

The Weekly Chronicle.

THE DALLES, OREGON

Clubbing List.

The CHRONICLE, which gives the news twice a week, has made arrangements to club with the following publications, and offers two papers one year for little more than the price of one:

Table with 2 columns: Publication Name and Price. Includes items like 'Chronicle and N. Y. Tribune' for \$2.50 and 'Chronicle and Weekly Oregonian' for 3.00.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Pendleton ladies have organized a bicycle club, and are going to wear bloomers.

The Dalles baseball boys will play a team from Hood River at the fair grounds Sunday, commencing at 2 o'clock.

The wires went down shortly after 2 o'clock, cutting us out of our dispatches. The service when completed will about fill three columns.

Don't forget that the Regulator will make a trip tomorrow. Take advantage of it to get out of the dust and heat and enjoy a ride on the grand Columbia.

The Regulator will leave for Cascade Locks tomorrow about 9 o'clock. This is the time fixed now, but should time be made up by the train, it may go earlier; but at any rate not before 7.

Sheriff Driver owned a bear, but owns him no longer. It was only a small cub, but it was all bear, what there was of it. Yesterday it got loose and in the course of half an hour ate up Tom's crop of spring chickens.

Draymen complain that with the immense amount of freight arriving every day it is almost impossible to make anything, owing to the inconvenience of the wharf. Mr. Dan French had the side wharf extended yesterday, but until the lower wharf is reached the inconvenience will have to be borne, as it cannot be helped.

Merchants in the interior want to put it down in the tablets of their memory that they can get anything they want in the merchandise line in The Dalles. Big supplies of sugar, salt and sulphur are on hand, harvesting machinery is abundant, and our merchants are ready to stock up their neighbors in the interior at prices that will compete with those of Portland.

We incline to the opinion that the statement made by the Glacier that 166 persons reached the summit of Mt. Hood an error, as only thirty-four took the goat rank. It is more probable that that number gathered around the mountain, but did not make the ascent. The election of H. D. Langille, to the office of vice-president was a deserved honor.

The Ladies' Aid Society will meet at the residence of Mrs. A. M. Kelsay Wednesday afternoon.

The west-bound passenger did not arrive this morning until 9:15, consequently the passengers will have a chance to see the beauties of the Gate City.

The little steamer Inland Star, or Gypsy as she has been re-christened, left at 1 o'clock this afternoon with thirteen passengers for the Cascade Locks. About half her passengers were ladies and children. What is to be gained by getting to the Cascades too late for any trains and remaining until the regular passenger train tomorrow, is hard to see.

Quite a number of tourists came up on the boat last night, and it was a genuine pleasure to note the admiration the scenery of the Columbia awakened. Mt. Hood came in for a large share of appreciation and the grand river, the bold bluffs and the far-reaching panorama of mountain and river, canyon and waterfall as new points of view were reached, caused continuous ejaculations of pleasure.

To decide a bet as to whether an animal could drag 250 pounds of sand in a sack at the end of a rope half a mile long, the experiment was tried on Third street today. There is an idea that a weight, after it is a certain distance from the power applied to move it, becomes practically immovable, and the repeating of this statement led to the trial today, the bet being that a certain mule (and most mules are) could not drag the sack fifty feet. The question was soon decided, for the animal walked off with it and could not be stopped until the end of the block was reached.

We are requested to announce that religious services will be held in Campbell's grove Sunday, next, at 11 o'clock, a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m.

A warrant was issued by Justice Davis yesterday for the arrest of Wm. Smith, who is charged with stealing a horse from Wm. Whetstone of S-Mile.

A tribe of the Independent Order of Red men will be instituted at K. of P. hall tonight at 8 o'clock. Parties interested will be on hand at that time.

In Justice Davis' court John Strum and J. H. Matthews were arraigned this morning charged with larceny, the offense being the taking of \$10 from Dan Seammom.

Deputy Marshal Bentley came down from Pendleton yesterday, bringing with him about two dozen witnesses who will appear in the U. S. court in liquor cases.

Mr. Hetrich went below this morning to fix up the pay roll for the O. R. & N. employees. As soon as this is completed, which will be in a day or two the men will be paid off.

Either the warm weather or the west wind was responsible for an unusual lot of pugnacity. There were several small scurrillages, but no serious damage done to the beauty of the participants.

The Red Men will institute a lodge here tonight in K. of P. hall. Dr. J. A. Sender and Mr. A. A. Ellis arrived from Portland last night, and will be the gentlemen who put the goat through his best paces.

Quite a lot of wool has been hauled to the Regulator wharf, and will be shipped below soon. In spite of shipments and the steady work of the presses, the supply continues to increase, and it is arriving at the rate of from 20,000 to 30,000 pounds a day.

A family quarrel between W. R. Brown and his wife last night culminated in his shooting at her. She fled to C. E. Bayard's house and fell in a faint at his gate. Mr. and Mrs. Bayard took the woman in, and it was an hour and a half before she regained consciousness.

The long-tailed frock coats just now coming into fashion are as ugly as original sin and without excuse. There is no possible excuse for them unless, indeed, the tails be utilized by some people to wear the badges of the secret societies to which they belong on. We run across a rattle-brained fellow once in a while that hasn't room on his collar for his decorations.

Mr. J. R. Buxton, editor of the "Pilot," and president of the Washington Press Association, is in the city. He is just returning from the meeting of the National Editorial Association at Ashbury Park. Mr. Buxton was elected a vice president of the association, there being three. Mrs. Buxton accompanied her husband, and to say they are delighted with their trip is to draw it mildly indeed.

We have made arrangements with the San Francisco Examiner to furnish it in connection with THE CHRONICLE. Having a clubbing rate with the Oregonian and N. Y. Tribune for our republican patrons, we have made this arrangement for the accommodation of the democratic members of THE CHRONICLE family. Both papers, the Weekly Examiner and Semi-Weekly CHRONICLE will be furnished for one year for \$2.25, cash in advance.

All that was mortal of Charles E. Haight was laid to rest in Sunset cemetery Sunday evening. The funeral services were held at the house, being conducted by Rev. Whisler, who delivered a short, but eloquent sermon, after which the long procession wound slowly out to the city of the dead. Some seventy members of Friendship Lodge, K. of P., of which the deceased was an honored member, preceded the hearse, and at the grounds their beautiful ceremony for the dead was rendered by the Pythian Knights. Hon. John Michell acted as prelate, and recited the Pythian service in a manner that brought out its solemn beauties, and left but few dry eyes in the audience. The floral tributes were numerous and exceedingly beautiful, his brother Knights' offering being a floral shield three feet in length, and showing the colors of the order.

The coffin was enclosed in a metallic box, and this was sealed at the cemetery. The funeral was largely attended, showing the high esteem in which the deceased was held by the community.

A professional foot racer traveling under the name of H. Stevens, arrived in town on The Dalles stage last Thursday morning, with the intention of lighting onto a soft snap (which we are pretty nearly sure he has done). Next day he challenged E. M. Shutt, editor of this paper, to run a 100-yard dash at Antelope on Monday, July 30th, for \$50 a side. The idea of running against a professional foot racer sort o' took our breath at first, but at the solicitation of our friends, we accepted his challenge, drew up and both signed articles of agreement, and each deposited a forfeit of \$25 with W. Bolton. Stevens stands 6 feet and 3/4 inch in his running shoes, weighs 179 lbs and has an ideal build for a foot racer and all-around athlete. Shutt stands 5 feet, 9 1/2, and weighs 145 lbs. (our fighting weight). The race will take place a week from next Monday, July 30th, at 3:30 o'clock and there will no doubt be a good sized crowd out to see the Antelope "puddin'" get snowed under.—Antelope Herald.

A gold watch, between Dufur and The Dalles on the 18th. The finder will be liberally rewarded by leaving the same at this office, or with Johnston Bros. at Dufur.

Death of Charley Haight.

At five minutes past 8 o'clock Friday night Charles E. Haight dropped dead in Kinerly's drugstore. He had been rowing on the river in company with Mr. Mohr, and came directly from the river to the drugstore. He had his coat over his arm and after talking a moment to Mr. Kinerly and Frank Clarke went to the back end of the store where there is a box with shoe-black and a brush, laid his coat on a pile of wall paper, and prepared to black his shoes. In a moment Kinerly and Clarke heard a fall, and Charley Clarke called them, saying Mr. Haight had fallen. Charley was near him and looking at him when he fell. Mr. Haight had gone to the box and as he reached it began to stagger, fell over against the counter catching it with both hands and in a few seconds turned over to the right and fell on his back. Drs. Sutherland and Dosne were both near the store and came hurriedly in, the latter after a momentary examination prepared and administered a hypodermic injection of digitaline, following it with one of brandy. In the meanwhile Dr. Sutherland had opened his shirt and found but a faint fluttering of the heart, with a scarcely discernable pulse. The blood was running from his mouth, and to give him a better chance to breathe he was turned on his side, but after a gasp or two he was dead. The body was taken to Michell's undertaking rooms and prepared for burial, Rev. Whisler and Dr. Hollister in the meanwhile informing as gently as possible, Mrs. Haight of the sad bereavement that had fallen upon her. The little lady bore up bravely and if the sympathy of the entire community can avail to lighten the blow, it surely is hers.

Deceased was 28 years of age, of a jovial, kindly disposition, and leaves innumerable friends to mourn his sudden taking off. He was a member of Friendship lodge, K. of P. and was buried according to the ceremonies of that order.

A gentleman who was at Cascade Locks Saturday made a pretty thorough examination of the portage road and the locks. He tells us the road is not seriously damaged and that a thousand dollars will put it in good repair. The lower incline, or a part of it, floated, but as it was in an eddy, all the timbers and rails drifted back into the canal, and were not lost. The Day Bros. have repaired a portion of the road, so they are now running their cars as far down as the lower end of the lock. It is thought that the end of the incline at the boat landing is still in place.

The damage to the locks has been greatly over-estimated. A short piece of the north guard-wall has gone out, and some of the masonry near the mouth of the canal in the north side was undermined and fell over into the canal. At the lower end, from the steps on the south wall to the lower break water, the rip-rap got water-soaked and slid down. Major Post says that no more dry wall will be laid, and the rip-rap will be replaced by solid masonry. About fifty stone cutters are at work, and a large number of men are at work on the wall getting it ready to lay the coping. The work will be prosecuted vigorously, and every man that can be used will be put at work just as fast as the receding waters will permit.

The Ball Game.

The Dalles ball players met those from Hood River yesterday at the fair grounds, and at the same time met defeat, Hood River winning by a score of twenty-three to eight. Hood River has some excellent timber for a ball club and though they have played but three practice games, put up fairly good ball. The Dalles boys are about in the same condition there being good ball players individually, but they are certainly far from being a good team. They have not played together and have no discipline. Dr. Brosius, who came up as chief mentor for the Hood River club, is an enthusiast on athletic sports and is anxious to organize a circuit, where in a spirit of friendly and generous rivalry the young men can meet to battle for victory, develop their muscles and broaden their ideas. The intention is to include football and a wheelmen's club. The idea is a good one and we hope will be taken up by our people, Dufur, Antelope, Moro, Wasco, Goldendale, Centerville and other neighboring towns. The Dalles boys, we understand, will meet tonight for the purpose of getting up a team and as there is abundance of material, we can assure our Hood River friends, that when they again cross bats with them, they will have to play ball.

Card of Thanks.

I desire thus publicly to express my thanks to the many kind friends for their presence, sympathy and aid in my recent bereavement.

Mrs. C. E. HAIGHT.

For Sale.

160 acres 5 miles north of Moro, Sherman county. Can run header over 110 acres. Living spring, 130 acres fenced. Good sheep range adjoining. Small house, barn, etc. Price \$1,000. \$150 down, balance in three years.

A. GUENTHER, Moro, Or.

THE ASCENT OF MT. HOOD.

The Mazamas Reach the Summit in a Thunder Storm.

The Mazamas assembled in force at Clond Cap Inn and Government Camp, and although the weather on the morning of the 25th was anything but propitious for the ascent, all were eager to make the start. A thunder storm came up at 2 o'clock in the morning, and later on a terrific wind storm, with rain at 8 o'clock. On the south side of the mountain the early climbers were treated to a hail storm. The Portland party, from Government Camp, were the first to start, and their advance reached the summit at 8 a. m. At that hour a regular hurricane was blowing and the party had to hug the snow drifts for shelter. The climbers from Government Camp kept arriving at the summit until 2:55 in the afternoon. The Clond Cap party left the Inn at 9:30 and reached the summit in five hours. The following named persons reached the summit of Mt. Hood from Clond Cap Inn: Miss Alice Cleaver, Miss Della Watson, Miss Olive Hartley, Miss Ida Foss, E. C. Stuart, Frank McClure, Griff Parrott, Ed. Williams, S. E. Bartmes, W. W. Nason, H. J. Mand, C. H. McIsaac, E. T. Simmonds, James Dimmick, J. E. Hanna, Will Mercer, A. J. Johnson, H. D. Langille, T. C. McGuire. The Clond Cap party left the summit at 3:55 in the afternoon and made the descent in 1 hour and 45 minutes; all arriving at the Inn in good shape. One hundred and sixty-six climbers reached the summit during the day. Eighty-four others failed to reach the top of the mountain or turned back on account of the storm. The Mazamas organized on the summit of the mountain with 35 charter members, 25 from the Government Camp party and 10 from Clond Cap. The following officers of the society were elected: W. G. Steel of Portland, president; H. D. Langille of Hood River, first vice president; — Wilbur of Portland, second vice president; Prof. Chapman of Eugene, third vice president; A. J. Johnson of Astoria, fourth vice president; Miss Fay Fuller of Tacoma, historian; C. H. Shoals of Portland, secretary; F. C. Little of Portland, treasurer. While the Clond Cap party were on the mountain the atmosphere was clear and the view to be had of the surrounding country was grand. The snow peaks in sight were Mt. Jefferson, Thielsen, Shasta, Three Sisters, Adams, Rainier and St. Helens. They could see the Columbia river below Portland, and Eastern Oregon to the Blue mountains. Carrier pigeons were sent to the Oregonian by Mr. Parrott—the first from Clond Cap and three from the summit. Those sent from the summit seemed to appreciate their altitude, for after flying around once above the mountain, commenced circling down and down until lost from view far below in a more congenial atmosphere. Those making the ascent from Clond Cap speak in high terms of the management of Doug. Langille. His new route from the Inn makes the ascent much easier. About one thousand feet of rope made fast near the summit and stretching down the steepest part of the mountain made the descent comparatively safe. Mr. McIsaac of Portland, weighing over 200 pounds, made the ascent with ease. Another man, 52 years of age, reached the top of the mountain. S. E. Bartmes, Ed. Williams, Griff Parrott and Frank McClure left Clond Cap at 2:10 yesterday morning, along with Perry McCrory, arriving at Hood River at 7:05. To this party we are indebted for incidents of the trip. Following is a list of the arrivals at Clond Cap Inn: Miss Jeanette Williams, Miss Grace Williams, Miss M. Grace Hollister, The Dalles; C. H. McIsaac, E. T. Simmonds, E. C. Stuart, Mrs. E. C. Stuart, Miss Bertha Stuart, Miss Kate Sitton, Portland; A. J. Johnson, Astoria; James A. Snyder, La Crosse, Wisconsin; S. J. LaFrance, Ed. Williams, Miss Olive Hartley, Miss Dela Watson, Lee Hoffman, Mrs. Lee Hoffman, C. F. Swigert, Mrs. C. F. Swigert, E. E. McClure, Griff Parrott, Portland, and 25 campers.—Glacier.

Died.

Mrs. C. S. Juker, of Portland, Oregon, has just received the sad intelligence of her mother's death, Mrs. Anne Marie Basche, who died June 15th, 1894, at the residence of her son, A. Basche, Green Bay, Wisconsin. From the Green Bay Advocate we copy the following: "Mrs. Basche was a native of Europe, being of Franco-Prussian birth, was born October 4th, 1804, and was therefore nearly 90 years of age. With her husband, Joseph Basche, of military record, she emigrated to this country some fifty-two years ago and has since made a prominent citizen of this place, died many years ago, but she was possessed of a wonderful vitality and was never seriously sick, until within three months of her death, when her physical and mental faculties gradually failed until she peacefully sank to her eternal rest. She was of noble birth, also being a descendant of ancestors distinguished in great military record, musical fame and literature. She was a most estimable

PERSONAL MENTION.

Saturday.

General H. B. Compton is registered at the Umatilla. Mr. James H. Fraser and wife of Moro are in the city. Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Haworth of University Park, Portland, are visiting in the city. A number of Dalles people went to the Locks today, among them Mr. S. L. Brooks. Miss Hilda Beck left for Portland this morning, where she will spend the remainder of her vacation. Misses Ada and Levia Blackerby of Wapinitia, who have been visiting in Portland, returned last night. Hon. W. B. Presby, prosecuting attorney for Klickitat county, is in the city, and is accompanied by Mrs. Presby. Mr. Fred Young is in from Bake Oven to meet Mrs. A. E. Bills and Miss Lefie Pauiding of Portland, who will accompany him home. Misses Nellie and Pearl Butler returned on this morning's train from Kansas, accompanied by their friend, Miss Elma Foxwell, who will spend the summer with them. Mr. Wallace Wilson, the genial steward of the Umatilla house, is reasonably happy, his wife and little son, who are at present living in Portland, being on a visit to him here.

Monday.

Mr. K. N. Staehr, Bake Oven's merchant, is in the city. Mr. Fred Dee and J. C. Wiegand, Arlington merchants, are in the city. Mr. S. A. Clarke, the horticulturist and journalist of Oregon, is in the city. Mr. John E. Lathrop, city editor of the East Oregonian, came up on the Regulator. Col. E. W. Pike and wife of Goldendale are in the city, accompanied by Miss Trotter and Miss Effie Trotter. Receiver McNeil, Chief Engineer Campbell and Superintendent Brie passed through last night. Mr. McNeil goes to New York to raise money to put the O. R. & N. in running order. Mr. J. R. Weddell, a prominent real estate man of Chicago, came up on the boat last night and on, on the train. He is much pleased with Oregon, and will be back in September with the intention of putting some curreney where it will do the most good in Oregon. Mr. Geo. W. Mead and family of Brooklyn, N. Y., came up on the Regulator Saturday night, and spent the Sabbath in visiting points of interest in this vicinity. They have just returned from Alaska, but pronounce the scenery of the Columbia beyond anything they have ever seen, either in this country or Europe. As Mr. Mead is a great traveler the compliment is a high one. He is delighted with this country and will probably return this fall, and as he is a millionaire, is the kind of immigrant we need.

Tuesday.

Dr. Wm. B. Clowe of Walla Walla passed down this morning. Mr. S. Waters, the Goldendale merchant, went below this morning. Mrs. Thornbury and Mrs. T. A. Hudson and children went to Clatsop yesterday. Mr. Geo. R. Rooper, a Boston wool buyer, arrived this morning and will interview our wool men. Mr. W. F. Cook, proprietor of the hotel Pendleton, went down on the Regulator this morning. Mr. C. M. Ingram was the originator of the trip to the Cascades on the Gypsy yesterday. Mr. Ingram is a success as an originator. Captain Pratt, superintendent of the Indian school at Carlisle, Penn., was a passenger on the Inland Star for the Locks yesterday. Lieut. Fitzgerald and wife were also among the passengers.

BOHN.

At Cascade Locks, Saturday, July 21st, to the wife of D. L. Cates, a son. At The Dalles, Sunday, July 22d, to the wife of Fred Houghton, a daughter.

A Baker's Dozen.

The city recorder had quite a family party this morning, there being thirteen disciples of Silenus before him charged with imbibing too freely. The number is certainly an unlucky one for most of them, as eight cheerfully acknowledged they were drunk, while two compromised on being half drunk, but were fined \$5 just the same, the recorder very properly holding that the law didn't recognize a half way offense, and that he could not split the fine. Two refused to acknowledge the corn-juke, and their trials were set for 5 o'clock this afternoon. One, the lucky thirteenth timer, was discharged.

Advertised Letters.

Following is the list of letters remaining in the postoffice at The Dalles un-called for Tuesday July 24th, 1894. Persons calling for same will give date on which they were advertised: Ames, Mr. Fargher, Alex Morgan, Miss Nellie Webber, Mr A E M. T. NOLAN, P. M.

See the World's Fair for Fifteen Cents

Upon receipt of your address and fifteen cents in postage stamps, we will mail you prepaid our souvenir portfolio of the world's Columbian exposition, the regular price is fifty cents, but as we want you to have one, we make the price nominal. You will find it a work of art and a thing to be prized. It contains full page views of the great buildings, with descriptions of same, and is executed in highest style of art. If not satisfied with it, after you get it, we will refund the stamps and let you keep the book. Address H. E. BUCKLER & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Real Estate Movements.

The following deeds were filed for record today: Viola C. Bell to Nancy A. Miller, \$10, sw 1/4, sec. 14, tp. 2 n, r 12 e; \$800.

A Dollar in the Wallet.

West Coast Trade.

The stars they shine serenely and with greater luminosity when a fellow isn't struggling with his impecuniosity. The lofty sky is bluer and the meadow grass is greener, and the hills of life are fewer, and our life itself serene; and we feel a glorious courage and the fates cannot appall it when we feel the solid backing of a dollar in our wallet. Oh, the quiet air of twilight is more brightly luminiferous, and the incense from the flowers is more sweet and odoriferous; and the zephyrs blow more sweetly and our food is more nutritious, and we're conscious more completely that our breakfast is delicious; and we feel that life's no fizzle, as the pessimists miscall it, when we have the satisfaction of a dollar in our wallet. All our woes are less appalling and our joys are less ambiguous, and all life's happy meadows are so lush-like and irriguous; for a glass of pure, cold phospha tastes as sweet as balm of Gilead, and brown bread is like ambrosia Homer tells of in the Iliad; and we feel that life's a poem maugre what the cynics call it, and we feel supremely blessed with a dollar in our wallet.

Just Like His White Brother.

Lo, the poor Indian, was up before his honor Recorder Dufur this morning charged with filling his dusky and musky hide entirely too full of the pale-faced brother's coffin-varnish. The dark brown flavor of his breath, matching so prettily with his complexion, had remained with him all night, and was present at the time he appeared to plead. His cavernous eyes and noble mien, failed to awaken a responsive chord in the judicial bosom of his judge who fined him five dollars. He took it stoically, not the five dollars, but the fine, and as he inserted his right hand under his left brachium and gave five distinct digs with his fingers to impress the amount on his mind, and also to relieve a temporary annoyance caused by a personal friend of his, the marshal hustled him from the thinness of the now into the henceness of the elsewhere. He looked sad, for the sacred fires within had burned low, but the proud stoicism of his race, and the briefness of his English vocabulary, forbade him making any protest. He was broke, and also broke to lead, and so he uncomplainingly followed.

A Foolish Trip.

The Inland Star did not get to the Cascades yesterday, having met a heavy breeze at Wind mountain, and being unable to make head against the rough sea, tied up at 13 Mile point for the night. It was a foolish trip, and the gentleman who claimed to be so near the president of the road and all its officers that all he had to do was to telegraph and have a train of Pullmans, and who also knew all about the river, and so persuaded his fellow passengers into the scheme, is no doubt prepared to receive a vote of thanks and a leather medal. The Inland Star and Irma are all right for pleasure boats, but for use on the middle Columbia they are too small and have too little power.

The Railroad Situation.

The railroad between this point and Rufus is nearly in running order again and it is expected that trains will be running over it either tonight or tomorrow. Between here and the Cascades every point on the road where it is possible to put men to work is being put in shape and a week or two will complete the temporary repairs so that the road will be passable. The greatest difficulty encountered is in getting the piling. From the Cascades the road is repaired up to Shell Rock, the trestle across the creek bottom beyond Mosier is about completed, and at Hood River the work is being pushed rapidly.

An Ugly Day.

This has been one of the nastiest days we ever experienced in The Dalles. The wild and woolly wind from the west swept up the Columbia and fell on the dusty streets with a whoop and a whirl. The sand and sediment left here by the flood last month, fled before it, lighting out towards Sherman county on the wings of the gale. As for items, had there been any a reporter couldn't have seen one for sand, unless he actually fell on it.