

REACH THE VAN.

Reach the van! let not the rear
Ever be your marching place.
Foster courage, banish fear,
Wear a brave, determined face—
Reach the van!

Only they, the bravest true-
Nature's noblemen—can hope
By the glorious work they do
To reach fulfillment's widest scope—
Reach the van!

Laggards, drones and slaves of ease,
Sluggard's long beyond the dawn,
Never the golden moment seize
Which to grand success lends on—
Reach the van!

Man was made to show his might,
Not to grovel in the dust;
Man was made to work for Right,
Not in sin and sloth to rust—
Reach the van!

Ill may come, but ne'er so dark
Was a cloud that did not hold
'Neath its gloomy hood's cheering spark,
Soon to glow like beaming gold—
Reach the van!

Do your best, then, use your power,
Be content not in the rear
Full improve each golden hour—
Be the first in all your sphere—
Reach the van!

History of Worcestershire Sauce.
Many years ago Mrs. Grey, author of
"The Gambler's Wife," and other novels
well known in their day, was on a visit
at Ombersley Court, when Lady Sands
chanced to remark that she wished she
could get some very good curry powder;
which elicited from Mrs. Grey that she
had in her desk an excellent recipe which
her uncle, Sir Charles, chief justice of
India, had brought thence and given her.
Lady Sands said that there were some
clever chemists in Worcester who, per-
haps, might be able to make up the powder;
at all events, when they drove in
after luncheon they would see. One
of them looked at the recipe, doubted if they
could procure all the ingredients, but
said they would do their best, and in due
time forwarded a packet of the powder.

Subsequently the happy thought
struck some one in the business that the
powder might, in solution, make a good
sauce. The experiment was made, and by
degrees the thing took amazingly.
All the world to its remotest ends now
knows of Worcestershire sauce as an
article of commerce, and, notwithstanding
that, in common with most good
things, it is terribly pirated, an enormous
trade is done in it. The profits
amount to thousands of pounds a year.
—London World.

How to Roll an Umbrella.
"Certainly, but you don't need any,"
said a salesman in a Chapel street store
recently to a customer who had just
bought an umbrella, and who had asked
for a rubber ring.
"But I want to keep the ends of the
ribs from spreading when the umbrella
is rolled up," and the customer held up
for inspection the umbrella he had just
rolled.

"Let me show you," said the sales-
man, as he unfastened the band and
shook out the folds. Grasping the stick
so that his right hand held the ends of
the ribs close to the wood, he began roll-
ing the silk in the curve of his left hand.
Whenever he gave the umbrella a turn
he kept the ribs in their original position,
and when the rolling was complete
he held up the umbrella and showed that
the metal tips pressed as closely to the
stick as if riveted in place. —New Haven
Palladium.

What a Fried Pie Is.
Fried pie is a Philadelphia dish that
cannot be found here. The dish is pre-
pared with dried peaches inserted be-
tween half moons of pastry—turnovers,
they are called—with a particular sort
of crumple at the edges, seemingly iden-
tified with their taste. They are fried
in hot lard, and afterward sprinkled over
with sugar and cinnamon or nutmeg.
They are served hot, and to make them
richer butter is inserted between the
smoking ends. They are very good and
desirable if you are armored to resist
their ravages. —New York Evening Sun.

A Natural Church Steeple.
A remarkable pinnacle of rock, some
thirty miles from Grant's Station, in the
San Mateo region, is the "Cerro de las
Alesenas," or Shoemaker's mountain.
It rises 4,000 feet above the valley,
and the upper 2,500 feet is of hexagonal
prisms of columnar basalt, standing
up like a church steeple. Its summit is
totally inaccessible, and like the deserted
heights of the Mesa Escantada of the
Acomas, a host of traditions have gath-
ered about it. —Goldthwaite's Geographi-
cal Magazine.

Raised the Roof.
A delicate youth in Walling, a Colo-
rado settlement, where he had gone to
recuperate his health, succeeded in lift-
ing the roof of a friend's house without
much effort. He was smoking a cigar-
ette near a keg of gunpowder. A spark
lighted on some loose grains, and in an
instant the cigarette, the young man
and the roof were flying skyward.—
Yankee Blade.

Walk Straight.
My dear sir or madam, if you cannot
walk briskly along the pave, I don't see
that you are to be blamed for it. But
there is one thing you can do, namely,
walk in a straight line. Give others a
chance to pass you. Don't worry the
life out of them by vibrating like a pen-
dulum from side to side. Keep in a
straight line. Don't wobble.—Exchange.

In Berlin, Germany, not long ago, the
pupils in one of the public schools saw a
"ghost." Soon others began to see simi-
lar apparitions, and "ghost seeing" ex-
tended from school to school as a regular
epidemic.

When a gun is fired absolutely in the
vertical the ball will fall a few inches
south and west from the gun in the
northern latitude, due west at the equator
and northwest in the southern lati-
tudes.

In the island of Madagascar the dis-
satisfied husband has only to give his
wife a piece of money and to say,
"Madame, I thank you," in order to be

AT THE LONDON ZOO.

HOW THE CHILDREN ENJOY THEM-
SELVES ON A SATURDAY.

Seeing the Animals in London's Great
Garden Take Their Daily Meal in a
Weekly Attraction in the Big City.
Watching the Creatures Eat.

No day is more animated at the London
Zoological gardens than Saturday,
when the children appear in full force,
marshaled by papas and mammas, who
are doubtless glad enough to visit the
scene of their own early "larks," but
who try to look-as if they came only as
guides and guardians. The little peo-
ple begin to appear early in the forenoon,
some of them bringing a lunch basket,
wherein may be found not only their
own bread and butter but biscuit and
buns for feeding the animals.

Those who are to take their noonday
meal in the refreshment rooms, how-
ever, need not be destitute of provender
for their four footed acquaintances; a
bun may always be bought for a penny,
and biscuit are abundant on many a
convenient counter.

First comes the preliminary ramble,
and then a skurry back to the fish house,
where at 12 o'clock the diving birds are
fed. A large glass tank of clear water
occupies one end of the room, and into
this precisely at noon an attendant
throws a handful of tiny fish, a few of
them still living. Then the side of an
adjoining cage is removed, and down
plunge the penguins to seize their prey.

It must be confessed that their table
manners are not fine. They literally
gobble fish after fish, and then hurl
themselves about in the water, evidently
delighted with their bath.

Another bird—a slender, graceful
creature, familiarly called a "darter"—
is admitted alone to the tank, and his
motions in eating his fish dinner are
wonderful to see. He sweeps through
the water like an arrow, and impaling
each fish upon his bill lifts his head, and
in some mysterious and lightning-
like manner catches the victim and
swallows it.

THE RIDE ON THE ELEPHANTS.
Later in the afternoon the pelicans are
fed in the little yard where they strut
solemnly all day long. A small pond
occupies its center, and into this bits of
fish are thrown, in search of which the
birds rush pell mell, covering the water
with a confusion of gigantic waving
wings. As the attendant approaches to
carry out this pleasing ceremony, the
birds awaken from their drowsy calm,
and it is a sight not soon to be forgotten
if one can watch a stately old pelican
lift his wings and begin an awkward
curvetting in token of his joy.

In the bear pit, a deep and well lighted
inclosure, dwell two bears, who are un-
wieldy with the fatness produced by
many buns. They have been so per-
sistently fed by visitors that when one
looks over the railing his bearship calm-
ly rises, holds out two entreating fore
paws and sits in pleased anticipation of
a feast.

He catches bits of bun in his mouth
with the unerring skill given by long
practice, and will even climb the pole in
the center of the pit, if one will but hold
a bun over it suspended from a stick.

"But how will he know I want him to
climb?" said a little girl, who had just
been provided with this plummy bribe.

"Just hold it near the pole where he
can get it," said an attendant, "and he'll
do the rest. He knows as much as we
do."

So, heavily and with much panting,
the awkward creature mounts his pole,
seizes the bun, and descends to munch it
in content.

The crowning joy of all perhaps for
little visitors is that of riding the ele-
phants, which, provided with great sad-
dles, large enough for a dozen people,
take their load of shrieking, laughing
children and go lumbering off down the
walks, waving their trunks this side and
that in the hope of receiving a stray tit-
bit from the neighboring crowd.

FEEDING THE LIONS.
Later in the day comes one great
event, to which even the most serious
grown person must be interested. At
half past 4 the lions are fed! Long
before the time visitors begin to pour
into the building where, in large cages
against the wall, lions, tigers and leop-
ards are pacing restlessly up and down.
The creatures themselves need no
watches to tell them dinner time is near.

At the appointed moment a man en-
ters, pushing a barrow of bleeding meat,
and wheels it past the cages to the very
end of the room. At the smell and
sight pandemonium breaks loose. One
terrible roar, made by many voices in
awful concord, fills the place. At the
last cage the barrow stops, a bar is
thrown back, and two large pieces of
meat are thrown in. The lion seizes them
in his paws and lies contentedly down,
to gnaw and lick them with the delib-
eration of a well fed animal.

So the programme goes on, until one
voice after another is silenced and the
barrow is empty. One very interesting
fact is always to be observed. The
animals do not, on receiving their first
piece of meat, retire to devour it; they
wait for the second and then turn away
with both held securely in their paws.
They have evidently learned how much
to expect and can count up to that
number.

Indeed the delights of the Zoo are
almost inexhaustible to animal loving
children. There is the monkey house,
where those grave, wrinkled, half hu-
man creatures sit picking fleas from
each other with an air of funny absorp-
tion. There is the chimpanzee "Sally,"
who will count five for her keeper by
passing him the requisite number of
straws, and who, at request, will eat
with her fingers, as she "used to do,"
and then with a fork, as she does now
that she is civilized. "Queer old Sally,"
as one little boy said, and happy children
who can see her! —Youth's Companion.

Fish swallow their food whole because
they are obliged to keep continually
opening and closing the mouth for the

Walt Whitman in New York.

Notwithstanding his residence in
Washington, his stay in New Orleans,
where he did some good newspaper
work, and not counting his long vegeta-
tion in Camden, N. J., Walt Whitman
is in every fiber a thorough New Yorker.
Why not? He was born, seventy-two
years ago, in a little village over on
Long Island, and, like most Long Island-
ers, naturally drifted to this town. My
old journalistic friend remembers him
here thirty-five years ago, when he first
put out his "Leaves of Grass." This
city was comparatively small then, and
Walt Whitman was as conspicuous a
citizen as any—knew everybody and
everybody knew him. He was a marked
figure on Broadway—a most manly man,
as vigorous and virile as his own poetry.

His very personality impressed itself
upon all passers by, and men, and even
women, turned around to look at him.
He was almost the first to make the now
fashionable fad of the flannel shirt in
summer his all the year round conven-
ience and comfort, and the broad collar
was turned over a silk American flag.
His ordinary wear was a neat suit of
workman's clothes. Whatever he
might be called, a Democrat or a Republi-
can, he prided himself upon being
"one of the people." Brady, then fa-
mous as a photographer, was the first to
capture Whitman, and thereafter every
photographer in town displayed colored
pictures of Walt, especially to show his
American flag scarf.

There were omnibuses in those days
—"stages," they called them—and every
driver knew Walt Whitman; and up
and down Broadway the poet was promi-
nent; often for hours, beside a driver on
the box. The lively street was his studio
in which he made his pictures of the
people and his studies of humanity.—
New York Cor. Brooklyn Times.

The Development of Siam.
The Siamese sovereigns have usually
been men of considerable ability and in
energy and enlightenment are superior
to most Asiatic potentates. The late
king of Siam and his successor have
done what they could to introduce the
forms of western civilization. Bangkok,
the capital, has the electric light, tram
cars and government offices of European
architecture, and the present king has
also shown himself a reformer of abuses,
especially of the worst of Siamese social
evils, the universality of serfdom and
the prevalence of slavery.

Further and much needed reforms are
expected from him, but even were the
political and fiscal administration of the
kingdom very much better than it is the
Siamese, a lighthearted nation of Bud-
dhists, fond of amusement and accus-
tomed to frequent holidays, are little
fitted to develop the great resources of
their country.

The internal trade is chiefly in the
hands of Chinese, who, with the
Malays, add some millions more to the
estimated population of 6,000,000. Rail-
ways are being constructed and Euro-
peans have been encouraged by the
policy of Siamese royalty to settle at
Bangkok and to develop the external
trade of Siam.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Explosives in Mines.
It has been claimed that the use of
modern explosives in mines leads to the
production of such poisonous fumes that
a grave danger to the workmen is thus
incurred. A short time ago a commit-
tee was appointed by the Durham Coal
Owners' association, consisting of repre-
sentatives of both masters and men, to
consider this important question. Careful
experiments having been made, the
committee came to the conclusion that
the fumes produced are not more dan-
gerous than those from gunpowder;
that carbon monoxide—the irrespirable
gas which is produced by the combus-
tion of charcoal, and which has led to
so many deaths—is present only in
traces; that an interval of five minutes
should be allowed to elapse before the
men re-enter the gallery in which the
charge has been fired; and that as they
find a portion of the deleterious gases
are due to the fuse employed, the charges
should be invariably fired by electricity.
—New York Telegram.

A Unique Social Organization.
The latest departure in clubdom is the
formation of the Annie Lynch Botta
Conversation club, a purely social or-
ganization of literary and artistic men
and women, founded in memory of Mrs.
Botta's famous Sunday evenings. The
topic of the evening's conversation is
known only to one person, who selects it
but does not announce it until after the
company has assembled, which pre-
cludes all possibility of preparation and
secures the charm of spontaneity to the
talk.

The person who selects the topic is
called the "director," and leads the con-
versation. This office is not held by the
same person on consecutive evenings.
Membership in the club is obtained only
through the medium of friendship with
those already admitted to its privileges.
—New York Sun.

A Successful Drummer.
A. B. Cummings, who was famous in
the gentlemen's furnishing trade
throughout the country and was re-
garded as in some respects the most
brilliant salesman in New York, is dead
quite suddenly from an attack of the
grip. He was able to command a salary
of \$10,000, besides handsome commis-
sions on his sales, and he earned more
money selling neckties than a majority
of the bank presidents receive in salary,
or nine-tenths of the lawyers here gain
in practice at the bar.—New York Let-
ter.

One Year's Patents.
Some months ago the American patent
office had its 100th birthday, and the
last half of the century has witnessed
wonderful strides in that direction. In
the first fifty years only 12,412 patents
were issued, but last year there were 23,
080.

The variety of patented articles is
really wonderful, and American inge-
nuity seems to be in no danger of ex-
hausting itself. Every year shows a
larger number of inventions than the

Hard for a Foreigner to Understand.

The construction of the English lan-
guage must appear most formidable to a
foreigner. One of them, looking at a
picture of a number of vessels, said,
"See what a flock of ships!" He was
told that a flock of ships was called a
fleet, and that a fleet of sheep was called
a flock.

And it was added for his guidance in
mastering the intricacies of our lan-
guage that "a flock of girls is called a
bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a
pack, and a pack of thieves is called a
gang, and a gang of angels is called a
hoop, and a host of porpoises is called a
shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called
a herd, and a herd of children is called
a troop, and a troop of partridges is
called a covey, and a covey of beauties
is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of
ruffians is called a horde, and a horde
of rubbish is called a heap, and a
heap of oxen is called a drove, and a
drove of blackguards is called a
mob, and a mob of whales is called
a school, and a school of worshippers
is called a congregation, and a con-
gregation of engineers is called a
corps, and a corps of robbers is called a
band, and a band of locusts is called a
swarm, and a swarm of people is called
a crowd.—Boston Commercial.

Diogenes' Tart Irony.
Diogenes indulged in a "tart irony"
when, observing over the door of a
schoolroom this inscription, "Let no de-
ceiver enter here," he quietly asked,
"How does the teacher go in?"—New
York Home Journal.

The whitebait, the sprat, the sardine
and the anchovy are the smallest of the
finny tribe, and yet the collection and
sale of these form important and very
profitable industries.

CON-
STIPATION.

Affects half the American people yet there is
only one preparation of Sarsaparilla that acts on
the bowels and reaches this important trouble,
and that is Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla. It re-
lieves it in 24 hours, and an occasional dose
prevents return. We refer by permission to C. E.
Elkington, 125 Locust Avenue, San Francisco;
J. H. Brown, Petaluma; H. S. Winn, Geary Court,
San Francisco, and hundreds of others who have
used it in constipation. One letter is a sample of
hundreds. Elkington, writes: "I have been for
years subject to bilious headaches and constipa-
tion. Have been so bad for a year back have
had to take a physic every other night or else I
would have a headache. After taking one bottle
of J. V. S., I am in splendid shape. It has done
wonderful things for me. People similarly
troubled should try it and be convinced."

Most modern, most effective, largest bottle,
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SUCCESSFULLY
used two years ago during the La Grippe epi-
demic, and very flattering testimonials of their
power over that disease are at hand. Manufactured
by the S. B. Medicine Co., at DuFur,
Oregon. For sale by all druggists.

A Severe Law.

The English peo-
ple look more closely
of these staples than
we do. In fact, they
have a law under
which they make
seizures and de-
stroy 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 adul-
teration.
Tea, by the way, is one of the most notori-
ously adulterated articles of commerce. Not
alone are the bright, shiny green teas arti-
ficially colored, but thousands of pounds of
substitute for tea leaves are used to swell
the bulk of cheap teas; ash, rice, and willow
leaves being those most commonly used.
Again, sweepings from tea watch-uses 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 guar-
anty that it is uncolored and unadulterated;
in fact, the sun-cure tea leaf pure and sim-
ple. 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 ap-
parent. It will be a revelation to you. In
order that its purity and quality may be guar-
anteed, it is sold only in pound packages
bearing this trade-mark.



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Price 60c per pound. For sale at
Leslie B. Butler's

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the sea. Its record is before the people and the
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