

**The Weekly Chronicle.**

OFFICIAL PAPER OF WASCO COUNTY.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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THE DALLES - OREGON

## LOCAL BREVIETIES.

Saturday's Daily.

Our boys will play Hood River a game of baseball on the latter's ground August 5th.

Among the freight brought up on the Regulator last night was an old-fashioned tread mill horse power.

The Regulator will leave for the Cascades tomorrow morning on the arrival of the west-bound passenger, probably between 7 and 8 o'clock.

Margareta Patjen, a native of Germany, swore allegiance to Uncle Sam Tuesday, and Chris OhleschLAGER, also a native of Germany, took the oath of allegiance yesterday.

The city recorder had three candidates for employment in the street department this morning; but as the streets are in good condition and each of the three promised to leave town and go to work if permitted, they were allowed to depart.

The ascent of Mt. Hood is now made so easily that it ceases to be attractive. Doug Langille has discovered a new route from Cloud Cap, and Thursday a party made the trip from the Inn to the summit and back and then in to Hood River by night, and one of the party was a lady 57 years of age.

County Judge Blakeley and Dr. Hollister examined Adolphus Daniel Morrell yesterday as to his sanity. They found him rational on most subjects, but he is troubled with an idea that he has a parasite in his temple, which attracts the officers, and hence he is, he thinks, liable to arrest at any moment.

The CHRONICLE is giving a very good telegraphic service, and forty hours ahead of the Oregonian. Do you want this kept up? If so, give it the benefit of your patronage, remembering that a newspaper is largely what its patrons make it. The fact that a town supports a daily newspaper and gets telegraphic service is a big advertisement for it.

Monday's Daily.

Just drop into our new shop and leave your measure for THE CHRONICLE.

Thursday being the second day of the month, will be the regular collection day.

The Regulator arrived last night before 8 o'clock, bringing quite a large number of passengers.

The state portage road was damaged but little by the flood, only a part of the lower incline going out.

Sheriff Driver went below this morning, taking Morrell, the man declared insane the other day, to the asylum.

A. M. Williams &amp; Co. invite you to inspect their special line of shoes at \$1 per pair. Regular prices from \$1.75 to \$5.00. Men's brown overalls 35 cents per pair.

The contractors began pumping out the upper section of the canal at the Cascades today, and will put a large force of men to work excavating as soon as the water is out.

The Prineville News challenges the state to show a younger grandfather than L. C. Cline of Crook county, who boasts of a brand new grand daughter, and he is only 34 years old.

Quite a number of our people took advantage of the Regulator running yesterday to visit the locks. It is a delightful trip and a pleasant change from the heat and dust of the city. Try it and see.

Mr. Matt Murphy, the newly appointed deputy U. S. marshal, made his first capture yesterday, a white man engaged in selling whisky to an Indian being the victim, and he was caught, as the boys say "dead to rights."

The city recorder had a sad and solemn sort of is-my-mother-in-law coming look on his face when we interviewed him this morning, and he also had \$40 in currency which had been put up as fines. John Doe had been on another drunk, and when arrested was in his usual state of impenitence. He is paying his fine by eating it out at \$2 per day. Besides John, there were four others, female members of the Doe family, before his honor charged with raising a disturbance in the East End. They acknowledged their guilt, and put up \$10 each. They were all quite demure and paid their fines like ladies.

Quite a lot of the stock of the new incorporation for the building of a cannery here has been subscribed for, and the balance should be taken at once. Whatever is done should be done quickly, so that the business could be commenced at once. A few months' run will enable the managers to see just what is needed for next year, and to put the business in shape for running smoothly then. The

stock is only \$60 a share and every business man in town should own at least one of these.

Mr. Ward, who is in charge of the work of repairing the O. R. &amp; N. road, tells us he expects to have it ready for the passage of trains by next Monday. While this may be an over-sanguine view of the situation, it is quite certain that the long break in the working of the road is about at an end, and that some time next week trains will be again running. The road from the Locks to Hood River is about completed, the main work now being between Hood River and the first tunnel beyond Rowena, a distance of about ten miles.

A communication from Hood River describing a trip to the summit of Mt. Hood was received by us this morning, and although we are always disposed to give space to our readers, we feel that this subject is quite threadbare. The experience was no doubt a delightful one to the author, but it has been written and re-written almost as extensively as "My Trip Up the Columbia." Besides no idea of the trip can be conveyed by words. It must be made, and through the eyes understood and appreciated. For this reason we are compelled to leave the communication unpublished.

Tuesday's Daily.

Mr. Charles Brane, who has resided in this neighborhood since 1865, died at his home near Rockland, Wash., last Saturday.

There was a small row in the East End last evening, which wound up with an arrest, a plea of guilty, and a fine of \$5 by Justice Davis. Messrs. Hemlow &amp; Rice of Salt Lake, who are conducting a cannery at that place, are here with a view to instructing a class in the art of canning fruits, vegetables and meats. By the aid of a camp kettle and soldering iron they went to work Monday in the open air in rear of West's butcher shop and demonstrated what could be done in the way of canning beef. We were shown a sample of their canned beef, which we think as good as any Eastern brand we ever tasted. It is generally supposed that to engage in the cannery business requires considerable capital, but these gentlemen have demonstrated what can be done by the simplest kind of an outfit, and say that the cost of appliances necessary for putting up 3,000 to 4,000 cans a day need not exceed \$50.—Glacier.

## Incorporation Papers Drawn.

We understand articles of incorporation have been drawn today, and that unless parties do not mean what they say, work will be commenced on the cannery building within a week.

Since writing the above the articles of incorporation have been filed, with Emil Schanno, G. V. Bolton, H. J. Maier, C. D. Dietzel, Hugh Chrismann, E. C. Phirman, H. H. Campbell, W. K. Corson, G. H. Taylor, Hugh Glenn, and G. W. Rowland.

The capital stock is \$10,000, divided into 200 shares of the par value of \$50 each. Stock books will be opened at once, and each and every one of our citizens should see to it that they assist to the best of their ability in aiding the good work.

## Open Twelve Miles West.

The trestle across Mill creek was finished Sunday morning at 6:20. This will open the road to a point half way between Rowena and Mosier as soon as a mile of track is laid the other side of Mill creek. When the road was being repaired between this place and Celilo no rails could be procured, and so a force of men were set at work a mile west of here taking up the rails and hauling them on a push car to a point near the shops. They were carried through the shops, loaded on a car, and taken to the front. The outside spikes are all in, so that the rails can be put back in a very short time.

## Advertised Letters.

Following is the list of letters remaining in the postoffice at The Dalles called for Saturday July 28th, 1894. Persons calling for same will give date on which they were advertised:

Allen, Mr. B. F. Baker, Mr. C. L. Batty, Mr. Frank Buch, Mr. John E. Bulger, Mr. I. H. Cresswell, Mrs. F. Chapin, Mr. L. Crooks, Mrs. Mary Frasher, W. S. Ferguson, Mr. J. H. Hadrey, Mr. E. L. Keri, Mrs. Sam King, Mr. Michael Koontz, John Kucero, J. B. Looney, Mr. Eugene Locklin, Mrs. Mary Martin, Mrs. Annie Meyer, Mr. Isidor B. Meyer, J. B. Mygrist, Mr. Mat Plumb, Mr. C. R. Snider, Wm. M. T. NOLAN, P. M.

## At the Cosmopolitan.

As the water receded and left the buildings dry, Mr. Beall started for The Dalles with the intention of having the lower story of the Cosmopolitan hotel cleaned up and put in good order. He was taken sick in Portland and so wrote up to Mr. Kinersly to have the work done. He made a good selection, too, for that gentleman has put the building in first-class condition. The porch along the outside, which washed away, has been replaced and new studding and timbers have been placed under the rear end of the building. The office, dining room, billiard parlor and sample rooms; in fact the entire lower story has been re-papered and painted, and it is in the best condition it has been in since the building was new.

## A Burglar.

A burglar got into the rooms occupied by Mr. Fisher over Mrs. Davis' restaurant Thursday night, and got away with a gold watch and \$40. After making this haul, he went into a room occupied by Tom Sullivan. The latter awoke and seeing the man at his bureau, stepped up behind him and struck him in the back of the neck. Another blow knocked him out of the door, and he fell down stairs, picked himself up and ran. Sullivan being barefooted could not give chase and so he escaped.

## All Free.

Those who have used Dr. King's New Discovery know its value, and those who have not, have now the opportunity to try it free. Call on the advertised druggist and get a trial bottle, free. Send your name and address to H. E. Buckner &amp; Co., Chicago, and get a sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pill free, as well as a copy of Guide to Health and Household Instructor, free. All of which is guaranteed to do you good and cost you nothing. Sold by Snipes &amp; Kinersly.

## Who Can Beat This?

M. G. Rand has a Yellow Newton apple tree, two years old from the bud, which this year is bearing a crop of 118 good-sized apples. The tree is ten feet high, in thrifty condition, and the apples will mature all right. These apples will fill a bushel box.—Glacier.

## The Cow.

We have received a communication on the subject of the town cow, and though it is well written and properly signed we do not like to give it space, and for several reasons. The cow question has done more to embitter life, separate families, and destroy the peace and quietness of entire communities than all others. Like all other questions there are two sides to the cow argument: the cow's side and the other side. Those who own cows are on the cows side; those who don't own cows, and do own gardens and shrubbery, are on the other side, and there to stay. Our correspondent complains bitterly that while it is made one joyous round of pleasure for the cow it is turned into gall and wormwood for him. We don't own any cow, and we don't own any city property, but board at the Umatilla House, that gets its milk from Vanbibber, who keeps his cows out of town, and so neither directly nor indirectly are we a party to the cow squabble on either side. We don't propose to be. We battled once in the newspaper columns against the cow. An irate Amazonian, champion of the fullest freedom to the cow commensurate with her happiness, maintained the other side of the fight by word of mouth, and the presence of a club. We buy our butter. The cow question is too deep for us. We buy what milk we use too—frozen. Burn a cow, anyhow. Next to the horse the cow is the noblest animal, except a dog. The cow does not give milk, she stands still, sometimes, while it is removed from her traveling reticule, being pulled out by the handles. Still we never could see why the cow so craved a diet of choice roses and valuable shrubbery. Butter or milk always goes at the same price. Columbia river water is better than all the roses to enhance the value of her yield. Why shouldn't she run at large if she wants to? Some people neglect their plants and bushes, and the cow trims them up. She also reminds the man of the house that he has left the front gate open, and does it deliberately; because she always wakes the man's wife up first, or the hired girl, and she tells him, and he gets up and exhibits his pyjama to the neighbors by the light of the silver moon, also his temper, the latter can be best seen on a dark night.

Of course the cow can run at large at night, why shouldn't she? Doesn't she chew gum and furnish it herself? Then why shouldn't she chews to do as she pleases? Of course she can. If we owned a cow it might be different, but that's the way we feel about it now. A man gets tired seeing the same old brush and flowers in a yard anyway, and if it wasn't for the cow, there would be no change—never. We like a change; and then the girls ought to keep the gate fastened anyhow; that's what keeps the cow and the other calf out. That's what it does, and that's where we propose to stand on this question, till the dilapidated linen comes off the shrubbery.

## The Depot Will be Moved.

Mr. Robert Burns, the traveling freight agent of the O. R. &amp; N. Co. came up here Tuesday to interview the citizens with reference to the question of locating a freight and passenger depot to take the place of the one recently destroyed at Grant. The following citizens by invitation met Mr. Burns at the Central hotel: Messrs. Wm. Van Victor, W. R. Dunbar, N. B. Brooks, Almon Baker, Col. E. W. Pike and the editor of the Sentinel. Mr. Burns stated plainly that to rebuild a depot at Grants was simply out of the question. The company was determined on a new location and its only interest was to satisfy the majority of its patrons on this side of the river. Three locations offered themselves, namely, Rufus, Biggs and Murray's orchard, and the latter was approved unanimously as being more convenient and accessible to the majority of those who will use it than either Rufus or Biggs. It will be remembered that the people on the Oregon side of the river, offer in the event of the depot being located at Murray's to build a good grade up the Jordan canyon, the foot of which is nearly opposite the proposed depot site. It is believed that a grade in no way inferior to the Presby grade and possibly easier can be built up the Jordan canyon, entirely out of the way of sand drifts, and possibly a mile shorter, but certainly no longer to the proposed depot than the present grade is to Grants. The location of a depot and townsite at Murray's will be a pleasant change to those who have been compelled to live and do business in the old town of Grant, as it is entirely free from sand drifts, is well protected with shade and orchard trees and has abundance of living water for irrigation and household purposes.

The Hon. E. O. McCoy, G. W. Smith and Sam Carson have entered into a bond with the O. R. &amp; N. Co. to build a road up the Jordan canyon without cost to Klickitat county and furnish a ferry at the proposed landing, provided the company move the depot from Grant to Murray's.—Goldendale Sentinel.

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## Dufur Doings.

Haynes Bros. are repairing their steam thresher, ready to start out in a short time.

Mr. Warner is building an addition on his store, which looks as though business was flourishing.

The Dufur baseball club and Tygh club met at this place yesterday and quite an interesting game took place. Dufur, 37, Tygh, 17. The Tygh boys are deserving of much praise as they had just organized, but give them two week's practice and the Dufur boys will have to look out for their laurels. But the Dufur boys are pretty hard to beat for an amateur club.

Mrs. Frank Menefee, after visiting her many friends and relatives, has returned to The Dalles.

Mr. Geo. Dufur was here Wednesday, and while playing ball had the misfortune to dislocate his elbow. Dr. Deitrich set it and all was well last we heard.

Mr. Howlett of Eagle Creek, who has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. Joe Douglass, returned home today.

Prof. Frazier, Mr. Chas. Stoughton and Mr. Neal have gone to Warm Springs for an outing.

Mr. Albert Cook and family from Damascus are visiting relatives here.

Rev. J. W. Jenkins preached here Sunday and organized a Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor.

Rev. Adams has gone to Portland on business.

Miss Maggie Taylor, who has been attending the Business college at Portland returned home last week.

A social hop was given at the hall Saturday evening, which was enjoyed by the young people.

## Off-Colored Savages.

The tribe of Improved Order of Red Men recently formed here is getting along nicely in spite of the untoward events that befell it at its inception. Of course what goes on inside of the lodge is kept secret, but still a story has leaked out, probably through some little bird, that shows what hard luck the warriors experienced. After the initiatory ceremonies had been performed, the visiting brethren from Portland being anxious to get away on the morning boat, it was suggested that a council be formed and that the whole tribe put on their war paint, for the occasion. A keg of vermillion was left in the anteroom and the tired braves each proceeded to insert his hand and paint his face that bright red color so admired by the noble savage. When they were admitted to the presence of the Sagamore and Sachems the former gave one glance and fell in a dead faint, while the Sachems had to be held by the braves to prevent them tomahawking the whole crowd. Some wretch had changed the paint keg, and instead of posing as Indians they came in covered with lamp-black.

## A Small Picnic.

A party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Glenn went to Hood River yesterday, taking their lunch baskets, and having a regular picnic. The party camped at Coe's spring, which supplies the water for the town of Hood River, and which is one of the coolest and most delightful spots in that beautiful valley. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson had their bicycles with them and thoroughly enjoyed a ride over the magnificent shaded country roads. Hugh Glenn ate seven times besides interviewing the steward on the boat for a lunch, and the last we saw of him last night he was trying to make arrangements with Col. Sinnott for supper. All of which goes to show that as an appetizer a trip to Hood River is a success.

## A Sad Experience.

We learn from Mrs. Elsie Nunn the following particulars concerning the death of her little daughter Effie, which occurred on Lower Trout on the 12th inst.: While the mother and child were alone that day the child began taking spasms suddenly. After the second attack the mother gathered the child in her arms and started for the nearest neighbor, having to wade Trout creek on the way. She gave out and laid the child down and went on. None but a mother can realize how Mrs. Nunn felt when she returned to the spot with one of the neighbors and found her only child dead. Effie was a bright little girl, aged 3 years, 2 months and 2 days.—Prineville News.

## Struck the Top of the Tunnel.

Although there is an item elsewhere in this paper that would indicate that there was a mile of track yet to be laid the other side of Mill creek, the fact is that the railroad boys went to work yesterday morning, without saying a word to us, and put that track back. Then the pile driver started below, making the run as far as tunnel three, the first one below here. In going through the tunnel the top of the smokestack struck the top of the tunnel, and got knocked off for its pains, and the steam pipes were broken at the same time. The accident was caused by the high water, which had raised the track several inches, and quite enough to cause trouble.

## Lucky.

A pair of spectacles, supposed to have been dropped on Second street, Finder will confer a favor by leaving them at this office.