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Look at the Bargains!

N. HARRIS,

—AT THE—  
OLD AND WELL KNOWN STAND.

Always to the Front!

REGULAR  
Clearing Out SALE!

My Entire Stock, Consisting of

Clothing,

Dry Goods,  
Boots, Shoes,

Hats and Caps,  
GENTS' Furnishing GOODS,

Laces and  
Embroideries

NOW GOING AT BARGAINS.

And the Sale will be continued until all is disposed of. A special opportunity is here afforded for small stores to replenish their stock.

Call and Price these Goods,

N. HARRIS,

—AT THE—  
OLD AND WELL KNOWN STAND.

REAL MERIT



Fills? NO!!  
If you take pills it is because you have never tried the

S. B. Headache and Liver Cure.  
It works so nicely, cleansing the Liver and Kidneys; sets a mild physic without causing pain or sickness, and does not stop you from eating and working.

To try it is to become a friend to it.  
For sale by all druggists.

Young & Kuss,

Blacksmith & Wagon Shop

General Blacksmithing and Work done promptly, and all work Guaranteed.

Horse Shoeing a Speciality

Third Street, opposite the old Liebe Stand.

MRS. C. DAVIS

Has Opened the  
REVERE RESTAURANT,  
In the New Frame Building on  
SECOND STREET, next to the  
Diamond Flouring Mills.

First Class Meals Furnished at all Hours.  
Only White Help Employed.

100 Dozen TOWELS.

Worth 25 Cts., going for 12 1-2 Cts.

Just Received an Immense Shipment  
of the Celebrated

Royal Worcester Corsets

IN EVERY

STYLE and PRICE.

A. M. Williams & Co.

DRUGS

SNIPES & KINERSLY.

—THE LEADING—

Wholesale and Retail Druggists.

PURE DRUGS

Handled by Three Registered Druggists.

ALSO ALL THE LEADING

Patent Medicines and Druggists Sundries,

HOUSE PAINTS, OILS AND GLASS.

Agents for Murphy's Fine Varnishes and the only agents in  
the City for The Sherwin, Williams Co.'s Paints.

—WE ARE—

The Largest Dealers in Wall Paper.

Finest Line of Imported Key West and Domestic Cigars.  
Agent for Tansill's Punch.

129 Second Street, The Dalles, Oregon

J. O. MACK,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

LIQUOR DEALER.

FINEST WINES AND LIQUORS.

171 Second Street,

French's Block, The Dalles, Oregon

GABLER WEBSTER

PIANOS AND ORGANS

Sold on Easy Payments.

Musical Instruments and Music.

Booksellers and Stationers.

E. JACOBSEN & Co.,

The Leaders,

162 SECOND STREET, The Dalles, Or.

A WHOLE ISLAND GONE

Over Thirteen Thousand Lives Said to  
Have Been Lost.

SUNK BY A VOLCANIC ERUPTION.

The Island of Grand Sangir, was Rich  
in Plantations and was

DIVIDED INTO FOUR KINGDOMS.

With a Total Area of 275 Square Miles,  
and a Population of 13,000 to  
14,000 Souls.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 29.—The Australian steamer brings news of a serious nature from the Malay Archipelago. The steamer Catterthun, which arrived at Sydney, N. S. W., reports that when she touched at the island of Timor there was a rumor current that the island of Sangir had been destroyed by a volcanic eruption, and that the whole population, comprising 13,000 souls, had perished. The Catterthun steamed for miles through masses of debris. The Sangir islands lie to the north of Celebes and are about fifty in number. The three largest islands are Great Sangir, Spiauw and Tagolanday. Great Sangir is the island supposed to have been destroyed by the volcanic eruption. The island had an area of 275 square miles and was divided into four kingdoms. The total population was supposed to be about 13,000 or 14,000. In the north-western part of the island toward the great mountain of Abu, or the ash mountain, which has often been in eruption, causing much damage and loss of life. The natives regarded it with superstitious awe and whenever they heard the rumbling that preceded an outbreak they resorted to certain mystic rites to oppose the diety of the mountain. In March of 1856 there was a terrible eruption and streams of lava and boiling water were poured forth from the crater. The rich plantations on the mountain-side were carried away and 3,000 lives were lost. The Sangir people belong to the Malay race, are well made and brave, lazy and dirty. The government is monarchical, somewhat limited by council.

VISITED BY A BIG AURORA.  
Northern Heavens Brilliant With the  
Display—Heavy Electrical Storm.  
From the Chicago News, 18th.]

An electrical storm of unusual severity swept over the central and eastern portions of the United States Saturday between 11:30 o'clock a. m. and 4 p. m. Telegraph wires refused to work and business at the Western Union and the Postal telegraph companies was badly interrupted all day. Following the electrical storm a brilliant aurora borealis illuminated the sky, reaching around the northern horizon and almost touching the equator with its east and west points. Forming first in a bank of dark green, a rich arch was reared that reached its height, half-way to the zenith, at 9:30 o'clock. Dropping down and shooting up from this were pale-green shafts, while sheets of yellow light flashed and waved behind the phenomena. At 10 o'clock a blue-colored sail appeared a little to the west of north and floated away to the west, changing its color like the picture from a dissolving-view camera to a pale pink, a deep yellow and black to a mellow green. At 10:30 o'clock the elements gathered for a final display, and shooting up like a pointed wall came the aurora. To the west a section swung off, formed a horseshoe and for two minutes a perfect representation of an immense waterfall was made. In the north sheets of yellow lightning were woven through the columns, spurs and streamers. Then the rosy tint of the setting sun burned through this vast curtain and the fires slowly went out. In the telegraph offices trouble had been experienced all day. Superintendent of Telegraph Congor of the Illinois Central worked like a beaver with his wires. "As soon as I got one line to working," said he, "another would fall down and in a short time the first was just as bad as it was before. The short lines gave us as much trouble as the long-distance and this confused me. Finally I concluded that it was an electrical storm and sat down to await the end. By 4 o'clock we could get New Orleans as easily as 43d street and when I left all was working well." In the Western Union and Postal telegraph offices long-distance wires were grounded and the instruments worked with the overcharge of electricity.

A CASE IN POINT.

What Equity has Labor in the Profits of Perspicacity.

From the Oregonian.]

Perhaps those who think labor has equity rights in the profits of capital will be able to tell us what equity it has in the profits A. M. Cannon will probably make in his speculation on the cargo of the Abercorn. This vessel was wrecked on the beach outside Gray's harbor, having on board a cargo of 2,300 tons of steel rails. The owners investigated the question of raising the wreck, but decided that it would not pay, and finally sold the cargo to Mr. Cannon, who is now reclaiming the property. He has built a pier from the beach to the wreck, a distance of 1750 feet, and is employing divers and other men to the number of 35. The divers receive \$10 per day for four hours, and the other men, who are chiefly ranchers living in the neighborhood, receive good wages. The cost of taking out the rails and shipping to Portland is about \$5 per ton, and Mr. Cannon's profits will probably exceed \$50,000.

The question is, has Mr. Cannon earned this money, and if not, who has? But for his perspicacity, resolution and readiness to undertake a novel and somewhat hazardous enterprise, the rails would still be reposing at the bottom of the sea, and the original owners would not have received the amount he paid them for the property. Whatever equity interest may be claimed for the labor that produced the rails—assuming that the wages paid were inequitable—was lost in the wreck, and attaches now only to the money paid the owners by Mr. Cannon. But such equity does not exist, since the rails were a loss instead of a profit. If there is any equity whatever, it is on the side of the owner, who should look to the labor that produced the rails to share with him the loss. It is evident that any property interest or equity now in the rails must begin with them at the bottom of the sea.

The labor that is employed in the work of taking them out and shipping them is well paid. The divers are receiving large wages for a few hours' work. The other men are only too glad to get this work to do, as it helps them to and their slender income while making themselves a home in the forest. Mr. Cannon has conferred a special favor on them all by giving them an unusual and unexpected opportunity to earn money. These men all have an opportunity to work, and this property is rescued from a position where it is valueless and placed where it possesses great value. All through the brains, energy, executive ability, daring and capital of one man. He does no more mental labor than the man who superintended the building of the pier, and does not expend so much physical force as any of his employes, yet it is a fact that he earns all the profit that comes to him as fully as they earn their wages. His ability to do this is a difference between him and them that the world recognizes and pays for. Each is paid the full measure of value set upon his labor by the only authority the world recognizes, an authority that must continue, else property would lose its value and exertion its stimulus.

A Helena Chump.

Review. The Helena Independent has reached the astonishing conclusion that the hope for free silver lies in the election of Grover Cleveland. Henry Villard, who will get up in the middle of the night to talk monometallism, is equally confident that the hope of the gold standard lies in the same direction. He has contributed already \$10,000 to the work of booming Cleveland before the Chicago convention, and has promised \$10,000 more for the campaign. In view of the fact that Cleveland and Villard are close tillieus, and the additional fact that every monetary utterance of the ex-president is for the single gold standard, we rather incline to a belief that the Helena paper is a chump.

Beginning with Aug. 1st I will give a valuable premium to every person who orders one dozen cabinet pictures. Photos to be as good as the very best. Premium on exhibition after Friday next. Call and see them. Only good for a few days. Hunt, the photographer.

A CHICAGO BLACK EYE.

The City Must Improve Her Bad Appearance or Lose.

INDECENT STREETS AND ALLEYS.

The Smoke Nuisance, The Sewerage Nuisance, Other Nuisances.

TYING HORSES TO CURB STONES.

Other Provincial Customs Still in Vogue Which Must be Dispersed With Other News.

CHICAGO, July 29.—As the time for the official opening of the world's fair approaches there are pressing reasons why the late lamented attempts of certain citizens' associations to improve Chicago's external appearance should not be forgotten. For years spasmodic efforts have been revived at intervals, sustained for a period and then weakly relinquished. Now at the time when not ourselves alone but visitors from all over the civilized world are concerned, there is additional cause for persistency. It is dangerous folly to flatter ourselves that things are well enough as they are. The streets need cleaning and the alleys, ways, which are now depositories for garbage, must be made decent. The provincial custom of tying horses to the curb is yet in vogue. The outlying environs are afflicted with pavements which are little better than the trackless prairie, and there are undulating sidewalks which teeter briskly when one steps on the wrong end of a plank. And in addition to these troubles we have our old enemies the smoke nuisance, the sewerage nuisance and the grade crossings. Now, if ever, is the time for a long, strong, persistent endeavor to bring about reform. Chicago must spruce up. It must be cleaned and sweetened. No street which will give place for a puddle of water is fitly paved. The dingy, acrid atmosphere must be purified, and we hope it will not be many years before that viscid pool of fluid nastiness, the Chicago river, will be washed as clean as a roadside spring. When properly cleaned and paved this city will be one of the most impressive and palatial in the world. Without the instant and persistent prosecution of the reforms mentioned, however, it runs the risk of being called at the very least, a mighty and enterprising town in her progress, but a slattern in her dress.

Dangerous Ride of a Youth.

Klamath Star. Grover Moore, a 7-year old boy at Klamath Falls, lit from his pony on Saturday morning and flew to his mother's arms with bleat as joyful as that of a long lost lammie just returned to his mamma. He was the gladdest kid in Klamath just then. Friday morning while out hunting with his nineteen-year old brother, he fell behind and couldn't get to the front anymore. He wandered hither and thither on the back of his pony, his heart growing more and more dismal as he rode farther and farther into the gloomy forest shade of the mountains. He rode around the edges of precipices so narrow that the searching parties had to dismount and travel afoot, and so deep that a fall would have bleeded both boy and pony in one red burial. One of the Germans of Swan Lake found him in the evening seated on his pony and weeping bitterly for his mamma. The kind man kept him until morning, when his brother found him and brought him home. He told his mamma confidentially that he would never leave her any more.

Paradoxical.

Texas Post. What curiosities there are in our use of languages. We speak of going away to spend the summer, when in reality we are going away and spend our money.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder  
ABSOLUTELY PURE