

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 | Our |
| | price | price |
| Chronicle and N. Y. Tribune..... | \$2.50 | \$1.75 |
| Chronicle and Weekly Oregonian..... | 3.00 | 2.00 |
| Chronicle and Weekly Examiner..... | 3.25 | 2.25 |
| Chronicle and Weekly New York World..... | 2.25 | 2.00 |

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Saturday's Daily.

Stag parties are so called, so it is said, because the men usually stagger home from them.

Connecticut has introduced an automatic gallows; those who have tried it will use no other.—San Francisco Bulletin.

The store of Joles, Collins & Co. will be closed Monday and Tuesday, the 7th and 8th, for the purpose of taking the annual invoice.

At 2 o'clock the thermometer here stood at 38, the barometer at 29.34 and falling, having lost 11 points since 7 o'clock this morning.

The four delightful occasions of each day, the three meals and the evening fireside, are those at which all the members of the family meet.

The kindergarten will open Monday in the old rooms where it will remain for one week. After that the school will be held in the back room of the Baptist church.

J. G. Koontz remembered this office this morning with a nice selection of blotting paper bearing the advertisements of the insurance companies he represents.

The weather according to Mr. Pague, will be colder tomorrow, with snow. This may be all right for Eastern Oregon, but in the basin around The Dalles we fancy that it is more likely to be rain than snow.

The rotary got through to Bridal Veil shortly after noon today. This is beyond the worst of the snow, and the train is probably now in Portland. It is expected that a train will be worked through tonight nearly on time.

Serviceable little mats for the washstand may be made of bath towel. After these mats have been cut the shape and size required, the edges are overcast and finished with a blanket stitch in shetland wool.

Mrs. John D. Rockefeller has brought up her daughters very sensibly. They teach in mission Sunday schools, and one, when a student at Vassar, used her pocket money to defray the expenses of a poor girl at the same college.

The sound of the sleigh bells and the tooting of the tin horns last night gave notice that the sleighing, however poor, was being taken advantage of. The snow is deep enough—plenty—for sleighing but does not pack well enough to make good footing for the horses.

In Finland, more than in all other countries, women enter into the business of life. They are clerks, doctors, dentists, builders, managers of small companies and bank cashiers. For the latter office they are especially sought on account of their reputation for honesty.

A dispatch from Bonneville at 1 o'clock, says the ice gorges moved out before noon. The weather is above the freezing point, and it is thought the river will be clear tomorrow, and it may be possible the Dalles City will reach the Locks today.

Monday's Daily.

Probate court in session today and tomorrow.

License to wed was issued today to Chas. S. McGee and Ella B. Nolin.

The sleighing is pretty good below the bluff, and many took advantage of it yesterday.

Mr. French will show here next week, his agent coming up tomorrow to complete arrangements.

The local passenger arrived through from Portland on time today, the first time since the storm began a week ago.

If the fellows who ride behind the jingling sleigh-bells would kindly avoid our corner they would add much to our piece and peace of mind.

Members of the literary society please take notice that tonight's meeting will be postponed, on account of the hall being used for church purposes.

County commissioners' court meets Wednesday and all bills to be acted upon at this term, must be filed with the county clerk by tomorrow night.

As we go to press, Mr. Bigfield tells us all arrangements for the McKee Rankin theatrical troupe are declared off, and they will not show here at all.

The telephone line, which has been down near Portland since Thursday, is again in working order, connections being made at 10 o'clock this morning.

The ordinance about clearing sidewalks is much better obeyed by our citizens than by the city itself. The street crossings are in anything but good shape.

The roads through the country are not very well broken yet. Yesterday Hons.

M. A. Moody and Senator Hilton went out to Boyd, and it took them five hours to get there.

Owing to the cold snap and the rapidly-increasing ice in the river, the Regulator will tie up tonight until further notice. The trips yesterday and today allowed her to clean up all odds and ends of freight in good shape.

Just listen to those sleigh-bells, and then realize how hard it is to make a newspaper with the merry jingling, jangling, measly things making a fellow's fingers beat a tattoo on his copy every time they pass, and that is twice a minute.

In mentioning the Odd Fellows installation program the other day, we inadvertently failed to make mention of Miss Russell's recitation, which was pronounced exceptionally good, as all those who have had the pleasure of hearing the talented young lady, will readily believe.

It is really astonishing how people will prevaricate. It has been telegraphed, telephoned, written, expressed and freighted up here that there were seven feet of snow at the Cascades, but parties who made the trip on the Regulator yesterday say that there was at no time over two feet of the fleecy at that point, the other five existed only in someone's imagination, and didn't cool its fervor either.

A fine Chinook prevailed all afternoon yesterday, and the result is that we have only two feet of snow where we had three before. A cold wave swept down from the east during the night, and the gentle Chinook hid itself away. In consequence of this, the thermometer registered 13 above zero this morning, and more than one average good citizen profaned a few times when the faucet refused to turn or the water to flow.

Tuesday's Daily.

County commissioners court tomorrow. There will be a meeting of Jackson Engine Company, at the council chamber at 7:30 this morning.

Owing to a snowslide at Oneonta last night, the local passenger from Portland did not leave that place today.

It was raining at Pendleton this morning, and we may look for that same kind of weather here tonight, or tomorrow.

It commenced snowing again at an early hour this morning, and the prospects for another blockade are exceedingly good.

Friendship Lodge, K. of P., installed its officers for the ensuing term last night, and also raised four Esquires to Knighthood.

Just cast your eye, one of them is enough, on M. Honeywell's new ad., as it will appear tomorrow. You will find something to interest you.

Nine carloads of hogs arrived here from Weiser, Idaho, and other points east of us on their way to Troutdale. Many of them are dead, and the smell is enough to stop the ice in the river.

The new telephone system seems to be getting a large number of subscribers and it is probable there will be nearly 200 phones put in. It will be extended to any point in the city limits, and will be operated day and night.

There were but few sleighs on the streets today and the tinkling bells were unheard. All morning the snow came down steadily and all afternoon a light drizzling rain fell. In consequence the streets and sidewalks have been deserted all day.

D. L. Cates, or "Curg," is in the city, shaking hands with his friends, which means nearly everybody in the city. He is much pleased with the Locks, though he says it is dull there now on account of the work being shut down by the snow.

Sometime since, the Gibsons, husband and wife, were tried before Justice Davis for a trifling offense and found guilty. As they expressed a desire to leave the county, the Judge suspended sentence, but told them if they came back they would have to take their punishment. As they returned a day or so ago, a commitment was made out for them today. It is quite probable that their next move will be to the insane asylum.

The river is blocked with ice this morning from Crates's point up to the Regulator wharf and is steadily filling up above that point. The Regulator got up steam this morning, and forcing her way through the shore ice went into winter quarters at Hungry harbor above the city.

Today the sentence imposed by the white man's laws on Caroline, expires, and she will be again given the wild freedom of the forest, if she wants it. However, the chances are that the falling snow and dreary landscape will cause her to eschew the liberty of the foothills and to drown her sorrows and forget her woes at the first opportunity.

Rev. W. H. Sellick on Sunday evening preached a sermon from the theme "The Dance of Death." He treated the general subject of dancing and then took up the charity ball to be given at Frazer's opera house. The persons who are active in making preparations were referred to in severe terms as contributing to the recognition of an institution which is productive of immoral results. His remarks were most emphatic and he scored the charity ball idea very severely.—East Oregonian.

The English Literature class, with a few invited friends, were entertained by Mrs. A. R. Thompson and Miss Ruch at the home of the former last evening, when the reading of "Macbeth" was the principal feature of the evening. The different parts were well rendered, that of Macbeth being taken by Mr. Nicholas Sinnott and Lady Macbeth by Miss Melissa Hill. Food for the mind was not the only kind partaken of, for a dainty lunch was served after the reading, and then games occupied the latter part of the evening, which served to divert thoughts from murderous deeds and the vision of Banquo's ghost.

Dufur Doings.

The New Year was christened by a heavy snow storm that makes it very bad for all stock that are not under shelter. The snow fell steadily for about twenty-four hours, covering the earth to the depth of two feet on the level, making it very disagreeable under foot. Snow plows, large and small, brooms, shovels, etc., are seen on every side, industriously plied by a sturdy hand. Old King Frost, assisted by the north wind, has forged his ice chain upon ponds and creeks. Here and on every hill is seen the small boy (or rather he is heard, for sometimes the volume of gentle voice is greatly in excess of his stature) coasting and skating at the imminent danger to his cranium, and the anxious mother is busy applying arnica and plasters, and generally soothing the woes of this active member of every household.

Now is the farmers holiday, but he accepts it with ill grace, seemingly begrudging the time that he has to be idle. Mr. A. Canfield of Boyd was in town last week.

Mrs. J. Craft is confined to her bed by sickness, and the two children of Mrs. Laura Hinman are sick with the scarletina.

Mrs. Polk Butler is spending the holidays on the Ridge at their farm, leaving Omer to act as "chef" and Roy to wrestle with the pots and kettles.

The W. L. S. bonbon social Saturday night was enjoyed by quite a crowd of young and old. A spicy literary program, interspersed with music and singing, commenced the exercises of the evening.

Waldo Brigham read a comic selection of "An Old Ducky's" lecture on Apples." Ruby Slusher recited "Her First Letter," which was nicely done for the first attempt. Pearly Woodford spoke "Small Dress-making."

Little Toody Warren, only 3 years old, recited "Dickory, Dickory Dock," without a blunder.

Katie Whipple and Jennie Moore spoke their pieces with credit to themselves.

Albert Haynes deserves mention. He recited with great distinctness for one so young.

One of the striking features of the evening was a recitation by Amy Johnston, which is a very pathetic piece and was executed in a manner deserving much praise. She was dressed in rags with her long hair hanging, which with her excellent delivery, made it more impressive and was met with loud applause.

The company then formed in a grand march, making a very comical appearance as they went to and fro, wearing the bonbon caps, which were of many different shapes. Games were indulged in until 11 o'clock. All spent an enjoyable evening.

New Year's night was celebrated by the masquerade ball. A large assemblage of spectators and maskers crowded the hall. The scene was one of grotesqueness, composed of a fantastic mixture of gaily-dressed, nimble-legged clowns, fair brides, dainty flower-girls, Japanese ladies, sailor boys, yachting girls, bootblacks, negroes, negresses, and almost every character imaginable, was here represented. Among some of the most noticeable was a costume as "Sunflower" by Mrs. Mary Vanderpool, which showed much skill and taste in the arrangement. T. H. Johnston represented a cavalier of the 16th century, and well did he do it. Mrs. Laura Johnston was "Sleighbells," and received a prize for having the prettiest ladies' costume. She was dressed in white, dotted with snowflakes and frost, while a string of silvery sleighbells responded to every movement of the wearer. Ann Neal represented "Dufur flouring mills." She was dressed in a plain dress entirely made of flour sacks the letter side out. She gracefully balanced a sack of flour on her shoulder, while miniature sacks were hung about her. It was one of the best sustained characters. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. H. Dufur went as King and Queen Cotton, and took one of the prizes. James Staats acted a negress, and he did it to perfection, for very few knew him. It was well worthy of note. The "German Doctor" was effectually carried out by A. Howie. Dan McDonald was dressed as an old lady, and received the booby prize, which was a Chinese doll. He looked very motherly as he administered the proper chastisement to the inoffensive doll. Mrs. Ed Bohna received the first prize for the best sustained ladies' character. She was a Japanese lady. Thos. Glavy received the first prize for the best gentleman character, as an "Irish lord." Over seventy-five numbers were sold, and dancing was carried on until the "wee sma' hours" of the night. Quiz.

Notes of the Storm.

Last night the dispatcher's office of O. R. & N. was moved out to Troutdale from Portland and the first news from that village received for sometime was sent through on the wires. That was the nearest point to Portland at which the telegraph lines were in working condition. There had been about fifteen inches of snow, and Thursday afternoon and night a tremendous fall of sleet wrought destruction on all sides. The street cars are tied up, the streets blocked, telephone, electric, telegraph and trolley wires are down all over the city, which is in darkness, not an electric light burning. It will require practically a new system of wires for all of these plants as the down wires have to be cut and put out of the way at once. The electric cars to Oregon City, Vancouver and the city suburbs are all abandoned, and the telegraph lines are down in all directions from Portland for a distance of twenty miles. Over this same area the fruit trees are about ruined, being broken down by the weight of the sleet. The damage from this source is immense, but cannot be estimated until the snow disappears.

From Bonneville to Troutdale the O. R. & N. is blocked. A terrific wind storm swept across from the Cape Horn country and at Latourelle the snow drifted on the track to the depth of 30 feet. At the Cascades there is about 7 feet of snow on the level, gradually decreasing from that to the east, to 3 feet here and one at Arlington.

The rotary snow plow from La Grande was sent for and arrived here this morning.

It was expected that No. 1 could be worked through to Troutdale and possibly Portland sometime tonight.

The river is frozen solid at Bonneville, and the boats sent out by the O. R. & N. to attempt to reach Bonneville yesterday, could not get beyond Vancouver, the river being blocked at that point.

The Regulator left on regular time this morning, and will probably find her way to the Locks, but it seems assured that the Dalles City will not meet her. It is barely possible the ice gorges of the lower river may have moved out as the weather is not cold, but there is not much hope of it.

The O. R. & N. expects to get a train through from Portland tomorrow, but nothing can be done until the wind lets up at Latourelle, as the drifts fill up in a few minutes after the rotary has forced its way through them.

The center of the terrific sleet storm seems to have been at Portland, though wires are down all over the Sound country, indicating that it got its work in there.

Want a New County.

Mr. A. R. Lyle, a prominent resident and stockraiser of Crook county, was in the city yesterday, and will not return home until after the close of the legislative session, he representing his country in that body. Mr. Lyle is one of the leading republicans of Southeastern Oregon, and his election as member of the legislature in a county strongly democratic, attests his popularity. He states that stock in Crook county are in good condition, and taking the winter well. One week ago there were twenty inches of snow on the range, but now it is rapidly disappearing.

Mr. Lyle says that the people in his vicinity are anxious to have a new county formed out of the eastern part of Crook, the northwest portion of Grant, and a slice from the southeast part of Grant, and a bill is prepared for such purpose. Mr. Lyle has agreed, if the majority of the taxpayers living within the lines of the proposed new county will join in asking for the same, he will introduce the bill, and do what is in his power to secure its passage. The sheepmen of Crook county are hoping for better times, and better prices for wool, when the present democratic administration goes out of power, and the republicans again assume control of the government. Until then they are content to live as best they may. Mr. Lyle left for Southern Oregon last evening and will return to Portland during the week.

Degree of Honor.

Wednesday evening there was a goodly number of members of Fern lodge out to witness the installation of officers, notwithstanding the snow was falling fast and the streets were well high impassable. The installation service was performed in a very pleasing manner by Mrs. Mary S. Myers, past chief of honor. The following officers were duly installed for the ensuing term:

Mrs. B. J. Russell, chief of honor; Mrs. Maggie Herrin, lady of honor; Mrs. Alice Runyon, chief of ceremonies; Mrs. Evelyn Eshelman, recorder; Miss Cora Joles, financier; Mrs. Ollie Stephens, receiver; Mrs. Annie Urquhart, usler; Miss Mabel Sterling, inside watchman; Miss Emma Jacobson, outside watchman.

The Degree of Honor is a social organization for the wives, daughters, mothers and sisters of member of the A. O. U. W.

Real Estate Transaction.

Frank X. Kramer to Charles B. Adams, all of lot 3, block A, of Kramer's addition to Dalles City; \$200.

Oak Grove cemetery association to Waucoma lodge, No. 30, K. of P., cemetery ground near Hood River.

An Expert Contractor.

Yesterday about noon Will Condon, who had been shoveling snow from the sidewalks in front of his residence in a deulatory sort of a way for just long enough to get an idea how big the contract was, and also to begin to think that it was real wicked of him to do that work and deprive some needy person of the profits of the job, was approached by a brawny, broad-shouldered man, who struck him for the job.

"How much do you want," said Will, "to clean the whole walk?" "I will work for four bits an hour," said the man. "That's too much, but I'll give you thirty cents an hour," was the reply. And then they argued: "Won't work for that." "Very well, I will pay no more." "It isn't enough." "Its all I will give." And so it went, neither labor nor capital conceding the point, until finally the man said: "Well, I need the work, what will you give me to do it all?" Will sized that length of the walk up, made a mental calculation as to how long it had taken to clear the little spot he had gotten away with, and casting a furtive glance out of the corner of his left eye, said: "I'll give you \$2 for the job."

The man walked the whole length of the walk, had the work all pointed out so that there could be no dispute, and with a sigh remarked: "Well, it ain't enough; but I need the money and I'll take it." "Sail in," said Will, passing over the snow shovel, and then he went into the house, got into his slippers and as he warmed his feet and settled down to solid comfort with THE CHRONICLE before him, he felt the solid pleasure of home surroundings, and commiserated the other fellow who was filling his place behind the snow shovel. Directly he saw a man with a snow shovel on his shoulder coming to the door, and found his man had completed the work. He could scarcely believe his eyes, but realizing the work was finished he stepped outside to pay the man off, so that Mrs. Condon wouldn't know how high snow shoveling was. It took the man 40 minutes to earn \$2. Will never kicked, but he told a friend of his it would be some time before he put an ad in THE CHRONICLE as a contractor.

Don't Shoot the Robbers.

Complaint is made that not only the destructive small boy with his airgun and bean-shooter, but men with shotgun and rifle have been killing robbers in the past few days. The heavy snows have driven the little fellows down from the hills until they are more numerous here than ever before known. There is no reason on earth why anyone should kill them and the legislature was so strongly of that opinion that it passed a stringent law against it. The least fine for the offense is \$5, the greatest \$100.

The members of the rod and gun club do not desire to make trouble for anyone, but insist that all offenses against the game law coming to their knowledge will be vigorously prosecuted. This notice is published at their request, that all may take warning, and parents will do well to caution their boys that the killing of robbers is against the law. It is contrary to a boy's nature to let a bird tempt him vainly to take a shot, but it will have to be done.

A Wedding and a Death.

We clip from the Antelope Herald the three items following:

Married on Christmas day, December 25th, 1894, at the residence of the bride's parents, on Hay Creek, by Rev. Wade, Mr. Joseph McCollum to Miss Lydia Dunham. The happy young couple attended the New Year's ball at this place.

As we go to press the sad news reaches us of the death of Mrs. O. S. Boardman, one of the best known and highly respected ladies of Mitchell. She was ill only a few days. She leaves a husband, son, daughter and sister-in-law to mourn her death.

Last Wednesday, January 2d, was the worst and most disagreeable day this section has witnessed for years. Early in the morning a heavy snow storm, or we might more appropriately say, a Dakota blizzard, set in, and kept it up with great fury until late in the night. Next morning fifteen inches of snow covered the ground—more than has fallen at one time since '90. As we go to press (Friday morning) a glorious Chinook is blowing and the "beautiful" congealed element will probably be all gone in a few days.

Odd Fellows' Installation.

The Odd Fellows gave a public installation of officers last night to members of the order and a few invited friends. An interesting musical and literary program was rendered, the features of which were a piano duet by the Misses Nickelsen, piano and violin by Miss Ruch and H. A. Yorke, which was heartily enjoyed, and a quartette rendered by Mrs. B. S. Huntington, Mrs. Chas. Corson and Messrs. Balte Johnson and Wm. Magee. The address was delivered by Hon. John Michell and is pronounced by those who heard it, a masterly effort.

The officers were installed by P. G. M. Dr. Doane, after which all were invited to the room down stairs, adjoining N. Harris' store, where a splendid supper was served by A. Keller. About 100 persons were present.

THE CHRONICLE prints the news.

Why the Girls Laughed.

All the girls in Hudsonville, Mich., have been trying to catch Adrian Van der Sluis for a long time. Today they are all laughing at him.

A fair maid of Jamestown, Ottawa county, won him, and they were married last night. After the blushing bride had received the congratulations of her friends she, leaning on the bridegroom's arm, led the way to supper. The bridal cake was a beautiful thing, covered with a thick layer of soft sugar and chocolate.

The cake had been too tempting for the bride's little sister. She had helped herself to a quarter section of it, but being unable to eat it before the wedding company went into supper, had hidden it under the table on a chair. That was the chair on which Adrian Van der Sluis sat, and Adrian Van der Sluis wore fine lavender trousers. He did not know that the cake lurked there.

When he arose from the wedding feast and led the way out of the room the guests began to laugh. The bride, a woman of nerve and quick perception, hurried Adrian and his lavender trousers into another room. Then with a sponge she applied gasoline where it would do the most good and soon all evidences of the chocolate were removed.

Then the happy couple returned to their guests. But Adrian was ill at ease. Bashful at best, he was damp with perspiration and gasoline. He felt he must do something to distract attention from himself, so he passed around a box of cigars. All the men took one and lighted them.

Then Adrian Van der Sluis took one, bit off the end and put the cigar between his lips. Then he took a redheaded sulphur match and scratched it on his lavender trousers. There was a puff, a blaze, a yell of agony.

"I'm afire!" cried Adrian, clutching his coat tails.

By way of rendering the promptest assistance all the young women shrieked. One man seized the water pitcher, another ran to the well. Only the bride kept her wits about her. She grabbed up a hairy mat and put out the incipient conflagration.

Adrian's trousers are ruined, and he ate his breakfast today from the mantel. But worst of all, the girls who tried to win him are laughing at him.—New York Herald.

Twenty-Five Cents to the Pan.

A rancher living on Sutton creek a few miles southeast of Baker City, brought a dozen chickens to town the other day and disposed of them to Mr. Walter Fernald, of the First National Bank, reports the Democrat. In dressing one of them gold particles were found in the craw. A few days after the rancher came to town again and Mr. Fernald informed him of the find and suggested that the rancher had better do a little prospecting for diggings in the vicinity of his home. The rancher on his return home began a search for gold in a gulch near by and has been rewarded by a prospect of twenty-five cents to the pan. With the coming season Mr. Rancher proposes to turn his attention to placer mining.

Needs a New Bone.

Four inches of snow fell this morning, and the barometer went down 38 points since 5 o'clock last night, standing at 2 o'clock at 29.80. The lowest thermometer last night was 10 above at 9 o'clock at which time a fog settled down over the city and the temperature commenced to rise. Shortly after noon it began to rain with the temperature at 26.

The weather forecast from Portland for this place today was fair, which is as near as that office has come to being correct in 98 straight guesses. It is to be hoped that when the sugar schedule is settled, and the gold reserve gets fortified again, Uncle Sam will buy the signal service office at Portland a new goose bone, for it needs it badly.

A Secret.

If all the ladies knew the simple secret that a bad complexion is due to a disordered liver, there would be fewer sallow faces and blotchy skins. This important organ must be kept active and healthy to insure a clear and rosy color. Dr. J. A. McLean's Liver & Kidney Balm as a purifier, beats all the creams and lotions in existence and will produce a more permanent effect. Removes bad taste in the mouth, offensive breath, yellow tinge in the skin, wind on the stomach and that dull, bilious feeling which so surely indicates the torpid liver. Price \$1.00 per bottle. Snipes & Kinnersly, Drug Co.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Saturday.

Mr. Joseph Soebes of Hood River is in the city.

Miss Matilda Hollister returned last night from a visit in Portland.

Mr. C. H. Cummins of Endersby made this office a pleasant call today.

Messrs. Ed M. Williams and John Weigl returned on the Regulator last night from a few days' visit in Portland.

Hon. T. R. Coon, one of our legislators, is up from Hood River today and will remain a day or so before leaving for Salem.

Mrs. Ford, accompanied by her daughters, Misses Elsie and Alice Ball, and son, Jimmie, returned from Portland yesterday morning.

Andrew Kellar has a four-room cottage to rent.