

The Weekly Chronicle.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF WASCO COUNTY.

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DAURA ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Some Pithy Remarks From a Very Clever Correspondent.

A lot of silly people of both sexes, who ought to be enclosed in a hermetical lunaticboose are going to write woman suffrage soon. Bill Nye lately gave us an extension dose on the same subject. His remarks were too sweep-to hold much force, but perhaps that is the reason Billy generalized. Although I was always a great admirer of Billy's, I have felt rather suspicious of him since. Whether Mr. Nye has his eye on the presidential chair in 1896, or whether he is fearful of becoming a widower, or has a notion of migrating to Salt Lake, I cannot tell. I have not the opportunity of searching for the darkey in the fence, but feel sure he is there. Any way I think it is a pity Billy should have wasted his sweetness on so much desert air, for not one-fifth of the women in the United States will ever know what a beautiful tribute he paid to their wing-like tendencies and all-around cleverness.

I have labored under the impression that women have voted, more or less, indirectly, ever since the domestic arrangement in Eden. I have no doubt Mrs. Nye has had considerable experience in indirect voting; most married women have. If they don't they generally get a divorce, or at least run away with a better looking man.

Woman in her natural element is no doubt an angel, but a large majority of her sex knows nothing of politics, cares less, and has no earthly use for suffrage. They can neither eat, wear, nor henpeck it; neither can they very well sit on it in that much-disputed middle ground, the street car. If the "bachelor girl" (who, by the way, has been granted an extension of time—ten whole years), or the lay widow wants to vote she can enjoy "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," by casting the matrimonial lariat over the head of one of those monstrosities that encase itself in the "slipped pantaloons. For my part, were I given the freedom of the ballot I would wrap it with some of my neglected lot of January resolutions and bury them with the mouldering memories of other days, and if in "the sweet bye and bye" prohibition, or the restriction of foreign immigration should compose a part of some party platform, I would resurrect my buried privilege and take my place in the procession to the polls.

DAURA.

Real Estate Transactions.

The following deed was filed for record today:

Alexis Marius Florian Kirchheiner to Peter A. Kirchheiner, lot 3, block 3, Laughlin's addition to Antelope, and part of lot 1 in said block; consideration, \$1,000.

James E. Feak and Hattie Mae Feak to Edward Feak, nineteen and a half acres in section 13; \$800.

Alderman (from the 'steenth)—How do you do, Mr Ayerline? Fine morning, isn't it? Just happened to be passing by and casually dropped in—General passenger agent K. X. & G. railway (taking a blank pass and dipping his pen in the ink)—Where to?

The march of fashion: "Hello! I see you are sending your wash to the steam laundry again. Was the washerwoman's husband wearing your linen?" "No she was wearing it herself."—Indianapolis Journal.

Employer (finding his clerk asleep at the desk)—Look here, Meyet, you can clear out at the month-end. Clerk (peevishly)—"Well you needn't have wakened me up so soon for that."—Dorfburrier.

"Your wife takes a great interest in the woman question." "She does, sir; she is so much taken up with the rights of women that she forgets the men have any."—New York Press.

She—Did you ever know of a married couple who never quarreled? He—Yes, one. They were killed in a runaway accident as they left the church.—New York Herald.

Every small boy whose barbering is done by his mamma will readily understand why Sampson lost all his pluck after Mrs. S. has given him a hair-cut.—Boston Transcript.

Willits—What's Biobs doing now? Gillets—He isn't doing anything. He's got a government position.—Sumerville Journal.

The devil is always polite upon first acquaintance.—Ram's Horn.

Subscribe for THE CHRONICLE.

AN ALL-NIGHT TOWN.

The Stores of Hamburg Are Open Every Hour in the Twenty-Four.

Hamburg may be suitably described as an all-night town. The cafes and beer saloons do not shut until two in the morning, while some of them, by paying an additional license, are allowed to remain open all day and all night. Many of the shops never close. At three a. m. the tobacconists are still open, and at this hour there are several shops at which you can procure hot refreshments—sausages, so dear to the German inner man, and the like. At various points men station themselves throughout the night with the little stoves on which they fry pork sausages. One may often see swill folk, ladies included, chatting with these itinerant vendors, and regaling themselves with a somewhat odoriferous sausage at three o'clock in the morning. The bakers' shops seem to be always open, says a writer in Pearson's Weekly. I visited one of the largest cafes at Hamburg at the unearthly hour of three-thirty in the morning and there found about three hundred respectable people calmly drinking their coffee as if it were broad daylight. There was not a single vacant table. Remember, it was not a night club, but an orderly cafe, where no unseemly scenes are permitted. There are some curious restrictions regarding the opening of shops on Sundays in Hamburg. After two-thirty o'clock a tobacconist may only sell one cigar to one person; should you require half a dozen smokes you have to visit half a dozen shops or take five friends with you to one establishment and each of you buy one cigar. There is a heavy penalty for breaking this rule. With the exception of the restaurants and tobacconists, only the dried fish shops are to be seen open after two-thirty o'clock. As the clock strikes midnight on Sunday hundreds of shops are immediately opened, and a brisk trade ensues. Between midnight on Sunday and two o'clock on Monday morning many tradesmen do their best business of the week, notwithstanding the fact that at this hour nothing that cannot be bought at any other time is really required.

PAPER CARPETS ARE COMING.

They Will Be Welcome in a Land Where Dust and Moth Prevail.

We have had a great variety of carpet materials, first and last, and a good many uses have been made of paper, but the two have never before been identified. Now, however, we are informed that carpets are being made of paper, and the following description of the process is made public:

The stock used must be of long fiber, says the Paper World, in order to give strength to the paper. All such as are to be colored must be dyed in the pulp to obtain uniform color throughout. Colors must be fast.

Every lot of the same color must match to shade, as its color cannot be changed when once done. The paper must be of uniform thickness throughout the width and length of the roll, for though color may be right, coarse yarn will not shade alike. As the yarn is twisted on a long frame, the utmost cleanliness must be observed not to stain the yarn with oil or dirty fingers, for, unlike the other yarn, it is not cleaned, hence, if dirty and not discovered by subsequent handling, it goes into the carpet and to the consumer. . . . When the rolls of cut paper are the desired height, the shaft is taken out, the nut removed and the shaft drawn out, leaving the paper, each strip with its ring to be separated from the other by a knife for that purpose. After separation these little rolls are soaked in water until thoroughly impregnated, then taken out and left to drain, when it is ready for the spinning frame, and it is twisted like any other yarn. The yarn is then dried, wound into cops, and is then ready for the loom.

Had Faith in His Watch.

The pride which a man takes in a good watch rarely is carried to the limit reached by a Chicagoan who has come to the notice of the Record. He was a man who had faith in his watch. This was partly because he had paid a large sum for it and partly because he was a man who believed that things which belonged to him must be good because they did belong to him. His friends joked him about his faith, but he remained firm. When he went to take the train from his suburban home in the morning he did it by his watch, and when he left the big station downtown in the morning he compared it with the great clock in the tower to see if the tower clock was right. When the train pulled into the station one morning the other passengers got up to leave the car, but the man remained seated. "What's the matter, Mason?" said one of his friends. "Aren't you going to get off?" "No, sir," said Mason, consulting his timepiece. "I'm not—not until we arrive, at least. This train doesn't get into the city until 8:16, and by my watch it's only 8:12."

The Speedy Moose.

To one who knows nothing of big game, it is amazing to see how fast a moose can run, his stride being much longer than a horse. A light freight train was running on the Northern Pacific, in the upper part of Minnesota, when the engineer saw a big moose standing directly on the track, and as soon as the animal saw the engine he took to his heels down the track. There was a perfectly straight run for four miles, and the engineer determined to test the speed of the moose, of which he had frequently heard. At first the gait of the moose was a sort of trot, and even when the engine gained speed the animal did not seem to exert itself. Faster and faster sped the engine, but still the moose trotted ahead, and all the power of steam could not prevail over this monarch of the forest. At last, after covering four miles and turning a curve, they came upon a gang of section hands, and the victorious moose leaped the tracks and was lost to view in the forest.



S. P. SMITH, of Towanda, Pa., whose constitution was completely broken down, is cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He writes:

"For eight years, I was, most of the time, a great sufferer from constipation, kidney trouble, and indigestion, so that my constitution seemed to be completely broken down. I was induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and took nearly seven bottles, with such excellent results that my stomach, bowels, and kidneys are in perfect condition, and, in all their functions, as regular as clock-work. At the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, my weight was only 129 pounds; I now can brag of 150 pounds, and was never in so good health. If you could see me before and after using, you would want me for a traveling advertisement. I believe this preparation of Sarsaparilla to be the best in the market to-day."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Cures others, will cure you

Millionaire Gilders is a good deal of a wag.

A tramp accosted him as he was on his way down town the other morning, and Gilders said reprovingly: "Here, don't you interfere. I'm working this side of the street."—Kate Field's Washington.

Johnny Asker—Say, paw, what's the difference between a visit and a visitation? His Pa—A visit, my son, is when we go to see your grandpa, other on your mother's side. "Yes, sir." "A visitation is when she comes to see us."—Buffalo Courier.

"Lady," began Mr. Dismal Dowson, "you see before you a man whose name is mud—m, u, d, mud." "There must be some mistake in your calculation," replied the lady. "It takes water to make mud."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Whur ye bin?" asked one rural sportsman. "Fishin'," replied another. "Git a bite?" "Yep." "Ketch anything?" "Yep." "What je ketch?" "Ketched the mosquito that gimme the bite."—Washington Star.

If David Bennett Hill would follow Tom Reed's example and say what he thinks about the late congress, he would increase the volume of current exhilarating reading matter.—Cincinnati Commercial.

Ada—Flo was just going down for the last time when Dr. Watson dived off a yacht and caught her. Grace—And saved her life! Wasn't that wonderful? Ada—Yes, for a doctor.—Life

"Miss Meek seems to always be as mild as her name." "Humph! You ought to see her in a drive whilst party when her partner trumps an ace."—New York Journal.

Everett West—Lady, if you would like to have some wood sawed—Mrs. Potts—We burn gas. "Then perhaps you will let me turn on the gas for me breakfast?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. Hale (just married)—Maria, we will have eels as a second course for dinner. Maria—How much ought I to get, ma'am? "I think twelve yards will be sufficient."—Vogue

While opportunity awaits every man, it does not put in its leisure time blowing a horn.—Milwaukee Journal.

The Columbia Packing Co.,

PACKERS OF

Pork and Beef

MANUFACTURERS OF

Fine Lard and Sausages.

Curers of **★ BRAND**

Hams and Bacon,

Dried Beef, Etc.

Notice.

All persons are hereby notified not to hire or keep Marion Hurst, a lad 14 years old, about their premises, as his services are used at home against us. JAMES HURST.

Fine Line Clothing Just Arrived.

ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

PEASE & MAYS.

Guardian's Sale of Real Estate.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, guardian of the person and estate of Nancy Stanley, an aged and infirm person, by virtue of an order of the County Court of the State of Oregon for Wasco County, in probate, made and entered on the 4th day of September, A. D. 1894, at the regular September term of said Court for the year 1894, will on Saturday, October 20th, 1894, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, on the premises known as the Homestead of John Stanley, deceased, situated on the south bank of the Columbia River at Hood River, in Wasco County, State of Oregon, sell at Public Auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand, the following described real property belonging to said estate to-wit:

Lots numbered One [1], Two [2], Three [3] and Four [4] of Section Thirty-two [32] in Township Three [3] North of Range Eleven [11], East of the Willamette Meridian, containing 16 4-100 acres and situated in Wasco County, State of Oregon. Together with the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereto belonging.

All of said lots to be sold in one parcel and said sale to be subject to confirmation by said Court.

Dated September 15, 1894. HANS LAGE, Guardian of the person and estate of Nancy Stanley, an aged and infirm person.

Administrator's Sale.

Notice is hereby given that by an order of the County Court of the State of Oregon heretofore made, the undersigned have been duly appointed, and are now the qualified and acting administrators of the estate of Henry A. Pratt, deceased.

All persons having claims against the above-named deceased are hereby notified to present their claims, with the proper vouchers, to us at the office of Leslie Butler, in Masonic building, Dalles City, Oregon, or J. F. Armour, Hood River, Or., within 120 days from the date of this notice and all persons indebted to said estate are hereby required to settle such indebtedness forthwith.

Listed at Dalles City, Or., at Hood River, this 10th day of August, 1894. LESLIE BUTLER, J. F. ARMOUR, Administrators of the estate of Henry A. Pratt, deceased. 8-11-94

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, The Dalles, Or., August 11, 1894. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at The Dalles, Oregon, on October 10th, 1894, viz:

Homer White, H. E. No. 2746, for the NW 1/4, NE 1/4, SW 1/4, sec. 2, Tp. 2 S., R. 12 E., W. 2. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: A. Ulery, N. O. Weberg, W. F. McClure, A. McClure, all of Wapinitia, Or. JAS. F. MOORE, Register.

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Alvin E. Lake, H. E. No. 4312, for the NW 1/4, NE 1/4, Sec. 33, SW 1/4, SE 1/4 and E 1/2, SW 1/4, sec. 26, T. 4 S., R. 11 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: J. R. Woodcock, I. D. Driver, S. G. Letford, of Wapinitia; T. J. Driver, of The Dalles, Or. JAS. F. MOORE, Register.

Do you want a Fruit and Hop Farm?

K. N. STAEHR, of BAKE OVEN, has got some splendid Farms and good paying Town Property in the Willamette Valley for sale very cheap and on easy terms. Some of the farms to exchange for Eastern Oregon property. Write for list and terms.

FOR SALE OR TRADE

A FINE IMPORTED French Percheron Stallion,

Weight in good flesh 1,566 pounds, and Sure Foot Trotter. Will sell for cash or notes with approval security, or will trade for horses or cattle.

Address: Kerr & Buckley, Grass Valley, Or.

IF YOU WANT Government, State, or Dalles Military Road Lands,

CALL ON

THOMAS A. HUDSON,

Successor to Thornbury & Hudson, 83 Washington St., THE DALLES, OR.

If you want information concerning Government lands, or the laws relating thereto, you can consult him free of charge. He has made a specialty of this business, and has practiced before the United States Land Office for over ten years.

He is Agent for the Eastern Oregon Land Company, and can sell you Grazing, or Unimproved Agricultural Lands in any quantity desired, and will send a Pamphlet describing these lands to anyone applying to him for it.

He is Agent for sale of lots in THOMPSON'S ADDITION to The Dalles. This Addition is laid off in acre lots, and destined to be the principal residence part of the city. Only 20 minutes walk from Courthouse; 10 minutes from R. R. Depot.

Settlers Located on Government Lands. Writes Fire, Life, and Accident Insurance.

If you want to Borrow Money, on Long or Short time, he can accommodate you. If you cannot call, write, and your letters will be promptly answered.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at its flood leads on to fortune."

The poet unquestionably had reference to the

Closing-Out Sale of Furniture & Carpets

AT CRANDALL & BURGET'S,

Who are selling these goods out at greatly-reduced rates.

MICHELBAUGH BRICK, UNION ST.

Farley & Frank,

(Successors to L. D. Frank, deceased.)

Manufacturers of ALL KINDS OF Harnesses!

A General Line of

Horse Furnishing Goods.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY and NEATLY DONE

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Harness, Bridles, Whips, Horse Blankets, Etc.

Full Assortment of Mexican Saddlery Plain or Stamped.

SECOND STREET, THE DALLES, OR.

THE DALLES LUMBERING CO.

INCORPORATED 1886

No. 67 WASHINGTON STREET, THE DALLES.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers and Manufacturers of Building Material and Dimension Timber, Doors, Windows, Moldings, House Furnishings, Etc.

Special Attention given to the Manufacture of Fruit and Fish Boxes and Packing Cases.

Factory and Lumber Yard at Old Ft. Dalles.

DRY Pine, Fir, Oak and Slab WOOD Delivered to any part of the city,