

THE CITY COUNCIL.

Regular Monthly Meeting--Resignation of City Attorney, Etc.

The regular monthly meeting of the common council was held last evening, Mayor Robert Mays presiding.

Present: Councilmen Dufar, Haight, Hansen, Krefl, Maier and Thornbury.

Minutes of the previous meeting were read and record approved.

Communication from the water commission relative to receipts and expenditures was referred.

Bids were opened for the construction of steps up the bluff at the head of Laughlin street, and the contract was awarded to Johnston & Son on their lowest bid \$95.00.

An ordinance providing for the sale of certain lots in Gates addition, belonging to The Dalles city, was adopted.

A verbal proposition of Phil Brogan for purchase of engine house lot, was laid over.

On motion the recorder was requested to prepare a statement of city finances to be read at the next meeting of the council, Tuesday next.

The committee on fire and water, Messrs. Haight, Maier and Dufar, reported on various matters concerning the department; announcing the near arrival of the new hose cart and 600 feet of hose, (since arrived); the condition of the engine house, rents, hose houses, etc., recommending certain payments, was adopted.

The resignation of Judge A. S. Bennett was accepted, on a score of economy.

Monthly reports of the recorder, marshal, treasurer and street commissioner were read and filed.

An ordinance fixing the bond of city treasurer at \$25,000 was adopted.

Liquor licenses were granted, upon petitions, to fifteen different persons or firms, as provided by ordinance.

Warrants were ordered in payment of claims against the city as follows:

Table listing names and amounts: Frank Menefee, recorder, \$146.20; R V Gibbons, marshal, 116.00; J F Staniels, st. com, 75.00; O Kinerly, treasurer, 50.00; A S Bennett, city attorney, 250.00; Geo J Brown, engineer, 80.00; J S Fish, fire warden, 12.00; Chronicle, advertising, 10.00; H Glenn, framing maps, 5.20; Water Commission, rent, 32.00; John Fitzgerald, janitor, 2.50; C. E. Haight, meals for election judges and clerks, 10.50; P M Salyer, surveying, 4.00; F M King, labor, 8.00; E Riggs, 6.00; W E Brown, 3.00; G W Runyan, 2.00; Brown, wood sawing, 1.25; Krefl & Co., painting, 23.00; H Whitmore, work on engine house, 38.55; Mays & Crowe, mdc, 2.90; Snipes & Kinnersly, 3.90; Maier & Benton, 24.35; Jas Ferguson, hauling, 2.50; Dalles Electric Light Co., Fire department light, 5.25; Street lights, 270.00; Marshals office, 1.60; C E Haight, feeding prisoners, 11.20; Joles Bros., mdc, 1.75; W Hill, special police, 2.50; J K Page, 5.00; G A Phirman, 2.50; Con Howe, night watchman, 75.00; G C Bills, 60.00; J Doherty, canvassing election returns, 3.00; J B Crossen, canvassing election returns, 3.00.

Three dollars each were allowed the following named judges of election: C. L. Schmidt, P. C. Davis, T. Cartwright, S. B. Adams, John Cates, Geo. W. Runyan.

Also, three dollars each for the following clerks of election: Hugh Chrisman, E. B. Johnson, F. H. Dietzel, Geo. Smith.

On motion a vote of thanks was tendered to the retiring councilmen, and city attorney, after which the council adjourned until Tuesday evening next (the 5th), at 7:30 o'clock.

Accident in a Cut.

The up freight yesterday met with a serious accident in the cut between Grants and Blalock, but nobody was hurt or killed. The engine had passed a point when a sand slide occurred, just at the moment to catch the balance of the train, and as a result nine cars were piled up helter skelter. The work of clearing the wreck was extra laborous on account of the sand which in some cases completely covered the cars. But with all these disadvantages the road was opened so that the mail and passenger trains passed within saving time. The west bound passenger due here at 4:01 p. m. yesterday came in at 5 a. m. today, followed by the 3 a. m. passenger.

Them as Has, Gets.

Press-Times. To the famous "Reveries of a Bachelor" may now be added a chapter by David B. Hill on current events. Cleveland has a wife, a child and a nomination. Which again illustrates the old biblical doctrine that them as has gets.

A Tall Volunteer.

Sentinel. A volunteer crop of rye in Asotin county, now being cut for hay, measures seven and a half feet in height. It will average two tons of hay to the acre. Samples of it will be sent to the Worlds fair to show that Washington soil will do unaided by plow or harrow.

The esteemed Chicago Herald still opines that Cleveland's nomination imperils the success of the democratic party and exposes it to the loss of the electoral vote of New York.

THE BELLS DING-DONG THE SEA.

The sea is calm, the wind is fair. Nor ever a cloud doth lower. The good ship speeds with the blessed bells. She leans to Boltraeus tower.

The pilot crossed his breast, and cried. "Thank God! the harbor's near. For vesper bells at Tintagel Ring out their music clear.

"Aye, thank the Lord for our good speed Across the doubtful sea!" "Fool!" answered the captain, "thank thyself: God holds no helm for thee."

The pilot crossed his breast, and cried. "God pardon thee once more. And grant that we may safely come Unto the Cornish shore."

The captain's oath was on his lips. Or ever the sun went down. And while the people thronged the cliffs Above the harbor town, A mighty wave swept o'er the sea.

With dull and sultry roar; The good ship tumbled all her length As she sank to rise no more.

Then o'er the wheeling waters pealed (As tolling funeral knells For those lost souls) the soft, sweet chimes Of the Forrabury bells.

The moss creeps over Boltraeus church: Where rings no vesper lay; Still waits the tower its blessed bells. And silent stands today.

For low beneath the Cornish wave, Where tangled wrecks lie deep, The Forrabury bells are hid And their sweet echoes keep. But ever 'gainst the billows toss, And storm winds whirl in glee; Their shrilled chimes the blessed bells SHU ring beneath the sea.

-Lucy R. Fleming in Harper's Bazar.

FOURTEEN MILES OF FEAR.

A Strange Railroad Foremost Over a Swinge Railroad Track by Night.

"Funny, isn't it, what daredevil acts railroad men will often do?" asked a little traveling man of a few friends as he dropped into one of the Grand Pacific rotunda chairs.

"Yes, something like trying to run two trains on the same track or trying to see whether the rails or a man's leg is the hardest," suggested a fellow drummer.

"No, I mean in the ordinary course of business. The other day I started for Washington and I had a premonition that the trip was not to be of the best, for on the way to the depot I purchased a pocket comb of a street vender, who gave me a quarter too much change.

We got as far as Auburn Junction and it was awful dark, when the station agent informed us that there was a wreck between us and Danvers, O. Later he said there were two wrecks and that three men had been killed. The debris was piled so high upon the tracks that it would take the wreckers hours to clear them. I saw our conductor and engineer in close conversation.

"Suddenly the conductor said, 'Bill, there is nothing left us but to run around on the Wabash tracks to Danvers.'"

"But the Wabash has no operator here to give us orders," answered the engineer.

"Oh, I'll cut you off and we'll turn the engine around at the roundhouse table and make our way over the fourteen miles of strange track. As long as your headlight shows up you can creep over the road, can't you?"

"The knight of the throttle was a careful man, but he knew that the United States mail was being delayed and a couple of hundred passengers were angrily demanding that the trainmen do something to hurry them on. 'I'll go you,' he said, and the engine went down to the turntable to turn around. Upon coming back it was discovered that it would be impossible to couple her to the hind end of our train, as the sleeper draft irons were of a different pattern and higher than the coupler of the engine. Another pause for deliberation.

"Finally the conductor advised the engineer to go back, turn around and couple on in the original position. 'We'll just cross over on the spur and back up the fourteen miles.' And we did. That stretch of fourteen miles on a night as dark as pitch, over an unknown road, without a headlight and with 200 passengers unaware of the risk the trainmen were running to accommodate them and--well, I tell you it was exciting. No orders, no nothing, as you might say.

"I stood on the hind end, which was then the fore end, with the conductor and four brakemen, as we slowly dragged our way through the darkness. The flagmen carried red lanterns and torpedoes to run ahead and flag should a train be heard approaching, but it was dollars to bitters that had a headlight appeared around one of those unknown curves no one of our train could have reached the approaching train in time to prevent her from crashing into our train. I've done a little railroading in my time and have taken a train over some risky places, but that fourteen miles of backing up without orders, without a headlight to aid our progress and on a strange track, is about the most showish ride I ever traveled. That shows you how many risks a railroad man will take to please the travelers."--Chicago News.

A Charming Little Pet. A charming little foreign pet for the house is the suricate. This pretty creature, which, if we remember rightly, was among the number of Frank Buckland's animal companions, is an active and vivacious little fellow, some ten inches long, with greenish brown fur, large bright eyes, a short pointed nose and dainty paws, which, like the squirrel's or raccoon's, are used as hands, to hold, to handle and to ask for more. Eloquent in supplication, tenacious in retention, the suricate's paws are expressive, plaintive and wholly irresistible. The creature is made for a pet, and is so affectionate to its master that it can undergo any degree of "spoiling" without injury to its temper.--London Spectator.

Why the Grumbler is Entertaining. No one offers the systematic grumbler the tax of sympathy. He does not want it, moreover. His woes and grievances are his stock in trade. It is an understood thing that without them he would be a very dull fellow. As it is they save his reputation, and set the ball of small talk moving--no matter in what direction.--All the Year Round.

A STORY FROM PARIS.

AN INTERESTING ROMANCE OF A THOUGHTLESS PAINTER.

The Widow Who Came to Dispossess the Negligent Artist Staid to Accept His Love, and Later His Hand and Heart. A Little Child Led Them.

There is a friend of mine, a painter, who has all the talents and no talent of his own. He would copy or imitate a Greuze or a Watteau to perfection. A Diaz by him only wants the signature, which an unscrupulous dealer does not hesitate to forge. My friend, whom we will call Durand, is an excellent man, industrious and clever, but too negligent to take the initiative in anything, even in painting. Well, he had given notice to quit his apartment in July, on the fifteenth day of the month, at noon, according to the customs of the country.

He had, however, been so absorbed in his painting that he had forgotten to retain a wagon to take away his furniture, and when he did at last concern himself about the matter he only succeeded in securing one for the end of the day. But at noon precisely, just as he was putting the finishing touches to a copy of Greuze's famous "Cruche-Causee," there came an imperious knock at the door.

It was the new tenant, escorted by her furniture. She was furious to find that Durand was "dawdling over his paint brushes," while all her furniture was out in the street exposed to the gaze of indiscreet passersby. She even threatened to send for the police in order to bring Durand to a sense of his duties as an outgoing tenant.

Durand, like many painters, thought the sea more charming than ever when agitated by a storm, and concluded that his fair visitor was rendered more beautiful by her anger. She was about twenty-five years of age. She had dark hair and blue eyes, a fine, supple figure, and her pretty nostrils were slightly dilated by her emotion. She was accompanied by a little girl of six years of age--a little golden haired fairy.

"What!" continued the irate lady, "you are not going away until 5 o'clock? It is absurd! What am I to do with my furniture? Where is the proprietor? I must see the proprietor!" It was impossible to gratify her last wish. The concierge alone was available, but the newcomer was so terrible, so aggressive and so threatening that Cerberus was tamed and ran away, leaving his broom behind him.

INFLUENCE OF A CHILD. Durand ought, according to his system of imitation, to have become wrathful, too, but his adversary was a pretty woman, so he sought an ally. The little girl was playing with a shepherdess in porcelain do Saxe that adorned one end of the chimney piece. "Should you like it?" "Oh, yes; it is so pretty!" "Take it,"--Jeanne," said the mother, "I forbid you to accept anything." "If it were only to please her," replied Durand, "I could understand your prohibition, but it is an economy for me. I shall have so much less to move."

Women are ready laughers. The lady fixed her eyes on the wall in order to keep her countenance. "Your name is Jeanne?" said the painter. "Yes," answered the child. "And your papa--where is he?" "He died two years ago." "And mamma is a widow?" "Yes, monsieur."

Then turning to the lady, Durand apologized for his sins, told her that he had cleared one room and that he would go and help her get her furniture in. Soon the furniture began to find its place--the wardrobe, the mirror, the bookcase. "Oh, madame, without knowing you, as I look at these books I can read your mind. Balzac, Hugo, Lamartine!"--"Ta, ta, ta," cried the irate lady, "you would have done better to clear out before noon than to be trying to study my character!" "I am working all the time, madame. Look! I have put that console there--here the statue of the Virgin--this little mirror opposite the window." "Oh, it is no use; you cannot make peace with me!"

WRATH TURNED TO LOVE. There was an interval of twenty minutes, during which the lady stood at the window. Durand had remained in his room with the child. "Are they coming today or tomorrow--your men?" she asked angrily as she came back into the room; but she stopped in the middle. Jeanne, motionless and smiling, was seated on a chair and Durand was painting her portrait. "Mamma," said the little one suddenly, "I am hungry. You have some wine and a pate in the big basket." "Come, then, and breakfast on the balcony," murmured the mother. Durand was left alone to finish his sketch. There was a silence of ten minutes. Then the child returned timidly. "Mamma has something to ask you."

"What?" "She does not dare." "She wants to turn me out?" "No." "What then?" "Mamma would like to know if you--if you would like a piece of pate."

This happened on July 15, and when the concierge arrived, all trembling, to announce that the men had at last come to remove Durand's furniture, he found him sitting on the balcony at table with the mother and dandling the child on his knees.

Misfortunes, however, never come alone. The wagon was too small. It would not hold all Durand's things at once. "Leave your palette, your easel and your pictures," said Jeanne; "I will take care of them, and then you will be obliged to come back again and finish my picture." He left them. He only came into possession of them on Jan. 15, when he brought all his furniture back into his own room. This time, however, there was no difficulty about the outgoing tenant, for she had meanwhile become Durand's wife, and the two households were merged into one.--Paris Cor. Philadelphia Bulletin.

And Still We Have Dyspepsia. Scientists assure us that upward of 5,000,000 minute glands are constantly at work in our stomachs secreting gastric juice.--New York Journal.

WHAT WRITERS EARN.

SOME MAKE FORTUNES AND OTHERS MERELY A PITTANCE.

What the Late James Parton Earned and How He Lived--Other Authors Who Receive Big Pay for Comparative Little Labor--The Average Man.

Not long before his death James Parton is reported to have said that a person who decided to support himself exclusively by his pen must be content to live on about \$2,000 a year. The best, according to Mr. Parton, that a literary man could hope to attain would be \$6,000 or \$7,000 a year for perhaps ten or twelve years, when the author's experience was ripe and while he was still in his prime.

This statement seemed rather strange coming from so successful an author as Mr. Parton, yet it was reported in such a way as leaves but little doubt that this was his opinion. Yet he was himself an example of the falsity of it, although he may have thought that his case was the exception that proves the rule.

Mr. Parton was a constant writer and a pretty frequent author for more than forty years. Some of his books had a phenomenal sale. His "Life of Horace Greeley" brought him not only a handsome income, but a small capital. His "History of Ben Butler," and especially of Butler's life in New Orleans after the capture of that city, was very popular during the war days, and Parton's life of Aaron Burr added materially to his possessions.

Parton earned so much money that he was able to accumulate, and when he left New York and went to Newburyport, Mass., to live, just as old age was beginning to come upon him, he had a sufficient property to support him, even if he did not write another line. Of course he could not live in luxury, but he lived in comfort, surrounded by all those things which made life agreeable to him.

MEN WHO RECEIVE BIG INCOMES. Parton was not a great author. He wrote as a business, and it was his business to give what his clientage wanted. And that is the secret of the success of those who have adopted literature as a profession. Those who take up the pen in order to win an exalted and permanent fame must undoubtedly give but little heed to the pecuniary consideration, but those who expect to make a living out of authorship must do as is done in every other profession--serve their clients and increase them if possible.

There are a good many other examples which indicate that Mr. Parton was mistaken. In his own vicinity there lived several men who had done exceedingly well at the business of authorship. Mr. Charles Carleton Coffin abandoned journalism after a brilliant career as a war correspondent, and has made a comfortable fortune and a good income by writing in a popular manner historical and anecdotal works designed mainly for young persons.

Mr. J. T. Trowbridge lives comfortably on the income he gets from his boys' stories, and so does Oliver Optic. Mr. Adams, who is Oliver Optic in real life, although his hair is gray and he has become an old man, has just entered into a contract to furnish a series of ten stories for young persons, written in the style which earned him popularity forty years ago. He will probably write those ten stories within a year, for he is a very rapid workman, and while the precise terms of payment are not known, it is believed that he will receive not less than \$15,000 for them.

General Lew Wallace is said to have received from \$75,000 to \$90,000 royalty upon his single book, "Ben Hur," but that is one of those spasmodic and phenomenal successes which become traditional. Miss Alcott, besides living handsomely, left an estate valued at \$100,000, all of which has been made in about twenty years. Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, his brother-in-law, Julian Hawthorne, Edgar Saltus and Edgar Fawcett have no other profession than literature. Lathrop and Hawthorne do some journalistic work, while Fawcett has a private fortune. Each of these men counts on making as much as \$5,000 a year, and Saltus' income one year was nearly \$15,000.

SOME YOUNG AUTHORS. There have been a number of successful authors of late who have complained that they cannot live by their pens. A few years ago a novel appeared entitled "Guernedale." It was published over a non-de plume, "J. S. of Dale," and it was regarded as one of the successful books of the year. Its author, Mr. Stimson, was a recent graduate of Harvard college, and the success of the book inspired him with literary ambition. Yet he has practically abandoned literature, excepting as a by play, and is making money practicing law.

Robert Grant, another young Boston litterateur who won some fame, relies upon the practice of a dryer profession than literature for his support. John Habberton, who made a great hit with "Helen's Babies," and who writes exceedingly clever stories, relies upon journalism for his support, while literature is a side issue with him. Mrs. Burnett made no money until her play, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," was produced, although she had previously written several very successful novels, and she has practically abandoned story telling for the drama.

These cases, however, simply illustrate the fact that that sort of literature which develops fiction cannot be relied upon for a very handsome support. The authors who make money are those like Parton, Benson J. Lossing and Coffin, who are able to set forth, in a style which does not shoot over the head of the public, either history or the stories of achievement or the careers of famous men in a manner which makes the telling of the story most attractive. The author who can cultivate this quality is sure of repeating the successes of those who have been named, and would probably earn more money in this sort of writing than he could if he went into any other business or profession.--New York Advertiser.

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