



LOOK AT THE SIZE of the ordinary pill. Think of all the trouble and disturbance it causes you. Wouldn't you welcome something easier to take, and easier in its ways, if at the same time it did you more good? That is the case with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They're the smallest in size, the mildest in action, but the most thorough and far-reaching in results. They follow nature's methods, and they give help that lasts. Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick and Biliary Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels are promptly relieved and permanently cured.

"If we can't cure your Catarrh, no matter how bad your case or of how long standing, we'll pay you \$500 in cash." That is what is promised by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Doesn't it prove, better than any words could, that this is a remedy that cures Catarrh? Costs only 50 cents.

Oliver Wendell Holmes has not hesitated to express his pride in the fact that the year of his birth gave to the world four of its great men—Tennyson, Darwin and Gladstone in England, and Abraham Lincoln in this country. And when his own name was added to the list the doctor modestly added: "Oh, I sneaked in, as it were."

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.

Clwyd, the archdruid and bard of Wales, was stricken with paralysis in Denbigh on August 24, and at last accounts was still unconscious. He is 94 years old.

A Million Friends. A friend in need is a friend indeed and not less than one million people have found just such a friend in Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds.—If you have never used this Great Cough Medicine, one trial will convince you that it has wonderful curative powers in all diseases of Throat, Chest and Lungs. Each bottle is guaranteed to do all that is claimed or money will be refunded. Trial bottles free at Snipes & Kinersley's drug store. Large bottles 50c and \$1.

Archbishop Vilatte, the head of the new Polish Catholic church, is about 40 years of age, and was for a time a clergyman of the Episcopal church.

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.

It is not generally known that Viscount Wolsley lost the sight of one eye in the Crimea while leading an attack on the Redan.

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 & Kinersley.

Another Call. All county warrants registered prior to January 1, 1891, will be paid on presentation at my office. Interest ceases after Sept. 10th. Wm. MICHELL, County Treasurer.

Natural Science: Teacher—When water becomes ice what great change takes place? Pupil—The change in the price.—Harlem Life.

FATE OF GOLD HUNTERS.

Driven Insane by Thirst While Seeking Fortunes in the Colorado Desert. Misfortunes that have overtaken so many wretched desert gold hunters seems to have no effect on other seekers after fortune, says the Palm Springs (Col.) correspondent of the New York Telegram. Perhaps no fate has been so sad as that of the unknown prospector who was carried into Yuma recently insane for the want of water and food. The unhappy man put in an appearance with his nurse at the romantic village of Durmid on the Southern Pacific track. Durmid is in the heart of the desert, and a few miles from Salton. This and Volcano are the dreariest spots in the world. For many miles in the vicinity of Volcano Springs nothing grows. The ground is treacherous, for under its seemingly firm exterior are boiling mud wells. There is shelter for neither beast nor bird. Even the miserable sage brush gets no hospitality from the lean soil. A pitiless sun by day and a hot wind by night greet the travelers who cross the desert in their hunt for gold deposits. Here the prospector first brought himself to notice by asking for a shovel.

"I've got a dead burro out yonder," he remarked, gazing to the west, "and I want to bury it." The shovel was given him and away he started. He came back some time after and said he had buried the carcass some six feet under the ground. It was considered strange at the time, as no one here ever thinks of burying an animal. The dry air desiccates the body as completely as if it had been subjected to the heat of an oven. He hung about the section house for a few hours and then left for Durmid, where he mentioned his loss. There he stayed, refusing all offers of food, but picking up his subsistence from such food as he could find about the place—dry bits of bread, which even a coyote would have scorned, he ate greedily. Then he asked for a shovel and announced his intention to dig up his donkey, as he had found a sovereign remedy against death. The shovel was given him, and, though the beast had been interred three or four days, the crazy man disinterred the remains. He came back, saying that the donkey refused to get up and live. The section men sent word that they had an insane man on their hands and feared he would die, as he refused food. The conductor of a freight train was ordered to take him into Yuma, and essayed the task. The wretched man would run like a deer from his captors, offering violence to anyone who came near him. Finally one man more astute than the rest said: "Look here, the superintendent wants to see you in Los Angeles and pay you for the donkey you lost."

"If that is what you want me for I'll come," he answered, "and if you promise not to tie me up I'll be quiet." He was taken into Yuma, but all efforts to discover his identity proved unavailing. A short time previously another man came into Durmid raving mad. His tongue was black, his eyes rolled and glittered and he was in the direst extremity. Water and food judiciously administered saved his life. Though his new found friends begged him not to follow the fascinations of gold hunting he refused to listen to reason, scorned the kindness of section men, upbraided them for being slaves and working for wages, and continued his hopeless quest of illusive gold fields.

BISMARCK'S MORTGAGES. The Ex-Chancellor Devoting \$32,000 a Year to the Liquidation of Debts. Nobody in Germany has felt the evil effects of the agricultural depression more keenly than has Bismarck. To persons who have read of the magnificent presents given to Bismarck by the old emperor it has been a surprise to learn recently that his estates are heavily mortgaged. His present from the old emperor after the Austro-Prussian war of 1866 was \$300,000, and with this sum he bought his palace at Varzin. After the Franco-Prussian war he received from the same hands the Saxon forest at Friedrichsruhe, valued at \$750,000. He inherited the ancestral estate at Schoenhausen. On April 1, 1885, Bismarck's seventieth birthday, his admirers throughout the world gave him that portion of the Schoenhausen property which his father had been obliged to sell when times were hard. The money value of the gift was some \$400,000. Bismarck is also a distiller, forester and the owner of a large brick yard. Despite all these advantages, however, says a writer in the Home Journal, he has found it impossible to lift the mortgages, amounting to about \$750,000, which have incumbered his estates for many years. Of his gross income more than \$32,000 must be devoted every year to paying the interest on his debts. The burden is not agreeable to the old chancellor, and he has often remarked to his friends recently that his ambition to leave an unincumbered property to his children would never be gratified.

Too Good a Joke. Lord Bowen, an English judge, was once tempted to sum up ironically. It was the case of a burglar who had been caught, having entered from the roof and taken the precaution to leave his boots on top. His defense was that he was in the habit of taking midnight strolls on the roofs of houses, and that he was tempted by curiosity to have a look at one of the interiors. Lord Bowen said, sarcastically: "If, gentlemen of the jury, you think it probable that the prisoner considered the roofs of the houses a salubrious place for an evening walk; if you suppose that the temptation to inspect the interior of the houses beneath him was the outcome of a natural and pardonable curiosity, in that case, of course, you will acquit him, and regard him as a thoughtful and considerate man, who would naturally remove his boots before entering the house, and take every precaution not to disturb his neighbors." To the judge's amazement, the jury took him at his word and acquitted the prisoner. Lord Bowen never attempted to joke with a jury again.

FRENCH SOIL IN GERMANY.

Historic Spots That Did Not Go with Alsace and Lorraine. It is not generally known that the French still retain two little pieces of German soil—one in Alsace itself and the other in Baden. The monument which Napoleon created in 1809 in honor of Gen. Desaix, who fell at Marengo, stands in a small garden near the bridge of boats over the Rhine at Kehl. Desaix had defended the bridge with great bravery against the Austrians. The monument and Garden were declared by the peace of Frankfurt to be French property, and they remain unto this day.

Till eleven years ago, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch, this little piece of French soil regularly had a French veteran as sentinel, who lived in a little house in the well-kept grounds; but at that time the German government offered to take charge of this piece of France, and the offer was accepted by the French government. The place is now prettily laid out and is guarded by a sentinel from the garrison at Strasbourg.

The property of the French republic in the duchy of Baden lies in the parish of Achern, which has a station on the Baden State railway. It is the site of the Turenne monument, a granite obelisk, with a medallion and inscription. The land on which the monument stands has been French property since 1675 till the present day, and it is still guarded by a French military pensioner, who lives upon the spot.

At the beginning of the Franco-German war in 1870, a party of Baden fire-creators proposed to reclaim this small piece of land, but the Baden government, with a chivalrous international loyalty, put a stop to the attempt.

A WISE ROBIN.

The Little Bird Got a Drink in a Very Clever Manner. That was a charming object lesson which was noticed in the yard at the "Hickories," up Windsor avenue, in Hartford, and it was an instructive lesson in helping oneself as well. Midway between the house and barn is located a large cask as a drinking place for the horses.

Usually, of course, this tub is nearly full, but at the time referred to, the water lapped quite a little of reaching the top. Along came a robin, spinning over the ground like mad, only stopping for a moment, as is his wont, to listen. Reaching the tub he quickly vaulted to the edge. A look of disappointment was visible when he arched his pretty neck so that one eye could look down at the water. It was too far away and the bird trotted around quite ill at ease. The faucet was leaking just a trifle—only a drop at a time—drop, drop, drop—and the robin's eye finally caught the crystals and the little fellow almost shouted for joy as he danced around to that side of the tub.

Placing himself directly underneath the outlet, he threw back his head, opened his beak, and thereafter each drop landed in his parched throat. More than a dozen drops disappeared down the narrow channel; then the robin bowed his head just a little, so that the cooling drops landed on the top of it, and trickled down on either side. Then it flew away to a neighboring tree, as content and happy as if at peace with all the world.

UNCLE SAM, JUNK DEALER.

He Has a Price List of the Old Trumpery He Disposes Of. Uncle Sam is a sort of second-hand dealer and runs a good-sized junk shop on his own hook. Not only that, says the New York Advertiser, but he sends out circulars to those of inquiring price lists of his wares, just as a second-hand book dealer or postage stamp or coin collector would do.

If a grand army post should conclude to festoon the rafters of its armory with old muskets and antique scabbards it will find Uncle Sam right on hand, for, though he has disposed of all his heavy arms, he has innumerable old pistols, muskets, bayonets and sabers which he is not averse to disposing of at a fair price, and he will promptly forward a printed price list showing the comparative newness or antiquity of his second-hand wares and warranting the articles to be exactly as represented and to fill the bill precisely for decorative purposes. And they are offered very cheap, too. One can buy an old sword, blood-stained and full of memories of furious charges and well-sustained assaults, for twenty-five cents, a horse pistol for a dime or a Spencer breech-loader for seven dollars, other articles varying to suit.

BABIES OF THE YEAR.

Their Cradles Would Form a Line Around the World. Could the infants of a year be ranged in cradles, says a statistician, the cradles would extend round the globe. The same writer looks at the matter in a more picturesque light. He imagines the babies being carried past a given point in their mothers' arms, one by one, and the procession being kept up night and day until the last hour in the twelve months had passed by.

A sufficiently liberal rate is allowed, but even in the going past at the rate of twenty a minute, twelve hundred an hour, during the entire year, the reviewer at his post would only have seen the sixth part of the infantile host. In other words, the babe that had to be carried when the tramp began, would be able to walk when but a mere fraction of its comrades had reached the reviewer's post, and when the year's supply of babies was drawing to a close there would be a rear guard, not of infants, but of romping six-year-old boys and girls. This will be rather a startling calculation to the many who do not dabble in figures.

Cleverly Put. It is said that Lord Campbell was often overbearing and irritable. A lawyer who had long struggled against the chief justice's criticisms finally folded up his brief and remarked: "I will retire, my lord, and no longer trespass on your lordship's impatience."

HIS VISIT CUT SHORT.

An Indianapolis Lady's Solicitude for the Cleanliness of Her Friends.

A certain lady of this city, who had never been used to the luxury of life until after her husband made a large sum of money in the real estate business, moved into an elegant house which had, among other conveniences, a fine bathroom, says the Indianapolis Sentinel. It was her pride, and every visitor was informed about the bathroom. Guests who came from a distance were greeted with: "Now, I know you are tired and dusty after your long journey; just go right up to the bathroom and you can have a refreshing bath at once." This worked well in most cases, but one day she made a mistake. She went to the door one warm summer afternoon to find a young gentleman friend of her husband's from Louisville, and she took it for granted that he was going to stay all night. So her first words after shaking hands with him were: "Now, you are tired and dusty after your journey; just go right up to the bathroom; a bath will refresh you so."

In vain the young man tried to expostulate; she had him by the arm and started him up the stairway before he could get in a word. In half an hour he came down and took up his hat and stick. "I thank you very much," he said, "I enjoyed the bath very much." Then he started for the door. "Why, where are you going?" asked the hostess. "To catch my train," he answered; "I only had forty minutes to stay and my bath took half an hour, so I must haste now to catch the Chicago train." This cured the lady of showing off her bathroom.

Camels as Draught Animals.

A substitution of camels as working animals for horses and oxen has been going on for a few years past in several provinces of Russia, and they are now common on many large estates and on smaller properties. They perform all the work in farming for which horses and oxen are used, as well as being efficient in transportation. A camel market has grown up at Orenburg, and the animals bring sixty or seventy roubles, or about thirty-five dollars, delivered at Kiev.

How Spiders Work.

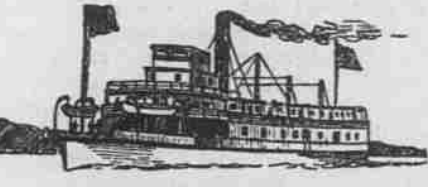
Mr. H. H. Dixon has been studying locomotion of insects and spiders by means of instantaneous photographs. He finds, says Nature, that the limbs move together in diagonals. In insects the first and third legs on one side move with the second on the other, the antennae moving with the first leg on the same side. In the case of spiders, which have eight legs, the first and third on one side move with the second and fourth on the other.

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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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.

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One way\$2.00
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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. 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.

New York Weekly Tribune

—AND—

Dalles Weekly Chronicle

One Year,

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. 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 & 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 on y the first-class article will be placed on the market.