

HOW

How to Make a Dress Look Well Always.
Be sure it fits well; that doesn't mean that it should be too tight for comfort. See that it hangs exactly right.

When taking it off hang it up instead of throwing it in a heap to get crumpled. Never omit sleeve protectors if you need them at all.

Make war against all spots and press platings that need it.

Send any rent on the right side with ravelings of goods and press carefully. Replace braid as soon as worn and brush whenever the dress needs it.

Have as handsome buttons as you can afford; they give style to a plain suit and are necessary on an elegant one.

How to Treat a Frozen Part.
Rub with snow and the bare hand alternately, gradually increasing the friction until the sensation returns. The person frozen should by no means be taken into a warm room until the sensation is restored. It is nearly always best to begin in a tolerably cold room and let the air grow warmer very gradually.

In short, the frozen part should be thawed by a gradual extension of the patient's own circulation and never by outside heat, as in the latter there is danger of mortification.

How to Treat a Newspaper Reporter.
Don't tell a newspaper reporter, when he calls on you on business, things which you do not wish him to print. He does not call for information for the fun of it. He is there on business. When you meet a reporter socially don't say to him every time you open your mouth, "This is not for publication."

The chances are that reporters know the proprieties of life quite as well as men in other callings. If you really have information to give either give it cheerfully and frankly or refuse with firmness, but don't try to be clever and attempt any "funny business." If you give the information frankly you will in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred be accurately reported and respectfully treated. If you refuse on any other than trivial grounds your reticence will be respected. If you try to outwit the reporter by an effort to mislead him or by direct misrepresentation you are sure to make a mess of it and wish that you had been better advised. Disabuse your mind of any foolish impression that newspaper reporters are malignant persons trying to stir up strife in the world. They are as a rule the opposite of this and have as high an idea as other men of that message of glad tidings, "Peace on earth and good will among all good men."

How to Check Vomiting.
An obstinate case of vomiting (that is, when the vomiting continues simply by convulsive retching after the original cause has ceased) may often be cured by drinking freely of water as hot as can be done. Seasickness in some people is greatly relieved by the same method.

How to Shave Easily.
The moment you get out of bed is the best time. Your beard will never be so pliable after you are around awhile. First wash your beard well with soap and cold water. Rain water is better, of course. Then apply lather plentifully and cold as a rule. But if your razor is cold, close it and place it in your pocket or under your arm till it gets warm. Like other edged tools, the razor is only a very fine saw, and therefore it is better to move it a little endways as you shave rather than with a straight, broad sweep. If you always shave in one direction around your face the beard will soon get a permanent "cant" in that direction, the effect of which is well, a matter of taste.

How to Loosen Glass Stoppers.
Sometimes a ground glass stopper gets fixed so tight in the neck of the bottle that it cannot be loosened without danger of breaking. In that case dip a rag in hot water and wrap it around the neck. Try the stopper soon, so as to seize the instant when the heat has expanded the bottle neck and has not yet affected the stopper. A drop or two of camphine around the stopper so that it will soak in between it and the neck will often serve. The surfaces of polished glass, stopper and neck often adhere with wonderful tenacity.

How to Serve Macaroni for a Change.
Boil it until tender, putting it into a vegetable dish. Then prepare fine bread crumbs by tossing them in hot butter in a spider until they are crisp. Spread these over the macaroni. This is borrowed from the German way of serving noodles.

How to Clean Shells.
Make a strong lye from ashes and allow it to settle thoroughly, then boil the shells in it six or seven hours. Soak them in fresh water and rinse.

How to Make a Barometer.
Take a long narrow bottle and put in it 2 1/2 drams of camphor and eleven drams of spirits of wine. As soon as the camphor is dissolved add a mixture composed of water nine drams, salt-peter thirty-eight grains and muriate of ammonia (sal ammoniac) thirty-eight grains. Dissolve these thoroughly in water before adding them to the other mixture. Shake the whole well together. Cork the bottle and wax in the cork tightly. Then make a minute aperture in the cork with a hot needle. Hang up the bottle and the many changes in the appearance of the fluid will soon teach you by experience the impending changes.

How to Save Glass from Sudden Heat.
In washing, place the glass in cold or tepid water first and add the hot water without pouring any on the glass. When a cold lamp chimney is placed on a lamp turn up the light slowly, giving the glass time to heat equally.

LONDON THEATER TOUTS.

How Patrons Are Made Miserable by Cloak, Programme and Other Feuds.
You have scarcely put your nose inside a theater before you are seized upon and called to stand and deliver. First it is your coat. Men and women rush after you and pester you for your coat. They would rejoice if all were foolish enough to yield to their importunate demands, and risk colds, coughs, influenza and bronchitis for the rest of their natural life. Why, it is madness to venture into the stalls without a draft protector. Modern theaters are so constructed that they are mere draft traps.

If you are seated near the door you risk a stiff neck. You must wrap your cloak around you and be careful to protect your legs from the blasts of wind that pour in from every crack and chink. If you are in the center of the stalls, at many theaters directly the curtain is raised a tornado of wind rushes across the footlights and catches you by the throat. I often think that women are mad who venture into theaters with low dresses in winter time. It is bad enough for men.

And yet these attendants get quite offended if we do not leave behind us, the only garments that will protect us from sudden death. Remember that no one is free from the theater highwaysmen. Even those who go in with orders cannot get out of the cloakroom or programme tax. At last they must pay. I remember once going into a theater with a friend who had a keen sense of the ludicrous. I think it must have been W. S. Gilbert. It was a morning performance and he was attacked in the usual way:

"Coat, sir!"
"What do you want with it?"
"To take it off."

"Very well," he murmured innocently. The highwayman prepared to strip off his coat, and behold! my friend, who had prepared for the dodge, walked away in his shirt sleeves! He had only put on his overcoat, with nothing underneath it.

Unconcerned he was preparing to enter the stalls coatless, when the attendant rushed after him.

"Look here, sir, you must not go into the stalls like that!"

"Why not?" he asked with a bland and innocent air. "You asked for my coat. You have got it. What more can you want?"
The coat and cloak fiends having been disposed of, you encounter the second rank of tout. Now it is a programme for which you must pay. They insouciantly bar your passage. They dun you and din into your ears, "Programme, sir!" It is not a civil request to know if you would like a programme or not, but a demand with an implied threat. The implication is that you are a stingy person, who has no right to be seen in the stalls.

But this is not all. Having gone through the first easy stages of theatrical purgatory, you are worried all the evening with ice sellers and chocolate vendors and stale cake providers. If you are in the stalls, safely wrapped up from the drafts, these tout edge in between the very narrow and uncomfortable stalls and generally make hay. They tread on your toes, they disturb the little nest you have made, they make havoc with the ladies' back hair, pulling out combed hairpins and crushing the result of the maid's handiwork. They don't care if they dig you in the eye with an ice tray or powder you with the refuse of sponge cake or bury you under chocolate boxes.

Their duty is to make as much money as possible for the speculating contractor. It is not their fault, poor things. They all get a commission on their wares and it is their duty to tout.—Clement Scott in London Graphic.

Sense in National Proverbs.
There is a deal of sound sense in the proverbs of a nation. Earl Russell defined a proverb as being the wit of one man and the wisdom of many, and the aptness of this is well shown in the following from the Spanish, "Since we cannot get what we like, let us like what we get." The thought is as old as the race of mankind, but ages passed before one man hit upon the happy expression of it. This saying, from the Chinese, is a whole homily on pride in one sentence, "When a tree is blown down, it shows that the branches are longer than the roots."
For a concise expression of the lofty aspirations of youth and the sober achievements of riper years, take this sentence from Henry D. Thoreau, "The youth gets together his materials to build a bridge to the moon, or perchance a palace or temple on the earth, and at length the middle aged man concludes to build a woodshed with them."—B. A. Heydrick in Brains.

The Planchette.
The planchette was the popular craze in the year 1887 in Japan. The instrument used there consists of three pieces of bamboo of a specified length tied in the middle to form a tripod, over which is inverted a shallow circular tray of lacquered ware about a foot in diameter. The legs are 1 foot 6 inches, Japanese, in length. All present put their hands gently on the tray, and the cokrui, as the object is called, or cokrui san, as being honorific, is politely asked to answer the proposed questions by raising one leg for "yes" and another for "no." Or for "yes" by turning around, many such devices being used. The operation will be seen to be more closely allied to "table turning" than what we know as the planchette.—Philadelphia Ledger.

It Went Off.
One of my fellow students once bought an old gun, which he intended to use in some private theatricals he was producing. Several of his fellow comrades were in his room one night and the gun came up for criticism. One of them picked it up and pointed it, pulling the trigger. The others followed suit, but after six or seven of them had tried it, the next one pulled the trigger, the gun going off and blinding one of the poor fellows for life, as well as disfiguring him.—London Tit-Bits.

A Woman's Statement.

They got into an argument about the money made by people who earn their living on the stage. Of course they differed; people can't argue satisfactorily unless they do differ. But here is the opinion of a woman who was once on the stage, who was considered popular, who was clever enough in her work to get applause and praise, who presumably earned more than the average actress, and yet who is content with her present life:

"When I take out the money paid for gowns which were useless except on the stage, when I make allowance for traveling expenses, hotel bills, weeks in which few performers earn anything; when I take into account engagements which could not for many reasons be satisfactory to me; when I foot up the salaries which sometimes in my early work I never received, and when I estimate the thousand and one little expenses which were then necessary, I consider that for several years of my life I earned practically nothing but a living, and I worked very hard, you must understand. When I got married I left the stage. Now it isn't necessary to tell you what my salary was or what my husband's salary now is, but his earnings are less than mine were. But we two live much better on his smaller salary than I alone could live on my bigger salary. We have a pretty home and all that we need to be happy. We save a little money too. So I suppose this is a fair answer as to what one makes on the stage. There are a great many circumstances to be considered."—New York Tribune.

Ten Anxious Minutes.

Captain Anderson rescued the crew of a Dutch schooner from a wild part of the island of Formosa, after firing upon some of the natives. His return is thus described in "A Cruise in an Opium Clipper": "Our way took us in single file through a narrow pass, and as I entered it at the head of my men, for a second my heart almost ceased to beat at the startling sight that met my gaze. The pass was lined on both sides with ferocious looking natives armed with pole axes, spears, huge knives and many other death dealing instruments. Although I was taken flat aback by the sight, some instinct carried me forward sword in hand, looking to the right and left with a cool, staring eye, which seemed to curb the revengeful spirit of the natives. On arriving at the other end of the defile I stopped, turned round, saw all the men safely through, and then told them in unmistakable English to make a clean pair of heels for the ship, while I brought up the rear at a sharp pace as soon as I had got a little way from the entrance of the pass, so that the natives might not see us in too great a hurry. How they let us through without touching a hair of our heads or once making a motion toward us passes my comprehension."

Letters That Never Came.
They tell a funny story of a man who rented a box in the postoffice awhile ago. He appears to have been new to the business and failed to get the hang of the thing. After a month or so he called on one of the postoffice officials and began to kick about the box. "The blamed thing never had any mail in it," was his complaint.

"I have looked in that box every day since I rented it and it hasn't had a thing in it the whole time. I even addressed a letter to myself and never heard from it." The two took a look at the box and the postoffice man inquired if the box renter had ever opened his box. Why, no; of course not. Couldn't he see that there wasn't anything in it. Of course it turned out that he had forgotten the number of his box though it was on his receipt, and had been watching and swearing over an unrented one. He found a stock of mail in his box at last and went away feeling small enough to crowd inside of it.—Buffalo Express.

The Wooden Indian.
I used to live in Spain, and afterward in the West Indies, before I came to the States. I met the wooden Indian long before I came to this country. I have been asked before where the wooden Indian got his start. I only know what I have heard about him in the Old World. There was an adventurer named Rutz who left his old city, Barcelona, and came to Virginia 300 years ago. When he returned he executed the wooden Indian in a rude way, as a type of the sort of animal he had met in the New World, and the figure was set up in front of a shop where wine was sold. Finally it became a sort of trademark. There were smokers in those days and they assembled around the Indian. And the wooden Indian is now seen in front of nearly every cigar store.—Interview in Chicago Tribune.

Waited Until the Child Was Safe.
An interesting little war story has Governor Jones, of Alabama, for its hero. At the time Gordon was resisting Sherman's advance, Jones, then a staff captain, was delivering a message from his chief when he saw a little child, clad only in night clothes, hiding in terror behind a frame house in the direct range of the bullets from each army. Jones rode forward, took the child on his horse and galloped back with her to the Confederate line. When the Union forces saw the act they ceased firing, and there was an impromptu cessation of hostilities until the child had been carried to a point of safety.—Charleston News and Courier.

Thieves Trust in Fortune Tellers.
The thief has implicit reliance in the foreknowledge claimed by gypsies and other people, and he has been known to pay blackmail to professed exponents of the "black art" who threatened him with all manner of perils.—Exchange.

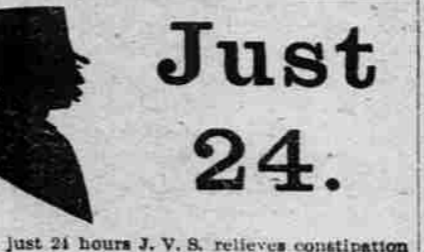
His Error.
Husband—Thank heaven I am not as other men.
Wife—You are mistaken there. It is they who should be thankful.—Detroit Free Press.

A Street Magician.

The following account of an amusing adventure is vouched for by the highly respectable gentleman to whom the incident occurred. "I was walking down one of the principal streets of San Francisco on a windy afternoon, when a sudden gust of wind lifted my high silk hat (for I had been making some visits and was clothed in my best) and sent it spinning down the street. Of course I started at once in pursuit; but before I could reach it my unfortunate tile was picked up by a gentlemanly looking person who was apparently about to return it to me with a bow, when he suddenly exclaimed, 'I beg your pardon, allow me' and he drew out of my hat a cabbage. 'This is very odd,' he continued, as the half dozen idlers who had been watching the proceedings drew near, 'but really, my dear sir—drawing out a bunch of carrots—this must be very uncomfortable—extracting half a dozen big beet—'and you cannot surely put such things as these on your head,' and he held up, amid the laughter of the crowd, a rabbit, who kicked violently as he was held aloft by the ears. Rather annoyed at the publicity of the entertainment, I finally succeeded in capturing my hat, and the magician, followed by a small crowd, took his way up the street ready to play his tricks upon any other likely subject."—New York Tribune.

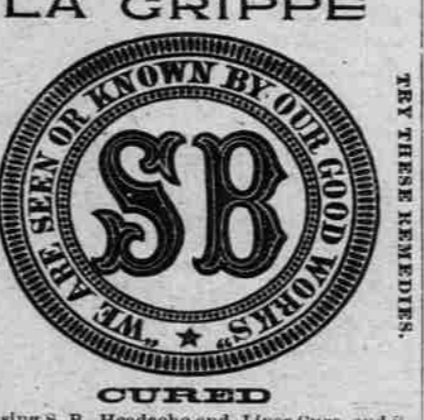
Twins Nine Times Without a Skip.
Mr. John Miscall, who is one of the head bakers in James Reed & Sons' bakery, Norfolk, Va., has been made the proud possessor of the ninth consecutive pair of healthy and strong twins, a boy and a girl. Mrs. Miscall has never given birth to one child at a time.—Cor. Baltimore American.

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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 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-hedges are kept, dried, and made over and find their way into the cheap teas.

The English government attempts to stamp this out by confiscating; but no tea is too poor for it, and the result is, that probably the poorest teas used by any nation are those consumed in America.

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