

FEED : AND : GROCERIES.

Bran and Shorts (Diamond Mills), \$12 per ton.
 Flour at Bedrock Prices.
 Good Potatoes, 65c a sack.
 Seed Wheat.
 Chicken Wheat, 75c sack.
 Choice Wheat, Timothy and Alfalfa Hay.
 Seed Rye.
 Feed Oats.
 Rolled Barley.
 Poultry and Eggs bought and sold.
 Choice Groceries & Fruits.
 Grass Seeds.

All Goods Sold at Lowest Living Prices.

J. H. CROSS,

Telephone No. 61. Cor. Second and Union Sts.

There seem to be enough trainrobbers throughout the country to hold a convention and nominate a ticket.—Indianapolis News.

An Old Song.

When g'ants lived in ancient times,
 Sing heigh, my boy, sing ho!
 In good old England, or foreign climes,
 Sing heigh, my boy, sing ho!
 They carried things with a high old hand,
 For at one, nor weak, could before them stand,
 And they killed whom they pleased throughout
 the land,
 Sing heigh, my boy, sing ho!

But the giants didn't have things their own way when Jack-the-Giant-killer arrived on the scene. You remember the story. Recollect, too, that every age has its giant-killer. We have our giants in the form of all sorts of dread diseases, supposed to be incurable. Our Jack is in the form of Dr. Pierce, who has proven the expression "incurable diseases" to be a fallacy. Can you imagine more potent weapons to assist a woman in killing the giant-disease, than Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription? It's the only guaranteed remedy for all functional disturbances, painful disorders, and chronic weakness of womanhood. In female complaints of every kind, if it fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back. It's simply a question of the company you prefer—the Giant or Jack!

"Are you going out tonight dear?" said the husband to the emancipated woman. "I am. It is the regular weekly meeting of the lodge." "Then I want to say to you"—and there was unusual defiance in the mild mans tone—"I meant to say that if you are not home by 11 o'clock I shall go home to my father."—Judge.

W. A. McGuire, a well known citizen of McKay, Ohio, is of the opinion that there is nothing as good as children troubled with colds or croup as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He has used it in his family for several years with the best results and always kept a bottle of it in the house. After having a gripe he was himself troubled with a severe cough. He used other remedies without benefit and then concluded to try the children's medicine and to his delight it soon effected a permanent cure. 50 cent bottles for sale by Blakeley & Houghton Druggists.

Mrs. Tompkins—When my husband stays out all night, I refuse to give him any breakfast. Mrs. Smith—That may do for Mr. Tompkins, but it wouldn't punish my Jim a bit. When he stays out all night, he doesn't want any breakfast.—San Francisco Call.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who use Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the liver and kidneys, will remove pimples, boils, salt rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all malarial fevers.—For cure of headache, constipation and indigestion try Electric Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.—Price 50c and \$1 bottle at Snipes & Kinerly's.

Notice of Proposed Street Improvement

By order of the Council of Dalles City, notice is hereby given that the portion of the east side of Union street, commencing on the south line of Fourth street, Dalles City, and extending southerly to where the north line of the alley which forms the north line of the public school grounds intersects said street, said public school grounds being situated on both sides of Union street between said alley and the bluff, shall be improved by the construction of a plank sidewalk eight feet in width along the east side of said street.

Dated this 20th day of October, 1894.
 DOUGLAS S. DUFUR,
 Recorder for Dalles City.

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.

NOTICE.

No freight will be accepted for shipment between the hours of 5 P. M. and 9 A. M., except Live Stock and Perishable Goods.
 D., P. & A. N. Co.
 July 30th, 1894.

IN A TIGHT PLACE.

Ten Minutes of Terror Under Stamped Cattle.

The Providential Escape of Four Men from Being Trampled to Death by a Madly Rushing Herd.

"Yes, we have an adventure now and then out in our country," said Judge Thompson, of Wyoming. "If you'll come out and see us I'll refer you to five or six men whose hairbreadth escapes would fill a book. As for me, I haven't had but one close call worth relating."

"That's the very one I'm after," said the Detroit Free Press interviewer.

"Well, it didn't amount to much as an adventure, I'm afraid, though I'm free to say I was never more frightened for ten minutes. Between what is called the Granite ridges and Bad Water creek, in central Wyoming, is a fine cattle range. I was out with a small party last summer prospecting for certain minerals, and had to cross this valley at about the center. There were four of us on horseback, with our outfit packed on the three lead mules, and at about two o'clock in the afternoon we sighted something to make the hair lift our hats right off our heads."

"Indians or grizzly bears?" queried the scribe.

"Fish! The Indians were all right and grizzly bears don't wander down into the valleys by daylight. What we sighted was a herd of about four thousand cattle coming our way, and they were coming as if every critter was carrying one hundred pounds of steam. Two or three herds got mixed, and in trying to separate them the boys had started a general stampede. In the old days the buffaloes used to be some on the mad rush, but let me tell you that the wild cattle of the west can run a third faster, and when they once get started they will charge a flaming mountain. The front of the herd wasn't over a mile away when we sighted it, and it was no use to run before it, turn back, or ride ahead. Our horses were scrub stock and had no speed."

"And there was no convenient grove or rock to shelter you?"

"Not a tree nor a rock for five miles around, but just where we pulled up was a natural ditch about fifty feet long cut out by the rains. It wasn't over two feet wide by twenty inches deep, but it was our only hope. We slipped off our horses, gave them a slap, and piled into that ditch face down."

"Add the herd passed over you?"

"Exactly. I hadn't drawn three long breaths when the front of the herd was at hand. Let me just tell you that I was never so scared in all my born days. Every critter was bellowing, horns clashing, hoofs digging up the soil, and as each one jumped the ditch he caved the dirt in on me. I felt fifty different hoofs scuff my back, and every instant expected to be stepped on. It took the herd only about ten minutes to pass, but the time seemed hours long to me. When the last one had come and gone I was regularly covered in and had to be dug out. Two of the party were stepped on and badly hurt."

"And your horses and mules?"

"Picked up on the horns of the cattle and tossed about and stepped on till they were reduced to pulp. Just cleaned us out as slick as a whistle. If we'd been in our saddles nobody would have recognized us as having once been human beings."

"Seemed like the hand of providence, didn't it?"

"Of course. That's what we look for and depend upon out in our country. Come out some time and see how the old thing works when we are going to have an avalanche three miles long by a few thousand feet wide."

Not a Pleasant People.

An almost unknown race—or one rarely visited by Europeans—is described by Mr. G. S. Robertson. These people live in the sub-Himalayan region and are called Kafiristan. In many respects they are not a pleasant people. Their worst mental peculiarities are enmity, jealousy, and intertribal hatred. On the other hand they have a strong family affection and are capable of acts of heroism when at war. For killing one of their fellow tribesmen banishment is the penalty. They have their cities of refuge. They have medicine men. Mr. Robertson intimates that there is a secret valley in Kafiristan where an unknown tongue is spoken the sound of which is like "a soft musical moving."

A Curious Incident.

A train was recently stopped in France, on the line between Bellegarde and Geneva, under the following curious circumstances: A freight train had in one of its cars some cod liver oil, which began to leak away from the containing vessel. By chance, the escaping stream struck exactly in the middle of the rail. The train that bore the oil was not affected, but the track was thus well greased for the passenger train that followed, which came to a standstill when it reached the oily rails. Nearly three-quarters of an hour were consumed in running the two and a half miles to the next station, and this rate was only attained by diligent sanding of the track.

Chinese Boats Have "Eyes."

Chinese junks and boats have eyes carved or painted on the bows, which are usually supposed to be a mere fanciful form of ornamentation. But they have a real meaning, as a recent traveler found. In going up one of the rivers from Ningpo he was startled one day by seeing a boatman seize his broad hat and clap it over one of the "eyes" of the boat, while other boats on the stream were similarly blinded. Looking about for an explanation he saw a dead body floating past and he was told by the boatman that if the boat had been allowed to "see" it, some disaster would surely have happened either to passengers or crew before the voyage ended.

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for
 Burns,
 Caked & Inflamed Udders,
 Piles,
 Rheumatic Pains,
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 Running Sores,
 Inflammations,
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 Harness & Saddle Sores,
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 Lumbago,
 Scalds,
 Blisters,
 Insect Bites,
 All Cattle Ailments,
 All Horse Ailments,
 All Sheep Ailments,

Penetrates Muscle,
 Membrane and Tissue
 Quickly to the Very
 Seat of Pain and
 Ousts it in a Jiffy.
 Rub in Vigorously.

Mustang Liniment conquers Pain,
 Makes Man or Beast well again.

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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.

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 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.

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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.

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