



"LOOK UP, and not down," if you're a suffering woman. Every one of the bodily troubles that come to women only has a guaranteed cure in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It's a powerful general, as well as uterine, tonic and nerve, and it builds up and invigorates the entire female system. It regulates and promotes all the proper functions, improves digestion, enriches the blood, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength.

Can you think of anything more convincing than the promise that is made by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy? It is this: "If we can't cure your Catarrh, we'll pay you \$500."

Kenneth Bazemore had the good fortune to receive a small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhoea Remedy when three members of his family were sick with dysentery. This small bottle cured them all and he had some left which he gave to Geo. W. Baker, a prominent merchant of the place, Lewiston, N. C., and it cured him of the same complaint.

My boy was taken with a disease resembling bloody flux. The first thing I thought of was Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Two doses of it settled the matter and cured him sound and well. I heartily recommend this remedy to all persons suffering from a like complaint.

"I know an old soldier who had chronic diarrhoea of long standing to have been permanently cured by taking Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," says Edward Shumplik, a prominent druggist of Minneapolis, Minn. "I have sold the remedy in this city for seven years and consider it superior to any other medicine now on the market for bowel complaints."

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Snipes & Kinnersly.

To prevent the hardening of the subcutaneous tissues of the scalp and the obliteration of the hair follicles, which cause baldness, use Hall's Hair Renewer.

Notice of Administrator's Final Account.

Notice is hereby given that J. W. Condon, administrator of the estate of Harrison Corum, deceased has filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Wasco County, and that said Court has appointed 10 o'clock a. m. of Monday, September 24, 1894, being the first day of the regular September term of said Court for the year 1894, at the County Court House in Dalles City, Oregon, as the time and place for the hearing of objections to such final account and the settlement thereof.

Administrator's Sale.

Notice is hereby given that by an order of the County Court of the State of Oregon heretofore made, the undersigned have been duly appointed, and are now the qualified and acting administrators of the estate of Henry A. Pratt, deceased.

Notice.

All persons are hereby notified not to hire or keep Marion Hurst, a lad 14 years old, about 5 feet premises, as his services are needed at home.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE. Its Remarkable Effect Upon a Lot of Hardy Gold Diggers.

Fifty English Miners Tramp Eight Miles to Hear a Lark Sing—Rough Men in a Rough Country Hungry for a Word from Home.

No one should think that he knows all that it is to be homesick until he has turned his back not only on home, but also on native land, says a writer in the Indianapolis News. Here are a few incidents that fell under my own observation during a sojourn in Australia. We were gold digging on the banks of the river Loden, and had been hard at work for many months. In those early days nearly all the men on that particular "diggings"—as, indeed, on all the gold fields,—were British subjects, either from the "old country" itself or from some of the North American colonies.

One day a rumor was circulated through our camp that an immigrant, lately from England and located some distance farther down the stream, had brought with him an English lark. The news spread far and wide, from river to hill and from hill to gulch, and when the next Sunday forty to fifty of us went to see the precious songster we found fully five hundred rough-bearded, tender-hearted men congregated about the lucky owner's tent. Listening, enraptured, to the old familiar trill of the bird's sweet carol. Many of these hardy diggers, great, strong fellows, whom no danger could appall, had tramped twenty miles simply to see and hear a common lark, solely because it came from their own "land home," and it was nothing less than pathetic to observe how deeply each one was affected by the liquid, musical notes, calling vividly to mind never-to-be-forgotten joys. I have reason to know, however, that this sentimental indulgence cost not a few of the sturdy Britons many an hour of lost time in the following week. This little incident has been told with some variations from this, but I was there as an eye-witness, and the facts are as here stated. I may add that I saw the owner of the bird refuse more than one offer of fifty dollars for his prize.

One day—it was in 1853, I think—a number of us set off across the ranges on a visit to the post office at Castlemaine, about eight miles from our own diggings. In the always present hope of receiving home letters. Oh, those monthly trips! Shall I ever forget them? Each step of the thither journey made light and buoyant by fond anticipation, each foot of the return seeming, only too often, a furling in length, dragged out in the weariness of disappointed hopes! We were a party of twenty, all stout young fellows under thirty years of age, and, as we went over the quartz-strewn hills and through the shadow valleys, all clothed with a gorgeous profusion of strange shrubs and flowers, and saw myriad birds of brilliant plumage, from the tiny parrot to the great crested cockatoo, flitting about from tree to tree, while overhead shone the dazzling rays of an Australian sun, our spirits rose to the point of ecstacy, and each one of us felt sure that this time he would certainly receive the long-expected missive.

Cheerfully, then, we trudged along and at last came to the brow of the heights overlooking the commissioner's headquarters, and there on a level space in front of the tents, about one-third of a mile from us, were drawn up, in their scarlet uniforms and with flashing arms, some two hundred men of the British Fortieth regiment of the line! Up to this moment none of us were aware that a single English soldier was in the colony, and the effect of this unsuspected sight was simply astounding. Almost so suddenly as if we had run against a stone wall, our little crowd came to a dead halt, and while for a time not a word was spoken each man sought to read in his comrades' eyes an amusing thought to his own overpowering emotion.

As we stood in a kind of dazed bewilderment the splendid regimental band struck up and, most strangely, the musicians selected as the first piece to be played, "Home, Sweet Home!" Then, indeed, "the fountains of the great deep" were broken up and we, roughly clad, clay-begrimed miners threw ourselves upon the ground, totally overcome by the rush of tender memories awakened by the familiar old air, while boyish tears, of which all forgot to be ashamed, trickled down each sunburnt cheek.

For nearly an hour, until the band had gone through its whole repertory, we lay there hushed and silent, but with such unutterable thoughts of far away homes and loved ones, never, perhaps, to be again seen. By and by we rose and wandered slowly down the slope toward the large canvas tent which then served as a post office. While we were taking our places in the rear of the long line of anxious diggers waiting their turn at the wicket, a young fellow of our company wistfully said: "Oh, boys, how shall we live through it if we don't hear from home?" and the question found echo in each expectant heart. But, alas! only three men of our twenty received letters that day, and the homesick youth was not one of them.

HAVE NEVER BEEN CONQUERED. The Heroic Basques and Their Many Defeatist Wars with Invaders.

But these people of Spain, and yet not Spaniards, who are they? Models of ancient manners, untaunted by time, so marked, so separate—as distinct in racial characteristics from their nearest neighbors as from the most remote—so rooted to this soil, how shall we account for them? Velasco, their own historian, gravely traces their descent directly from Tubal-Cain, says the Cosmopolitan. Humboldt calls them Celt-Iberians. Theory on theory, each one disproving the last with equal learning, has been advanced to account for this phenomenon. Nothing now seems more probable than that they are a remnant of the troglodytes of the age of stone, the same with the men whose bones are found in the caverns of the Alps and Pyrenees, beside those of the huge animals they hunted. In this case their unwritten history dates from twenty centuries before the Christian era.

There are confused Basque traditions of the coming of the Phoenicians to their mountains, and the earliest Roman writers have painted in glowing colors the noble bearing, patriarchal customs and wise old laws the Phoenicians found there. They discovered the gold and silver mines and vanished away in their great star-guided ships. Wars and dissensions followed; then silence again till Caesar came. His lieutenant Crassus reduced Spain to a Roman province, but Caesar says: "A few petty people higher up in the mountains did not make their submission and sent hostages." Roman poets expand the picture and describe the Iberians, as they named the Basques, as objects of terror to all the world, whom neither hunger, heat nor cold could conquer, who only gloried in labors and perils.

Pushed by the Romans, they retreated to their fortified towns; pressed by siege, they withdrew to the highest rocks, watched the conflagration of the towns, and threw themselves, shouting, from the crags, to be dashed in pieces rather than surrender. Mothers drowned their sons rather than have them become slaves. The story of their steady resistance is nearly incredible. Taken prisoners, they preferred crucifixion to subjection, and died singing a psalm of joy. Again and again, after thinking them conquered, the Roman prefects encountered fresh outbreaks, till at last the Caesars were wise enough to abandon the effort and secure them as allies.

As allies, the Basques proved, from the first, as faithful as they had before been stubborn. More than once their unconquerable courage turned the fortune of battles. They went to Sicily with Hannibal, leaving traces of themselves in Italy, in names of towns such as Urbino and Orvieto. Later they joined, steadily for two centuries in the strife against the Visigoths. At Renevalles, in 778, the Franks touched them, and the flash that followed still lights the pass and the cliffs, though ten centuries have passed since false Ganelon betrayed Roland and the furious Basques fell on Charlemagne's rear guard and crushed them with rocks in the defile of bones between Igatson and Altabiscar.

DON'T KNOW HOW TO PLAN.

New York's Miserable Tenements the Result of Ignorance of Scientific Planning. The greatest evil which ever befell New York city was the division of the blocks into lots of twenty-five by one hundred feet, says Scribner. So true is this that no other disaster can for a moment be compared with it. Fires, pestilence and financial troubles are as nothing in comparison, for from this division has arisen the New York system of tenement houses, the worst curse which ever afflicted any great community. The fact that so much of the land is held in such parcels is our misfortune, but the obstacle is not insuperable, as shown by our office buildings. The difficulty has arisen and persistently flourishes owing entirely to our lack of knowledge of the art of scientific planning. For who would waste money in erecting unnecessary walls, halls, etc. if he knew how to obtain the same amount of rentable space much better lighted without them? By the present system the ground is incumbered, the light obstructed, and the structure rendered unhealthy and unfit to live in, and all this is accomplished at a vastly increasing expense over what the same rentable space, well-lighted, might be obtained for. Great sums of money are yearly squandered upon making the structures unfit to live in. Then other great sums are contributed by charitable people to relieve the distress which these horrible structures engender. Hospitals are kept full, children die, misery, disease and crime flourish because the people are huddled together without light and air, and all this happens simply because the principles of economical planning are not understood.

An Enemy to Cholera.

So inimical to the cholera bacillus are oranges and lemons that if the bacteria be placed in contact with the cut surface of the fruits they survive but a few hours, and even if placed on the rind of the whole fruit they will not live longer than twenty-four hours. It is supposed to be the acid of the fruit that possesses this destructive power. Owing to this valuable property in these fruits no restrictions are placed on their transit and sale, even when it is known they are grown in infected districts.

The Sisters of Charity.

The order known as Sisters of Charity originated in the charitable labors of Vincent de Paul. Wherever he went he was accustomed to urge benevolent women to undertake the relief of the suffering, but finding that the work had not sufficient permanence when prosecuted by these volunteers he resolved to organize a conventional society, and did so in 1633. The first society had four members, but the founder lived to see twenty-eight large establishments of the order in Paris alone.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of an execution, issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Wasco County, on the 21st day of July, 1894, upon a decree given and rendered in said court on the 7th day of July, 1894, in a cause wherein G. V. Bolton was plaintiff and Emily B. Rinehart and Sayre Rinehart, Earle Rinehart, Carl Rinehart and Phillip Rinehart, minors, by their guardian ad litem, W. H. Hobson, were defendants, and to me directed and delivered, and commanding me to satisfy the sum of \$2180.00, with interest thereon at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum from said 7th day of July, 1894, and \$280.00 attorney's fees and \$88.15 costs of suit and accruing costs, by selling, in the manner provided by law for the sale of real property, all of the right title and interest of said defendants, Emily B. Rinehart, Sayre Rinehart, Earle Rinehart, Carl Rinehart and Phillip Rinehart in and to lots "Q," "R," "S" and "T" in Butte's Grand View Addition to Dalles City, in Wasco County, State of Oregon, according to the official plat thereof as the same appears of record within and for said County and State: I will on Thursday, August 23, 1894, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., at the court house door in Dalles City, in said County and State, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand, all the right title and interest of the said defendants in and to the above named and described premises or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the sums above named.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Pursuant to the command of a writ of execution issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Wasco County in a suit therein pending wherein L. J. McArthur is plaintiff and John Adams and C. E. Haight are defendants, dated August 23, 1894, commanding me to sell all the right title and interest of said defendants and each of them in and to the southeast quarter of section nine, township two south, range fourteen east, W. M., to satisfy the sum of \$23.70 and interest thereon from June 30th, 1894, at the rate of ten per cent per annum and the further sum of \$40.00 attorney's fees and the sum of \$26.25 costs and disbursements, due to said plaintiff from said defendant John Adams, and to apply the surplus if any to the payment of the sum of \$33.55 and interest thereon at the rate of ten per cent per annum from said June 30th, 1894, and \$40.00 attorney's fees, from the defendant John Adams to the defendant C. E. Haight, I will, on Saturday the 8th day of September, 1894, at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon, at the courthouse door in Dalles City, Oregon, sell all of said above described real property at public sale to the highest bidder for cash in hand.

"The Regulator Line" The Dalles, Portland and Astoria Navigation Co.



THROUGH Freight and Passenger Line

Through Daily Trips (Sundays excepted) between The Dalles and Portland. Steamer Regulator leaves The Dalles at 7 a. m., connecting at the Cascade Locks with Steamer Dalles City. Steamer Dalles City leaves Portland (Yamhill St. dock) at 6 a. m., connecting with Steamer Regulator for The Dalles.

PASSENGER RATES.

One way.....\$2.00 Round trip.....3.00

Freight Rates Greatly Reduced.

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

Shipments for Portland received at any time day or night. Shipments for way landings must be delivered before 5 p. m. Live stock shipments solicited. Call on or address,

W. C. ALLAWAY, General Agent. B. F. LAUGHLIN, General Manager.

THE-DALLES, OREGON

J. F. FORD, Evangelist, Of Des Moines, Iowa, writes under date of March 23, 1893:

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 wasted 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, MRS. & MRS. J. F. FORD.

House Moving!

Andrew Velarde IS prepared to do any and all kinds of work in his line at reasonable figures. Has the largest horse moving outfit in Eastern Oregon.

Physician and Surgeon.

DUFUR, OREGON. All professional calls promptly attended to, day and night.

New York Weekly Tribune

Dalles Weekly Chronicle

AND ONLY \$1.75.

The Dalles Daily and Weekly Chronicle.

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. For advertising rates, subscriptions, etc., address THE CHRONICLE PUBLISHING CO., The Dalles, Oregon.

"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. MICHELBAUGH BRICK, UNION ST.

D. BUNNELL, Pipe Work, Tin Repairs and Roofing

MAINS TAPPED UNDER PRESSURE. Shop on Third Street, next door west of Young & Kuss' Blacksmith Shop.

THE CELEBRATED COLUMBIA BREWERY,

AUGUST BUCHLER, Prop'r. This well-known Brewery is now turning out the best Beer and Porter east of the Cascades. The latest appliances for the manufacture of good healthful Beer have been introduced, and only the first-class article will be placed on the market.