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As a blood-cleanser, flesh-builder, and strength-restorer, nothing can equal the "Discovery." It's not like the sarsaparillas, or ordinary "spring medicines." At all seasons, and in all cases, it purifies, invigorates, and builds up the whole system. For every blood-taint and disorder, from a common blotch or eruption, to the worst scrofula, it is a perfect, permanent, guaranteed remedy.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures Catarrh in the Head.

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Easily, Quickly, Permanently Restored. **WEAKNESS, NERVOUSNESS, DEBILITY,** and all the train of evils from early errors or later excesses, the result of overwork, sickness, worry, etc. Full strength, development and tone given to every organ and portion of the body. Simple, natural method. Immediate improvement seen. Failure impossible. 2,000 references. Book, explanation and proof mailed (sealed) free.

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All freight, except car lots, will be brought through, without delay at Cascades.

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W. C. ALLAWAY, General Agent.
B. F. LAUGHLIN, General Manager.
THE DALLES, - OREGON

A WORD ABOUT BORES.

Even the Most Incurrable of the ilk Can Be Advised.

"I wonder if I ever bore my friends as that friend bores me?" sighed a gentleman as he bowed out a visitor from his office.

Certainly, every body is at times a bore, for this question of bores has two sides, writes Harkley Harker in the New York Weekly. There is no such thing as boring with an auger into a granite block. There is no such thing as boring with your finger into a pine log. A social bore must meet a social sensitive. Some men are never bored by anybody; they are of such unflinching good nature, such philosophic patience and helpfulness toward all, they read men so clearly and judge them so charitably, that the most persistent, bothersome fellow does not exasperate nor weary them. They say some skillful word, they listen, get on with their own affairs, they are masters of tact, and they are wise enough to foresee that the time may come when themselves will want a favor.

But there are others to whom even a lovely child is a bore. Their best friends bore them more than half the time. These people are in a chronic condition of selfishness, and every one bores them who fails to contribute something to their majesties' comfort or happiness. More than half the bores are not bores at all. In fact we ourselves are boreable—we are hypersensitive. We want our friendships to be all receipts and no outgoes; and if a friend insists on our doing a little something for him by way of amusement in return we are bored. I say we; yet not all of us, kind reader, at all times. We mean to give and take generally. But we have our times and seasons of being over-sensitive, when even our dear old mother herself would seem to bore us.

"I bore you," said a shabby gentleman to a young financier in the back room of a bank some years ago. "To confess the truth, you do," replied the young man, smartly. The old man got quietly out of his chair, folded up his patent, which he had been exhibiting, and politely took his grip-sack and himself off. That patent has now become worth its millions, and the smart young financier is now at work as a clerk in the office of the great company of which the old inventor is president. Had this financier been less nervous or sensitive he might not have so missed his fortune.

It is hardly safe to tell any decent man that he bores you. The result is stinging, and is rarely forgotten. In fact, I think patience to endure being bored, and not show your fret, is one of the happiest qualities of mind for successfully dealing with men.

Who is a bore? The man with a hobby. The tedious, uninteresting talker. The borrower. The fellow who boasts and tells about himself all the while. The friend who can't keep a good situation six months and always comes round for new letters of introduction. The inveterate funny fellow, who can never talk sober sense. The homely woman who gets too near you when conversing on her long yarns. The dainty youth who makes a long, long call and sits in dumb silence expecting you to do all the entertaining. The man or woman who calls too often. The person who persecutes you with genuinely kind invitations to come and visit him, and will never take no for an answer. The fellow who is always on the contrary side, and fires up with: "Let us argue the point." The good soul who is always preaching to you "that smoking is killing you." The curious person who peeks and peeps, that he or she may find out a secret that you do not wish to tell. The very, very smart man who always wants to teach you something. The visitor on whose face you see constantly written, "What shall we do next to amuse ourselves?" notwithstanding you have just jumped from one thing to another ever since he or she has been a guest in the house. The writer of lengthy letters full of platitudes, which keep you continually in his debt. The man with nothing to do, who drops in on you when you have every thing to do.

The list is capable of addition. Some persons would bore you who would not bore me. I am vexed by some whom you call "perfectly delightful." Taste has much to do with the matter, the hidden law of likes and dislikes. Hence I never allow myself to take another person's word for it; I'll wait and see if I am bored. Some men begin by boring you; but they end by endowing and blessing you. I know a certain college professor who is the most tedious person in the world for the first half day that you are in his company. But after that he seems to wake up; he lets you into his very soul. His company is the finest delight.

My experience is that they who talk most about bores are themselves over less careful about trying other people's patience than ordinary mortals who do not have so much to say on the subject. Good nature, sound health, a manly or womanly heart, full of sympathy for the rest of mankind, is not very often bored. We mortals are all here together on the footstool. Take us as we run, we are not so very different one from another. The earth is filling up and elbows are touching; square miles are being populated. We must help and be helped. We must learn to laugh at each other's foibles and find the jewel in every heart, for there certainly is one. It is going to be a worse world for the over-sensitive soul who is only seeking his own comfort and wants nothing from the rest of us except what he can make contribute to his own happiness.

Even the most incurrable bore can be advised. Try it. Tell him kindly that he is tiresome on certain lines. You are his friend. Get him right, and frankly set him right. You will be surprised to discover how often the bore is in perfect ignorance of his offense. If he is a genuine good fellow, you will see him blush with the share of the information; it will be unspeakably painful to him; he can hardly believe you at first. But later on he will thank you fervently, and he will improve his manners, greatly to your own and his own social comfort and welfare. There are few of us, however, who are innocent enough ourselves to attempt this unless we say: "Tell me, as I tell you."

HUMAN TIGERS.

Bloody Deeds Performed by Fero-cious Africans.

Disguised in the Skins of Wild Beasts They Waylay and Feast Upon the Bodies of Lone Travelers.

This simulation of lycanthropy, says a letter from Africa in Goldswaite's Geographical Magazine, is known here by the name of "Kuyon," which has been translated into Krovboy English as the man tiger, although the practice is not wholly confined to men. The Krovboy English name is a misnomer, as it is well known that no tigers exist in Africa, but it is also a well-known fact that there are man-eating leopards. In one month, in a district comprising some twenty square miles, more than twenty people were killed by the leopards. At first the writer was very skeptical as to the power of this animal to carry off human beings, but that power has been fully substantiated. It is also a well-known fact that human beings disguised in leopards' skins have simulated the ways of these animals, and, like them, lay in wait to destroy their fellow creatures.

Several malefactors have been convicted and executed by the authorities for this crime, and when brought to trial the skin and different articles employed have been produced in most cases. The man or woman who assumes this part must kill seven (a magical number among the natives) living animals, including the human species, dogs, fowls, deer, etc. After this he can render himself invisible and be invulnerable. The first thing he must possess is a complete leopard skin, and then in the darkness of night he must make the small tomahawk he carries and the spikes used on the hands. These are made out of a gun that has killed seven people, tempered with blood freshly drawn from himself. At full moon he must hold a vigil alone, by the banks of a broad stream, and watch steadily the reflections of the moon's image in the water, during which time the novitiate is supposed to see wonderful visions and obtain supernatural strength.

Then, lying in wait for his prey after the manner of the leopards, he pounces upon the unwary victim, tearing open his throat and drinking his life blood. The lycanthrope then proceeds to dismember the body of his victim, pulling off by main force thumbs, big toes, and flesh between the eyes, and then tearing open the still quivering body to obtain the heart. The latter is eaten. When the body is anointed with the fat about the entrails it is supposed to confer invisibility.

Strangers and women passing alone on the road are the usual victims. The writer was present in Mayumba with Mr. Evans when a native of Camma was traced and caught in the bush after suspicions had been aroused, owing to the slaughter of two other Camma men. As the Europeans had no jurisdiction and the native chiefs of Mayumba decided they could not interfere, the man was sent on to his own people, and was afterward executed there for a similar offense shortly after his arrival.

Here in the interior, in order to prevent the spread of the Kuyon, the skin of every leopard killed is cut into narrow strips and divided among the elders of the place. Quite recently, however, I was in a native village and saw the leopard-skin spikes hollowed to receive the fingers. A small wedge-shaped tomahawk was attached thereto through a hole in the wooden handle, which was plentifully bedaubed with blood. The Kuyon's disguise had been found secreted in a hollow tree, and I was present at the confession and death. It was a woman named Aroonda, about forty years old. She confessed to the murder of three men and one woman, and regretted that she had not been able to find more victims to make up the magic total of seven.

She was of fragile appearance and it seemed physically impossible that she had done the deeds imputed to and confessed by her. From her appearance, and because of the wild expression of her eyes, I fully believe she was insane, but this, when broached, was scouted by the judge, as she had successfully carried on her household and family duties. Her two children were sold into slavery, the natives having the idea that the offspring of a Kuyon sooner or later attain the same instinct. The husband and family were unanimous in desiring the removal of the children to such a distance that they would be unable to return to the town, and it was only by continued intercessions that they were not executed along with the mother.

Each Kuyon plans individually his schemes and career, and in an experience of over twenty years here in Africa I have known only two cases, both of which were in Gaboon, where two or more persons engaged in concert to perform their ferocious and nefarious murders, and under no circumstances should it be considered an association of members of a secret society.

May not a grinding sense of wrong received without means of paying the aggressor drive some of these people to the verge of madness, or may it not be the result of a hereditary homicidal mania?

Sleeping on a Full Stomach.

Man is the only animal that does not sleep well after hearty eating. Feed a dog or a cat or any other animal as much as it can eat, and it immediately goes to sleep and sleeps soundly until its meal is digested. Feed a man all he can eat, and, if he goes to sleep at all, he rolls and tosses and groans and yells and wakes up in the morning feeling as though he had been passed through a threshing machine. Yet this state of things is the result of habit. A baby feeds and goes to sleep; so do young children, and only in manhood is the habit of sleeping on an empty stomach firmly fixed.

Subscribe for THE CHRONICLE.

A GAMBLER'S SUPERSTITIONS

He Smokes Good Cigars When Losing and Poor Ones When Winning.

There is a well-known sport, whose face is a standing portrait in the gallery of Chestnut street habitues, who is particularly heralded among his brethren of chance by the brands of cigars he smokes, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. If he wins heavily on the track all his friends know it by the terrific smell of the vile tobacco in his smokers. If he is a loser they are aware of it by the delicate perfume of the curling smoke of the wreaths of a fragrant Havana. What induces the follower of the goddess of chance to thus contrarily denote his financial condition never could be learned until a week ago, when the quality of his cigar was so execrable as to call forth a protest from his comrades, and then he said:

"It's my only superstition, boys. If I win and should smoke a good cigar I'd go back on me so hard the next day I'd be in the poor-house in a week. But if I am a loser never very heavy, understand, and light two or three Conchas, d'ye see? I'll call the turn on bad luck. When I'm playing in great form then's when I draw on cigars made from cabbages. It's my experience that bad cigars and good luck are friends and Havanas travel in the wake of the losing sport."

A lady at Tooleys, La., was very sick with bilious colic when M. C. Tisler, a prominent merchant of the town gave her a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. He says she was well in forty minutes after taking the first dose. For sale by Blakeley & Houghton, druggists.

NOTICE.

To Whom it May Concern: Notice is hereby given that by order of the common council made and entered on the 3rd day of May, 1894, I was authorized and directed to advertise the matters substantially contained in the docket of city liens of the assessment of property for the construction of an 8-inch terra cotta sewer in Lincoln street as provided by special ordinance No. 285, which passed the common council of Dalles City March 12th, 1894, and was approved by the mayor March 13th, 1894.

That the assessments which have not been paid upon the property as now appears in said lien docket are as follows:

Lots 8 and 9, block 1, Trevitt's Addition, Capt. McNulty	\$49 30
Lots 4, 5 and 6, block 1, Trevitt's Addition, Mrs. Mary Booth	73 95
Lot 3, block 1, Trevitt's Addition, J. L. Thompson	24 65
Lots 1 and 2 and 2 1/2 of 3, block 5 Trevitt's Addn Catholic church	123 25
Lot 8, block 2, Trevitt's Addition Mrs. T. W. Sparks	24 65
Lot 4, block 4, Trevitt's Addition, Mary Bonzey	24 65

That unless within five days from the final publication of this notice, to-wit, Monday, May 28th, 1894, as required by Sec. 74 of the charter of Dalles City, said sums above mentioned are not wholly paid to the city treasurer and a duplicate receipt therefor filed with the recorder of Dalles City, the council will order a warrant for the collection of the same, to be issued by the recorder and directed to the marshal.

Dated at Dalles City, Oregon, this 8th day of May, 1894.

DOUGLAS S. DUFUR,
Recorder of Dalles City.

Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Kidney Complaints, Lame Back, &c.

DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT

With Electro-Magnetic Suspensory. Latest Patents! Best Improvements! Will cure all Weakness resulting from over-exhaustion of brain nerve force; excess of indigestion, constipation, flatulency, rheumatism, kidney, liver and bladder complaints, neuralgia, lumbago, sciatica, and female complaints, general ill health, etc. This electric belt contains instantaneous improvements over all others. Current is transmitted by means of the perfect cells, and will cure all of the above diseases or no pay. Thousands have been cured by this marvellous invention after all other remedies failed, and we give hundreds of testimonials in this and every other State.

Our Improved ELECTRIC SUSPENSORY, the greatest boon ever offered weak men. FREE with all belts. Health and Vigor Strength GUARANTEED to 60 to 80 days. Send for Illustrated Circular, mailed, free.

SANDEN ELECTRIC CO.
No. 173 First Street, PORTLAND ORE.
Removed to corner Third and Washington streets, Portland, Or.

J. F. FORD, Evangelist,

Of Des Moines, Iowa, writes under date of March 23, 1888:

S. B. MED. MFG. CO.,
Dufur, Oregon.

Gentlemen:

On arriving home last week, I found all well and anxiously awaiting. Our little girl, eight and one-half years old, who had wanted away to 35 pounds, is now well, strong and vigorous, and well fleshed up. S. B. Cough Cure has done its work well. Both of the children like it. Your S. B. Cough Cure has cured and kept away all hoarseness from me. So give it to every one, with greetings for all. Wishing you prosperity, we are

Yours, **MR. & MRS. J. F. FORD.**

If you wish to feel fresh and cheerful, and ready for the Spring's work, cleanse your system with the Headache and Liver Cure, by taking two or three doses each week.

Sold under a positive guarantee.
50 cents per bottle by all druggists.

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New York Weekly Tribune

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One Year,

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THE DALLES

Wasco County, Oregon,

The Gate City of the Inland Empire is situated at the head of navigation on the Middle Columbia, and is a thriving, prosperous city.

ITS TERRITORY.

It is the supply city for an extensive and rich agricultural and grazing country, its trade reaching as far south as Summer Lake, a distance of over two hundred miles.

The Largest Wool Market.

The rich grazing country along the eastern slope of the Cascades furnishes pasture for thousands of sheep, the wool from which finds market here.

The Dalles is the largest original wool shipping point in America, about 5,000,000 pounds being shipped last year.

ITS PRODUCTS.

The salmon fisheries are the finest on the Columbia, yielding this year a revenue of thousands of dollars, which will be more than doubled in the near future.

The products of the beautiful Klickitat valley find market here, and the country south and east has this year filled the warehouses, and all available storage places to overflowing with their products.

ITS WEALTH.

It is the richest city of its size on the coast and its money is scattered over and is being used to develop more farming country than is tributary to any other city in Eastern Oregon.

Its situation is unsurpassed. Its climate delightful. Its possibilities incalculable. Its resources unlimited. And on these corner stones she stands.

When the Train stops at THE DALLES, get off on the South Side

AT THE

NEW COLUMBIA HOTEL.

This large and popular House does the principal hotel business, and is prepared to furnish the best accommodations of any House in the city, and at the low rate of

\$1.00 per Day. - First Class Meals, 25 Cents.

Office for all Stage Lines leaving The Dalles for all points in Eastern Oregon and Eastern Washington, is this Hotel.

Corner of Front and Union Sts. **T. T. NICHOLAS, Propr.**

"There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at its flood leads on to fortune."

The poet unquestionably had reference to the

Closing-Out Sale of

Furniture & Carpets

AT **CRANDALL & BURGET'S,**
Who are selling these goods out at greatly-reduced rates.

MICHELBACH BRICK, UNION ST.

D. BUNNELL,
Pipe Work, Tin Repairs and Roofing

MAINS TAPPED UNDER PRESSURE.

Shop on Third Street, next door west of Young & Kues' Blacksmith Shop.