# 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:

| | Regular price | Our price |
|---|---|---|
| Chronicle and N. Y. Tribune | $2.50 | $1.75 |
| Chronicle and Weekly Oregonian | 3.00 | 2.00 |
| Chronicle and Cosmopolitan Magazine | 3.00 | 2.25 |

### *MIRABILE DICTU.*

A local editor on the Oregonian yesterday tried his 'prentice hand on a bit of a write-up for Frank G. Carpenter, the noted correspondent, who is just from Asia, and who will write a series of letters during the Japan-China war for a syndicate of American newspapers, of which the Oregonian is one. The article alluded to is mentioned, and the appended quotations put in type, simply to show that the said writer is the least adjectiverous purveyor of news on the coast. In applying a half column of cold saliva to the well-polished reputation of Mr. Carpenter, he uses the following wonderful language: "A series of wonderful experiences." "The wonderful gun factories of China." "He attended a wonderful China banquet." "It is only his wonderful letters." "He has some wonderful things to tell." "He can use this wonderful material." "The embodiment of his wonderful researches." But really the most wonderful thing mentioned is that Mr. Carpenter traveled in places that were so steep that he had to be carried up by men, which is a pretty steep story.

We would advise our big contemporary to buy its reportorial force a dictionary containing a table of synonyms and nine bushels of adjectives, that he write no longer so fearfully and wonderfully.

### *THE PONY EXPRESS.*

We have just finished reading an article in the Sunday Oregonian, entitled "The Pony Express," and written by John Henry Martin. Outside of some dates, we doubt if there is a true statement in it. The roads along the Carson river never existed except below where the Nevada state prison stands, and there the Carson river runs through a country where the sage brush grows down to the water's edge, and the country is as level as the flats about Umatilla. There never was a pony express rider killed by the Piutes. In fact that tribe never killed anyone except at the famous battle of Pyramid lake, and then nobody was hurt only those who out ran themselves getting away. It may be possible that someone has been stuffing Mr. Martin, but if not, it is a clear case that John Henry is trying to stuff the balance of us. We lived at Carson at the time the pony express was started, and "Pony Bob" and other wild west side shows were not there. We wish to say, however, that the Oregonian is not responsible for the story that honor being reserved for McClure's magazine.

### *A PRACTICAL HUMANITARIAN.*

Miss Adalina Lucinda Brown, the accomplished graduate of a Buffalo, N. Y., seminary, who was married to a Pitt river Indian in Modoc county, where she is teaching an Indian school, was formerly a teacher at Yainax agency, in Klamath county. She is a humanitarian, and zealously labors for the uplifting of the Indian, Negro and other neglected and somewhat despised races. Yet the nobility of the lady's ideas receives the studied contempt of the press of the coast. There may be such a thing as the lady being right and the opinion of the papers rotten.—Ashland Record.

It is quite certain that Miss Adalina Lucinda Brown might have been done more brown than she has been. She might, for instance, have married a white man with no higher ideas than those of the gentleman who penned the article above quoted. An educated woman who marries an Indian for the purpose of "uplifting" him is only lowering herself to his level.

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Falb's earthquake and tidal wave have not shown up yet. We have opened communication with Mr. Lord, who is at the seaside, to send us word as soon as it arrived there, and will thus have the first news, because the Lord only knows when or how it is going to come. Just how that tidal wave is going to get here is a mystery. It can't come over the bar without a pilot, for that is contrary to the act of the legislature; it can't be towed up the river, for that would be undignified; it can't be sent by express, for that would break it, and if it came by freight it wouldn't stop here anyhow for the O. R. & N. would take it to Arlington at the same price. In consequence of these things we venture the prediction that Falb is off his base.

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The Pendleton East Oregonian believes that the repeal of all laws for the collection of debts would do more to relieve the workers and producers than any other one thing proposed or to be proposed, and that paper further says: "It would simply prevent the manipulative, speculative and parasitical classes from getting on the backs and bodies of the masses, to gradually exhaust their resources and destroy their vitals. It would drive capital into industry instead of into bonds and mortgages, to give employment to labor and encouragement to enterprise. It would largely prevent the watering of stocks and discontinue the practice of holding up the workers and producers to exact from them dividends on these inflated and corrupt values. Debt is at the bottom of the sea of social troubles and laws to encourage and perpetuate it are laws against the best interests of the people.

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Our contemporary the Evening Telegram prints a pretty little description of how several boys rode from Shoshone to Portland. We do not like to criticize, but how can we believe the story when it says that on the 13th of June they took the Union Pacific train at Portland and started east. As a matter of fact there was no Union Pacific train on that date, and very little Union Pacific railroad in this vicinity. The boys probably came up on the O. P. & A. N. Co.'s boats, but as the Portland dailies are forbidden to mention that line, the Telegram is excusable, as it would have been unable to get the boys out of town any other way, and so they would have missed all the fun.

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We acknowledge the receipt of a complimentary ticket to the Oregon state fair, to be held at Salem next month. At the same time we received copy for about $5 worth of free notices. We have no use for either. Salem is more kinds of swine at once than any other town in the state. Eastern Oregon has not forgotten her action concerning the branch insane asylum, and will see to it that Salem and Salem's sideshows are let surely alone. The state fair is nothing but a horse racing arrangement at the best, and denoted poor horse racing at that. There is one thing Eastern Oregon would do for Salem cheerfully, and that is to assist in making some other place the capital of the state.

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We have stated two or three times in these columns that we will not print obituary poetry. No matter whether it is good, bad or indifferent, if it is sent to this shop it goes into the waste basket. We don't like to make this refusal, because we don't like to hurt anyone's feelings, but we are forced to refuse the passable rhyme, in order to stand off those who write without reason, rhyme or cause. We respectfully refer all writers of the class to the old Latin proverb, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*"

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Mr. Franklin Lane editor of the Tacoma News, delivered an address at the Tacoma tail-ender fair which was flowery enough to satisfy a young ladies class in botany, but in the midst of it he made a strange slip. He said "Like Hercules we have touched the earth and gained new strength." Mr. Lane was mistaken in his man. Hercules was on the earth most of the time. The gentleman he alluded to was George Francis Train. He gained strength when on the ground; and besides we are told he once "lit" in Tacoma.

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The secretary of the treasury, Mr. Carlisle, is sending printed copies of the senate bill to the customs officers. From this it can easily be inferred that the secretary knows what the ultimate fate of the bill be. Cleveland has given no intimation as to what he intends to do with the bill, but Carlisle would certainly not be preparing to put the new law in force unless he knew it was going to be the law.

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Beloved brethren of the newspaper fraternity, make a point of always giving proper credit for the work of your scissors. Sometime it happens that an exchange might clip that same scissored article and give you credit for it. This would place you in a peculiar position, for then—well we have seen several cases of that kind recently.

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The president is still at Buzzard's bay wrestling with his defeat and the malaria. Gorman still sits in Washington awaiting his return. The senate tariff bill will be the law in a few days more, but the president will see Gorman blowed before he will sign it, and then he won't.

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The senate is unable to do business, a bare quorum being in the city, and of these enough being away from the capitol to prevent business being done. In the house yesterday but little was done, the session lasting only fifty minutes.

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The war between Japan and China so far seems to have been fought principally in the newspapers. As far as lying is concerned honors are pretty easy, though we incline to the opinion that the Japs excel in that as well as the other barbarous arts of war.

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Congress still manages to keep a quorum, but that is about all it can do. When the tariff bill is finally settled there will be a grand scattering for home.

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The Pendleton Tribune is congratulating itself upon the good work it has done in exposing the whiskey-to-Indian business. Our contemporary is premature in its boasting, for the end is not yet.

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Senator Dolph has left Washington, and will arrive in Portland in a few weeks.

### *SOME OF OUR MILLIONAIRES.*

It is announced that William Waldorf Astor, who loses $8000 a month on his periodical, The Pall Mall Magazine, has become a British citizen. It is also announced that certain other of our American ruling families now in Europe have decided that they will never return to this country to live. Their home is in New York, but their complaint is that New York never does anything to make life pleasant for these many millioned; therefore they won't live in America any more. The principal reason they think they are unkindly treated appears to be that New York has been vainly trying for years to make some of them pay their taxes. This is too bad. New York ought to remit their taxes for the honor of having our American nobility live there. More than that, it ought to institute a constant round of strawberry and ice cream festivals and baseball games in their honor and invite them free. It ought to sit up night thinking of ways to amuse them and pet them. We owe everything to our millionaires, we do, in this country. The only trouble is that we do not properly appreciate them. When that beggarly Battenberg finally makes up his mind which American millionaire's daughter he will marry, and when the rest of them buy their deer parks and London houses and get regularly into the swim with British nobilities and royalties, perhaps we will think more of them and begin to wake up to the beauty and brains that are lost to us forevermore. Maybe they will buy up some titles of nobility, and then we shall know and be sure what rare spirits have vanished from our midst.

One thing we are certain of, however, and that little fact leaves us not wholly disconsolate. We know they will draw their money regularly from this country. We are still good enough to pay rents to our millionaires and furnish the material for their coupon cutting. Meantime if eight people do frequently live in one room in the cities whence our noble millionaires derive their revenues, and if a dozen people are sometimes reported in one morning paper as having committed suicide because they cannot pay rent and have nothing to eat besides, what does this matter? What right have they to disturb the good times of our millionaires abroad by making such unpleasant items in the morning papers? And let the Americans stop at once trying to take care of their suffering poor these times and go to work and make the country pleasant for our millionaires to live in.—Norwalk (Ohio) Register.

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The Portland Telegram gives the following concerning the predictions of earthquakes and tidal waves, a subject that just now is of considerable interest: "Professor Rudolph Falb, the German meteorologist, whose name has been taken in vain so frequently within the last few weeks, is good-natured about it, and says that he is making no mistake. He is quoted in the Baltimore Sun of a recent date as saying that his predictions of "critical days" for 1894 are divided into three classes, and that August 30th is the first critical day of the first class, to be followed by September 29th and October 28th. He asks a suspension of judgment on his prediction until these dates are passed. His dates for the second class are September 15th, October 14th and November 13th; for the third class, August 16th, November 27th and December 27th. It will be observed that only one date has been passed, August 16th, which belongs to the third, or least important class; and so far as we have heard there were no unusual atmospheric conditions, except that it was the beginning of excessively hot weather.

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And now it is definitely established that the lights Sunday evening of which we spoke, were genuine Northern lights, the Aurora Borealis, that heretofore have been content to twinkle only in the winter time, when the nights are long and the genuine aurora is shaking the dew from her hair south of the equator. Is it the attempt of nature to throw a little light on the predictions of the great German professor, Falb? We wot not, but a stray borealis wandering around in August with the thermometer standing at 90 in the shade is indeed a rarity.

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The latest son of York, the brand spanking new baby, has been christened. He will pass through the world bearing the names Edward, Albert, Christian, George, Andrew, Patrick, David. That conglomeration of pre-nominal titles ought to prove a microbe killer, and warrant the owner against everything from colic to soothing syrup. He should be called Paddy for short, and to please his grandmother.


#### It Should Be in Every House.

J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay St., Sharpsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with pneumonia after an attack of "la grippe," when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Barber, of Cooksport, Pa., claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for lung trouble. Nothing like it. Try it. Free trial bottles at Snipes & Kinersly's.


### WASHINGTON LETTER

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Aug 17, 1894.

The worst enemy of Mr. Cleveland could not wish him to occupy a more humiliating position than he does at this writing. He has been defeated in the fight with the German-Brice combination, which he himself invited, and he has now to choose between signing, vetoing or allowing to become a law without his signature, the senate tariff bill, which he characterized in his letter to Mr. Wilson as "undemocratic, perfidious and dishonorable." If he followed his personal inclinations he would veto the bill and try to keep congress in session until he could force a bill through that was nearer free trade. But there are weighty reasons why he is not likely to follow his personal inclinations, the first of which is the universal demand from the business men of all sections and all parties that the bill be allowed to become a law, bad as it is, in order that they may have a chance to do business, even if it be poor business. The second, and probably the most weighty reason with Mr. Cleveland, is the knowledge that the senate would refuse to pass any bill that he was known to wish passed.

The pop gun tariff bills for free iron, coal, sugar and barbed wire, which the house passed and sent to the senate, are nothing more than excuses to aid free trade democratic members of the house to square themselves with their free trade constituents. The only one of them that could possibly get through the senate is that providing for free sugar, and that one the administration joins the sugar trust in opposing. Secretary Carlisle and the agent of the sugar trust are both working in concert to prevent the passage of the free sugar bill, the latter trying to frighten those democratic senators whose votes are not controlled by the sugar trust, by representing that the money to be collected through the tariff on sugar is absolutely necessary to save the administration from another issue of bonds. This argument does not speak well for Mr. Carlisle's opinion of the intelligence of the democratic senators, as every intelligent reader of the newspapers knows that the treasury will not for a long time to come collect any tariff on sugar, for the very simple reason that the sugar trust has supplied itself with all the raw sugar it will need for months, in order to escape the payment of the duty. The real reason why the administration is opposed to free sugar is that it would knock the sugar trust out of the two cents a pound which it proposes to add to the price of sugar.

It is an open secret here that Secretaries Gresham and Carlisle have advised Mr. Cleveland to sign the tariff bill and let congress adjourn, leaving the democrats to make the best they can individually of the surrender of Mr. Cleveland and the house, when they take the stump for the congressional campaign. But so far Mr. Cleveland has refused to accept their advice, because he wants to "get even" with Gorman and his supporters by writing a message to congress explaining his position. The more explaining he does the more republicans will be elected to the next house. For that reason republicans hope that he will send a message to congress.

Senator Vest made another savage attack on Mr. Cleveland in a speech on Wednesday, during which he let the cat out of the bag as to his sorcheadedness—he hasn't been given any pap. He also argued that Secretary Carlisle's letter against the passage of the popgun tariff bills proved what has all along been contended by many of the democratic senators, that Secretary Carlisle favored the senate bill and not the Wilson bill. There is a rumor here that Mr. Carlisle wrote that letter without consulting Mr. Cleveland, for the purpose of making it more certain that the senate tariff bill would be allowed to become a law, with or without Mr. Cleveland's signature, and that in consequence the relations of the two men are strained to such an extent as to make the resignation of Secretary Carlisle a probability.

Republicans consider the work of the session done, and so many of them have gone home that the senate is already without a quorum and likely to remain so. It is probably because of the knowledge that nothing can be done that certain democratic senators have become so solicitous that some bill should be passed that will take away the profits they have deliberately voted to give the sugar trust. There is democratic hypocrisy on every hand. The senators are merely trying to keep up with the record made by the house democrats when they passed a tariff bill with a duty on iron, sugar, coal and barbed wire, and immediately afterwards passed separate bills putting those articles on the free list. The voters of the country will in November express their opinion of this sort of business. CAS.


#### For Colic and Grubs

In my mules and horses, I give Simmons Liver Regulator. I have not lost one I gave it to.

E. T. TAYLOR, Agt. for Grangers of Ga.

#### For Rent.

The Union street lodging house. For terms apply to Geo. Williams, administrator of the estate of John Michelbach. 1m.


### WAITED ON THE LAUREATE.

**A Society Girl's Experience While on a Visit to the House of Tennyson.**

Some of the difficulties of living up to a disguise are illustrated in an old story recently printed in Blackwood's Magazine. It is part of a lady's journal kept in the year 1839, and tells her experience in visiting the Tennyson family in the guise of a lady's maid. Her friend, Mrs. Neville, who was invited to make the visit, could not afford a maid or a nurse for her little girl, so the young woman volunteered to act in that capacity under the name "Marion Langlais." They both belonged to the same literary club which included Mary and Emily Tennyson, says the New York Sun, but as she had never met them she considered herself safe from suspicion. She arranged her pretty tresses under a coarse black wig, and quite transformed herself into a conventional lady's maid. As soon as they arrived at the poet's house her troubles began. She was expected to sleep with the housemaid, and aside from her unwelcome company she found it awkward to dispose of her black wig, and had to wait for the wondering girl to fall asleep before she could settle herself for the night. After a few days she was called upon to appear in the dining-room as waitress, and had her first glimpse of the poet. Her journal says:

"I was to wait at table, and my heart beat so fast as I went in that I could hear nothing else for a few minutes, for on entering the room I saw Alfred Tennyson at last. And Frederick, Horatio, Emily, Mary and the mother. Was it a delusion that I stood there behind them, changing their plates, helping them, and they so little dreaming of my identity with the servant Marion? Was I asleep when the maid of all work threw a handful of dirty forks into my hand and bid me 'out and wash 'em quick and bring 'em up?' I did do all this many times before dinner was over, and, though I did it very well, my hand shook so the first time I took Alfred Tennyson's plate that I thought it must be seen. The romance of the affair rushed over me.

The poet began to observe her very closely after this, and she became so nervous that she nearly forgot her part. One day as she was passing the open door of his room, where he lay smoking and reading, he called her in and asked her to bring him a book from downstairs. He attempted to describe it, but it was a German work and he thought she could not read it. "I know," she said, and quickly went down and brought it to him. "So you understand German," he said, and she gave an evasive reply and left the room. That evening at dinner Tennyson could not draw a cork from a beer bottle and after everyone had tried and failed he said to Mrs. Neville: "Where is your Marion? She can do it; she can do everything, from reading German to waiting at table. Let her try." Marion came, and, amid a chorus of apologies and explanations, she drew the cork. Another day at dinner she was summoned to the table for some trivial reason and it was found out afterwards that it was to settle a dispute about the color of her eyes. Eventually her identity was revealed and the family took the trick all in good part.

### A TOUGH MAN TO INTERVIEW.

**Lord Randolph Churchill's Valuable Opinions of Men and Things.**

Lord Randolph Churchill had just shaken hands with a few personal friends when a New York Tribune reporter advanced and begged his pardon for a moment. The Englishman shook him cordially by the hand, but when he heard he was a newspaper man who would "just like to know," he drew back, and in tones of anger, which he made no attempt to conceal, said: "I say, now; really, you know, this is too much."

"The newspaper men," said the reporter, "would like to know if you—"

"Just fancy," said the lord, interrupting: "I really did not expect, you know, to be called upon to say anything about what I don't know anything about."

"Would you tell us something about the political situation in England?" continued the reporter, finishing the question.

"Now, upon my honor," he answered, "I really didn't come over to talk to reporters."

"Do you intend remaining long in America?"

"By Jove, you'll have to ask that of some one else, for I don't know. I'm sure."

"Mr. Gladstone has been invited to come to America. Do you think he will come?"

This seemed to interest Lord Randolph, and he said: "Has he?" Then suddenly checking himself, said: "Good day."

His foot was on the step and his hand still held the handle of the carriage door.

"Is Lord Rosebery's ministry likely to last much longer?" asked the reporter.

Lord Randolph saw the man on the box, who was still looking over his shoulder, and he said to him: "Now, driver, look here."

Just then Lady Randolph Churchill approached, and they both stepped into the carriage. The right honorable gentleman, the member from South Paddington, said merely: "Go." So the driver cracked his whip, and away they went.

#### Where Monks and Nuns Abound.

The religious statistics of Belgium for 1890, according to the London Guardian, which were only published towards the close of last year, give the number of convential institutions and their inmates in the kindom—229 monasteries, with 25,323 sisters and nuns. These have grown during the decade preceding from 213 monasteries, with 4,120 monks and 1,346 convents, with 21,242 sisters. The increase was not so great as in the period 1870-80, when many of the monks and nuns expelled from Prussia settled in Belgium. In the next decade many of these returned, owing to the relaxation of the church laws. But there are still over 30,000 men and women belonging to the various orders, and taking the population of Belgium in 1890 at 6,000,000, we find one monk or sister to every 200 persons.

## A YOUNG GIRL'S FORTUNE.

### AN INTERESTING SKETCH.

Nothing appeals so strongly to a mother's affection as her daughter just budding into womanhood. Following is an instance: Our daughter, Blanche, now 15 years of age, had been terribly afflicted with nervousness, and had lost the entire use of her right arm. She was in such a condition that we had to keep her from school and abandon her music lessons. In fact, we feared St. Vitus dance, and are positive but for an invaluable remedy she would have had that terrible affliction. We had employed physicians, but she received no benefit from them. The first of last August she weighed but 75 pounds, and although she had taken only three bottles of Nervine she now weighs 105 pounds; her nervousness and symptoms of St. Vitus dance are entirely gone, she attends school regularly, and studies with comfort and ease. She has recovered complete use of her arm, her appetite is splendid, and no money could procure for our daughter the health Dr. Miles' Nervine has brought her.

When my brother recommended the remedy I had no faith in patent medicines, and would not listen to him, but as a last resort he sent us a bottle, we began giving it to Blanche, and the effect was almost immediate."—Mrs. R. R. Bullock, Brighton, N. Y.

Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine is sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee, or sent direct by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, $1 per bottle, six bottles for $5, express prepaid. It is positively free from opiates or dangerous drugs.


## SHERIFF'S SALE.

Notice is hereby given, that under and by virtue of a writ of execution issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Wasco County, on the 10th day of July, 1894, upon a judgment given and rendered in said Court and cause on the 26 day of March, 1894, and enrolled and docketed therein on the 5th day of March, 1894, in a cause wherein Joseph A. Johnson was plaintiff and O. D. Taylor was defendant, and to me directed, and commanding me to levy upon and sell the property of the said defendant, O. D. Taylor, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment and costs, I did on the 25th day of July, 1894, levy upon the property hereinafter described as the property of said defendant, O. D. Taylor, and will on Thursday,

**the 13th day of September, 1894,**

at the hour of ten o'clock A. M., at the court house door in Dalles City, in said Wasco county, Oregon, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand, all the right, title and interest of the said O. D. Taylor, in and to the said premises, which he had on said 5th day of March, 1894, or has since acquired, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment of $1575.00, with interest at 8 per cent., and the further sum of $26.00 costs and disbursements, and the costs and expenses of this writ.

The following is a description of the property above referred to, and which will be sold at the time and place and upon the terms and conditions above mentioned, to-wit:

1. The south half of the northeast quarter, the northwest quarter of the northeast quarter, and the northeast quarter of the northwest quarter of section 28 in township 1 north, range 10 east, Willamette Meridian, in Wasco county, Oregon.

2. Lots 7 and 8, in block 21, in Bigelow's Bluff Addition to Dalles City, Wasco county, Oregon.

3. That certain place called the McDonald place, the same being the property conveyed to O. D. Taylor by F. A. McDonald and wife, and being more particularly described as follows: Commencing at a point in the north boundary line of Neyce & Gibson's addition to Dalles City, one chain and fifteen links easterly from the northwest corner of said Neyce & Gibson's addition and running thence easterly along the said north boundary line of Neyce & Gibson's addition, two hundred and ten feet, more or less, to the western boundary line of a lot of land conveyed by James Fulton and wife to Priscilla Watson, by a deed bearing date the 22th day of February, 1880, recorded on page 211, Book G of Records of Deeds of Wasco county; thence northerly and along said western boundary line of the said lot conveyed to Priscilla Watson, and a production or continuation thereof to a point where the line so continued would intersect the southwestern boundary line of street laid out by the authorities of Dalles City and called Fulton street, if said southwestern boundary line of said Fulton street were produced and continued to such intersection; thence in a right line to and along the said southwestern boundary of Fulton street to the point where the same intersects the eastern boundary line of the land owned by Wentworth Lord; thence southerly along the eastern line of said land owned by Wentworth Lord to the place of beginning, excepting therefrom a strip of land thirty feet in width off the east side of said tract, which has been conveyed to Dalles City for street purposes, said land lying and being in Dalles City, Wasco county, Oregon.

Dalles City, Oregon, July 16, 1894.

jul23-5t T. J. DRIVER, Sheriff of Wasco County, Oregon.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of an execution, issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Wasco County, on the 21st day of July, 1894, upon a decree given and rendered in said court on the 7th day of July, 1894, in a cause wherein G. V. Bolton was plaintiff and Emily B. Rinehart and Sayre Rinehart, Earle Rinehart, Carl Rinehart and Phillip Rinehart, minors, by their guardian ad litem, W. H. Hotson, were defendants, and to me directed and delivered, and commanding me to satisfy the sum of $2189.00, with interest thereon at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum from said 7th day of July, 1894, and $225.00 attorney's fees and $28.15 costs of suit and accruing costs, by selling, in the manner provided by law for the sale of real property, all of the right, title and interest of said defendants, Emily B. Rinehart, Sayre Rinehart, Earle Rinehart, Carl Rinehart and Phillip Rinehart in and to lots "G," "H" and "I," in Dufur's Grand View Addition to Dalles City, in Wasco County, State of Oregon, according to the official plat thereof as the same appears of record within and for said County and State; I will on Thursday, August 23d, 1894, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., at the court house door in Dalles City, in said County and State, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand, all the right, title and interest of the said defendants in and to the above named and described premises or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the sums above named.

Dalles City, Oregon, July 23d, 1894.

T. J. DRIVER, jly26-5t. Sheriff of Wasco County, Oregon.


A NEW

## Undertaking Establishment.

PRINZ & NITSCHKE

DEALERS IN

## Furniture and Carpets.

We have added to our business a complete Undertaking Establishment, and as we are in no way connected with the Undertakers' Trust, our prices will be low accordingly.