

THE AUSTRALIAN BALLOT LAW.

Sec. 50. There shall be provided and furnished for each election precinct not less than four white ballots for each vote cast in such election precinct at the general election next preceding, and a like number of the colored or sample ballots. The colored or sample ballots shall be duplicate impressions of the white ballots, but without perforated stubs. These colored or sample ballots shall be furnished as soon as printed, at any time before the election, by the respective county clerks, in reasonable quantities, to all electors applying for the same; and on the day of election, under the direction and control of the judges at each polling place, the sample ballots shall be given in reasonable and proper quantities to all electors applying for them.
Sec. 51. When any vacancy occurs by death or withdrawal aforesaid, and after the printing of the ballots any person or persons are nominated, as aforesaid, to fill such vacancy, the county clerk shall, a sufficient time before the election, cause to be prepared and printed, according to law, upon cards of instruction, arranged in the manner herein required for the ballots, the names and information concerning such candidates so nominated to fill such vacancies caused by death or withdrawal; one of such cards, certified by the county clerk, shall be posted and kept posted in plain view in each compartment or place provided for preparing the ballots in each polling place, and the same shall also be posted in the county clerk's office from the time the same is prepared until after the election.
Sec. 52. It shall be the duty of the county clerk of each county to cause the name of each nominee who has thus withdrawn or died to be canceled upon the white ballots, and also the colored ballots, before they are given out to the electors. If said ballots have been already forwarded to the several election precincts, the county clerks shall, if there is time, certify the matter to the judges of the several election precincts, and then it shall be the duty of the judges of such election precincts, in accordance with such certification, to see that the name of each candidate who has thus withdrawn or died is canceled upon the white and colored ballots before they are given out to the electors, and also that such cards of instruction, or lists of the candidates nominated to fill such vacancy, are duly posted in each compartment or place provided for preparing the ballots, before the ballots are given out to the electors.
Sec. 53. It shall be the duty of the county clerk of each county to provide for each election precinct within such county one large and one smaller ballot-box, the larger one of which shall be used for the reception of all general ballots deposited, and the smaller one for all ballots cast only for state or district officers. Said larger boxes shall be marked "general," and the smaller "state and district," respectively. Each of such ballot-boxes shall be provided with a lid fastened with hinges, and a good lock and key. The lid shall form the top of the box and contain an opening or slot five inches long and one-quarter of an inch wide for the reception of ballots. All ballots cast by electors entitled to vote for all the officers to be elected at the election shall be deposited in the box marked "general." All ballots cast by electors qualified only to vote for state, or state and district officers shall be deposited in the box marked "state and district."
Sec. 54. A sufficient time, and not less than five days before the opening of the polls at any election provided for in this act, the county clerk of each county in which the election is to be held shall deliver to the sheriff of the county for use at each polling place in the county: 1. The proper number of ballots required for each polling place, prepared and printed as provided in this act. 2. The two ballot boxes required by this act. 3. Two poll-books required by this act. 4. One copy of the election laws of this state required by this act. 5. A sufficient number of tally-sheets required by this act. 6. A sufficient quantity of pens, ink, blotting-pads, indelible copying pencils, needles and string for stringing ballots and stubs, sealing wax and the like, necessary and convenient for carrying out the provisions of this act. The white ballots so furnished shall be in a package by themselves, and the package shall be marked on the outside "white ballots," with the number contained in the package, and the package shall be addressed to the judge of the polling place for which it is intended, and the package shall be certified by the clerk and be sealed under the seal of the county court of the county. The colored or sample ballots shall likewise be in a separate package by themselves, and the package shall be marked on the outside "colored or sample ballots," with the number contained in the package, certified, addressed, and sealed. The poll-books, tally-sheets, and copy of election laws shall likewise be done up in a package, addressed, and sealed. The other articles shall likewise be addressed. The county clerk shall keep a record of the addresses mentioned in the contents of the packages, and the number thereof.
(To be Continued.)

Neuralgia Cured in 15 Minutes. Mr. J. S. Sturtevant, editor of the Waupaca (Wis.) Post, says: "Last night Chamberlain's Pain Balm cured my wife of neuralgia of the face and tooth in fifteen minutes. We would not be without it." 50 cent bottles for sale by Blakeley & Hotington, druggists.

A CATTLE FUNERAL.

HOW THE WILD HERDS OF THE PRAIRIES MOURN A DEATH.

A Leader Sniffs a Decaying Carcass from Afar and Bolls for the Grave, Followed by the Bellowing Herd—Creatures Come from All Directions.

A cattle funeral may seem an odd thing to write about, but it is ten times more sad to witness. If the observer happens to be on foot in the vicinity of the scene of the ceremony, however, he is apt to find it anything but odd, unless there be a tree or some other place of refuge convenient, or the curious onlooker be unusually fleet of foot. But doubtless the average reader does not know what a cattle funeral is like, and perhaps is not inclined to give credit to the possible existence of such a thing. If he has never lived in a locality where cattle of a more or less untamed disposition are wont to range, he will certainly never have had an opportunity to learn by observation any of the peculiar and notable facts connected with this remarkable phenomenon of the range.

A cattle funeral, then, is nothing more or less than exactly what the words seem to indicate—a ceremony of mourning over the untimely fate of a departed herd-mate, in which every individual member of the band that is within long range ear or nose shot is bound to participate. In detail this ceremony consists of a sort of walk around, accompanied with the most doleful, ear-piercing and heart-rending moans, shrieks and bellowings and varied by ponderous pawings in the ground and the most singularly dexterous flingings of the resultant dust upon the backs of the four-footed mourners.

To observe or participate in a cattle funeral let the curious minded go out upon the range; select some spot which is open and affords no obstruction to the view, and from which no "critter" is in sight.

Having selected such a spot, let one of the "critters" be brought quietly and secretly from a distance, and without undue ostentation, as becomes poachers upon another man's range, let him be done to death. Let the offal be secreted where even the coyotes cannot find it, and let the hide and flesh be carried carefully away. Then let earth be thrown on the blood stains to hide all traces of disturbance, and let this all be done so well that even the human eye can detect nothing that would reveal what had been done.

THE LEADER SNIFFS THE WIND. Then let the twenty-four hours, or even less, pass, unless indeed there be cattle within a mile or less at the time of the slaughter. But for the purpose of illustration suppose that twenty-four hours have elapsed.

Then suppose a lot of one or two hundred head of cattle come drifting down over the range to the leeward of the spot where the slaughter of the day previous occurred. The leader of the herd may be two or three miles, perhaps farther, from the scene of blood. Suddenly he commences to show signs of uneasiness. Though the grass be deep and luxuriant he only feeds a few moments continuously, lifting his head and tossing his horns as if an enemy was near.

Suddenly there is a strong puff of wind, and as the nostrils of the leader inhale the air a transformation occurs like a flash of lightning. He halts, throws his muzzle into the air and then emits a most unearthly, prolonged, weird, moaning shriek or bellow. It is like none of the various noises made upon other occasions, but has a tone that is all its own and which is evidently well understood by the entire herd.

With another shriek, which can be heard for a mile and even further, the leader breaks into a run, with his tail in the air and with his head shaking angrily from side to side, followed by all the members of the herd, each adding to the volume of sound that now fills the air. As other animals feeding quietly at a distance hear the peculiar sounds they, too, prick up their ears, then with answering shrieks they gallop wildly toward the excited band and join it in pursuit of the leader.

A TERRIFIC SCENE. That animal quickly arrives at the telltale spot. He snuffs at the ground, meanwhile lashing his sides with his tail and bellowing continually in a manner that suggests the height of rage. His eyes flash wildly, the froth drops from his jaws and flecks his neck and body. He paws the ground angrily with his hoofs, and by dexterous twisting manages to cast great masses of the earth into the air and upon his back.

The others come racing up and crowd closely about the spot where their mate was slain. An inner circle is formed by the excited animals, with their heads all pointing to a common center, and these bellow and paw the ground and race around and around until exhausted. Meanwhile the others are circling rapidly about the central cluster and finally displace the earlier arrivals, whereupon they too go through the same performance.

The scene is a terrific one. Horns are clashed against horns, the bellowing of the angry animals is deafening, the air is filled with dust, the beasts seem actuated each by some particular malevolent spirit, and their actions appear prompted almost by human understanding.

Occasionally the scene of bloodshed will be discovered by some wandering "critter" who has that portion of the range to himself temporarily. There may be no other cattle within two or three miles, yet the lone wanderer will commence the procedure already described, and within a quarter or half an hour he will have been joined by others, while inside of an hour there will be a dense mass of excited cattle on the spot, and from the range in every direction others will be seen hurrying to the scene.

Altogether a cattle funeral is one of the oddest and most interesting sights that can be witnessed—by a man up a tree.—San Francisco Chronicle.

THE MAN WITH A FAILING.

His Efforts to Relieve the Intense Anxiety Were Not Successful.

It was 10:30 o'clock at night, and the rain and wind and darkness made it a wild one, when the train suddenly came to a halt. Some one had swung a lantern on the track about a quarter of a mile from the bridge spanning Shady creek. Those of us who turned out to learn what was up saw a farmer-looking man come back to the smoking car with the conductor, and when in out of the storm the latter asked: "Now, then, you say there's trouble ahead. What is it? Talk fast, for I am now twelve minutes behind time."

The man was about forty years old, dressed in coarse clothing and was wet to the skin. The lantern was an old fashioned one, made of tin, and the light was furnished by a piece of candle about three inches long. "Look a-here, general," he replied to the conductor in a nervous way, "go sorter slow on me or I can't tell yo' the story."

"What do you mean?" "I've—I've got a failin. If yo' git me excited I'll stut-stutter till yo' can't understand a word I say."

"Very well, you stopped us?" "Yes; I felt called to do it. Hold on, now! Don't push me!" "I'll give you time. You live near here, don't you?"

"Right up by the branch thar. Lived thar goin on twenty years. Keep cool, general, and don't git me nervous. I'm a-doin all right so far."

"Well, you felt called upon to stop us?" "I did. It's been rainin purty steady fur about a week."

"Yes." "The branch has just been a-bumpin of herself fur the last two days."

"Yes, the water has been risin." "Hold on, general! Don't chip in too fast. I'm a-holdin of myself as hard as I kin, but I feel my tongue wobblein around. This noon I seen the water risin mighty fast and I felt it my duty to watch it. I went up agin about dark and then agin an hour ago, I knowed when you was due here, and—"

"And you stopped us. Good heavens, man! but the bridge is gone!" "Hold on, general! You are goin too fast! I t-t-told you if you g-got me excited—"

"Take it easy," replied the conductor. "Just think what you want to say and then speak very slow. Great lands! but what an escap!"

"General, I reckoned yo'd worry about the bridge." "Yes, I've been very anxious about it." "Yo' knowed the water was risin way up."

"Yes." "I told the old woman yo'd worry about it, and that I'd best git the lantern and stop the t-t-train a-a-and t-t-tell!"

"Take it easy, man, there's no hurry. You got your lantern and stopped the train to tell us that the bridge had been floated off by the freshet. I understand and I can promise you—"

"General!" "Yes." "The bridge is all right! I reckoned yo'd worry over it, and so I got the lantern and stopped the train to tell you that the water had gone down four feet and the bridge hadn't suffered a hair!"

I don't remember all the conductor said when he got at the facts, nor how many passengers helped throw the man down among the bushes, but when the train moved on he was banging the old tin lantern around and calling:

"G-G-General, I'll be h-h-hanged if I don't see this old r-r-road in T-T-Texas before I ever do it another fa-fa-favor!" —New York World.

Gladstone at 4 Picnic. Gladstone's daily life at home is a model of simplicity and regularity, and the great secret of the vast amount of work he accomplishes lies in the fact that every odd five minutes is occupied. No man ever had a deeper sense of the preciousness of time and the responsibility which every one incurs by the use of a minute he makes of it. To such a length does he carry this that at a picnic to a favorite Welch mountain he has been seen to fling himself on the heather, and bury himself in some pamphlet upon a question of the day until called to lighter things by those who were responsible for the provision basket.—Young Man.

Kind of Toothache. For ordinary nervous toothache, which is caused by the nervous system being out of order or by excessive fatigue, a very hot bath will soothe the nerves that sleep will naturally follow and upon getting up the patient will feel very much refreshed and the toothache will be a thing of the past. For what is known as "jumping toothache," hot dry flannel applied to the face and neck is very effective. For common toothache, which is caused by indigestion or by strong sweet acid or anything very hot or cold in a decayed tooth, a little piece of cotton steeped in strong camphor or oil of cloves is the best remedy.—London Tit-Bits.

The "Big Dipper." In astronomy the "Big Dipper," so called, is in the constellation of Ursa Major, or the Great Bear. The stars forming the tail of the bear also form the handle of the dipper. The first star in the handle is Dubhe; the second, Mizar; the third, Alioth. The other four, which go to form the bowl of the dipper, are Megres, Phad, Merak and Duhle. The two last named are called "The Pointers," because they point or guide the eye to the pole star, which is distant 29 degs. The top bowl stars are 10 degs. and the bottom ones 8 degs. apart.—St. Louis Republic.

Progress of Telegraphy. The progress in telegraphy, telephony, etc., is shown from the fact that by the multiplex system of working six messages can now be sent along a single wire instantaneously in each direction.—New York Telegram.

The Cave Craze.

Half a dozen of our lads have lately had the cave craze. They have been reading dime literature and became the slaves of an intense desire to become robbers and live in caves. One day a few weeks since they took shovels, picks and hoes and went into a piece of woods near the city, and without even thinking whose property might be, began to dig a cave. A hole four feet square and seven feet deep was dug. At the bottom the hole was widened to nearly eight feet. Over this was placed old planks and brush and leaves, so that the "cave" was completely hidden. Here they crawled into their "wild abode" and imagined all sorts of terrible things of themselves.

About a week ago the owner of the woods happened to be going by the spot and noticed smoke rising from the ground. He peered around in the leaves and discovered the boys smoking cigarettes. "What are you doing down there?" he called. "We are robbers and we'll cut your throat," said one youthful voice. "No we ain't either," said another rather frightened boy; "we're only boys and we won't hurt you. This is our cave."

The owner of the land made the boys get up out of the pit, and while they were crawling up cut a brace of birches. But when six lads in knee pants stood before him he relented and punished them by making them immediately take shovels and fill up the hole, into which some of his cattle might have fallen and broken their necks.—Lewiston Journal.

The number of emigrants from the United Kingdom to America during eight months of last year was 109,051, an increase of 3,000 over the same period of 1890. Of these 41,578 were from Ireland, an increase of 1,437.

Bad Blood.

Impure or vitiated blood is one of the causes of ten of the most common forms of constipation or indigestion that clog up the system, when the blood naturally becomes impregnated with the elements of disease. 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.

Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla. For Sale by SNIPES & FINERLEY, THE DALLES, OREGON.

LA GRIPPE. THE HIGHEST QUALITY OF KNOWN BY THE TRADE. IF YOU HAVE LA GRIPPE, USE THIS. 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 CO., AT DULUTH, OREGON. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

A Necessity. The consumption of tea largely increases every year in England, Russia, and the principal European tea-drinking countries. But it does not grow in America. And not alone that, but thousands of Europeans who leave Europe ardent lovers of tea upon arriving in the United States gradually discontinue its use, and finally cease it altogether. This state of things is due to the fact that the Americans think so much of business and so little of their palates that they permit China and Japan to ship them their cheapest and most worthless teas. Between the wealthy classes of China and Japan and the exacting and cultivated tea-drinkers of Europe, the finer teas find a ready market. The balance of the crop comes to America. Is there any wonder, then, that our taste for tea does not appreciate?

BEECH'S TEA. "Pure As Childhood." Price 60c per pound. For sale at Leslie Butler's, THE DALLES, OREGON.

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The Dalles Chronicle. 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.

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