

The Dalles Weekly Chronicle.

VOL. II.

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A WHOLE ISLAND GONE

Over Thirteen Thousand Lives Said to Have Been Lost.

SUNK BY A VOLCANIC ERUPTION.

The Island of Grand Sangir, was Rich in Plantations and was

DIVIDED INTO FOUR KINGDOMS.

With a Total Area of 275 Square Miles, and a Population of 13,000 to 14,000 Souls.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 29.—The Australian steamer brings news of a serious nature from the Malay Archipelago. The steamer Catterthun, which arrived at Sydney, N. S. W., reports that when she touched at the island of Timor there was a rumor current that the island of Sangir had been destroyed by a volcanic eruption, and that the whole population, comprising 13,000 souls, had perished. The Catterthun steamed for miles through masses of debris. The Sangir islands lie to the north of Celebes and are about fifty in number. The three largest islands are Great Sangir, Splanan and Tagolandy. Great Sangir is the island supposed to have been destroyed by the volcanic eruption. The island had an area of 275 square miles and was divided into four kingdoms. The total population was supposed to be about 13,000 or 14,000. In the north-western part of the island toward the great mountain of Abu, or the ash mountain, which has often been in eruption, causing much damage and loss of life. The natives regarded it with superstitions awe and whenever they heard the rumbling that preceded an outbreak they resorted to certain mystic rites to oppose the diety of the mountain. In March of 1868 there was a terrible eruption and streams of lava and boiling water were poured forth from the crater. The rich plantations on the mountain-side were carried away and 3,000 lives were lost. The Sangirese belong to the Malay race, are well made and brave, lazy and dirty. The government is monarchical, somewhat limited by council.

VISITED BY A BIG AURORA.

Northern Heavens Brilliant With the Display.—Heavy Electrical Storm. From the Chicago News, 18th.]

An electrical storm of unusual severity swept over the central and eastern portions of the United States Saturday between 11:30 o'clock a. m. and 4 p. m. Telegraph wires refused to work and business at the Western Union and the Postal telegraph companies was badly interrupted all day. Following the electrical storm a brilliant aurora borealis illuminated the sky, reaching around the northern horizon and almost touching the equator with its east and west points. Forming first in a bank of dark green, a rich arch was reared that reached its height, half-way to the zenith, at 9:30 o'clock. Dropping down and shooting up from this were pale-green shafts, while sheets of yellow light flashed and waved behind the phenomena. At 10 o'clock a lilac-colored sail appeared a little to the west of north and floated away to the west, changing its color like the picture from a dissolving-view camera to a pale pink, a deep yellow and black to a mellow green. At 10:30 o'clock the elements gathered for a final display, and shooting up like a pointed wall came the aurora. To the west a section swung off, formed a horse-shoe and for two minutes a perfect representation of an immense waterfall was made. In the north sheets of yellow lightning were woven through the columns, spurs and streamers. Then the rosy tint of the setting sun burned through this vast curtain and the fires slowly went out. In the telegraph offices trouble had been experienced all day. Superintendent of Telegraph Connor of the Illinois Central worked like a beaver with his wires. "As soon as I got one line to working," said he, "another would fall down and in a short time the first was just as bad as it was before. The short lines gave us as much trouble as the long-distance and this confused me. Finally I concluded that it was an electrical storm and sat down to await the end. By 4 o'clock we could get New Orleans as easily as 43d street and when I left all was working well." In the Western Union and Postal telegraph offices long-distance wires were grounded and the instruments worked with the overcharge of electricity.

A CASE IN POINT.

What Equity has Labor in the Profits of Perspicacity.

From the Oregonian.]

Perhaps those who think labor has equity rights in the profits of capital will be able to tell us what equity it has in the profits A. M. Cannon will probably make in his speculation on the cargo of the Abercorn. This vessel was wrecked on the beach outside Gray's harbor, having on board a cargo of 2,300 tons of steel rails. The owners investigated the question of raising the wreck, but decided that it would not pay, and finally sold the cargo to Mr. Cannon, who is now reclaiming the property. He has built a pier from the beach to the wreck, a distance of 1750 feet, and is employing divers and other men to the number of 55. The divers receive \$10 per day for four hours, and the other men, who are chiefly ranchers living in the neighborhood, receive good wages. The cost of taking out the rails and shipping to Portland is about \$5 per ton, and Mr. Cannon's profits will probably exceed \$50,000.

The question is, has Mr. Cannon earned this money, and if not, who has? But for his perspicacity, resolution and readiness to undertake a novel and somewhat hazardous enterprise, the rails would still be reposing at the bottom of the sea, and the original owners would not have received the amount he paid them for the property. Whatever equity interest may be claimed for the labor that produced the rails—assuming that the wages paid were inequitable—was lost in the wreck, and attaches now only to the money paid the owners by Mr. Cannon. But such equity does not exist, since the rails were a loss instead of a profit. If there is any equity whatever, it is on the side of the owner, who should look to the labor that produced the rails to share with him the loss. It is evident that any property interest or equity now in the rails must begin with them at the bottom of the sea.

The labor that is employed in the work of taking them out and shipping them is well paid. The divers are receiving large wages for a few hours' work. The other men are only too glad to get this work to do, as it helps them to and their slender income while making themselves a home in the forest. Mr. Cannon has conferred a special favor on them all by giving them an unusual and unexpected opportunity to earn money. These men all have an opportunity to work, and this property is rescued from a position where it is valueless and placed where it possesses great value, all through the brains, energy, executive ability, daring and capital of one man. He does no more mental labor than the man who superintends the building of the pier, and does not expend so much physical force as any of his employees, yet it is a fact that he earns all the profit that comes to him as fully as they earn their wages. His ability to do this is a difference between him and them that the world recognizes and pays for. Each is paid the full measure of value set upon his labor by the only authority the world recognizes, an authority that must continue, else property would lose its value and exertion, its stimulus.

A Helena Champ.

Review. The Helena Independent has reached the astonishing conclusion that the hope for free silver lies in the election of Grover Cleveland. Henry Villard, who will get up in the middle of the night to talk monometallism, is equally confident that the hope of the gold standard lies in the same direction. He has contributed already \$10,000 to the work of booming Cleveland before the Chicago convention, and has promised \$10,000 more for the campaign. In view of the fact that Cleveland and Villard are close tillicums, and the additional fact that every monetary utterance of the ex-president is for the single gold standard, we rather incline to a belief that the Helena paper is a chump.

Ross Island The Place.

Dispatch. There is a quiet movement on foot to have the bridge commissioners locate one of the bridges that are to be built across the Willamette in the near future at this end of Ross Island, where it will not interfere with navigation and be of more benefit to a greater number of people than if it was located at a point below the steel bridge. The citizens up there claim that to locate a bridge at the foot of Ross island would not interfere with navigation in the least, as there will be no handling of deep water ships as big steamers do not come that high up the river, while the amount of people it will accommodate will be of untold number.

Paradoxical.

Texas Post. What curiosities there are in our use of languages. We speak of going away to spend the summer, when in reality we are going away and spend our money.

A CHICAGO BLACK EYE.

The City Must Improve Her Bad Appearance or Lose.

INDECENT STREETS AND ALLEYS.

The Smoke Nuisance, The Sewerage Nuisance, Other Nuisances.

TYING HORSES TO CURB STONES.

Other Provincial Customs Still in Vogue Which Must be Dispersed With Other News.

CHICAGO, July 29.—As the time for the official opening of the world's fair approaches there are pressing reasons why the late lamented attempts of certain citizens' associations to improve Chicago's external appearance should not be forgotten. For years spasmodic efforts have been revived at intervals, sustained for a period and then weakly relinquished. Now at the time when not ourselves alone but visitors from all over the civilized world are concerned, there is additional cause for persistency. It is dangerous folly to flatter ourselves that things are well enough as they are. The streets need cleaning and the alleys, which are now depositories for garbage, must be made decent. The provincial custom of tying horses to the curb is yet in vogue. The outlying environs are afflicted with pavements which are little better than the trackless prairie, and there are undulating sidewalks which teeter briskly when one steps on the wrong end of a plank. And in addition to these troubles we have our old enemies the smoke nuisance, the sewerage nuisance and the grade crossings. Now, if ever, is the time for a long, strong, persistent endeavor to bring about reform. Chicago must spruce up. It must be cleaned and sweetened. No street which will give place for a puddle of water is fitly paved. The dingy, acrid atmosphere must be purified, and we hope it will not be many years before that viscid pool of fluid nastiness, the Chicago river, will be washed as clean as a roadside spring. When properly cleaned and paved this city will be one of the most impressive and palatial in the world. Without the instant and persistent prosecution of the reforms mentioned, however, it runs the risk of being called at the very least, a mighty and enterprising town in her progress, but a slattern in her dress.

Dangerous Ride of a Youth.

Klamath Star. Grover Moore, a 7-year old boy at Klamath Falls, lit from his pony on Saturday morning and flew to his mother's arms with a bleat as joyful as that of a long lost lamie just returned to his mamma. He was the gladdest kid in Klamath just then. Friday morning while out hunting with his nineteen-year old brother, he fell behind and couldn't get to the front anymore. He wandered hither and thither on the back of his pony, his heart growing more and more dismal as he rode farther and farther into the gloomy forest shade of the mountains. He rode around the edges of precipices so narrow that the searching parties had to dismount and travel afoot, and so deep that a fall would have blended both boy and pony in one red burial. One of the Germans of Swan Lake found him in the evening seated on his pony and weeping bitterly for his mamma. The kind man kept him until morning, when his brother found him and brought him home. He told his mamma confidentially that he would never leave her any more.

Greeting.

The Dalles CHRONICLE under the management of Oregon's pioneer journalist D. C. Ireland, is one of the best exchanges that comes to this office. D. C. has seen the rise and fall of hundreds of newspapers and newspaper men, but through all the vicissitudes of an unusually eventful life, his facile pen has lost none of its cunning, and he is still doing yeoman duty in agitating the open river question. Like Banquo's ghost, he will not down, and we are glad of it. Stay with 'em old man. We are with you heart and soul.—Vancouver Register.

Current Topics.

Wilson, the demon who murdered Mamie Walsh, ended his villainous career by using the bandages of his arm as a rope with which he hanged himself in the Oregon City jail.

A DEADLY POISON.

The Traffic With Indians in the vilest of Deceptions Called Whisky.

Some time ago a party of Warm Spring Indians in The Dalles, were approached by a half breed opium fiend known as Charley Hermon, who told them that if they would give him money at the rate of \$2.00 per bottle, he would supply them with whisky. An Indian will give anything he has for a bottle of fire water. They of course could not let such a proposition as that go by default, so they raked up enough to secure two bottles and a flask. This was not enough whisky, however, and they raised another dollar and a half. They gave this to Charley, on his return to the rendezvous, and he left them to get another bottle, but did not again show up, and the Indians started homeward. Before reaching the agency those who had drunk of the stuff became very sick, and soon after getting to their homes three of the Indians died. A fourth one is yet lingering on the verge of death. As soon as Agent Lucky heard of the affair he obtained one of the bottles which still contained some of the poisonous mixture, and sent it to Portland. The analysis showed that it was composed of alcohol, prussic acid, fusil oil and chloroform. His next move was to trace the culprit who had been the cause of the trouble. After securing sufficient information he came to The Dalles, and Thursday night succeeded in arresting the wretch, who was taken before Commissioner Huntington today, and after examination was remanded to jail in default of \$500 bonds.

During the past year the periods of drunkenness amongst Indians in this section have been of altogether too frequent occurrence. When a fiend in human shape, who would sell them liquor has been apprehended, he has been let off with a nominal fine which was really no punishment at all, as the fine could be reimbursed by the sales of a few bottles of the vile decoction put up for Indians, and the traffic did not cease. In the present case the culprit seems to deserve the very worst punishment that can be inflicted upon him. Mr. Lucky is determined, if possible, to break up these abuses, at least so far as they relate to Indians under his charge. The prisoner will be taken to Portland for trial, in the United States court, and it is hoped that not only upon him alone, but upon any others connected with him, in this nefarious business, justice may be meted with unflinching hand. It is time the whole system was changed and merited punishment inflicted.

DEATH OF MATILDA ROGERS.

Verdict of the Coroners Jury.—William Bergfeldt the Accused.

The sudden and somewhat mysterious death of Matilda C. Rogers, June 30th, at the Rogers farm on Mill creek, led to an investigation by a coroners jury, about which our readers are familiar. That the jury found evidences sufficient to warrant the arrest of William Bergfeldt, son-in-law of deceased, is shown by the verdict, from which we quote as follows:

We the jury empaneled by the coroner of Wasco county, Or., to inquire into the cause of the death of the late Matilda C. Rogers, find that her death was caused by poison administered by some person; that we have, from the testimony taken and presented to us, good reason to believe that Wm. Bergfeldt is the person who administered the poison.

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THE QUEEN'S DILEMMA.

What the Duke of Devonshire Advised in the Event,

TO AVOID CALLING GLADSTONE.

To Form a New Cabinet Less Objectionable to Tory Ideas.

HER MAJESTY REGARDS HOME RULE

As Only One Step Short of Absolute Treason—and its Promoters Enemies of the Throne.

LONDON, Aug. 1.—Queen Victoria makes no concealment of her antipathy to Mr. Gladstone as the home-rule champion, and it is believed that she will yet place some obstruction in the way of home rule. It was reported on Saturday that when the queen sent for the Duke of Devonshire and asked him what could be done to avoid calling Gladstone to form a new cabinet, he answered: "The only way is to abdicate the throne." The report created great excitement, and while it is true that very little confidence is placed in the statement that the Duke of Devonshire told Queen Victoria that she would have to abdicate the throne or make terms with Mr. Gladstone, it is known that the queen did have an earnest and important interview with the nobleman, whom she holds in high esteem, and whom she would fain make premier if he were willing and the country were willing to accept him.

The queen, it is reported on good authority, sent for the duke to discuss with him the formation of a cabinet that would be as little objectionable as possible to her Tory notions, for her majesty regards home rule as only one step short of absolute treason, and its promoters as enemies of the throne. The duke found her majesty laboring under greater emotion than he has ever seen her display. After the usual courteous formalities, the queen asked the duke abruptly whether there was any way to avoid sending for Gladstone. Her majesty added, in substance: "To Mr. Gladstone, personally, I have no objection, but I do object to the separation of my kingdoms to which I understand he has pledged himself." The duke replied most courteously, but in terms that could not be misunderstood, that while he himself deeply regretted the course taken by Mr. Gladstone, which had compelled him to leave that gentleman's side politically to strive for the maintenance of the union, yet he felt obliged to recognize that a majority had been elected to the house of commons favorable to Mr. Gladstone's views. Her majesty took the carefully worded intimation and said no more on that particular subject.

The Japs Meet Co.

Grand Ronde Chronicle. Smallpox and leprosy was discovered among the Japs employed by the at Goldwe!

Is not a Tramp.

John Day Sentinel. The Rogue River Courier, not being very well posted on the subject, is inclined to pass our pedestrian tourist to the worlds fair as an ordinary tramp. We are happy to inform the editor of that paper that he is entirely mistaken. Major Magone is a man of splendid education, a thorough gentleman in every respect, and will compare favorably with the dignitaries of Chicago of any other city in the land. He is one of the brightest and best posted men in Oregon today, and the citizens of this county are not at all ashamed to have him as their representative at the fair. He makes it a point to put up at the best hotels on his journey, and to pay his bills promptly before leaving. Brother Numan does the old gentleman an injustice which our citizens will not be pleased to see.

Wilson not Responsible.

OREGON CITY, Aug. 1.—The autopsy on Wilson's remains Saturday show that the demon was not wholly responsible for his acts. The brain and its membranes weighed 64 ounces. The membranes were in a high state of congestion, evidently of recent origin. The frontal lobes of the brain presented two distinct points of softening, evidently of long standing. Inquiry into the past history of Wilson reveals the fact that since childhood he had been considered as strange in his ways, and at many times doing things for which he could not be held responsible. His father for years before Wilson's birth was afflicted with epileptic convulsions. These facts of parentage and the abnormal condition of his brain would strongly point to the conclusion of irresponsibility.

In Grateful Remembrance.

Examiner. D. C. Ireland will never get rid of his old love. He never fails to put in a good word for Astoria and an open river. As the editor of The Dalles Chronicle he uses its columns to show his interest in this city and its promising future. Years may tire the arm and discourage those who find their efforts for public good are ill appreciated, but D. C.'s imagination is as warm and fertile as it was in his palmy days. The CHRONICLE reflects the activity of his brain, the cheerfulness of his disposition and the talents of the genuine journalist. Stay with it, my truempny; and you will get there with both feet.

Dr. Vandenberg at Home

Buffalo Courier. Chemist Frank P. Vandenberg has returned to Buffalo from his western trip, and is again at work in his laboratory. His mission in Oregon, it will be remembered, was to make assays of ores, and to study geologic formations. Somewhere on the road between the Pacific coast and this city are three big boxes of rock specimens, aggregating perhaps a ton, which on arrival as his laboratory he will reduce in his crucibles, and report upon their value to those interested in the lands inspected. Dr. Vandenberg is looking well and hearty and reports a pleasant and profitable western journey.

Pendleton Wool Shipments.

East Oregonian. Importment of wool...