

The Weekly Chronicle.

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THE DALLES - OREGON

LOCAL BRIEFS.

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.

Margaretta Patien, 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 Morrill 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 postage road was damaged but little by the flood, only a part of the lower incline going out.

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

A. M. Williams & Co. invite you to inspect their special line of shoes at \$1 per pair. Regular prices from \$1.75 to \$4.50. 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 whiskey 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 a is-mother-in-law-looking look on his face when we interviewed him this morning, and he also had \$10 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 \$50 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. & 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 Brune, 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.

Agent Lytle thinks the O. R. & N. will have its road repaired sufficiently day after tomorrow to permit the running of trains, and that we will have a train up Friday.

John Doe and Richard Roe were before the city recorder this morning to answer the charge of being drunk. They hadn't anything to say, and were fined in the usual amount, \$5.

The piling that has been lying by the track near the Columbia hotel for some time, was loaded on a car this morning, and with two carloads of bridge timber was taken below this afternoon.

All interested, whether firemen or not, in sending a team to the annual meeting of the fire association at Oregon City, to compete for the prizes, will please attend a meeting at the council chambers, city hall, this evening at 8:30.

The city is very quiet on account of all our farmers being busy in their harvest fields, only coming in town for supplies, or to have a piece of broken machinery repaired. The crops are extraordinarily good, but the price of wheat is so low that there is nothing in raising it.

A burglar entered Fulton's shoe shop last evening about dark. He gained entrance to the building by climbing down through a hole in the woodshed back of Judge Story's office, and then climbed over a partition into Fulton's kitchen. There is no evidence of criminal intent in burglarizing a shoemaker's shop, it being more of an indication of insanity.

There was a little excitement at the courthouse this morning over the disappearance of Ole Oleson, a prisoner serving a short term for the larceny of a pair of shoes at Hood River. Mr. Fitzgerald, the janitor, had Oleson helping him trim the trees around the courthouse and paint the fence. Leaving him for a few moments, he was not to be seen when Fitzgerald returned. The latter at once gave the alarm and a search for the missing man began; but in a few moments he came back himself and went to work.

William Brown was arrested this morning by the city marshal who caught him selling a bottle of alcohol to an Indian. The marshal had noticed several drunken Indians yesterday and kept an eye open for the fellow who was supplying them. This morning while taking his prisoners up from breakfast he caught on to Mr. Brown and took him in. If the law was changed so that not only the fellow who sold the liquor, but the Indian who purchased it could be punished it would tend to stop the business.

Real Estate Transactions.

The following deeds were filed for record today:

Wm. Boorman and wife to John W. Connell and Fannie E. Connell, part of sec. 4, tp. 2 and part of sec. 33, tp. 3 n., r. 10 e of Willamette Meridian, 110 acres. \$4500.

John W. Bell and wife to Esther A. Reno, e 1/2 of sw 1/4 of sw 1/4 sec. 16, tp. 2 n., r. 12 e; \$100.

John W. Bell and wife to Laura Dotson, the w 1/2 of sw 1/4 of sw 1/4, sec. 16, tp. 2 n., r. 12 e; \$100.

Not for the Cause.

The Oregonian, in speaking of the man Schupert breaking the windows of the Umatilla House recently, gets the story from U. P. passengers who were here. The story is in the main correct but as it came from people who see things and seeing tell, there is of course an error in it and one that wrongs the proprietors of the Umatilla. The man broke the windows because Mr. Johnson, the telegraph operator, whose office is in the Umatilla House, would not give him a pass to Portland over the D. P. & A. N. Co.'s line. Col. Sinnott is one of the

most liberal of men, and it is safe to say that no hungry man was ever turned away by him, whether he had money or not. Thousands of old timers who passed up and down the Columbia in the days when a man might be rich one day and broke the next, hold the old house in kindly recollection for the lift Sinnott & Handley gave them when their needs were dire. Outside of the cause the story is correct, but the cause named did not exist either in this case or any other.

A Small Cannery.

Messrs. Hemlow & 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 Chrisman, 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 Cello 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 un-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 J H Cresswell, Mrs F Chapin, Mr L Crows, Mrs. Mary Frasier, W S Keri, Mr J H Hadrey, Mr E L Kern, Mr Sam King, Mr Michael Koontz, John Kuecro, 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 Snieler, 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 \$45. 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, picking 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. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills 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 Sulpes & Kinersly.

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 life 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. Durn 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. Her 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 delicately; because she always waked 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.

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 vermilion was left in the ante-room 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. T. J. Crandall and 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's, 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.

Lost.

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

Dufur Doings

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

Mr. Warner is building an addition on to 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. QUERY.

WOMAN'S SOPRANO VOICE.

Why She Can Reach Much Higher Tones Than Is Possible for Man.

The scientist who discovered in the human larynx the anatomical reason why woman has a soprano voice and man a bass one was a woman, Mrs. Emma Sellen. She was German, born in Wurzburg. Left a widow with two children to support, she resolved to become a teacher of singing, but suddenly lost her voice. Then she determined to find out why; also to discover if possible the correct method of singing, so that others might not lose their voices. For this purpose she studied anatomy. She dissected larynx after larynx and spent years in her search, trying to find for one thing why women's head tones could reach high C while men had no soprano tones. At length her search was rewarded. She discovered under the microscope one day two small, wedge-shaped cartilages whose action produces the highest tones of the human voice. She made her discovery public. It excited great attention among scientists. Her own brother, a physician, praised the treatise in the highest terms till he found his own sister had written it. Then he dashed it down, saying in a rage that she would better be attending to her housework. Mme. Sellen's portrait, a marble relief, is in possession of the American Philosophical society of Philadelphia, of which she was a member. She wrote, among other books, "The Voice in Singing" and "The Voice in Speaking." She died in 1886.

"PAYING THE PIPER."

The Origin and Significance of the Proverbial Expression.

How many times we have heard the expression "pay the piper," and wondered where it originated. Perhaps some of you have heard the legend, but for the many who have not I will tell it. In all likelihood it came from the old and celebrated German legend of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." Robert Browning has given us a pretty description of the legend in a poem of the same name. The story tells us that a young musician, dressed in disguise, came to Hamel, a flourishing town in Brunswick, and offered to rid the town of the rats which had infested it for so long a time. He wore a fancy coat of many different colors, hence he was called the pied piper. The commissioner of the town give him orders to destroy the rats, and promised him a reward when he should have done so. But after the work was completed the promised reward was withheld, and the piper in revenge blew his magical pipe again and by its wonderful tones drew all the children of the town to a cavern in a hillside. The opening of the cavern was closed as soon as the children had entered, and their parents never saw them again. And so our proverbial expression, "pay the piper," sprang from this legend, and it conveys a warning to all men to pay everyone his just dues, or be on the lookout for a revenge as cruel as that of the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Saturday.

Mr. A. C. Hawson of Antelope is in the city.

Judge Bennett and wife are camping at Trout Lake.

A. B. Mackay, a Boston wool buyer, arrived here last night.

Mr. Gus Bonn was a passenger for the camping groves at Hood River this morning.

Miss Myrtle Michell went to Hood River this morning to spend a few days at Idlewild camp.

Miss Dahl who has been in Hood River for several days went out to Cloud Cap Inn this morning.

Mr. C. E. Parkhurst an insurance agent of Salem after a trip through the country arrived here last night.

Mr. C. E. Cline of Portland went over to Centerville this morning to visit his son who is engaged in business there.

Hon. John M. Gearin and Mr. McElroy, of the Merchants' National bank of Portland, made a business visit to Hood River last night.

Mr. Charles Pierce of Klickitat county is in the city, and showed us some wheat heads that are simply immense. He tells us he has 140 acres that will average thirty-five bushels to the acre.

Monday.

I. C. Darland, Goldendale's Nasby, is in the city.

Mr. John Parker came up from Hood River last night.

I. N. Taffe, the grand duke of Cello, was in the city this morning.

Mr. W. H. Ward, Goldendale's popular merchant, is in the city.

Mr. G. Abbott, another wool buyer from San Francisco, is in the city.

Mr. H. Beckwith, assistant manager of the Pacific Express Co., is in the city.

A. R. Thompson and family will leave for Ilwaco in the morning, to remain a month.

Mr. E. Bassett and mother, of Samish, Wash., are here on a visit, coming from Mrs. Bassett's health.

Mr. D. Eccles, president of the Oregon Lumber Co., passed through on his way to Baker City last night, having been visiting the mills at Chenoweth.

Tuesday

Mrs. Wilson and Miss Lizzie Sampson came up from Collins Landing last night.

Mrs. Treat, formerly of this city, came up from Portland yesterday to visit Mrs. C. E. Haight.

Mr. C. E. Markham, one of Hood River's most energetic and prosperous young farmers, is in the city.

Mr. Chittenden arrived on the Regulator last night and we understand will again make The Dalles his home.

Mrs. Julius Wiley and her sister Mrs. Clarke who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Kooper at Bake Oven, arrived home last night.

Feed wheat for sale cheap at Wasco Warehouse. t.

The Depot Will be Moved.

Mr. Robert Burns, the traveling freight agent of the O. R. & 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 Vactor, 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 Presoy 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 Grant. 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.

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 118 apples will fill a bushel box.—Glacier.