THE DALLES, - - - - - OREGON.

FRIDAY, - - - - JAN. 16, 1891

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Most of our merchants are busy taking account of stock.

Mr. H. J. Hawson who has been sick at Arlington for some time is in the city.

Mr. E. Olinger, of Hood River is in the city. We acknowledge a pleasant call.

Mr. W. B. Perry, one of Hood River's solid business men, was in the city Friday.

We still have a large supply of weather signal cards. Call and get one so you can read the signals understandingly.

Hon's. Chas. Hilton, Geo. Watkins, and Geo. W. Johnson and their wives left on Saturday last for the capitol.

What a magnificent lot of fun the lugubrious ghost of Hamlet's father is missing by not showing up in the Sioux country.

Our street commissioner has just completed a needed improvemeet by putting in a crosswalk from Mr. Dufur's to the Beezely property.

The board of water commissioners are busily engaged in adjusting the water rates for consumers, which they will conclude in a few days.

One of the pleasant little affairs that go to settle the question that marriage is not a failure occurred at Mrs. John Brown's Friday night. It is a boy.

For the past two days the sky has been obscured by clouds and with the easterly wind one would imagine winter was near.

It is reported that August Buchler Esq. has resigned as a member of the board of water commissioners, but it is not made officially known as yet.

The water pipes are about all distributed and the work of digging the trenches will commence at once if the present weather continues.

Mr. P. T. Sharp, one of our extensive farmers, has thirteen men plowing on his large ranch. Mr. Sharp expects to have a larger acreage in wheat this year than ever.

Mr, Max Vogt, is fitting up the brick building, formerly occupied by Fish & Bardon in fine style, which when completed will be occupied by Mr. L. Butler as a grocery and provision store.

Eastern Washington papers unanimously favor the opening of the Columbia, and as far as heard from, favor the CHRONICLE idea of standing in with Oregon to accomplish the work.

Mr. Lord was at Centerville yesterday, he reports the roads in excellent condition the ground frozen too much to plow. Up to Thursday the ground was in excellent condition and much plowing has been done.

The ground for the big reservoir has been cleared of trees, and work commenced on the excavation. A hard cement is encountered close to the surface, which will make the work somewhat slower than was expected.

One of our friends has sent us the names of eleven new subscribers in the past week. This good work could be repeated in every precinct, and we hope to see such of our friends as like the paper, and its course, lend their influence to extend its circulation.

The election of city officers at Arlington Tuesday resulted as follows: Mayor, A. A. Jayne; recorder, F. C. Rollo; councilmen, J. W. Smith, D. Reed, J. Jordan, F. M. Remington; treasurer, H. T. Hawson.

The Indians are having a genuine ghost dance across Mill creek, and we understand the same performances are going on across the river and at Cililo. Grand Duke Goffe of the latter place had best look after the wild aborigines in his bailiwick or they will stop the run of salmon with their orgies.

The court house is again in good repair though it will take a week or so to complete the finishing touches. The judge's room has been neatly papered, and is as comfortable as possible. The court room is in fine condition, better than before the fire and the other rooms have had all evidences of the fire removed, and are neat and clean. Mr. Crandall who is in charge of the work can justly feel proud of it.

The CHRONICLE would be pleased to have a correspondent in every precinct, but as our space is limited, we can use only brief letters. We want the local happenings, births, deaths, marriages, school matters, church matters, accidents in fact news items. We can find room for the discussion of matters of public interest, but these communications must in all cases be boiled down.

The state veterinary surgeon could find something to study upon by visiting Wasco. Quite a number of cattle have died there from some unknown malady recently. The symptoms are those of poisoning, the animals having severe spasms similar to those in cases of strychnine poisoning. It is said, however, that an examination shows the disease to work on the kidneys, these in some cases being almost entirely destroyed. The disease or whatever it is, is not general but several stock owners have suffered losses from it.

The CHRONICLE's dispatches give you the news twenty-four hours in advance of the *Oregonian*. Of course we do not have the telegraphic service of our big brother but for the small sum of fifty cents a month, you can get the cream of the dispatches, besides all the local news. We are trying to make the CHRONICLE serve your interests, advertise your city and aid in its development. We feel that you should assist us in the good work. Take the CHRONICLE for a month, and see if you have not made a good investment.

Salem correspondence states that our Col. Nevius will in all probability be made either reading clerk of the house or the chief clerk. The Colonel is one of the brightest of men and will fill any position in which he may be placed with credit to himself and honor to his party. Wasco will be pleased to see one of her favorite sons selected to fill the position of chief clerk, and we hope that Col. Nevius will be chosen for the position. outside of his peculiar fitness for the position, he has served his party loyally and long deserves any reward it may be able to give him.

JANUARY TERM.

Court met Wednesday morning, present Hon. C. N. Thornbury, county judge, Commissioners Leavens and Kincaid, County Clerk Crossen, and Sheriff Cates.

Business was transacted as follows:

Resignation of David Scott, constable of Antelope precinct, accepted.

Report of D. G. Hill, road supervisor district No. 3, allowed for 34 days work.

Report Peter Kopka district No. 5, with petition for road, and complaint for damages read first time.

Report supervisor district 13; $24 allowed.

Petition of Loy and others, new district, ordered that W. L. Ward, E. W. Trout and P. P. Underwood be appointed viewers to meet at the house of petitioner January 19th at 10 o'clock A. M., to view, lecate and assess damages, and to report at next meeting of court.

Petition J. B. Marchy and others, no action.

Petition of John B. Crate and others, no action.

Communication from secretary of state referred to clerk to report at next session.

Bills were allowed as follows:

A. M. Kelsey	juror	$ 9 50
J. H. Hadley	"	5 50
Thos. Morrel	"	8 00
A. J. Brigham	"	5 50
C. M. Fouts	"	20 20
C. W. Dietzel	"	12 20
B. H. Thurston	"	26 20
J. H. Jackson	"	18 20
I. J. Norman	"	20 20
J. H. Larsen	"	26 20
H. Wentz	"	16 20
J. W. Moore	"	20 20
J. B. Abbott	"	19 00
L. A. Seufert	"	16 60
J. M. Benson	"	17 00
H. Chrisman	"	16 20
G. W. Patterson	"	17 80
H. W. Cooke	"	20 20
F. B. Crichten	"	16 60
R. H. Darneille	"	18 20
W. L. Hinkle	"	29 20
John Filloon	"	2 20
W. Tackman	"	4 20
George Rice	"	21 00
Cap. Endersby	"	5 10
J. J. Woolery	"	22 60
E. Helm	"	4 20
W. J. Davidson	"	22 40
W. H. Taylor	"	20 40
Ben Southwell	"	23 00
W. H. Williams	"	22 00
Peter Moore	"	20 70
R. L. McIntosh	"	4 40
E. S. Pratt	"	27 20
A. M. Barrett	"	29 00
Z. Taylor	"	10 50
E. C. Dickerson	"	14 20
J. M. Marden	"	26 20
J. W. Marquis	"	10 00
J. B. Dow	"	20 20
Geo. Patterson	"	26 20
Oleson Thomas	"	24 20
F. G. Connelly	"	20 20
Geo. H. Thompson	"	20 20
E. Schanno	"	20 20
S. B. Adams	"	12 20
W. N. Wiley	"	12 20
F. Bulger	"	12 20
M. Randall	"	4 21
R. B. Hood	"	2 20
B. H. Robberson	"	8 20
W. Corsen	"	8 20
W. Odell	"	8 20
M. Hill	"	8 20
Thomas Wright	"	8 20
George Smith	"	8 20
Mrs. S. Joles, witness		2 20
Wm. Rodgers	"	2 20
E. B. Dufur	"	2 20
F. M. Warner	"	11 20
R. Sagman witnesses		$ 4 60
C. H. Southern	"	4 40
R. E. Harbison	"	6 40
T. W. Badder	"	13 00
Paul Paulsen	"	13 00
L. Bnneh	"	4 40
W. R. Cantrell	"	8 00
C. L. Williams	"	4 20
A. S. Cathcart	"	4 20
C. M. Brown	"	8 20
John Ehrcksen	"	7 40
J. W. Cox	"	7 00
M. Myer	"	2 20
Jas. Barry	"	27 60
Pan Lea	"	49 70
Emil Schutz	"	2 20
John Roth	"	15 00
S. E. Ferris	"	2 20
R. V. Gibons	"	2 20
Shoo Fly	"	2 20
Dan Holoorn	"	4 20
Frank Hill	"	6 60
Harry Juker	"	4 20
W. L. Freman	"	2 20
J. Doherty, drawing jury list		3 00
C. F. Lauer	" "	2 00
Geo. W. Rowland	" "	2 00
Maier & Benton supplies		3 25
Dalles Publishing Co., printing		37 00
Jas. H. Blakeney		4 50
Hugh Glenn not certified to		
Harbison Bros lumber, Dist. 4		9 00
E. Wicks road work " 9		20 00
I. C. Nickelsen supplies		16 50
L. S. Cathcart hauling		1 50
Dalles City water rent		15 00
George Nowak cementing jail		45 00
Isaac Perry work, court house		11 25
J. C. Meins sawing wood		3 00
A. Rand & Son supplies		4 50
D. R. Tucker "		17 20
Oregon Lumber Co"		23 81
B. S. Huntington attorney fees		15 00
Meston & Dygart supplies		24 00
A. Gehres meals for jurors		7 00
Ward & Kerns teams		6 00
Glenn & Handley electric light		23 06
C. E. Haight meals for jurors		7 00
J. B. Condon special attorney		15 00
Story & Bradshaw "		30 00
Geo. D. Barnard supplies		16 75
Jos. T. Peters District 8		3 84
" " " " 10		36 25
" " " " 12		12 00
Johnston Bros " 14		5 00
" " " 15		11 30

Report of M. V. Wallace, supervisor, $7 allowed.

Complaint for damages by E. B. Dufur read first time.

Report of A. C. Bennett road district 20, $178 allowed.

Account of J. N. Wallace, road supervisor of district 2, audited and $62 allowed.

Report of stock inspector read and approved.

Report of R. W. Crandall read and approved and Mr. Crandall allowed $50.

Report, J. B. Dow, district 12 read and account allowed for $35.66.

Report Hampton Kelley, district 18, allowed $35.10, and A. E. Luche for supplies for same, allowed, $10,36.

E. L. Sharp surveying	$ 28 00
W. S. Ward viewer	4 00
J. M. Benson "	4 00
F. M. Thompson "	4 00
A. J. Dufur chainman	2 20
L. Klinger "	4 00
L. V. Wilson "	2 00
A. Frazier marker	2 00
J. H. McHaley "	2 00

Report of George Netherow road supervisor district 15, allowed, $1.52.

Liquor license granted to Albert Fleischhauen of Falls precinct for six months.

Henry Hudson district 14 allowed $175.40.

Mr. Jesse Crandall, architect employed to supervise the repairing of the court house, presents receipted bills for such repairs, and a warrant was ordered issued to him for the sum of $1253.80 payable from the insurance money.

The sum of $1321 was appropriated out of said fund for further repairs.

W. H. Wilson attorney fees		$ 70 00
Judge Shattuck	"	34 00
Troy Shelley	"	25 50
Emil Schultz	"	32 30
Ward & Sons road supplies		242 07
M. T. Noah supplies		3 94
Thompson Hurson"		14 40
Supervisor's report District 6, allowed for		60 00
Boyd & Doane medical services		142 50
H. D. Straight district 4		98 37
Dr. Shackelford med services		5 00
Gibons, Mcallister & Co. supplies		11 00
Chronicle Pub. Co. printing		2 00
Thomas Olson trees		1 95
J. L. Story "		4 20
R. V. Gibon fees		3 95
F. Wright "		1 70
Ward & Kerns supplies district 14		18 30
Thompson & Fargher supplies district 14		17 00
H. W. Steel district 10		92 60
F. Drews drawing jurors		3 00
Wm. Moody "		3 00
A. J. Staniels "		295 00
School superintendents salary was raised to $75 per month.		
Times-Mountaineer printing		12 50
M. Doyle laid over		
Joel W. Koontz district 10		184 25
D. L. Cates cash disbursed		53 00
Handley & Sinnott		28 50

Petition of Henry Williams and others; ordered that new road district be established as per petition.

Hans Lage, district 5	14 15
Isaac M. Davis, district 17	73 00

E. L. Hinman was appointed constable of Dufur precinct.

J. H. Page, repairs court house	2 00
Isaac Paliande, district 16	70 00
Times-Mountaineer, printing	20 00
H. Gourlay, assessor	260 00

Petition of M. F. Loy and others; prayer granted and road district as described in petition created to be known as district 22, and A. L. Disbrow appointad supervisor.

The following persons were appointed road supervisors for the ensuing year: No. 1, J. W. Atwell; 2, Lyman Smith; 3, J. W. Wallace; 4, Chris Dethman? 5, Peter Kopka; 6, Robert Dinsmore; 7, J. W. Maginnis; 8, George B. Halvor; 9, Ned Wicks; 10, Joel Koontz; 11, Frank Seufert; 12, E. K. Russell; 13, D. L. Brown; 14, S. W. Mason; 15, George Nedrow; 16, E. L. Boynton; 17, A. Clark McCown; 18, C. L. Morris; 19, W. F. Kelsay; 20, K. N. Staehr.

The janitor's salary was increased $10 per month.

On recommendation of school superintendent, ordered that section 26, T 2 N. of R 14 E, be included in district 15 instead of 14, and district boundaries between 8 and 10 so as to include section 22, T 2 N, of range 12 E, in district 8 instead of 10.

Adjourned for the term.

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

Religious Services in the the Various Churches Yesterday.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

At the evening service Rev. Mr. Curtis took his text from Matthew, 9th chapter and 9th verse: "Jesus said to Matthew, 'Follow me.' "

Matthew sat at the table collecting taxes, the vilest work that a Jew could do for the Romans and he left everything as it was and followed the master. The call may have seemed abrupt, but the one who heard it instantly responded and ever after was a follower of Jesus. It was a good instance of complete and perfect obedience. The influence of persons is far-reaching. How often we say "if we could only be with such or such an one or hear some certain preacher we would be drawn to follow Christ" but when the time or opportunity comes it is not embraced. One may need great pain or loss to waken him to his lost condition and bring him to the service of God. Some men must have a call strong enough to knock them down, as was the apostle Paul of old, before they heed it. If the call, however, is neglected the first time it grows less loud each time and finally ceases altogether. God pity all who have by their indifference sinned away the day of grace. There is not a person to whom I speak to-night that has not had as loud a call as Matthew had, and had Matthew not followed, his Lord Jesus would have turned away, and never again would the disciple have been called. It is a mistake to put off the beginning of the service of God till you are old. Youth is the time to begin the service and the work grows easier and the reward greater as time goes on.

The church was well filled at all the Sabbath services yesterday and the interest in religion is growing. The service of prayer will be continued all the week at this church.

M. E. CHURCH.

As usual large and intelligent congregations gathered at the M. E. Church yesterday. The pastor's morning theme was: "The Temptation of Jesus." Matt. IV: 1-11. Subject in the evening: "An Infidel's Comforting Logic." Job. XVI: 2.

The discourse was mainly an analysis of a letter written by Ingersoll to a bereaved mother. Her wayward boy had died without hope, and the letter was written to comfort her. The speaker acknowledged that the letter was creditable to the heart of the writer, but insisted that so serious a subject concerned the head as well as the heart. Any consideration of this subject that does not embrace the idea of moral government, is shallow and misleading. In a question which so vitally affects our eternal interests we cannot afford to be shallow, nor can we afford to be led astray.

Having examined and disposed of several propositions contained in the letter, the true character of Ingersoll is pictured in the following concluding remark:

"This is a singular spectacle.-Ingersoll playing the part of a comforter to a Christian mother.

By Ingersoll and his kind, her boy had been taught to regard God as a myth, the Bible as a fable, and the Christian religion as an ancient superstition.

His mother's prayers are laughed at as the weakness of a foolish woman, and her godly admonitions are treated with supreme contempt. The counsels of the Bible the warnings of an awakened conscience, the pleadings of the Holy Spirit, and the voice of the pulpit, are all alike the objects of his ridicule and scorn. On he goes in his godless career and the great infidel smiles approvingly, and says: "That's right my boy; religion is a delusion, and your mother is a fool; go on and be a man!"

And then when the boy is dead, and the mother is brokenhearted, Ingersoll comes around to administer an infidel's consolation to her whose hopes he had helped to crush."

The solo in the morning by Mrs. Stowell, and the duet in the evening by Mrs. Stowell and Prof. Smith, were well rendered, and highly appreciated.

The installation of the officers and teachers of the Sunday School, was an interesting and profitable part of the service.

Let me come in where you sit weeping—aye,
Let me, who have not any child to die,
Weep with you for the little one whose love
I have known nothing of.

The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed
Their pressure round your neck—the hands you used
To kiss. Such arms, such hands I never knew;
May I not weep with you?

Fain would I be of service—say some thing
Between the tears that would be comforting;
But ah! so sadder than yourselves am I,
Who have no child to die.
—James Whitcomb Riley in Century.

THE SHIP WENT DOWN.

A beautiful story has come to me. A story beautiful in its sadness, its heroism and its devotion; a story which brings into the prosaic Nineteenth century a glimpse of that romanticism, chivalry and sacrificial love supposed to belong so peculiarly to the crude and romantic mediæval times. Forty years ago the incidents which I will try to narrate in the words of another happened.

This other, an old Englishman, is now a man with silvered locks and sweeping beard. In his younger days he was a midshipman in the navy of Great Britain.

He also was something of an amateur artist, and after leaving the English service came to this country. When only a boy I was a favorite of his, and for long hours I would sit upon his knee or beside him on a low footstool and listen to his tales of the sea, and my youthful heart would be fired and I would determine a sailor to be. We would sit together in the winter evenings, with no light save the firelight, now a shadow on the wall, then flickering strong and bright. There was a picture over the mantel, a picture which showed the crude hand of the amateur, yet was strong. It had been his last and best effort. It was a representation of the finale of the story which he told me. The picture, or rather the woman's face in the picture, had, young as I was, made a strong impression upon me. It was not the beauty of the face; it was not the excellence of the picture; it was not the scene that so affected me.

He said she was beautiful. If so he failed in portraying her physical beauty. But the expression of that face, the intangible, spiritual something that seemed to emanate from and hover around and about it was marvelous, and made of the ordinary picture a master stroke and covered up all the defects as charity covereth a multitude of sins. The face, radiantly happy, and a portion of the throat alone were visible, and that face was sinking, sinking, even now, below the surface of the ocean to be lost forever, and yet a glory shone upon it as if the first beam from the opening gate of heaven was shining there; and she was young and rich and had position. The sea was a sea of glass, and there was no "painted ship upon that painted ocean." Close in a strong man's arm she was held, and her face rested against his, which was not so distinct as was her own.

Many a time I had asked for the story of that picture, and my friend would not tell it me, for it saddened him, and he thought I was too young to comprehend and sympathize with the spirit of the story. But last week, when on a visit east, I met him for the first time in years, and sitting in that old room before that picture he told me the story.

"As you know, I was a middy in her majesty's service. It was my third year on the ocean wave, and I and my friend and protector, Jack Sutherland, the second lieutenant, had just reported to the Golconda for service. The Golconda was to sail the next day for India.

"Jack Sutherland was some years older than I, and as we had both come from the same neighborhood he had constituted himself my protector. In my young eyes he was invested with all possible manly qualities and excellencies, and I loved him as only a young boy can love and admire a young man who is not only his friend and adviser, but his ideal as well. But everybody on board loved Jack, from the lowest sailor to the captain, always kind, courteous, amiable and manly. And he was strong and handsome, too. Was it any wonder then that Nellie Westinghouse loved him?

"Miss Westinghouse came on board early on the morning of the day on which we sailed. She was the daughter of the viceroy of India. Her school days in England were completed, and she was to join her father and his family in India. She was tall and rather slender, with a form of loveliness and grace. Her hair was raven black, and her eyes large and blue, wide open in their innocent surprise, features that were perfect, a complexion of dazzling whiteness, and a voice that had all the melody of music. If there is anything in the affinity of persons and souls, those two seemed certainly intended for each other.

"The anchor was lifted, the vessel sailed away, and the cliffs of old England sunk low upon the horizon and disappeared. It was at dinner, the first day out, that Miss Westinghouse and Lieut. Sutherland met. A long voyage was before us, and as a large and gay party was on board, the evenings were spent in delightful entertainments; but soon, as is nearly always the case, certain affiliations of persons and sets were noticeable. The decided preference exhibited for each other's company by Miss Westinghouse and Lieut. Sutherland soon became a matter of remark, and a positive source of uneasiness to Maj. and Mrs. Bromley, in whose charge Miss Westinghouse was sailing—and to the captain of the ship, who was warmly attached to Jack.

"Sir John Westinghouse, the father of Miss Nellie, was a proud, cold man, and would never have sanctioned any attentions paid to his daughter by a penniless lieutenant in the service. He was too proud of his race and name, his position and his gold. Mrs. Bromley spoke warningly to Nellie, and Capt. Richards more than once spoke to Jack of the almost insuperable obstacles to his union with the daughter of Sir John Westinghouse. He told him that the end of the voyage would be the end of all, and that two hearts, saddened and miserable, would be torn asunder to go their separate ways. But since the birth of time what two people in love ever heeded the advice of another? If they did they were not in love.

"They loved, as they felt themselves, with a love that was more than love and while each recognized that they would be separated at the end of the voyage, they resolved to blind themselves to that awful thought, and, at least, revel without alloy in the brief happiness allotted them. They would live alone in the present, which was so intensely bright that it hid the blackness of the future. The days wore on, the love grew stronger and the stately ship sailed like a swan over the undulating glassiness of the sea. Happy hearts were on board that ship.

"The hours lengthened between them and England and the hours of love grew shorter. In just one week they would be in Bombay, and she would go from him, and at the thought they loved still more fondly and sipped the shortening cup of sweetness, which now began to have, perforce, a tincture of bitterness unutterable.

"We were three days out from Bombay. It was a glorious morning; a stiff breeze was blowing, and the sea as it rose and fell, long and even and deep, shone in a reflected glory that almost hardly ceased tapping when Jack came on deck. He thought the ship had a lurching, loggering motion that was unusual. It kept increasing, and soon the cry of "A leak! A leak!" was heard. Jack gave a few hurried orders, and the sailors and carpenters went to work with a will. The ship lurched heavily now and was visibly sinking. The hammering in the hold continually jarred above the noise on deck, but the old ship was sinking fast.

"Jack's duties called him everywhere. The boats were lowered and all the ladies and passengers ordered in. Jack saw Nellie for an instant and kissed her a passionate good-by. In the rush that ensued Nellie and Mrs. Bromley were separated. In fact, Mrs. Bromley in her terror, never thought of Nellie until her boat was far away from the sinking ship, and waited patiently for the arrival of the other boats confident of seeing Nellie there.

"All the boats and all the passengers were gone. The soldiers and sailors, martyrs as they were, were drawn up in line, not forsaking their charge, as they and it slowly sank. Grim, without an evidence of terror, stood the brave fellows. Jack was looking out over the sea toward the boats, trying in the moment of death to get one last glimpse of his love. The ship was shivering now and sinking fast.

"'Jack!'

"Every one turned, and there stood Nellie, dressed in white, pure as an angel, and seemed a visitor from heaven come to guide them home. She glided across the deck, a radiant smile was upon her face, her arms were extended to her lover. He took her without a word, pressed a kiss upon her forehead and held her close, and still the radiance of unseen things was upon her face raised so lovingly to his.

* * * * * * *

"The ship went down. While struggling in the water a rafter came to me, and I clung to it. I looked around, and on the crest of a wave being borne toward me were Nellie and Jack, as you see them there. Her face was raised to heaven and his, and all the happiness of angels was depicted there, and—then the waters—came over them and"——

My friend's eyes were wet with tears, and I had heard the story.—Cecil Hastings in Omaha World Herald.

The Peck Over Bank.

Did you ever hear of the Peck Over bank? There is a peculiar story connected with the title of the institution. The Peck Over bank, which at the time of the South sea trouble had another name, was located on Lombard street, London. It was a conservative institution, as it is now, and when the bubble burst nobly withstood the run upon its resources. When every claimant had been paid in full the cashier found that he had a quantity of specie still on hand. He was an enterprising fellow and saw a chance for an advertisement. He procured a peck measure, and filling it up with golen guineas placed it in the window of the bank to notify passers by that that institution, at least, was all right.

When the directors met the next morning they showed their appreciation of the cashier's idea by promptly changing the name of the bank to the "Peck Over bank," which title it bears to this day.—Interview in Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Thrifty Oatmeal King.

A short, nervous German stepped up to the Auditorium register the other day and ornamented it with the name F Schumacher. While he did so a lobby lounger gave to the club man these facts concerning the well known "oatmeal king" and Prohibition leader. Mr Schumacher is a millionaire, earned by his own exertions. His daily work is indicated by a remark made in a recent interview upon the eight hour work day: "I believe in it, for I've always worked on the eight hour system myself—eight hours before lunch and eight hours afterward." He dresses very plainly His sons dress faultlessly, and they have often tried to get the old gentleman himself to pay a little more attention to matters of dress, but they have failed.—Chicago Mail.

As Sung by a Gamin.

Mrs. Henry M. Stanley when Miss Dorothy Tennant was almost the first lady in London to practice "slumming" She used to befriend little street vagabonds, and reward them for good behavior by teaching them to play familiar airs with one finger on her piano, and sing them to an accompaniment. She relates of her experiments, with much delight, that one young guttersnipe was heard to render "Rule, Britannia Britannia rules the wave!" as follows

Rule, Britallion!
Britallion ruins the whales
True 'earted Britons
Never, never shall be slain.
—Harper's Bazar

The Lost Tribes of Israel.

I wonder if there has ever been any correct answer made to the query, "What became of the ten lost tribes of Israel?" Of course nothing certain can be known as to this matter. Writers must content themselves with speculative opinions based upon hypothesis and altogether conjectural. It has been argued after this manner that the eighteenth chapter of Isaiah has reference to the descendants of the lost tribes who settled North America, but I never "could see it." These tribes, we are taught, settled, at some period after they were carried away from Palestine, somewhere between the Caspian and Black seas, and pushed on from there into Sarmatia, occupying the country between the Danube and the Don rivers, whence they were driven by the successive invasions of the Tartars, even as far north as Lapland, Scandinavia, Denmark and the British Isles—spreading all over Europe.

It is seriously contended that the Angles, Saxons and Celts are undoubtedly the direct descendants of Ephraim and Manasseh; and that our thirteen colonies represented the thirteen tribes which settled in Palestine under the rule of Joshua, which colonies were made up mostly of the descendants of Joseph.

The reasoning by which this teaching is urged upon our acceptance is plausible and quite ingenious; but altogether too much has to be taken for granted.—Cor. Boston Transcript.

Enemies of Trapdoor Spiders.

It is difficult to say what may be the enemies of the trapdoor spider, against which such ingenious architecture has been reared and such vigilant watch is exercised. But the quite general testimony is that these spiders leave their tubes at night and go forth in search of prey, or, as in other cases, open the lids of their tunnels and spread straggling lines near by, upon which passing insects are entangled and delayed long enough to allow the spiders to pounce upon them from their open caves. If we credit these accounts we might infer that the enemies which the trapdoor spiders most dread are not such as are abroad at night.

Evidently the creatures are fearless at that time—a state of mind which doubtless results from their knowledge that they are comparatively free from their worst enemies. The enemies which they most dread may therefore be reasonably looked for among diurnal creatures, and not among those of nocturnal habits. Among these foes at least one of the urnal insect, the female of the terrible digger wasp, which I do not doubt will be found to store trap door spiders as well as tarantulas and lycosids.—Henry C. McCook, D. D., in Popular Science.

The Iron Duke and the Toad.

Le petit Caporal was worshiped and feared, but men loved and adored the Iron Duke. Of the former, how few are the kindly human traits recorded! while of the other, to this day, fresh proofs keep coming to light of simple sweetness dwelling long in the minds of men. The following anecdote may serve as one instance out of a thousand illustrating the sympathetic nature of the great commander:

It seems that the duke, in the course of a country stroll, had come upon a little boy weeping bitterly over a toad. A strange trio they must have been—the lean, keen eyed old soldier, the flushed, sobbing boy, and, between them, the wrinkled reptile squatting, with tearless eyes and throbbing sides. The boy wept because he was going to school next day; he had come daily to feed his toad; the little heart was racked with grief because he feared his darling would be neglected when he was gone and might starve. The duke's heart was as soft as the boy's, for he undertook to see that the toad was looked after.—Blackwood's Magazine.

How He Came to Marry.

The romance of the life of the fur dealer the late John Ruszits is interesting. Some thirty years ago, while abroad on a business trip, he visited a friend at Stockholm, Sweden. While in conversation with his friend in the latter's parlor he heard music in the next room. The pianist was a young lady from Bremen, who was visiting there. Mr. Ruszits turned to his friend and said, "If I should ever marry I would like to marry a woman like that." The gentleman went to the door and called the young lady in. "What do you think Mr. Ruszits just said?" he inquired. Of course the lady didn't know. Mr. Ruszits struck in and said, "Well, I am not afraid to repeat it," and he proceeded to do so. The lady looked at him thoughtfully for a moment or two and then said, "Well, I will accept." Thus his marriage came about.—Cloak, Suit and Ladies' Wear Review.

Army and Navy Death Rates.

Army and navy death rates in time of war and peace deserve much attention. The official tables give us not only the number of men killed in action, but the relative tendency to disease in divers armies. For example, in the Crimean war the British army lost 2,840 men killed on the field and 21,000 who died in hospital. It took 910 Russian shots to kill or mortally wound an Englishman or a Frenchman, and 700 English shots to kill a Russian; but the havoc caused by disease was far greater. If we study these statistics with attention and act upon them, we may reduce our campaigning losses by 50 per cent. We may also learn some interesting physiological facts, as that the proportion of Frenchmen who die after amputation or other surgical operation is greater than of British or Russians.—Contemporary Review.

Sanitarians and health food people are sounding the note of warning against ingredients so common in our everyday cookery that we use them always as a matter of course. The first danger signal is hoisted alongside the bottle of flavoring extract with which we make tasty our cakes and puddings. These extracts all contain alcohol, say the wise ones.

Slim Jim's Strategy.

During a lull in business the dealers in the "Ma'sh market" occasionally get together and swap yarns to kill time. The other day a German butcher gave in his experience of a "beat" as follows: "Dere vas a tramp used to hang aroundt de market vot we called 'Slim Jim.' He looked like he vas yust about starved most of de time. He come to my stand und picked up a string of sausages and holdt it up and say, 'How much is dis?' Pefore I could say a vort a lean cur dog jumps up, snatches aboudt dree pounds of sausage, and was off.

"De man yelled and say, 'Take off your dog. Vat for you keep a tangerous animal to bidte your gustomers?' I ogsplained dot it vos not my dog, but he vent away shwearing. Dot feller, as I aftervords foundt oudt, ownedt de dog and had him trainedt for dot bigness. He followedt him to the Smithsonian grounds and got de sausage. Pooty goodt trick, don't it? But I bate you dot 'Slim Jim' don't come aroundt by my stall some more."—Washington Post.

What's in a Name.

In the Massachusetts Reports, if one would take the trouble to look there—or, indeed, whether one looks for it or not—there is one of the coincidences which do so much to keep the theory alive. Therein it is recorded and set forth how one Aquarius Breen was convicted of adulterating milk. It must be evident to any theorist that the name was responsible for his departure from the paths of probity. How could it be expected that a man with the name Aquarius would fail to water his milk?

His whole conscience might rebel against the sin, but his destiny was settled when he was christened, and how could he resist it? Had justice been done punishment in this case would have been meted out, not to Aquarius Breen, but to the parents who by inflicting upon him such a name had made it impossible for him to do otherwise than to water his milk. He was the victim of circumstances over which he had no control whatever.—Boston Courier.

It Didn't Work.

A Hallowell husband tried a suicide scare on his wife with ill success. The couple had quarreled, and the husband, taking a bottle of red ink, strewed part on the floor and daubed the remainder on his throat. Then he laid down on the bed, feigning death. The wife came into the room, saw her husband and at once comprehended the trick. "My God!" she exclaimed, "he's committed suicide. I must get the neighbors to help lay him out."

She then left the room, and returning a few minutes afterward saw that her husband had moved. "He has turned over; I guess he'll live," she remarked. and he did live.—Cor. Boston Journal.

Transplanted Britons.

Transplanted to new countries, such as Australia, the British race becomes very much more vigorous and of better physique. Yet in Australia, strange to say, the children of British emigrants are more likely to have decayed teeth or to lose them earlier than their parents. Probably the soft foods requiring little mastication with which we are pampered in modern times is one of the reasons for dental decay.—London Tit-Bits.

The most interesting feature of Mr Gladstone's face is his eyes. They are described as of a 'splendid flashing dark brown color.' They show his fire and genius, and give his face an ever changing expression.

Mexico is called a republic, but as a matter of fact it is governed by an oligarchy of landlords. Some of these men own vast domains, one possessing 5,000,000 acres of land.

NORTH ★ DALLES, ★ Wash.

In the last two weeks large sales of lots have been made at Portland, Tacoma, Forest Grove, McMinnville and The Dalles. All are satisfied that

NORTH DALLES

Is now the place for investment. New Manufactories are to be added and large improvements made. The next 90 days will be important ones for this new city.

Call at the office of the

Interstate Investment Co.,
Or 72 Washington St., PORTLAND, Or.
O. D. TAYLOR, THE DALLES, Or.

(4)

The Largest TANNERY in the West.
The New Boot and Shoe FACTORY.
Furniture M'fy.
Wire Works.
Chemical Laboratory.
NEW BRIDGE.
Several Fine Cottages.
New Railroad

JOLES BROS.,

—: DEALERS IN :—

Staple and Fancy Groceries,

Hay, Grain and Feed.

Cheap Express Wagons Nos. 1 and 2.

Orders left at the Store will receive prompt attention.

Trunks and Packages delivered to any part of the City.

Wagons always on hand when Trains or Boat arrives.

No. 122 Cor. Washington and Third. Sts.

Clearance Sale!

For the Purpose of Disposing of our

Fall and Winter Millinery,

Will Sell so CHEAP that it will pay you to have a new hat if only for "Looks."

MRS. PHILLIPS, 81 THIRD STREET.

The Dalles, - - - - - - Oregon.

Grandall & Burget,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

FURNITURE AND CARPETS.

Undertakers and Embalmers.

NO. 166 SECOND STREET.

D. W. EDWARDS,

DEALER IN

Paints, Oils, Glass, Wall Papers, Decorations, Artists' Materials, Oil Paintings, Chromos and Steel Engravings.

Mouldings and Picture Frames, Cornice Poles Etc., Paper Trimmed Free.

Picture Frames Made to Order.

276 and 278, Second Street. - - - The Dalles, Or.

I. C. NICKELSEN,

—DEALER IN—

STATIONERY, NOTIONS,

BOOKS AND MUSIC.

Cor. of Third and Washington Sts, The Dalles, Oregon.

H. Herbring,

Dealer in

Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods,

FANCY GOODS AND NOTIONS,

CLOTHING, HATS AND CAPS,

Boots and Shoes etc.

PRICES LOW AND CASH ONLY.

—: For the Best Brands and Purest Quality of Wines and Liquors, go to :—

J. O. MACK,

Wholesale : Liquor : Dealer,

117 SECOND ST. THE DALLES, OR.