

NORTHWEST NEWS.

At Fish Lake, in the Cascade mountains, twenty miles north of Prineville, snow is reported to be eleven feet deep.

The Democrats of Oregon will have a grand banquet in Portland next Friday evening. It will cost \$5 a plate, so the official account says.

The Prineville News assures its readers that the outlook for the early completion of the Oregon Pacific railway is now more hopeful than it has been in a long time.

All the saloons of Prineville entered into an agreement on the first of the month not to sell any more liquor on credit. This policy is expected to enforce prohibition on the army of impecunious drunks.

The board of capital commissioners met at Salem on the 5th to open bids and consider plans for alterations in the assembly chamber so as to improve its acoustic properties. Various plans were considered whose estimated cost would amount to from \$6000 to \$10,000 each. Action was deferred awaiting the result of correspondence with European experts.

A democratic club was organized at Hood River on the 2nd, with a membership of twenty-five, which it is to be hoped will be increased to one hundred. Charles S. Roberts is president; C. L. Morse, vice-presidents; T. Prather, secretary; and J. B. Rand, treasurer. In connection with the club a committee was appointed to organize a tariff reform league consisting of the following gentlemen: Charles S. Roberts, C. W. Wolford and C. S. Stowell.

Scimitrations from the Klamath Star. Klamath's calves are all born with the hair of their head parted in the middle.

The California Supreme Court has tempered the winds to Buckley's shorn lambs.

The man who takes a drop because the mercury does is under the influence of mixed reason.

A noble cattleman who lay dying lately in Shasta county called his family around his bed, and his last words were: "Keep yer eyes on the mavericks."

We respectfully call the attention of our readers across the Rockies to the glory of our climate. Now that the blizzards, in their whirling skirts of ghostly white are waltzing across Kansas, Nebraska, Wyoming and Dakota, we point with pride to our gentle winds and feathery flakes of the most beautiful snow on earth. Ye icicle-lung-beards of the howling, snow-bank-hurling, soul-freezing trans-Rocky regions, come in with your sweet confidence and blue spectacles and bask in the beauty and brightness of the snow, under which the bones of our stage-drivers lie bleaching!

Charley Parrish met with an accident, Christmas morning. While demurely performing the function of milkmaid on a milking stool it suddenly occurred to him that he had been struck by a freight train. As he flew endways through a pair of bars he saw nothing but a pair of hoofs, a spray of milk shimmering in the holy sunlight and a winter-blasted landscape. Then all was over. "Where am I?" he asked his wife, who came and roused him from his lethargy. "You are behind the bars," she replied soothingly. "How came I behind the bars?" he again asked. "The cow kicked you there, dear, but you don't know how to milk. Get up and hire a red-haired milkmaid!"

Capt. John W. Lewis, register of the United States land office at The Dalles, Or., is in the city, enjoying the first sight of the country east of the Rockies which he has had for twenty odd years. Captain Lewis was among the first in this state to enlist in the Union cause and rendezvoused with his company at Camp Dick Robinson as soon as it was opened. He served at first in the Fourth Kentucky infantry, but was transferred to the Twelfth infantry and then to the Fourth cavalry by promotion. He was taken prisoner at Chicamauga and was one of those who escaped from Libby through the famous tunnel. After serving through the war in the volunteers he received a commission in the regular army and was sent to the Pacific slope, where he has been, save for one short visit, ever since. He tired of post service after four or five years and resigned and went to ranching in Oregon and pursued that avocation successfully till appointed register. Capt. Lewis had an excellent military record and his old comrades, whom he has been looking up in Kentucky for the last week, have been delighted to see him and to see how little a quarter of a century has changed him.—Louisville, (Ky.) Journal.

The Medical Gazette alleges that the following letter was received by a physician from a man whom he knew, practicing medicine, and desiring counsel: "dear Dock I have a pashunt who's physical sines shows that the wind-pipe has ulcerated off and his lungs has dropped down into his stumick I have given him everything without effect his father is wealthy horable an infushnal as he is a member of the assembly and god nose I dont want to loose hym what shel i du ans be return male. Yours Frat."

Thurston Goodpasture, who lives six miles south of Eugene, this morning left at the Guard office a barley straw, green and fully headed out, which he pulled up in his field today. What place is there in the United States that can furnish such a sample at this time of the year? "Our Oregon" has the best climate.—Eugene Guard.

The Greenwood Murderers Confession.

DENVER, Colo., Jan. 4.—Charles Schmidt, who is confined in the jail here, confessed his part in the Greenwood murder, which took place near Napa, Cal., last February. Schmidt says he came to this country in 1879 and visited a number of places in search of work, eventually reaching California. He claims he met a well-dressed American in Napa county who offered him work on a ranch if Schmidt would accompany him, which he did. They visited a number of saloons, and passed the night either at Benicia or Port Costa. The next day the stranger compelled him at the pistol's point to accompany him to the Greenwood residence. Here they found Captain Greenwood, and when Mrs. Greenwood arrived the stranger threatened to kill her if she did not give up all the money in the house. She gave him all she had and the stranger then bound her, and gave both of them something to drink from a tin cup. The men then drove to a saloon about a mile from town. Subsequently they returned to the house, and the stranger, after firing a number of shots at the Greenwoods, again ransacked the house. When the men camped for the night the stranger gave Schmidt something to drink, and when he regained consciousness the stranger was gone. Schmidt says he tried to shoot the latter while he was binding Mrs. Greenwood, but the pistol refused to go off. When they stopped at the house a second time Schmidt let the horse go, and the stranger, hearing the wheels, fired at him, and compelled him to re-enter the house. Schmidt states he would have made a confession before had he known the whereabouts of his companion, who had threatened to kill him if he divulged the secret.

Rained by Political Ambition.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan. 5.—To say that the city was shocked yesterday to hear of the complete downfall of Charles J. Ball, is putting it mildly. A better fellow, a more conscientious official, a man more popular throughout the country, did not live, in the opinions of the people. In his fall, Ball has also pulled down his aged father, who was for years treasurer of the city of Buffalo. Politics did it. Young Ball was deputy county treasurer. He aspired to become treasurer. A year ago he secured the republican nomination, but after a hot canvass he was defeated by a small majority. Then the trouble began for him. In his endeavors to secure an election he used \$6000 of the county funds. Apparently he made that good by giving two mortgages each of \$3000, one on his own property and one on that of his mother-in-law. It now transpires that the latter was a forgery, and Ball's inability to pay led to the discovery. Last night Phillip Slanzcoetsr, who was treasurer when Ball was deputy, made good the forged security, receiving a deed of what property Ball still possessed. It is also learned that Ball used \$7000 of the Catholic Mutual Benefit association funds in the canvass, he being at the time grand treasurer of this order. This sum was made good by his father and mother, who are now penniless through his unwise political ambition. No criminal prosecution will be made.

Watch Factory Employees Dissatisfied.

CHICAGO, Jan. 3.—Three thousand operatives of the Elgin Watch Company, of Elgin, Ill., stand ready to strike and only await the signal to quit work. Several hundred skilled workmen in two departments walked out yesterday, and unless all signs fail, the strike will become general. Two weeks ago there were rumors that a general cut-down was contemplated by the management. The rumors were verified on the payday following, when the employees found their wages decreased from 15 to 16 per cent. The claim is made that the 2800 employees of the watch company are organized and are about to strike a blow against the recent reduction.

Slavin Falls to Put Up.

NEW YORK, Jan. 4.—Neither Slavin, his friends, Charlie Mitchell, nor any representative of theirs, put in an appearance at the Herald office today at the hour they had appointed to meet Charley Johnson, John L. Sullivan's backer, to cover the \$2500 put up by Johnson some weeks ago. After waiting half an hour for them to appear, Johnson drew down the forfeit money. He says he is ready to put it up again at any time the Australian can induce some one to back him against Sullivan.

Shot a Child and Missed the Dog.

CHICAGO, Jan. 5.—A big black mad dog created a panic on South Water street this morning. George Paul and William Martez were bitten by the brute and several others had narrow escapes. Several policemen tried to shoot him, but none were able to do so. George Hayes, of Pinkerton's watch service, in attempting to kill the brute, shot a 2-year-old child, it is thought fatally. The dog escaped.

La Grippe in England.

LONDON, Jan. 5.—There were nineteen deaths from la grippe in this city last week. The disease is now prevalent throughout Great Britain. Whole families are prostrated. There seems to be no prospect of a change for the better in the near future.

An Ex-Railroad President Dead.

CHICAGO, Jan. 5.—John B. Carson, ex-president of the Chicago & Western Indiana Belt Line railroad, ex-president of the Louisville, New Albany & Chicago railway, and who had held many other important railroad positions, died this morning, after an illness which compelled him to retire two years ago.

The Influenza in Belgium.

BRUSSELS, Jan. 5.—The influenza is raging all over Belgium. Many cases of the disease, including a number of fatal ones, have occurred among members of the colony for lunatics at Ghent. All the schools at Malines are closed on account of the influenza epidemic.

Where Napoleon's Friend Was Found.

On the voyage in a frigate from Alexandria to France Napoleon said to those who were in his confidence: "I am taking two very different chances. If this vessel is captured by the English and I am thrown into an English prison I shall be in the eyes of France a common deserter, a general who left his army without authority to do so. "But if I reach France in safety, subdue the factions, take command of the army and carry out my plans for the nation's good, I shall win the blessings of our fellow countrymen. "I will not be taken by an English vessel. If we encounter one we will fight as long as possible, and when the enemy begins to board us we must sink the ship."

This desperate plan was received in silence and with evident disapproval, except by Gaspard Monge, who said, when it appeared that no one else was going to speak: "Yes, general, you have stated the situation exactly. If what you suggest happens we must sink the ship."

"I was waiting for this proof of friendship, and I charge you with executing the plan," replied Napoleon.

Not long afterward an alarm was given, and every one hastened to his post to defend the frigate against an approaching English vessel. It was soon discovered, however, that the vessel was not English nor unfriendly.

"Where is Monge?" inquired Napoleon. "Find him and tell him that the danger is past."

Monge was found at his post by the powder magazine with a lighted lantern in his hand.—Youth's Companion.

The Kind Hearted Apple Woman.

There is an old apple woman who does business on a Wall street corner who deserves a medal for one of the best natured dispositions in this town. The other day a cool wagon, one of the big ones drawn by three horses hitched abreast, drove up to her corner and slowly and clumsily backed up against the curb. Then the driver swung his horses around so as to give another team a chance to get through the street. Round came the heavy animals, not with very much speed, but with a momentum which proved disastrous to the proprietress of the stand and her goods. Down she went, while a good share of her apples went tumbling after her.

Luckily she was not much hurt, but as she reclined on the pavement she saw one of the horses add insult to injury by opening a vast mouth and closing it upon the biggest apple on the stand. Then up rose the old woman in hot haste. But not to seek vengeance. Instead, she picked up two more apples and hesitatingly handed them to the two animals which hadn't helped themselves. And what is more, she looked as if she hadn't a grievance against anybody in the world.—New York Times.

One Way to Fix Up an Old Room.

If you are repairing an old house and wish to have one or two striking and effective features, choose a room for a den and have the whole of a windowless side finished with drawers, cupboards, nooks and pigeon holes. Shut in some of these with stained glass doors, drape others with real silk or blue and white porcelain tinted crap goods. Leave a gallery along the top for busts, pottery or unframed paintings. Cover the floor with matting and rugs. If possible place low seats in the windows for plants or books. Select wrought iron frames for hanging lamps, with a copper candle stick placed here and there for pick up use.

An old portable clothes closet may be converted into a corner shrine for such a room by being covered with dark red plush, in which is kept some family heirlooms or a beautiful vase. A few odd bamboo pieces of furniture will best harmonize with the rest of the room, or stiff carved chairs in dark mahogany. An old fashioned desk, such as was in constant use in New England years ago, or any antique table or stand will find a suitable abiding place here.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Trouble With the Pepper.

The late P. T. Barnum, being a pronounced joker, turned also his witty faculty to use. When he told the Adirondack landlord, with great solemnity, that he hesitated to find fault with anything about the hotel when so much was agreeable, he was urged by the landlord by all means to be frank and do so. "Well," said Barnum, "it is only one thing; I have discovered with regret that your pepper is half peas." The landlord declared it could not be; but, on being assured that Barnum knew pepper as well as ginger, he wrote a caustic letter to his grocers about sending him such stuff. They, knowing doubtless who the real complainant was, wrote back that if he would spell "pepper" he would find half of it composed of p's, and that that which they sold had only the amount the orthography required.—Printer's Ink.

What the Truffle Is.

The ancient Romans, at whose sumptuous banquets truffles played an important role, supposed that their existence was one of the material results of thunder. More modern botanists have classed it as a species of mushroom, but it can scarcely be termed such. To be exact, the truffle is a tuberculous fungus, a sort of morbid extravasation of vegetable sugars analogous to oak balls or nut galls, and doubtless originating, as these latter, by the sting of an insect.—Washington Letter.

What He Hoped.

Mr. De Brute—My wife has a dog which knows a hundred different tricks. Wouldn't you like to have him? Showman—Indeed I would. Is he for sale? "No." "Won't she sell him at any price?" "No." "Then why do you speak to me about him?" "I was in the dog house and you would steal him."—Geo.

Monthly Meteorological Report.

Weather bureau, department of agriculture, Station, The Dalles, Oregon, for the month of December, 1891.

Table with columns: DATE, WIND, WIND VELOCITY, TEMPERATURE, RELATIVE HUMIDITY, RAINFALL, and HOURS OF SUNSHINE. Rows for days 1 through 31, and Sums and Means.

Mean barometer, 30.025; highest barometer, 30.630, on 19th, 9 p. m.; lowest barometer 29.355, on 25th, at 12 m. Mean temperature 53.7; highest temperature, 65, on 22d; lowest temperature, 25, on the 7th. Greatest daily range of temperature 40 on 23d. Least daily range of temperature, 4, on 25d and 29th.

MEAN TEMPERATURE FOR THIS MONTH IN 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, 1877, 1878, 1879, 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892.

Total excess in precipitation during month, 2.50. Prevailing direction of wind, 9 days West, 10 days East, 11 days calm. Extreme velocity of wind, direction and date, 40 to 45 miles, from the southwest, on the early morning of the 29th. Total precipitation, 4.13; number of days on which .01 inch or more of precipitation fell, 20.

Number of cloudless days, 7; partly cloudy days, 5; cloudy days, 18. Snow fell on the 23d, and 1st to a depth of 1/2 inches. Melted on the third day. The following table is the annual precipitation, by months, covering a period of seventeen years:

Table with columns: Year, Annual, Dec, Nov, Oct, Sept, Aug, July, June, May, Apr, Mar, Feb, Jan, and Yearly Means.

NOTE.—Barometer, actual reading; T indicates trace of precipitation. SAMUEL L. BROOKS, Voluntary Signal Corps Observer.

Advertisement for A. A. Brown, featuring 'Staple and Fancy Groceries, and Provisions' and 'SPECIAL PRICES to Cash Buyers'. Includes address '170 SECOND STREET' and names of directors: D. P. THOMPSON, J. S. SCHENCK, H. M. BEALL.

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During the little over a year of its existence it has earnestly tried to fulfill the objects for which it was founded, namely, to assist in developing our industries, to advertise the resources of the city and adjacent country and to work for an open river to the sea. Its record is before the people and the phenomenal support it has received is accepted as the expression of their approval. Independent in everything, neutral in nothing, it will live only to fight for what it believes to be just and right. Commencing with the first number of the second volume the weekly has been enlarged to eight pages while the price (\$1.50 a year) remains the same. Thus, both the weekly and daily editions contain more reading matter for less money than any paper published in the county.

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