Ferry. Here, by reason of a very high wind, we mett with great difficulty in getting over.

The boat tost exceedingly, and our Horses capped at a very Surprising rate, and set us all in a fright, especially poor Polly, who desired her father to say "So Jack" to the horse to make him stand.

But the careless parent, taking no notice of her repeated desires, She Rored out in a Passionate manner, "Pray, Suth, father, Are you deaf? Say 'So Jack' to the horse I tell you."

The Dutiful Parent obeyed saying "So Jack, So Jack," as gravely as if he had bin saying Chatchise after young Miss, who with her fright, look't all the Colours of ye Rainbow.

Working for a Wife.

An infinite amount of trouble has a youth of the Philippines ere he is allowed to take a wife to his bosom. After the parents on both sides have come to terms the young gentleman has to work for his intended father-in-law for a certain time, very often for four years, and sometimes longer. During this time he must mind his p's and q's, for if he does anything wrong he is instantly discarded. Very frequently unscrupulous fathers make a practice of dismissing their daughters' young men on the merest pretense, thus enriching themselves by their gratuitous labor.—San Francisco Examiner.

What Makes Hair Curly.

The difference between straight and curly hair is very apparent on a microscopical examination.

A hair is a hollow tube, and a straight hair is as round as a reed, while a curly hair is always flattened on both sides and curls toward one of the flat sides, never toward the edge. It is a curious and little known fact that the hair of women is coarser than that of men, as well as thicker on the scalp.—National Barber.

CO-OPERATIVE YACHTING.

An English Method of Cruising Without Buying an Expensive Boat.

It is becoming more and more popular every year in England for steamers to go out with passengers bound on a regular yachting cruise. In summer they go cruising up among the fjords of Norway and visit the North cape. In winter they go to the Mediterranean or the West Indies. A lot of people on pleasure bent engage passage and have all the pleasure of a cruise on a steam yacht without the trouble and expense of owning one.

Richard J. Goodwin, a retired merchant of this city, who has made a trip on one of these vessels to the North cape, said in conversation with a reporter recently: "I was delighted with my experience, and don't know of a better way to spend an outing. Captain R. D. Lunham was the pioneer in this service. He commanded the British steamer Ceylon, and ran her with great success on various pleasure cruises to Norway, the Baltic and the Mediterranean. He then purchased the steamer Victoria. She is a beautiful vessel of over 1,800 tons and fitted up like the most luxurious of private yachts. Her saloons are paneled in different colored marbles, and she is lighted with electric lights. In fact nothing could exceed the beauty and elegance of the Victoria's fittings. I was so much pleased with her when I went on board to inspect her that I engaged passage at once.

"There were sixty-eight passengers on board when we left the Tilbury docks, below London, for our twenty-five days' cruise to Norwegian fjords and the Cape of the Midnight Sun. Nearly all of the passengers were English, but we had three or four from Brooklyn and New York. We left the Thames on June 27, and at 6 o'clock that night had cleared the Nore and stood out into the North sea. The wind and sea increased and shook us up somewhat, and the next day it blew almost a gale. Most of the passengers put in an appearance at the breakfast table, however. As the day wore on the sea and wind continued to increase, and many of the passengers sought the seclusion which their state-rooms granted. By noon of June 29 we ran into smooth water again and were able to make an acquaintance with each other. A pleasant party it proved to be.

"We reached the Norwegian coast that day at the little village of Scudenesnae, a quaint old Norwegian place, where a government officer came on board and remained with us for the rest of the cruise, which was through sheltered passages up the coast. After leaving Scudenesnae we entered the Fiord Hardanger, and by 6 o'clock the next morning anchored in the charming bay of Odde, surrounded with snow capped hills. We remained here thirty-six hours, our steam launch making frequent trips to the shore, so we had a chance thoroughly to inspect the town.

"From Odde we ran up through a long line of fjords, seeing on every hand the grand Norwegian scenery, until we finally arrived at the North cape, and from its stern heights beheld the midnight sun. It was a trip I never can forget, and one of the most satisfactory in every respect which I ever made. It was not an expensive trip either. In fact, I regard such a trip as the perfection of economical enjoyment.

"The expense of such a trip as I have described is about ten dollars a day, which cannot be considered large considering the accommodations offered and the luxury in which one travels."—New York Tribune.

She Found Him Out.

A couple of Erin's sons were taking their noonday rest on Court street Friday, and I heard one of them ask his companion:

"How is it, Mike, that yez don't spend the money that yez used t'?"

Mike ejected about a quart of tobacco juice from between his lips and replied: "Well, Denny, I'll tell yez. Ya sees, I got me sixteen dollars ivery week, an I used to tell the old lady—that, I was only gettin tin dollars. I us'ny put tin dollars in wan pocket for the old lady an the other six in me other pocket for meself, d'y' see? Well, about three weeks ago, sure, I forgot to separate the money, an when I got home I handed the old lady the whole sixteen dollars. A little while after she sez t' me:

"How much did yez make this week, Moike?"

"Tin dollars," sez Ol.

"Th' six dollars," sez she.

"An thin it kem t' me all in a minute, an I sez: 'Oh, he must ha' med a mistake an given me some wan else's money. Give it here t' me an I'll tek it back t' him agin.' But the devil a penny would she gimme, an the very next day she kim down t' see th' boss. Of course she found out that I was makin me sixteen dollars a week, an now I have to give her ivery cent."

And then the boss came along and ordered them to go to work before Denny had a chance to convey his sympathy.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Abbreviations in Letters.

Emerson said that "in a letter any expressions may be abbreviated rather than those of respect and kindness; never write 'Yours affly.'" But, be it said with all respect, this smacks of pedantry. The close of a letter is mere formula, and is precisely that part which, in writing to a friend, may without risk of misunderstanding be cut short or dispensed with. But no haste or degree of familiarity excuses careless expressions in the letter itself. Written words stand by themselves: the tone of the voice and the glance of the eye, which often convey more than half the meaning, are not there as footnotes; many and many an unintentional sting has been planted by a clumsy phrase or halting expression. The same principle holds good in conversation.—Blackwood's Magazine.

He Wanted to Keep Sunday.

Mrs. Gazzan (as she came in from church)—Sometimes it is very hard work to listen to Dr. Thirdly's sermons. Gazzan—That's the reason I don't go to church. I don't believe in working on Sunday.—Harper's Bazar.

A BRAZEN DEADHEAD.

An Englishman Secured a Box in the Theater but Did Not See the Show.

Soon after the doors opened a good looking young fellow in evening dress came up to me as I was standing in the lobby and asked me what box had been reserved for him. I said I did not know him—who was he? He said he had met the manager of the theater that afternoon, and he had been told to come to the theater and his name would be left for a box.

Unfortunately he entered too much into details. He told me that his name was Leslie, and he was a leader writer and subeditor of The Morning Wire. As I knew my manager was rather in the habit of giving these somewhat vague invitations to the theater, I thought it better to err on the side of politeness, so I gave Mr. Leslie the ticket for the box, and he thanked me and said he would go to a neighboring restaurant where his friends were dining and bring them on to the theater.

As the principal piece was commencing I saw Mr. Leslie enter the theater and go to his box accompanied by a well dressed party—two ladies and a gentleman. I thought nothing more of this, but about 10 o'clock who should come into my room but the son of the proprietor of The Morning Wire on his way from the office. Of an evening he sometimes used to drop into my room and have a chat with me. While talking with him I suddenly thought of Mr. Leslie up in a box, so I asked my friend if he knew the leader writer and subeditor. I was rather astonished when I heard there was no such name on The Morning Wire, but to make assurance doubly sure I took my friend into the theater and pointed Mr. Leslie out to him. All knowledge of Mr. Leslie was denied, and my friend wanted to give the impostor in charge at once, but I asked him to be quiet and sit still in my room while I sent a note up to Mr. Leslie, asking him to come and have a cigarette.

After the curtain was down Mr. Leslie walked in as bold as brass, lighted a cigarette, and prepared for a chat; my friend I could see was being consumed by inward temper, but luckily held his tongue.—After some general conversation I asked him how the proprietor of The Morning Wire was, and after other questions I asked him if he knew his son (my friend sitting fuming in an armchair).

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Leslie; "great pal of mine; often dine with him; only left him about an hour ago."

"You liar! you swindler!" shouted my friend, unable to resist the temptation. He could keep quiet no longer; he flew into the most violent temper, calling Mr. Leslie every name he could lay his tongue to, and wanting to give him in charge at once. To see Leslie cower down, beg, pray, offer every apology, was indeed a sad sight.

After we had kept him in agony some time I gave directions that he should not be allowed to return to his box, but politely and firmly shown out of the theater. It seemed that he was the son of a doctor in very fair practice in the south of London, and he confessed that he had been successful at several theaters, but after the shock we gave him I do not think it at all likely he ever tried again to get a box "on the cheap."—Interview in London Tit-Bits.

Japanese Doctors.

A Japanese doctor never dreams of asking a poor patient for a fee. There is a proverb among the medical fraternity of Japan, "When the twin enemies, poverty and disease, invade a home, then he who takes ought from that home, even though it be given him, is a robber."

"Often," said Dr. Matsuoto, "a doctor will not only give his time and his medicines freely to the sufferer, but he will also give him money to tide over his dire necessities. Every physician has his own dispensary, and there are very few apothecary shops in the empire.

"When a rich man calls in a physician he does not expect to be presented with a bill for medical services. In fact, no such thing as a doctor's bill is known in Japan, although nearly all the other modern practices are in vogue there. The doctor never asks for his fee.

"The strict honesty of the people makes this unnecessary. When he is through with a patient a present is made to him of whatever sum the patient or his friends may deem to be just compensation. The doctor is supposed to smile, take the fee, bow and thank his patron."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Mistaken Identity.

A man who had evidently arrived by the train walked into a boarding house in a Texas town and asked:

"Is Mr. Day in?"

"What Day, sah?" asked the porter.

"What do I know about him? Do I look like a detective? If Mr. Day isn't in, tell Mr. Week to step out here."

"What week do you refer to, sah?"

"Oh, last week or week before Christmas! Do you take me for an almanac? Who runs this shebang, anyhow?"

"De Widow Flapjack, sah."

"Well, then, you tell her to take down her sign. I read on the sign out there, 'Boarding by Day or Week,' and now it seems that both of 'em lit out. That sign is put up there to deceive the traveling public. I don't believe there are any such people living," and he picked up his gripsack and swung himself on board of a street car.—Texas Siftings.

Literature Didn't Start Them.

Eastern Man—Yes, sir, it's a shame the way this sensational juvenile literature is turning the heads of boys and sending them west to fight Indians.

Western Man—Did you ever meet any Indian fighters?

"No. Why?"

"Nothing. Only most of them can't read."—Good News.

Baron Arthur Rothschild, a nephew of the head of the great financial house, is serving his twelve months in the French army as a private soldier.

Lived in a Crypt Twenty-eight Years.

Robert Davidson, who for twenty-eight years lived in the crypt of the Westminster Presbyterian church at Baltimore, is dead. He was born in Ireland in 1811, and came to America early in life. Some years before the war he became sexton of Westminster church. He fitted up a room in a humble way among the graves and tombs beneath the church, and since 1868 he lived there in a hermitlike way. He was extremely reticent in regard to his history, and would never give any explanation as to how he came to choose such a place as a dwelling place.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Shot the Dummy.

James Toles, a well to do colored man, near Plain City, O., was awakened a few nights ago by the unusual barking and snarling of his dog, and going to the door with his shotgun fired at the figure of a man standing near one of several apple trees on which his Thanksgiving turkeys were roosting. The figure fell to the ground, and Toles, cautiously going forward, found it to be a dummy, made with old clothes stuffed with straw. In the meantime thieves had carried away seven fat gobblers.—Exchange.

Digging for Buried Treasure.

A tradition exists about English, Ind., that the Wyandottes buried treasures of gold and silver which they stole from the early missionaries and other parties in that neighborhood, and occasionally the treasure hunters become a plague. One of these fevers is now "on," and as the country is overlaid with iron, the diving rods are leading the owners to dig, until some of the fields look like newly planted graveyards.—Philadelphia Ledger.

SICK

Head-Aches.



Sick headaches are the outward indications of derangements of the stomach and bowels. As Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla is the only bowel regulating preparation of Sarsaparilla, it is seen why it is the only appropriate Sarsaparilla in sick headaches. It is not only appropriate; it is an absolute cure. After a course of it an occasional dose at intervals will forever prevent return.

John M. Cox, of 755 Turk Street, San Francisco, writes: "I have been troubled with attacks of sick headaches for the last three years from one to three times a week. Some time ago I bought two bottles of Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla and have only had one attack since and that was on the second day after I began using it."

Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla

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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 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 undiluted; 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:

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