

A BARON'S BAG OF BIRDS.

The Sprig of Royalty the Victim of a Clever Ruse.

Gamekeepers and Poachers Conspire to Fleece the Vanquishing Nobleman—An Expensive Sporting Experience

"Be not righteous overmuch," says King Solomon—if, indeed, that monarch was the author of Ecclesiastes. "Be not amiable overmuch" is a maxim that might be deduced from it, and that is now somewhat tardily taken to heart by the Austrian nobleman whose name is known in England and who is a million or so out of pocket for not having acted upon it earlier.

He died a few months ago, and a recently drawn-up will found in his room not only makes over the entire property to two strangers and one benevolent institution, but explains this legacy as the result of an adventure with grouse. The story is amusing in itself, to say nothing of its interest as throwing light upon an impending lawsuit, which will probably take high rank among Austrian causes celebres.

The wealthy Count Y., paid a visit to Baron X. last autumn, and immediately after his arrival explained that he had come to do what he had never done in his life before—to shoot grouse. He held the opinion that, being an excellent shot with a revolver, he must likewise be a good marksman with a gun, and he had, in fact, laid a wager that he would not return empty handed from his first day's shooting.

With this object in view he called up the head gamekeeper. "Ferdinand," he said, "Count Y. is going out for a day's shooting Thursday. I'm afraid he's a very bad shot, and yet he insists on showing us that he can work wonders. Now, I want you to arrange matters so that, whatever he hits or misses, he may feel convinced that he has shortened the lives of a few birds. You understand? The details you may work out at your leisure. Make no blunder." Ferdinand said only "H'm!" in his master's presence, but he used very wild words later on, and not hitting upon any likely idea himself, he called on his assistant, Franz, and instructed him to mature a plan.

Now, Franz is a man of many resources, and his name has become proverbial in sporting circles in Austria as a wily Ulysses. A few hours later he unfolded a project to his senior which caused the latter to split his sides with laughter. Franz was to hunt up a daring poacher, who had been twice wounded while trespassing on these very estates, and to ask him to appear at a certain place Thursday with some recently shot birds and to drop one or two after each of the count's shots. The plan was agreed to, the poacher promised to be invisibly on the spot, and the various stations at which he should successively drop the grouse were determined upon.

At length the morning dawned and count and baron were early on the field, accompanied by the faithful gamekeepers, who looked as reserved and sad as undertakers. "I don't see anything about here," murmured the count after a time. "It's true I am somewhat nearsighted, but—" "Look there, your excellency! Look there! You are in luck!" shouted the head gamekeeper at the top of his voice, endeavoring to look the while as if he were only whispering the information into the sensitive ear of his master's guest.

His excellency became flurried, took out his monocle, fixed the spot pointed out to him, and said: "Well, I don't see—Oh, that black mass, do you mean?" "Yes, your excellency. There are half a dozen there if there is one. Now is the time, your excellency, to fire." The count shouldered his gun, to the mortal terror of the baron, who feared he should be called to his last account before that day's shooting would be done; then he shut one eye and pulled the trigger. Something was seen to fall.

"Splendid shot, that, your excellency. I saw the bird fall. He's done for." Instead of hurrying to the place where the feathered victim was supposed to lie the gamekeepers allowed the count to go before them, so that he might see the handiwork with his own eyes. Arriving at the spot he stooped, picked up something dark, fumbled at it a few seconds, drew out a brace of grouse, looked in stupefaction at the two gamekeepers, who were desperately waging war with their facial muscles, and then flung down his gun in disgust, rushed from the field, and left by the following train. What he had picked up was a bag with recently killed grouse. The poacher, it seems, was late on the field, and reached the spot just as the count had fired, so that he had no time to open the bag, and he lacked the needful presence of mind to keep it and himself out of sight. He flung it down and rushed off to the next place. But that was the last shot fired there that day, and it cost the baron over one million florins.

TOOK HALF IN RATS.

How China's Dowager Empress Mitigated the Force of the Pestilence.

A recent number of the North China Herald, just received in this city, tells this story of the Empress Dowager of China:

"A rather good story is told among the Chinese about the empress dowager and the plague. The empress keeps constantly burning, day and night, in her palace, eighteen lamps, which represent the eighteen provinces of China. Not long ago one of the lamps, although it received precisely the same attention as all the others, was burning very badly, and the empress sent for the chief imperial astronomer to learn the reason. The chief astronomer having carefully considered the matter and consulted the archives, told the empress that the lamp which was burning so badly represented the province of Canton, which was about to be afflicted with a serious epidemic, in which the god of pestilence had determined to take off eight-tenths of the people.

"The empress was very much concerned at being told this, and asked the chief astronomer how such a dreadful doom might be averted from eight-tenths of her people in the province. The chief astronomer said that the god might perhaps be moved by prayer and offerings, and everything was done to placate him by the empress dowager's orders. After this the chief astronomer was asked what success had been achieved, and, after much consideration and consultation, he replied that the god of pestilence had consented to compromise—but this was absolutely the best he could do—for four-tenths human beings and four-tenths rats. Thus the frightful mortality of rats and human beings at Canton this spring is explained."

HAVE THEIR OWN METHODS.

The Cassowaries Pursue a Plan of Their Own for Catching Fish.

The methods employed by the cassowary in catching fish differ materially from those of the common fish-hawk. The fish-hawk employs very much the same methods as the birds of prey, while the cassowary fishes according to a method of its own and uses a good deal of strategy. A number of years ago I was standing near the bank of a river when I saw a cassowary come down to the water's edge and stand for some minutes, apparently watching the water carefully. It then stepped into the river where it was about two feet deep, and, squatting down, spread its wings out, submerged them, the feathers being spread and ruffled. The bird remained perfectly motionless, and kept its eye closed, as if in sleep. It remained in this position at least half an hour, when it suddenly closed its wings, and, straightening its feathers, stepped out on the bank. Here it shook itself several times, whereupon a number of small fishes fell out of its wings from amid its feathers, which the bird immediately picked up and swallowed. The fishes had evidently mistaken the feathers for a kind of weed that grows along the river bank and which resembles the feathers of the cassowary. The smaller fishes often seek a hiding place in these weeds to avoid the larger ones that prey upon them.

TIME AT THE NORTH POLE.

The Man Who First Reaches That Point Will Meet with Surprises.

If ever the north pole is reached the adventurous spirits who get there will find that they have actually outstripped Father Time altogether; in fact, he will have given up the rate entirely, for at the northern and southern extremities of the earth's axis there is no fixed time at all, says the London Globe. At any moment it can be noon or midnight, breakfast time or supper time, work time or play time, whichever one likes. Clocks will be a fraud and delusion, for at the pole all degrees of longitude converge into one, and therefore all times. The possibilities of such a position are endless. Not only, too, will the clocks be out, but the calendar as well. It can be, at will, either yesterday or to-day, or tomorrow. We have heard a lot of foolish people ask what the use and pleasure can be of getting to the north pole, but a little reflection will show us advantages can be gained there which cannot be found in any other part of the globe. There, at any rate, instead of being like the poor inhabitants of lower latitudes, the slaves of time, we can turn the tables and be its masters.

THE GERMAN'S JOKE.

The Cuto Smoker Plays His Game and Has It Returned.

The following "Fraud Upon an Insurance Company," in the Deutsche Tabak-Zeitung, is certainly just a little too good to be true: A cunning fellow, who wanted to smoke the best cigars at the cheapest possible cost, bought one thousand cigars of the highest quality and corresponding price, and immediately insured the whole stock. When he had smoked the last of them he demanded seven hundred and fifty marks from the insurance company on the ground that the whole of his insured stock, ten boxes of cigars, had been consumed by fire! The Solomonian court decided in favor of the plaintiff. The company then brought an action of conspiracy against the smoker, accusing him of having intentionally put fire to his own cigars and deliberately destroyed his property. Hereupon the same wise court condemned the insured smoker to three months' imprisonment.

Origin of the Walking Stick.

Probably the patriarch's staff was the first adaptation of the walking stick and from its first inception to the present day it has undergone almost endless changes. In 1701 footmen attending gentlemen were forbidden to carry swords, these being replaced by a porter's staff. Thirty years later gentlemen were forbidden to carry swords, but allowed to carry large oak and polished woods with ornamental heads came into use and in one form or another have held their own in public popularity.

A ROOMY HOTEL.

Cheap Fare and Always Open to Guests of Every Description.

The impecunious bohemians of London, when too poor to pay for a night's lodging, sleep in what they poetically name the Hotel de la Beautiful Star, or the Hotel de la Belle Etoile, as it is called by those who speak French.

It is a large hotel, and the lodgers can choose from among several chambers, such as the park and the Thames embankment, and always find elbow room and plenty of water.

Eight or ten years ago Mr. Christie Murray—he tells the story in "The Making of a Novelist"—was sitting in the Savage club in company with four distinguished men of letters.

One of them was the editor of a London daily, who said: "I do not suppose that any man in my present position has experienced in London the privations I knew when I first came here. I went hungry for three days, twenty years back, and for three nights I slept in the park."

"You can't say that, Christie," said one of the party.

"Four nights on the embankment. Four days hungry," he answered. His neighbor, a poet, chimed in, laconically: "Five."

All of the party had slept in that hotel which is always open for everybody.

For Trout Lake.

The great fishing resort of the Northwest. Parties can procure teams or conveyance the round trip by writing and stating time they wish to start, number of the party, amount of baggage, etc. Address A. H. JEWETT, 1m White Salmon, Wash.

For Rent.

The Union street lodging house. For terms apply to Geo. Williams, administrator of the estate of John Michelbach. 1m.

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The Dalles, Portland and Astoria Navigation Co.



THROUGH Freight and Passenger Line

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THE-DALLES, OREGON

J. F. FORD, Evangelist, Of Des Moines, Iowa, writes under date of March 23, 1898:

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 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.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, The Dalles, Or., August 11, 1898. Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register and receiver of the U. S. Land office at The Dalles, Or., on Sept. 25, 1898, viz:

Alvin E. Lake, H. E. No. 4512, for the NW 1/4, NE 1/4, Sec. 5, SW 1/4, SE 1/4, and E 1/2, SW 1/4 Sec. 26, T 4 S, R 11 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: J. E. Woodcock, I. D. Driver, S. G. Ledford, of Wasie; T. J. Driver, of The Dalles. JAS. F. MOORE, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, The Dalles, Or., July 25, 1898. Complaint having been entered at this office by Frank Malope against John Vredt for abandoning his homestead entry, No. 4323, dated March 23, 1892, upon the E 1/2, SW 1/4, NW 1/4, SW 1/4 and SW 1/4 NW 1/4, Sec. 10, T 3 S, R 16 E, 12, Wasco County, Oregon, with a view to the cancellation of said entry, the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 12th day of September, 1898, at 10 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment. F. M. Shurt, U. S. Commissioner, is authorized to take testimony at Antelope, Oregon, on September 12th, 1898, at 10 o'clock a. m. JAS. F. MOORE, Register.

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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.

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.



IN GLASS. That's the way Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets come. And it's a more important point than you think. It keeps them always fresh and reliable, unlike the ordinary pills in cheap wooden or pasteboard boxes.

They're put up in a better way, and they act in a better way, than the huge, old-fashioned pills. No gripping, no violence, no reaction afterward that sometimes leaves you worse off than before. In that way, they cure permanently. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels are prevented, relieved, and cured.

They're tiny, sugar-coated granules, a compound of refined and concentrated vegetable extracts—the smallest in size, the easiest to take, and cheapest pill you can buy, for they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You pay only for the good you get. There's nothing likely to be "just as good."

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

Husband (meekly)—This is the fourth time this week we have had tinned beef and cabbage, Maria, and I'm just a little tired of it. His wife—I'm sure, Thomas, you're very unreasonable. You know I've had to correct the proof sheets of my new book "One Hundred Daily Dinners."—Tib-Bits.

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.

Everett Rest—This here paper says whiskey kin be made of sawdust. Layman Dowse—I wonder if it would be any disgrace for a gent to saw wood if he knowed whiskey would be made from the dust.—Cincinnati Tribune.

Strength and Health.

If you are not feeling strong and healthy, try Electric Bitters. If "la grippe" has left you weak and weary, use Electric Bitters. This remedy acts directly on liver, stomach and kidneys, gently aiding those organs to perform their functions. If you are afflicted with sick headache, you will find speedy and permanent relief by taking Electric Bitters. One trial will convince you that this is the remedy you need. Large bottles only 50c. at Snipes & Kinersly's drug store.

Mistress—Did you tell the lady I was out? Ward—Yes, ma'am. Mistress—Did she seem to have any doubts about it? Ward—No, ma'am. She said she knew you wasn't.—Harlem Life.

While in Chicago, Mr. Charles L. Kahler, a prominent shoe merchant of Des Moines, Iowa, had quite a serious time of it. He took such a severe cold that he could hardly talk or navigate, but the prompt use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy cured him so quickly that others at the hotel who had had colds followed his example and half a dozen persons ordered it from the nearest drug store. They were profuse in their thanks to Mr. Kahler for telling them how to cure a bad cold so quickly. For sale by Blakeley & Houghton Druggists.

Bolker (meditatively)—My experience has taught me one very curious thing. Blobbs—Has, eh? What is it? Bolker—That the closer a man is the harder it is to touch him.—Buffalo Courier.

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 & Kinersly.

"I always knew he was too timid to propose." "But he was married a short time ago." "Yes but he married a widow."—Life's Calendar.

For Colic and Grubs

In my mules and horses, I give Simmons' Liver Regulator. I have not lost one yet to it. TAYLOR, Agt. for Grangers of Ga.