

HIGH LIVING, if you keep at it, is apt to tell upon the liver. The things to prevent this are Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Take one of these little Pellets for a corrective or gentle laxative—three for a cathartic. They're the smallest, easiest to take, pleasantest and most natural in the way they act. They do permanent good. Constipation, Indigestion, Biliary Attacks, Sick or Bilious Headache, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels, are prevented, relieved, and cured.

They're guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or your money is returned.

The worst cases of Chronic Catarrh in the Head, yield to Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. So certain is it that its makers offer \$500 reward for an incurable case.

A misunderstanding: "Yes, I was at the church. The bride walked in on the arm of her father." "What! I didn't know that she was an acrobat."—Texas Siftings.

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 one 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. When troubled with dysentery, diarrhoea, colic or cholera morbus, give this remedy a trial and you will be more than pleased with the result. The praise that naturally follows its introduction and use has made it very popular. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Blakely & Houghton, druggists.

Youngun—Newlywed was telling me that his wife writes him two or three times a week. All for love, of course. Ohhand—Humph! I'll bet its mostly for money.—Buffalo Courier.

Deafness Cannot be Cured
By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

"If your boy doesn't reform, old fellow, you won't be able to keep him out of jail when he grows up." "Don't you believe it. I'm going to make a policeman of him."—Life.

"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 Shumpik, 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." 25 and 50 cent bottles of this remedy for sale by Blakely & Houghton druggists.

Mistress—I wish to know how to have my photograph taken so as to please dear Charley. Familiar maid—Let me sit for you, Miss Emma.—Murphy, N. C., Bulletin.

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 will answer any inquiries regarding it when stamp is inclosed. I refer to any county official as to my reliability. Wm. Roach, J. P., Primroy, Campbell Co., Tenn. For sale by Blakely & Houghton druggist.

Get Your Money.
All county warrants registered prior to August 1, 1890, will be paid on presentation at my office. Interest ceases after July 12th.
Wm. MICHELL,
County Treasurer.

WILD HOGS IN ARIZONA.

Large Droves of Degenerate Descendants of Tame Porkers.

The Thrilling Experience of an Over-Candid Hunter Who Went Out to Bag a Tender Young Sucker—A Bad Old Boar.

The wildest of wild hogs live both above and below Yuma, on the Colorado river, says the San Francisco Chronicle. While the steamer was lying at Castle Dome landing a few days since, loading with ore, a fine band of them on the opposite shore came down to the river to feed on the banks, where the grass and weeds were green, and to get a drink of water. They paid no attention to the boat or to the Indians at work. After loafing around for awhile an old boar came out of the brush, and, on spying us, gave a "swish," and away they all went. Hardly a day passes that the Indians and cattlemen do not run upon them. These bands seem to be more timid than ugly. When the late Thomas Blythe was trying to settle a colony at Lerdo, forty-five miles below Yuma on the Colorado, he set down a large number of very fine full-blooded Berkshire and Poland-China pigs, and turned them loose on the banks of the river near Lerdo, where they lived on the roots, grass, weeds, tules and mesquite beans; bred, multiplied, kept fat and filled the low and tule lands with a large number of fine porkers. Never seeing a human being, except now and then a lone Indian, they soon became wild, and wilder still, and scattered until the low lands and woods were full of them. Notwithstanding that the coyotes slaughtered the little ones in great numbers, they have increased until it is estimated that at the present time there are more than ten thousand of them roaming up and down the Colorado and Hardie rivers, from their mouths up as high as tide runs, or from sixty-five to seventy miles this side of the gulf.

They go wherever they please; nothing stops them in their course. When the Colorado is at its flood they will cross it from shore to shore, even near the Hardie, where it is four miles wide when at its highest gauge. Their range gives them the finest of feed—wild, sweet potatoes, tules, stray fish, clams, dead turtles and seaweed along the river bank at low tide. They are unmolested, except now and then by a hunter who finds his way down the river. Most of the hunters give the wild swine a wide berth, except now and then as they happen to spy a nice little roaster on the bank and within easy rifle shot.

A few years ago a man and his family were living a few miles below the colony on the bank of the Colorado. He had a pair of very fine, large staghounds, which the owner claimed could run down and kill any wild hog in that region. One day he took dogs and rifle and went for a nice little one, just right for the oven. He had not gone far before he found a large band of hogs, and turned his dogs loose on them. No sooner had they started when out of the tules near by jumped an enormous boar, a monster, who, with mouth wide open, paying no attention to the dogs, made for the hunter. The latter drew up his rifle and fired, but on came the boar, the dogs nipping him at every jump. The hunter fired a second shot, but on came the beast. The hunter turned and ran for a mesquite tree a few yards distant, the hog close to his heels. He dropped his gun and jumped for life, grasping a limb of the tree just as the hog grabbed his pants and tore one-half of them from him, but he was safe, just out of reach. The dogs all this while ran grabbing the hog by the hind legs, to which the beast paid no attention. The mad boar seized the bark of the tree in his great tusks and tore it into shreds. Finally he turned upon the dogs, instantly killed one and wounded the other so that it died soon after. He then turned his attention to the tree where sat the hunter. He guarded him until it was dark. Twice did the man get down and try to get his rifle, but his foe was on guard and drove him back up the tree. During the night the boar left. Daylight came and so did help. The men had hardly reached the river and got in their boat when down came the old hog after them in vain pursuit.

ANGLO-INDIAN WOMEN.
There Are More Socias Than Mr. Kipling Has Introduced to Us.
The Anglo-Indian woman is a more varied type than ever Mr. Kipling's versatile pen has made her. According to the description of one sojourner in the land of the Hindoos, says the New York Recorder, the Mrs. Anukshes are no more common than the women burning for a desire for knowledge and parading views on the education of the native women. She goes about armed with a notebook in which she dots down the information she receives. She insists upon visiting "Purdah" Indies and gives them advice about the abolition of child marriage and the necessity for intellectual development for women. She always wears a solar "topee," with a gauze veil around it, even at afternoon parties, where everyone blossoms like the rose in gorgeous apparel. She converses with the native butler concerning the status of his people and quotes him largely among the people who display a shameful indifference on the subjects which interest her.

The athletic young woman does not flourish to quite the same degree in India as in England. The climate is against it. But a modified form of the athletic girl in the "man's woman" is a prominent feature of society. She rides well and has a graceful seat and a pretty figure, but long rides and long walks tire her. She dresses beautifully, whether in tailor-made gowns at the meets, or sheeny ball gowns, or graceful tea robes. It is in these last that she is most herself. In them she manages to seem more cordial, more hospitable, almost more tender than in anything else.

Napoleon as a Nimrod.
An anecdote of the first Napoleon is told in a story, forming part of the recollections of the two uncles of the writer, described as "favorites" of Napoleon III., runs as follows: Once, hunting with the emperor, they were consoled by him for their bad shooting, with the assurance that the first Napoleon was even a worst shot than they. It seems that whenever a stag was brought to bay, it was usual to leave the animal to be killed by Napoleon. On one occasion Napoleon could not be found, and the master of the hounds did the business. Suddenly Napoleon arrived, and the stag was hurriedly propped up on his legs with tree boughs. The gun was wanted to him and he fired at the stag, which, of course, fell to the ground, while a piteous whine from a hound showed that something different from a dead stag was hit. Napoleon was completely deceived, and observed: "After all, I am not so bad a shot as they try to make out."

More Frills Than Comfort.
"If they make my home much more attractive and comfortable," said Mr. Glimmerton, "I shall have to leave it altogether. They have taken there lately to making sofa and chair cushions of lovely materials, and very soft and comfortable, which they scatter around on the chairs and sofas, but it seems that these are for visitors only and to look at; they are not for members of the family. If I forget and sit down on one of them I hear Mrs. Glimmerton or Miss Glimmerton say: 'Oh, don't do that!' and then they come and pat it and smooth it and fix it over again, but I know that its invitation is not for me."

THE SERPENT'S GAZE.

Strange Muscular Power That Assists Them in Fascinating Their Victims.

The power of continuing motionless, with the lifted head projecting forward for an indefinite time, is one of the most wonderful of the serpent's muscular feats, and is one of the highest importance to the animal, both when fascinating its victim and when mimicking some inanimate object, as, for instance, the stem and bud of an aquatic plant; here it is only referred to on account of the effect it produces upon the human mind as enhancing the serpent's strangeness. In this attitude, with the round, unwinking eyes fixed on the beholder's face, the effect may be very curious and uncanny.

Ernest Glanville, a South African writer, thus describes his own experience in the Fortnightly Review. When a boy he frequently went out into the bush in quest of game, and on one of these solitary excursions he sat down to rest in the shade of a willow on the bank of a shallow stream; sitting there with cheek resting on his hand he fell into a boyish reverie. After some time he became aware in a vague way that on the white, sandy bottom of the stream there was stretched a long, black line, which had not been there at first. He continued for some time regarding it without recognizing what it was, but all at once, with an inward shock, became fully conscious that he was looking at a large snake.

"Presently, without apparent motion, so softly and silently was it done, the snake reared its head above the surface and held it there erect and still, with gleaming eyes fixed on me in question of what I was. It flashed upon me then that it would be a good opportunity to test the power of the human eye on a snake, and I set myself the task of looking it down. It was a foolish effort. The bronze head and sinewy neck, about which the water flowed without a ripple, were as carved in stone, and the cruel, unwinking eyes, with the light coming and going in them, appeared to glow the brighter the longer I looked. Gradually there came over me a sensation of sickening fear, which, if I had listened to it, would have left me powerless to move, but with a cry I leaped up, and, seizing a fallen willow branch, attacked the reptile with a species of fury. Probably the idea of the Icarus originated in a similar experience of some native."

The Icarus, it must be explained, is a powerful and malignant being that takes the form of a great serpent and lies at night in some deep, dark pool, and should a man incautiously approach and look down into the water he would be held there by the power of the great gleaming eyes, and finally drawn down against his will, powerless and speechless, to disappear forever in the black depths.

THE SERPENT'S GAZE.
Date of the Treaty of Peace and How Brave Deeds Were Recorded.
The formerly ratified treaty of peace was brought to London by William Stuart, first attache to the British embassy at Paris, on April 28, 1856. Sunday May 4, was observed as a day of general thanksgiving to almighty God for the preservation of peace; and on Monday the 5th, it was formally proclaimed in London, with the usual solemnities. Addresses to the crown, approving of the peace, were carried in both houses of parliament on the evening of that day; and on the 5th both houses cordially voted "thanks to the army, navy and marines employed in the operations of the late war." The feelings entertained toward the men who fought and bled in the Crimea by the queen, the government and the people of England are also placed on record in an excellent dispatch of Lord Panmure's, which will be perpetuated as long as the language exists.

"Since the period," said the noble secretary of war, "when the army first quitted the shores of England, there has been no vicissitude of war which it has not been called upon to encounter. It was assailed by cholera shortly after its arrival in Turkey. Then was proved that moral as well as physical courage pervaded its ranks. Led to the field, it triumphed in engagements in which heavy odds were on the enemy's side. It carried on, under difficulties almost incredible, a siege of unprecedented duration, in the course of which the trying duties of the trenches, privations from straitened supplies, and the fearful diminution of its numbers from disease neither shook its courage nor impaired its discipline. Notwithstanding that many a gallant comrade fell in their ranks, and they were called to mourn the gallant commander who led them from England, and who closed in the field his noble career as a soldier, her majesty's troops never flinched from their duties, nor disappointed the sanguine hopes of their country."

A Temple Made from a Single Stone.
Mayalipmam, India, has seven of the most remarkable temples in the world, each of these unique places of worship having been fashioned from solid granite boulders. Some idea of their size and the task of chiseling out the interior may be gleaned from the fact that the smallest of the seven is twenty-four feet high, seventeen feet long, and twelve feet wide. Travelers who have carefully examined them are of the opinion that it took centuries of work to carve these graceful edifices from native rock.

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J. F. FORD, Evangelist,
Of Des Moines, Iowa, writes under date of March 28, 1895:

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 38 pounds, is now well, strong and vigorous, and well flushed 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.

House Moving!

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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.

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The Dalles, Oregon.

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The poet unquestionably had reference to the

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