The Dalles Daily Chroniele. d at the Postoffice at The Dalles, Orego as second-class matter.

- OREGON

THE AUTHOR OF "SPARTACUS." Composed by Elijah Kellogg When a Stu-

THE DALLES

dent at Andover. Talking with a correspondent of the Boston Herald Rev Elijah Kellogg, of Harpswell, Me., thus described how he wrote that favorite declamation of school boys: "Spartacus to the Gladiators":

"It was while I was at Andover," said he, smiling as the remembrance of the event came back to him. "We were required to prepare speeches for our rhetorical exercises, and after each man had spoken he was subjected to criticisms by his fellows-and their comments weren't always so complimentary as they were pointed. Then the professor would follow with seri-ous criticism, and he always found faults that needed correcting.

"So these speeches came to be looked upon with dread, and at last I made up my mind that I'd try to get something so different from anything we had had and so interesting that it would hold their attention too closely for them to think about points on which to criticise me, and so I would get off free.

"Well, I wrote 'Spartacus.' When I began it worked just as I had expected. They were so taken by surprise that they never thought of anything but the speech. You could have heard a pin drop at any time while I' was speaking, and they did not recover until I had finished and had come down to ask for criticism.

"Then when Prof. Payne turned to the students and inquired: 'What criticism have you to offer, young gentlemen?' there wasn't one of them had a word to say, for they were all thinking of the piece and hadn't noticed anything else.

"'Gentlemen,' said the professor, 'we are not here for theological disquisitions nor for learned arguments, but these exercises are purely rhetorical, and, gentlemen, that is rhetoric.'

"Then, turning to me, he remarked; 'I could criticise you, Kellogg, but I don't know whether it would do you more good or harm, and so, on the whole, I think I will say nothing. "So," added the old gentleman, with

a chuckle, "I escaped criticism."

FLOWERS OF THE NIGHT.

Peculiarly Adapted to Attract Winged Insects.

As we all know, there are day-blooming and night-blooming flowers, says the Cornhill Magazine. The former lay themselves out for the fertilizing visits of bees and butterflies; they are generally decked in red, blue, yellow or purple, and have often lines, spots or markings on their petals which point to the nectaries and so act as honey guides. The night-blooming flowers, on the other hand, lay themselves out for the visits of moths or other crepuscular insects, and therefore have recourse to something like the tactics of the fireflies and the glow-worms. They are usually pure white and the petals are often of such peculiar texture that they seem to glow with internal light in the dim shades of evening. At times one might almost fancy

as good."

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy

cures Catarrh in the Head.

SUFFICIENT UNTO HERSELF. The Young Woman Had No Need of Assistunce of Any Kind.

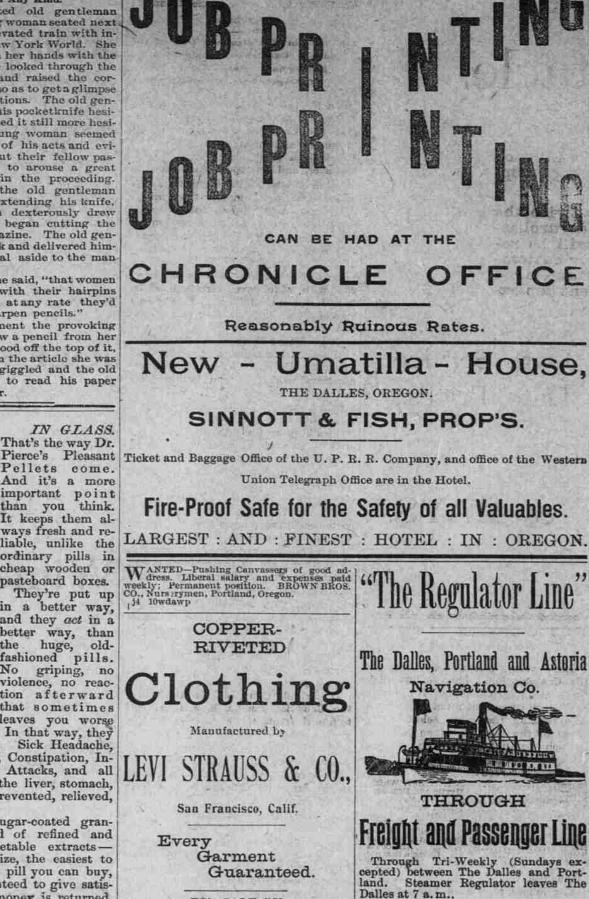
The kind-hearted old gentleman watched the young woman seated next to him in the elevated train with interest, says the New York World. She held a magazine in her hands with the leaves uncut. She looked through the table of contents and raised the corners of the leaves so as to get a glimpse of various illustrations. The old gentleman drew out his pocketknife hesi-tatingly. He opened it still more hesitatingly. The young woman seemed entirely oblivious of his acts and evident intentions, but their fellow passengers were able to arouse a great deal of interest in the proceeding. Finally, just as the old gentleman reached forward, extending his knife, the young woman dexterously drew out a hatpin and began cutting the leaves of her magazine. The old gen-tleman leaned back and delivered himself of a confidential aside to the man next to him:

"I have heard," he said, "that women can do anything with their hairpins and hatpins, but at any rate they'd need a knife to sharpen pencils."

And at that moment the provoking young woman drew a pencil from her reticule, bit the wood off the top of it, and made a note on the article she was reading. The car giggled and the old gentleman began to read his paper with an injured air.



THE DALLES, OREGON.

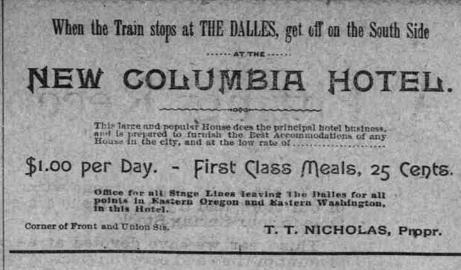


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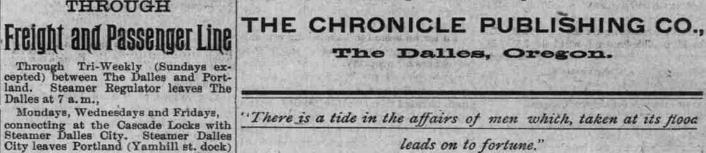
THE CHRONICLE was established for the express purpose of faithfully representing The Dalles and the surrounding country, and the satisfying effect of its mission is everywhere apparent. It now leads all other publications in Wasco, Sherman, Gilliam, a large part of Crook, Morrow and Grant counties, as well as Klickitat and other regions north of The Dalles, hence it is the best medium for advertisers in the Inland Empire.

The DAILY CHRONICLE is published every evening in the week Sundays excepted at \$6.00 per annum. The WEEKLY CHRONICLE on Fridays of each week at \$1.50 per annum.

leads on to fortune."

The poet unquestionably had reference to the

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some curious forerunner of luminous paint, so strongly do they reflect every invisible ray of the faint twilight. They thus succeed in eatching the eyes of moths, which, of course, are especially modified for receiving and perceiving the slender stimulus of dusk and the gloaming.

But the nocturnal flowers have no lines or spots, because these last could never be perceived in the gray gloom of evening. They make up for it, however, by being heavily scented; indeed, almost all the strong white flowers, like jessamine, tuberose, gardenia, stephanotis, cereus and syringa, which are such favorites with florists, belong to night-blooming plants, specially adapted to attract the eyes and noses of night-flying insects.

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A veteran submarine diver, in relating some anecdotes concerning the bottom of the sea and its inhabitants. gives some interesting figures as to the amount of pressure the body of the diver is subjected to. At a depth of only one hundred feet the pressure is forty-four pounds to each square inch of the diver's surface. The ordinary human frame has about twelve square feet of surface, which would make the pressure at the depth mentioned above not less than thirty-eight tons. This enormous weight is not all pressing downward, but inwards from all directions.

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