

The Weekly Chronicle.

THE DALLES, OREGON

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Wheat is arriving steadily. Kellogg, the bird warbler, Saturday night. Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg furnish a splendid specialty entertainment, nothing of the kind like it on the road. "Shylock," by Irving and Terry, took away from Portland about \$10,000. Tickets were \$5 each and the house was crowded. Mr. Chas. D. Kellogg's entertainment is highly spoken of in Portland, and we are assured on all hands it is one of the best ever given. The new sewer at the west end of Second street is nearly completed, and promises to be an improvement greatly needed and desired by the residents in the vicinity. George Thompson, a woodchopper, living about one-half mile east of the 7-mile post, near Portland, on the Base Line road, cut his throat from ear to ear with a pocket knife, and will probably die. The night rain of Monday night and Tuesday, amounting in the country to only about six-hundredths of an inch, did not injure the wheat, as was feared by some, and heading is progressing uninterruptedly. The subject of the sermon at the Christian church tonight is "The Baptism of the Holy Ghost." What was the design of this baptism? Are there any subjects of this baptism? Come and let us see what the Scriptures teach upon this important subject. A runaway team and spring wagon rounded up at A. J. Anderson's place on Chenoweth yesterday morning, and as yet the owner of them has not put in an appearance. The tracks were followed back until a plain road was reached when it was impossible to track them farther. It is apprehended that the unknown driver has met with an accident, perhaps fatal. The railroad boys amused themselves this morning trying to harpoon a couple of stray salmon which had got entangled in the shallow waters of Mill creek above the bridge. Continued practice and vocal encouragement from the crowd enabled one of the boys to transfix a salmon with a spear. After this amusement was over, the crowd dispersed to gather again at the sound of the Regulator's whistle. The Union Pacific has an abundance of rolling stock these days. This morning there were sixteen engines in the round house, a few of which were being repaired, but the most of them were awaiting the return of busy times. Some of the engineers and firemen who have been waiting all summer for work, hope to obtain it soon with the moving of the wheat crop. Thursday's Daily "When may I sleep again?" he cried, As the baby began to squall; And a snuffy who answered back: "After the lawl!" The trial of Wm. Watson is postponed until the 28th inst. Switch engine No. 1113 is in the yards today, en route to Omaha from Albina. Do you want a free ticket to the Kellogg concert? Read the ad of Pease & Mays. See the program of the Kellogg concert in another column. It is simply superb. There will be a meeting of the dancing club on Friday evening at 139 Second street to perfect an organization. Mr. W. Rice drove into Saltmarshe & Co.'s stock yards a fine lot of beef cattle and calves to be shipped tonight to the Sound markets. An insane man sent to Salem from Eugene the other day has a hallucination that his body contains precious metal and some one is after him for it. Barring the fear of getting held up it must be a pleasant sensation. Mr. Van Woodruff of Tygh who is running an Advance thresher, states that the injury to wheat by the recent rains is not worth mentioning, and that in three hours he threshed out 625 bushels of wheat of excellent quality, from a 28-acre field. Classes for academic work are being formed by Miss Holcomb. Terms, ten dollars per quarter. Weekly lessons in drawing or painting without extra charge. Those who wish to continue their academic work, or to begin such work, please send word by mail to Miss Holcomb at once. It is hardly probable that any transcontinental line will start in and build a railroad a hundred miles long from The Dalles along the sparsely settled country to the interior. The Union Pacific would not be suspected of doing such a thing any way soon, and any other transcontinental would have to get here first. The unusual early rains and cold weather have caused young blood to tingle with the thought of an early winter. We heard two young men laying plans

to build a bob sled that would pass everything on the road. It's a little early to think of snow, but the old proverb about the "early bird," "A stitch in time" etc., may justify their zeal. The seedless apple discovered by Mr. W. H. Helm, of Columbus may prove a bonanza, as he has already been offered \$100 for the tree. The principal characteristic of the apple are at the stem where instead of an indentation is a projection to connect the stem and fruit. The inside is as devoid of core or seeds as a potato or turnip. From whence the tree came is a mystery.—Pacific Farmer. Miss Booth will open her kindergarten on Monday, the 25th inst., session to begin at 9 o'clock. The school will be held temporarily in the vestry-room of the Episcopal church. The terms will be \$1 per week, or in case two children enter from the same family, \$1.50 for both. Miss Booth is a graduate from Mrs. Dunlap's training school, Portland, and has had four years' experience in teaching. There was a large attentive audience at the Christian church last evening to hear the discourse on the "Baptism of the Holy Spirit." One could almost have heard, at any time during the sermon of one hour and five minutes, the historic "pin drops" at the close of the sermon. Three of our most substantial and respected citizens came forward and confessed their faith in Christ. The minister will give a lecture this evening on the subject, "Wanted—a man." All cordially invited to attend. The young people of The Dalles are busily preparing for the winter's amusement. The young men have formed a dancing club of which there are already twenty-four members and the list will still be larger. It is expected the first dance will be given next Wednesday evening and preparations are under way to make it a fit opening for the winter's social season. With good music, a good floor and good dancers, the devotees of the goddess Terpsichore will make merry the hours of the night. Friday's Daily He sent her a beautiful rose— A jessie rose—half a foot through, "We'll meet soon, he wrote I suppose I'll see this blossom with you. He met her—the glorious belle— That eve on the avenue wide, And the rose—twas on the lapel Of the man who walked by her side. Antelope parties are about to send for a phonograph. Chinese pheasants can be sold from each October 15th to November 15th of year. The box factory is busy today filling an order of three thousand fruit boxes for the cannery. John C. Luce, manager of the John Day Living Issue, has been bound over to the grand jury on a charge of libel. We are reliably informed that the two discarded passenger trains will be replaced October 1st and run in the day time as formerly. A light frost last night gave notice that winter was going to follow closely the heels of summer this year. The leaves have fallen from the trees and the season is unusually far advanced. It is stated that circuit court adjourned Thursday evening. Judge Bradshaw has a reputation for rapidity in settling legal disputes that excels that of all other judges in the state.—Arlington Record. The members of this year's dancing club should not forget the meeting this evening at 139 Second street. All the arrangements for the season will be made and it is desired that every one should be there to take part. Mr. Fred Patterson, who has been head waiter at the Columbia house for a long time, made a misstep while coming down the stairway this morning and broke both bones of the leg just above the ankle. The fracture was attended to by Dr. Hollister. The subject of the lecture at the Christian church tonight is: "What Shall we do with our Boys and Girls? or, the way to train up a child in the way he should go." The house was filled last night to its utmost capacity. Come tonight and bring your children. Birds sing beautiful songs, but no bird can train its notes to resemble a masterly gallop or quickstep. Hence Mr. Kellogg produces something which is an absolute creation. Fancy a nightingale singing "Suwanee River" with variations. Something of this nature may be looked for Saturday night. These times are fruitful in petitions. Several are being circulated among citizens, relative to congressional action on present issues. One "respectfully praying that the present tariff upon imported manufactured wools be continued" was numerously signed by democrats (who wanted a change) and republicans who wanted no change but got one nevertheless. Another relative to an extension of time in payments for government land was also extensively signed by settlers on the land. Things looked lively around the East end this morning. Quite a number of grain wagons were unloading at the mill and the warehouses. The farmers will soon be hauling wheat in large quantities. The free ferrage so generously provided by our citizens will be the means of attracting much wheat from the Klickitat valley.

MAKING ROADS.

Six Men Getting Out Rock to be Crushed Next Week. Six men are now engaged in getting out rock for the crusher, and the machine will be started up next week. It was the intention of the council to give employment to as many men with families as possible who are now out of work, a commendable action and a very wise one, since the great utility of the work to be done dispenses with the claim of charity. The committee on streets and public property, comprising Messrs. Kraft, Laner and Butts, are very efficient and are directing work the most important since our streets were graded up to a level above high water mark. It is the intention of the city to supply crushed rock at all street crossings, the bad places in the road between corners to be filled by the owners of the lots adjoining. The crushed rock will be supplied them and the only expense will be the hauling. After the city has used the crusher for a time the county will run it, the intention being to divide its time equally between them. The county commissioners were at great expense last year in filling up holes in the country roads with manure and straw, which soon became as bad as ever. Now when a hole is filled it is fixed forever, and the expense is ended. The purchase of the rock crusher is one of the wisest investments ever made. The money expended on roads yields a higher return than it could in any other way and the benefits are immediate. It saves to the producer time, money and horseflesh, and by reducing the cost of transportation places him at once upon a footing where prosperity is easily within his reach, and when the country people are prosperous, the cities are bound to be. Given good country roads and paved city streets no danger need be apprehended of retrograding, but on the contrary, progress will be marked and rapid. Howlers for enterprise, note our rock crusher, and stow your dismal croakings. Strange Surroundings. They were very diffident and not all self-sure when they walked the Regulator plank this morning. They were young and may have been brother and sister, though their actions were more like the bride and groom of a country precinct. While he was thoughtful of her comfort, he was more afraid of doing something wrong and not acting just right, under the battery of eyes he felt sure was directed upon them. Not wishing to intrude, he kept the lower deck, and when a truck of freight, wheeled by a deck hand, came thundering behind them he convulsively drew his companion aside, and both backed up against the side of the boat allowing the load to pass, both blushing as red as poppies. He was asked why they didn't go up on the upper deck and this was the first time it dawned upon him that he had any right up there. Seizing the girlish creature by the arm, he hastily made his way up the companion way and, upon reaching the top, again stood undecided what to do. A lady realizing their difficulty advised them to go aft and enter the cabin. He acted upon the advice, but the prettily varnished furnishings once more intimidated him, and seeing only ladies present, he left his charge and went forward again. Just as the boat started he followed a number of men to the cabin by the stern wheel, and as the huge boat turned in mid stream to go down the river, a last look revealed him standing beside his companion, and both faces wore such a look of radiant rapture and contentment as is seldom vouchsafed this side of heaven. A Disheartened Evangelist. Rev. Mr. Aleridge closed his meetings last night. They were not meeting with that degree of success for which the gentleman had hoped, and becoming discouraged he abandoned them. His final lecture was forcible, eloquent and entirely spontaneous, while an occasional passionate outburst showed that the speaker was suffering keenly from some cause. Whether it was because of the indifference of the church people to himself, which he claimed, the battle with his own appetite for strong drink, to which he once alluded, or a private disappointment cannot be known, but it is palpable that he possesses an impressionable disposition, which for him is unfortunate. Himself whole-souled, earnest and enthusiastic, craving friendship and as ready to give it, he yields easily to unpleasant circumstances, becomes disheartened, and cannot conceal it. If his story of himself is true, and there is no occasion to doubt it, he deserves that credit which cannot be overestimated in the light of the proverb, "He who conquers self is greater than he who taketh a city." Mr. Aleridge has drunk the dregs of lowest degradation, has been the lowest in the social scale, and his risen again to worth and respectability. If, as he says, he has successfully battled with his appetite for twelve years, who among us can compare with him in firmness of purpose and rigid adherence to a path marked out. The ephemeral existence of the time-honored New Year resolution, which all have tried, is a trivial thing to what this man has done. He deserves the hearty support, moral,

social and otherwise of any community in which he labors, and may the grace of God, upon which he relies, preserve him to the end in sobriety, usefulness and honor. CROPS AND WEATHER. Fruit, Hay, Grain and Produce Throughout Oregon. The Oregon state weather bureau, in co-operation with the weather bureau of the United States department of agriculture, the central office of which is in Portland, has issued the following crop and weather bulletin for the week ending Sept. 19th, 1893: EASTERN OREGON. Weather—Heavy rains occurred on the first three days of the week, which were followed on Thursday and Friday by light, and in exposed places, killing frosts. The temperature became much warmer toward the decline of the week, averaging 56 degrees. The sunshine was below the average. All forest fires have ceased and the air has again become pure, healthful and exhilarating. Crops—Farmers in the Columbia and Walla Walla valleys have not entirely finished their harvest, and there is considerable wheat to thresh in some localities. The heavy rains damaged standing grain, also grain shocks; but the rains were much needed to assist fruit in maturing and start new growth of root crops. Vegetables and pastures are improving. Streams have begun to flow anew, and stock is reaping the benefits of the above conditions and improving thereby. Farmers are prepared to enter winter season. Hay is abundant. Some farmers are fallowing and preparing to sow the fall wheat crop. Owing to the advanced condition of farm work and maturity of crops, the weekly crop report will be discontinued from this date. It will be resumed in the spring of 1894. The Beauty of Morning. Those who linger in bed these autumn mornings, lose some of the creator's best work. The bracing coolness of the air, the stillness that is everywhere in the early morning, are something that the remainder of the day cannot reproduce. The sleepy-eyed soon become wide awake as they drink in the morning air and gaze on the sun as it rises over the gorge at the dalles and lights up the Klickitat hills. The sunshine and shadows on these beautiful mountains fade into one another in a way that nature defies art to reproduce. Mt. Adams and Mt. Hood push their heads through the clinging clouds and all the valley is filled with sunlight. No prettier picture is needed to charm the soul, and it must have been at The Dalles that Longfellow stood when he said, "I stood upon the hills when heaven's wide arch was glorious with the sun's returning march." A Poor Place for the Crusher. Three blasts were made yesterday on the cliff above the brewery to get rock for the crusher. A comparatively small amount of rock was loosened. A better location would be somewhere on Fifth or Sixth, where a street may some time be opened. It cost the city several thousand dollars to open up Union street, which has paid for itself many times over. Another cut east of there would be of comparatively equal benefit, and the beauty of it is, it would cost nothing. Then, too, the hauling would be a shorter distance and a down-hill pull. The Coming Fair. Things are not being rushed at the fair grounds, for there is little to be done by way of preparation for the coming fair. The track is in excellent condition and a few repairs to some of the stands and the fence, in places, along the track seems all that needs to be done. Several horses are in active training, and more will arrive continually from now till fair time. We hope to chronicle a most successful meeting and that in spite of hard times, early rains and the price of wheat Eastern Oregon was able to rally and have a surpassing exhibition. Almost a Fatality. A Goldendale dispatch says: Henry P. Michell, who resides on a farm near Goldendale and is one of the pioneers of Klickitat, was thrown from a wagon Sunday evening while his team was running away. Mr. Michell was knocked senseless and thought to have been killed when first picked up. It was discovered that he had three ugly gashes cut in the scalp of his head. The attending doctor says he will recover. A letter received by relatives in this city this morning, states that although Mr. Michell was hurt badly, he is now able to be around and improving fast. Real Estate. Alexander Rogers and Matilda Rogers to E. B. McFarland, Smith French and G. E. Williams, lot in Dalles Military Reserve; \$310.50. Chas. L. and Phoebe Morse to J. W. Jones and F. H. Button, 160 acres in section 32, township 1 north of range 9 east, W. M.; \$800. Lewis E. Morse to J. W. Jones and F. E. Button, 160 acres in section 32, township 1 north of range 9 east, W. M.; \$965. J. E. Rand and L. J. Rand, his wife, to F. H. Button, 5 1/2 acres in section 31, township 3 north of range 11 east, W. M.; \$1.

The Indian and the Phonograph. Wind-in-the-Face, chief of a body of Flathead Indians, along with a number of his subjects, saw his first phonograph a few days ago at Missonia. After considerable persuasion he was induced to sing into the receiver the war chant of his tribe. He began with a low, monotonous "Hi-ya, he-ya, ho," but warmed to his work as he proceeded. After he had concluded connections were made so that Wind-in-the-Face and his attendant braves could hear the reproduction of the song. Gravely and somewhat suspiciously they inserted the tubes in their ears and waited the result. As the sounds of the chant that for ages had incited their forefathers to battle reached their ears they were at first alarmed and muttered something about "bad machine," but as the emphatic tones of their chief coming from the little wax cylinder rang out the tocsin, they became enthused and kept time to the alleged music with feet and bodies until it seemed as if a war dance was to be executed then and there. But they didn't leave the machine until the chant was ended, and then they almost hugged each other in their delight, and even attempted to embrace Mr. Hartley, to his terror. They wanted more, and a cylinder was inserted that gave them "Drill, Yo Terriers." This pleased them immensely, and they laughed as heartily as an Indian ever laughs, though they probably didn't understand a word of the song. They now regard Mr. Hartley as a great medicine man and want to adopt him into their tribe.—Spokane Review. An Old Lady of 83 Assaulted. Susanna Fox is on trial today before Justice Schutz for assaulting her mother-in-law, Telito Fox. The Fox family live on Upper Mill creek, about 14 miles distant from The Dalles, and consists of Mr. and Mrs. Fox, Sylvester Fox, a grown son, and Mrs. Telito Fox, mother of the husband. At the time of the alleged assault, all were away from home but Susanna Fox, who is 58 years old, and the old lady, who is 83. Testimony was to the effect that they had some words over a domestic matter, when the younger of the two assaulted and beat the mother. The old lady has a bruise on her head and one on her ear, which it is alleged she sustained in the scuffle. The sentiment of those acquainted with the facts is adverse to the defendant. The Kellogg Program. The following program has been arranged for the Kellogg entertainment Saturday evening: Piano solo—Selection from Lohengrin... Wagner. Bird warbling—Gavotte... Smith. Bass solo—"The King and the Miller"... M. Keller. Mr. Wm. Magee. Contralto aria—"Queen of Sheba"... Gounod. Mrs. Emille Stuart Kellogg. Recitation—Maiden Martyr, Baltimore Elocutionist. Miss Jennie Russell. Soprano solo—"Beauty's Eyes"... Tosti. Miss Male Williams. Bird warbling—Illustrations... Glee club. Contralto solo—"Heart's Delight"... Glee club. Mrs. Kellogg. Piano solo—Polonaise, C sharp, minor... Chaplin. Opus 28. Miss Almee Newman. Duo—"Adieu"... Nicolai. Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg. Tickets now on sale at Snipes & Kinersly's. Real Estate. Algernon S. Disbrow and Mary M. Disbrow to James E. Hanna, west half of northeast quarter of southwest quarter section 2, township 2, north of range 10 east, containing 20 acres more or less; \$4,000. The Proper One. Johnny—Mamma, can't you tell me a new fairy story? Mrs. Briggs—I don't know any, Johnny. Maybe your father will tell me some when he comes in tonight.—Bulletin. Where is the city official whose duty it is to cut down the thistles? He is deplorably deficient in performing his duty in this respect. In many parts of town the thistle has free license to do what it will and the result is that the seeds are scattered everywhere. One block on Second street and Laughlin is simply covered with thistles, and every wind scatters them far and near. The city ordinance is very plain on this point. The city marshal is empowered to see that the law is enforced and there can be no possible excuse for the number of thistle weeds that form such a pest to the town. The services at the Christian church were largely attended last evening and much interest was manifested. The subject of the sermon was "Wanted, a Man." The minister spoke of three things that were needed to make up the life of man, body, soul and spirit. Upon the proper development of these essentials depended the perfect life. He made comparisons between the old and the new testament as portraying the religion of the Jews and the Christian belief. At the close envelopes were circulated in which contributions could be made and the support of the people was asked. Prof. Chas. H. Chapman the new president of the State University has arrived at Eugene and taken charge. He is a graduate of John Hopkins university and comes highly recommended. Our state university has a recognized standing and its graduates compare equally with college men from any institution.

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