

The Weekly Chronicle.

THE DALLES, - - - OREGON

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

There lived in the town of Charlotte an elderly party named Scottie. He had a very fine house and a very fine garden. With this house and garden, he had a very fine garden. And he had a very fine garden.

Mill creek is booming. Trees are commencing to leaf. The perfume of flowers scents the air. The Columbia is about stationary today.

Snow on the Klickitat hills this morning.

A total eclipse of the sun on April 16th to which all are invited. Admission free.

The farmers generally have commenced a war on the squirrels. Now is the time to put out poison.

Mr. T. A. Hudson has set out five acres of Italian prunes and one acre of choice grapes on Thompson's addition.

The ministers of Astoria have become interested in the gambling question and Sunday delivered sermons on that topic.

John Carey and Hon. E. M. Chandler are painting their residences very prettily. N. Harris' new store is nearly ready for the painters.

Mr. N. H. Fagan has set out four acres in peaches and other choice fruits, also one acre of grapes on his place in Thompson's addition.

At the experience social in Ashland, one of the ladies sewed up her husband's trousers and made him contribute before she would release them.

The D. T. & L. Co. have just finished setting out 20 acres in Italian prunes on Thompson's addition, which is the largest orchard in Eastern Oregon.

It has been discovered at Umatilla that under a new process Columbia river sand will pan out \$4 per day in gold. The sand is obtained twelve miles from Umatilla.

The contestants in the gold medal contest to be given this evening at the Court house, are each one winners of the silver medals. We hope a full house will greet the contestants.

Several bands of scabby sheep are found within the borders of Grant county. The law should be enforced in every instance and the owners be made to dip their sheep before they be allowed on the range.

The chains on the free dinking fountain have been broken and carried away by thoughtless boys. Parents ought to instruct their children not to do this sort of thing. Perhaps they do and their efforts are in vain.

A late number of the Idler adorns our desk. It is typographically and artistically the leader of publications of this class, and between its comprehensive covers is material to while away many an idle hour in the highest style of literary enjoyment. The Idler is appropriately named.

The weather at the Cascades yesterday is reported as exceptionally furious. The wind blew a gale, the rain simply poured, and on the higher elevations it snowed over a stretch of country for fifteen miles this side of the Cascades.

The Cosmopolitan for April contains the beginning chapters of "Omega; or the End of the World." It is as exclusively interesting as promised in the advertisements, and there is no laying the book aside until it is completed.

"My old aunt over in Jackson county has sent me a jar of brandied peaches," said Drinkemhard to a row of friends. "Now, while I don't like peaches, still I fully appreciate the spirit in which they were tendered."—Lakeview Examiner.

It is a newspaper's privilege and business to express an opinion on all public issues. That opinion cannot meet the ideas of all, and it is useless to hold that the paper should keep still because it doesn't coincide with you in your views. Were a paper to be neutral on all public issues you would have no respect for it. Yet some people do not seem to look at the matter intelligently. A good way to have a paper express your views at all times is to own and control one.—Pendleton Tribune.

Wednesday's Daily.

When a girl is in love down in her soul her sweet face turns both red and pale. She tells her mother it is hay fever. But can't make the old gal believe her.

Thirty-hundredths of an inch rainfall since last night.

Two families from Virginia arrived today and will locate at Lyle.

B. F. Robbins, wife and two children left today for Heppner for a visit.

The proprietor of the street sprinkler said he had sublet the contract for a week or so.

Sixty Japanese passed through today for use on the Union Pacific at points in Wyoming and Idaho.

The rain last night and today has made our streets resemble those of Portland, muddy and sloppy.

There will be a rehearsal of "The District Skule" tonight. Don't fail to attend, if you are a scholar.

Seven cars of cattle will be shipped from the Saltmarsh & Co. stock yards this evening for the western markets.

It is regarded as foolish on the part of the individual who threw out the bottle,

after abandoning his skiff. He should have retained it for a life preserver.

On the last day of March there were 837 patients in the Salem asylum.

Boys are catching salmon trout in the creek, some of them being quite successful. A trout frequently measures twenty inches in length.

The Villard library, consisting of about a thousand volumes, made a present to The Dalles shops by Mr. Villard, was moved to Portland Saturday night.

Heron Tartar and Aiken shipped four carloads of cattle, from Boise City to Portland. They were fed at Saltmarsh's today, also Bast & Chandler three carloads from Baker City.

Friday afternoon will occur the annual election of officers of the W. C. T. U., which has been placed at an earlier date at the request of the state executive, on account of enabling the secretary to better prepare the minutes.

An umbrella, left on the outside of Huntington's law office by Miss Jessie Butler today while she was inside for a moment, was taken. Mr. Butler is disposed to think it was a joke and wishes to inform the joker to return it to his store.

By the provisions of Judge Deady's will, all property, of whatever nature, is bequeathed to his wife during her life and thereafter to his children, Edward N., Paul R. and Henderson B. Deady, in equal parts. The estate is valued at \$50,000.

Mr. Glenn says some individual, without apparent cause or provocation, and with malice aforethought borrowed four umbrellas from the vestibule of his residence last Saturday morning, and says if the party borrowing them will be kind enough to return them, he will favor him with a life-size chromo.

Thursday's Daily.

He loved a blushing maiden, But his soul was full of fear; So he spoke into a phonograph, The words he'd have her hear.

Her father moved the lever, And before the day was done, That phonograph was guarded By a bulldog and a gun.

More Japanese passed through today. The governor's party are expected tonight or tomorrow.

Fresh lettuce, spinach, onions, scallions, etc., grown at home, are plentiful in the markets.

The two families who came in yesterday from Virginia, left on the boat this morning for Lyle.

The year 1893 began on Sunday and it will finish on Sunday, so that it will contain fifty-three Sundays.

The barometer indicated at 8 o'clock this morning, 29.20 local, which is very low, indicating that there must be a terrible storm raging off the coast.

We were shown today a small branch of a fruit tree upon which were some caterpillars just hatched out. It is quite early for their appearance, and in view of the cool weather of the last week or two, is considered remarkable.

Hugh Farmer lost a horse yesterday. About a week ago the horse, which was a spirited animal, reared up against a fence, when a silver penetrated back of a foreleg for about eight inches, the wound ranging dangerously near the vital organs. He survived the injury until yesterday, suffering intensely the while.

The handsomest bicycle in town is that that owned by Fred Houghton, of this city, which he received this morning. It is a beautiful machine and weighs but forty pounds. The wheels are provided with pneumatic tires, which are calculated to make it run steadily and with much greater speed than the old models. There are other improvements and the fine finish of the bicycle makes it a piece of property of which anyone might well be proud.

Senator Dolph, who was quite ill at the close of the last session of congress, is improving very slowly, and is far from his original self in point of health. He intends to remain in Washington with his family until the schools close, when he will probably go with all of them to the world's fair. After taking in that great exhibition, the senator and his family will seek some quiet resort to pass the summer, so that he may recuperate for the work of the next session. He does not intend to do any more at present than is actually necessary, as he desires to regain his health.

Dropped Dead.

Tuesday evening about six o'clock, Mrs. Peter Zimmering dropped dead while walking along the railroad track near Pendleton. She was a pioneer and kept a hotel at Umatilla Landing when the Oregon Railway and Navigation company were building their line through this country. Her name was then Mrs. Theodore and all the railroad employees were sure to patronize her hotel. Since that time she has lived at different places on the Union Pacific line in Eastern Oregon. At the time of her death she was fifty-two years of age, and a devoted member of the Catholic church.

A Pioneer Dead.

Daniel Dodge Bailey, a well-known pioneer, died at Tillamook March 29th. Nearly all early settlers of Oregon knew Daniel D. Bailey. He came to Oregon in 1844. In 1845 he settled in Chehalis valley, Yambill county, where he lived till 1862. He has spent the last thirty years of his life on the Tillamook bay where now is Garibaldi.

MOSIER MUSINGS.

The Weekly Round-Up from Our Lively Correspondent.

Oh gentle spring, ethereal midnoons, A wayward elf are you. Come, hurry up our garden "seas," Then skip the tra-la-lu.

Mosier has organized a base ball club. The Fisher saw mill will soon begin a run on lumber for fruit boxes.

A good many garden seeds have been placed in the ground to await Mother Earth's developments.

About 500 cords of wood are still on the railroad bank here, with no chance for shipment.

Deputy Sheriff Phirman purchased some fine hogs of J. Mosier last week for his ranch on "Government Flat."

Ralph Booth smiles again, Mrs. Booth having returned from a very pleasant visit with her parents in California.

Miss Dollie Mosier is instructing the young idea how to shoot in district No. 52, having commenced Monday.

Edgar and Wallace Husbands are supplying the market here with lettuce and radishes, which were grown in their hot house.

Lee Evans has planted out seven acres of prune trees this spring. There is no moss on Lee's back, and he don't care who knows it.

Mosier lost a good citizen last week when Mr. Sill left for Mt. Tabor to engage in strawberry culture. The best wishes of all go with him.

Easter rites were duly observed in Mosier, Rev. Mr. Rigby preaching at the school house in district No. 8. A touching sermon was delivered commemorating Christ's resurrection, after which sacrament was partaken of by many.

The sun kissing the dewdrop of an early morn, crowning our emerald fields with thousands of diadems of rare brilliancy makes the enraptured soul exclaim—"Blamed if fall-sown grain isn't looking mighty peart in this locality."

The wild onions, which grow quite plentifully in the pastures at this time of year, get badly mixed in the shuffle by the milch cow, but show up full plenty in the butter and milk deal that our bovine friends give us.

"Will you loan me last week's CHRONICLE?" is the question asked week in and week out by several parties here. For the love of justice, Jones, stop going over to Brown's to see if he is through with Smith's paper! Get the news legitimately. It will help your county, your neighbor and your town; but rest assured it will help you the most every time.

Despite the rain last Friday evening, the largest gathering this season was present at the social hop given by Mr. and Mrs. Watt. It's putting it rather mild to say that a good time was had by all—it couldn't have been otherwise with Mr. and Mrs. Watt acting as host and hostess. The dawn, as usual, stole a march on the merry-makers, and thus ended one of the most agreeable little hoodlums ever held in this vicinity.

It is indeed a happy home that hears the prattling of small voices and the pattering of little feet. Mr. and Mrs. Newell Harlan are entertaining a pair of little ones, who were duly registered at the home ranch on Easter day, the day for all to rejoice because of the excellence of the good things given. The happy parents are now blessed four times with little ones to cheer life's journey onward, all girls. Sun.

Spring and Mechanics.

WAMIC, April 3, 1893.

Spring is here, of course. Woke up from her long sleep at last; seems greatly refreshed, too; smiles with a broad, Chinook smile, and all of the natural world, that we have had a chance to watch carefully, smiles back at her. Spring! Wonder why spring is of the feminine gender, anyway. Not being versed in the biography of Miss Spring, and never having met any trustworthy person who was present at her christening, I naturally conclude that she was named by men; good, loyal, chivalrous men, who recognized in the gentle, soothing and encouraging elements of this first grand division of the seasons, the right to the first choice of sex. I suppose that it happened this way. Anyway I'm sure it happened.

Our little burg came very near giving birth last week to a wonderful phenomenon in the shape of an inventor of perpetual motion. He (the inventor) was born as a boy about thirty-five years ago. For some eighteen years thereafter he grew physically and became a man. Since becoming a man he has grown mentally, his mind running principally in scientific grooves, until now he is nearly a phenomenon. He has been working on his model for several weeks; has it perfected, so far as mechanical contrivance goes, and had not that troublesome element, called friction in the school boy's text book, intruded itself, Edison would now be lying in the somber shade of the phenomenon above mentioned. Such little incidents as these are powerful arguments in favor of popular practical education. Just talk to any ordinary boy, who has taken a course in the exact sciences, about producing perpetual motion by a combination of the mechanical powers, and see how quickly he'll tell you that you are not very much "in it;" that your scheme is no good, any how; that he means to post up on political economy; that when he has spare time he

means to study electricity, and that when he knows all about electricity, etc., he thinks he'll tackle meteorology; but he is not sure, however, that meteorology will do to Lank on. Will let you know his opinion later. Good morning! and he is gone—to work.

Endersby Etchings.

ENDERSBY, Or., April 3d, 1893.

EDITOR CHRONICLE: Not seeing anything in your valuable paper from this burg for some time, we thought it time some one should break the long silence, therefore these few items:

The people in this vicinity are all busy plowing and putting in grain. The ground has never been in better condition and the weather being cool, farmers are taking time by the forelock and getting in every acre they can. The fall sowed grain is growing fine and promises a big yield.

The weather for the last few days has turned warmer, which accounts for the snow disappearing in the mountains and the sudden rising of all streams. 8-Mile creek is higher than it has been for many years, so look out for lots of wheat and plenty of gooseberries.

We noticed a few days ago our postmaster at Endersby looking over the ground cautiously. We thought, perhaps, with a view to the location of the site for the Eastern Oregon insane asylum. The thought struck us the location would be magnificent if we only could get the great I Am of Oregon to accept of the proffered site. We have a fine building here, built about a year ago for a grange hall which, I think, we could induce the grangers to donate with the site. I think that would be ample and sufficient for an asylum for Eastern Oregon for the next twenty years. At least so doing it would take another burden off the taxpayers of Oregon and relieve the state board of equalization of the grave responsibility of raising such an enormous tax for state purposes. Of course all of Western Oregon will have to have their regular pull at the front teat, while we of Eastern Oregon will have to take what we can get of the hind thereof, and we are easy to wean.

We have heard and read a great deal about the great work our last legislature had done in fixing up the mortgage tax law and other matters of no account to the people. We would expect better legislation from an ordinary lot of school boys than we received from our last legislature. There is one thing they always get in right and that is voting themselves reading matter, stamps and paper to last them for years to come. Perhaps we have said enough on this question at present, and would like to turn your attention to the good work our able road supervisor Mr. Ryan of 5-Mile is doing on his portion of the road.

While there is so much said all over the state about the best methods of road working, presumably by men who never did a day's road work in their lives, but sit on the fence and tell how it should be done. We feel, with Mr. Ryan, that more work and less talk is what makes good roads, and for proof of this you have only to drive over the 5-Mile hill. If you don't go to sleep before getting over that good road you will take off your hat and hurrah for Ryan, as he has put the road in better condition than it has been for years. SEVILLE.

Wheat For Hogs.

Mr. O. A. Corey, of Ross county, Or., answers a question of the Rural New Yorker as to why he fed wheat thus:

"It is cheaper than corn at 40 cents a bushel. This is how I came to feed wheat. When I can sell corn at 40 cents to 50 cents per bushel, I can make more out of it than I can by selling wheat at 65 cents. The main reason now for feeding wheat, which I have learned by experience, lies in the fact that wheat is a more perfect ration than corn for a young growing animal. I feed dry, whole grain—not in troughs or in piles, but scattered as thin as for chickens on a floor or grass sward. The object is to compel the animal to consume it twice in mastication. The slow mastication and the hardness of the grain excite an extra flow of saliva, and this is the best agent to liberate sugar from the starch in the grain. Science teaches that this is the best known agent for this purpose. I feed corn somewhat in the same manner, only in the ear, never feeding more at the winding up than they will eat up clean in 90 minutes. I always want them to be ready for their feed. I only feed twice a day, at stated times, as regularly as possible and not varying more than 10 or fifteen minutes. I regard this as important, for I have noticed that, when fed at regular hours, the saliva will escape from the mouth at the first or second bite. When fed at an unreasonable hour this is not the case."

Good for Cows.

The best feed for milch cows is sorghum cane. It should be planted about two feet apart in the rows and each row about three feet apart. It comes in the latter part of the summer when the grass is dry, and stock of all kinds are very fond of it. After being cut off it will keep coming up until cold weather. It is the best kind of feed I have ever found in this country for milch cows.

Ice Cream.

Ice cream, cream soda, soda water, etc., at Columbia Candy factory.

Richardson Suspicioned.

George E. Richardson, the "hero of Yoncalia," who saved a train from being wrecked and secured the thanks of the passengers, will probably soon appear in a new light. A warrant has been made out for his arrest as one of the conspirators, stories told by himself being conflicting, and the wounds which rendered him unconscious, etc., being only skin deep. The company doctor protested against being imposed upon and does not like to be called to doctor a man who is not sick. The theory is that it was pre-arranged that the rail should be displaced, and then that one of the men should be given marks of extreme violence, and then he should flag the train. Of course, for all this, the company would pay him handsomely, and the crowd would divide the reward.

LATER.

Geo. F. Richardson is in jail. The first intimation received by the Multnomah county officers that Richardson's arrest was contemplated was contained in a dispatch sent by Sheriff Noland to Sheriff Kelly on Sunday. As the necessary arrangements had not been completed, the matter was kept very quiet. Sheriff Kelly placed a deputy in charge of Richardson, but the latter was not informed of the officer's intention, and dwelt in blissful ignorance until he was taken to jail at 8:30 o'clock Sunday night. He was greatly surprised at his arrest.

Though not generally known, Richardson is the same man who "saved" the Union Pacific passenger train from destruction October 10th, 1892. While walking along the track at a point somewhere between Baker City and Pendleton he discovered a boulder on the track, and rushed back and flagged the train by lighting a piece of bark. Subsequent developments tend to show that Richardson himself put the boulder on the track and then flagged the train in the hope of getting a reward. In this he was disappointed, for he only received \$8 from the passengers. He still denies that he put the boulder on the track but tells a plausible story about it rolling down a steep hill and alighting on the track.

The "Luxaleator."

To properly name some of the devices connected with that novel enterprise, "The MacKaye Spectatorium," which the Columbian Celebration Company is building on the lake shore of Jackson park, Chicago, it has been necessary to coin a new word. One of these new words is "Luxaleator."

This word is derived from two Latin words, which combinedly mean a curtain of light, and is used to describe a means by which the stage can be excluded from view of the audience. The portion of the appliance which is located in plain sight of the audience consists of a single row of conical shaped reflectors all around the edge of the proscenium opening. These reflectors are turned base toward the audience, and at the apex of each one is an incandescent electric lamp of considerable candle power. When the switch which regulates the current of these lamps is turned on all the lights upon the stage are turned out by the same movement. This produces a distinct change to the eye of the audience, and instead of a lighted scene they behold four rows of lights enclosing a rectangle of what appears to be darkness. It has the same effect as the change of coming from a darkness into the light and then trying to look back into the darkness. As it requires but forty seconds to make any change of scene in the Spectatorium, a new scene is ready before the eye becomes accustomed to the new condition of light and the Luxaleator is shut off. Theatrical managers say that this new contrivance is destined to play a very important part in theatrical lighting.

Tricked the Indian.

Nick Bront, the well-digger, distinguished himself by outwitting a swash, Monday afternoon. The noble red man, who wore the blue coat and brass buttons of the Indian police, sized Nick up as a member of the box-car tourist fraternity, and gave him a half-dollar to "buy whisky."

Nick and a friend then had a jolly time drinking beer at the expense of the brave, and when the fifty cents were expended, returned and placed in his hand an empty bottle. The swash muttered dire threats of vengeance and walked away, followed by the laughter of the crowd. He had lost both the firewater and prospective witness fees.—East Oregonian.

A Narrow Escape.

Jim Thomas, an old ex-soldier, while under the influence of liquor, attempted to cross Mill Creek, on a log crossing below the Fourth street bridge, and in his delirium fell off into the torrent. Had it not been for some children who were near, and saw him fall, who gave the alarm, Thomas would have been drowned. As it was, he was only rescued from a watery grave by two men at the peril of their lives, after he had passed over the rapids.

Annual Election.

The following were elected a board of directors for the D. P. & A. Co. for the ensuing year: D. M. French, B. F. Laughlin, R. Mays, O. Kinsersly, Ed. Williams, H. Glenn, and S. L. Brooks.

COPPER-RIVETED Clothing

Manufactured by

LEVI STRAUSS & CO.,

San Francisco, Calif.

Every Garment Guaranteed.

FOR SALE BY

PEASE & MAYS,

THE DALLES, OREGON.

ONE DAY CURE

HATTEES

CONGO OIL



OWR. MFG. CO. PORTLAND, O. For Sale by Snipes & Kinsersly.

The Columbia Packing Co.,

PACKERS OF

Pork and Beef.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Fine Lard and Sausages.

Curers of ★ BRAND

Hams and Bacon,

Dried Beef, Etc.

Masonic Building. The Dalles, Or.

Wasco Warehouse Co.,

Receives Goods on Storage, and Forwards same to their destination.

Receives Consignments For Sale on Commission.

Rates Reasonable.

—MARK GOODS—

W. W. Co.

THE DALLES, OR.

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Wasco.

Isador Lang, Edward Lang, Max Lang and Louis Lang, partners doing business under the firm name of Lang & Co., Plaintiffs, vs. A. J. Wall, Defendant.

To A. J. Wall, the above-named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above-entitled action, on or before the first day of the next regular term of this court after completion of the service of this summons upon you; and if you fail to so answer, for want thereof, the plaintiff will take judgment against you for the sum of \$250.00 and interest thereon at the rate of eight percent per annum from May 15, 1892, and the further sum of \$50.00 and interest thereon at eight percent per annum from July 20, 1892, and for their costs and disbursements therein.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof by order of the Hon. W. L. Bradshaw, Judge of said Circuit Court, made at chambers in Dalles City on November 4, 1892.

MAYS, HUNTINGTON & WILSON, ATTORNEYS FOR PLAINTIFF.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Last Office, The Dalles, Or., Mar. 24, 1893. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at The Dalles, Or., on Saturday, May 13, 1893, viz:

James R. McClure.

Pre-emption Declaratory Statement No. 7209, for the N¹/₂ NE¹/₄, and S¹/₂ NW¹/₄ of Sec. 6, Tp. 5 N., R. 11 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

George Gordon, I. M. Woodside, D. E. Hurst and M. Delore, all of Wapinitia, Or.

Dated at Dalles City, April 4, 1893.

ROBERT K. WILLIAMS, Administrator of the estate of Jennie Matlock, deceased.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of Jennie Matlock, late of Wasco county, Oregon, now deceased.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present them for verification, to me at the office of Durr & Moten, in Chapman Block, Dalles City, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated at Dalles City, April 4, 1893.

ROBERT K. WILLIAMS, Administrator of the estate of Jennie Matlock, deceased.