

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 Weekly Examiner	3.25	2.25
Chronicle and Weekly New York World	2.25	2.00

LOCAL BRIEVITIES.

Wednesday's Daily.

Commissioner Blowers came up from Hood River this afternoon.

License to marry was issued today to William R. Menefee and Stella Newton.

Mr. Tony Noltner, of the Portland Dispatch, came up from the metropolis yesterday.

County commissioners court is in session, with a goodly number of bills and petitions to act upon.

County Commissioner Amos Underwood of Skamania county, is in the city. Mr. Underwood was one of the first settlers on the middle Columbia.

The regular quarterly examination of teachers began this afternoon. There are quite a number of applicants.

Several Presbyterian ministers, accompanied by their wives, came up on the local this afternoon and will leave on the passenger tonight for the East, where they go to attend the general synod.

The Herrick cannery made a run this morning putting up about fifty cases, most of them fine chinooks. The salmon run is still light and will probably not improve much until the water begins to fall. The river is still coming up standing at 22.2 this morning.

Velarde Bros. are unloading a big safe from the cars this morning, at the foot of Federal street. The safe is the property of Mays & Crowe and weighs 11,000 pounds. J. C. Crandall, Hugh Glenn and some others are making a series of calculations, endeavoring to discover whether the safe will go in the building, or the building in the safe. At present the question is undecided, the proposition being as doubtful as that time-honored puzzle of trying to discover which was the smaller of two joints of stove-pipe when each was larger than the other. The safe will be gotten out this afternoon and if the foot of Federal street, when that safe rests on it, doesn't cause the head thereof to swear it will be because it has no corns.

Thursday's Daily

The public schools close on the 24th.

Wool is beginning to come in quite plentifully.

District court, May term, begins Wednesday, the 23d.

A heavy rain fell in the country in and around Dufur yesterday.

The county commissioners went out to John Doyle's this afternoon to look at the road and examine a bridge.

The Redmen's excursion to the Cascade Locks, which was to have come off Sunday, has been postponed until further notice.

The Young Peoples' Society of Christian Endeavor of the state, met in Salem this morning, fully 500 delegates being present.

The election in Spokane resulted in a populist mayor and two councilmen. The republicans elected the recorder and treasurer.

The dedication of the Catholic church at the Cascade Locks, will not take place until some time in June. Mass will be celebrated there, however, tomorrow.

The term of court in Crook county will probably terminate this week, so that the judge and attorneys may be expected home about Sunday or Monday.

The salmon run still continues light, but the catch is uniform though small. The cannery made another run this morning putting up about fifty cases.

The entertainment given by the Degree of Honor, last night, was well attended, the receipts at the door being \$30.50. Quite an interesting program was rendered and ice cream and cake served.

The death of Andrew Lytle at his home near Prineville, occurred April 26th. He was about 62 years old, came to the coast in 1850 and settled on the creek which bears his name, about 25 years ago.

Two victims of misplaced confidence were before the city recorder this morning. The subject was varied only in that this time the victims were females, and put up the coin for their fine. Too intimate an acquaintance with John Barleycorn was the charge against them.

The steamer Regulator will make the round trip to Cascade Locks Sunday evening, leaving her wharf here at 8 o'clock and leaving the Cascades at 5. Fare for round trip 50 cents. The trip is one of the most delightful in the world, and everybody should take advantage of the opportunity to visit the Locks and examine the work there.

The citizens of Frederick City, Maryland, are trying to raise money enough to build a monument to Francis Barton Key. If the "Star Spangled Banner" is not monument enough, then the erection

of a column of pulchre stone and bloodless mortar is wasted, money and perverted sentiment.

At the annual election of officers of the National Association of Railway Surgeons, held in Chicago on the 4th, Dr. Hugh Logan of this city was elected one of the vice-presidents. This was a deserved compliment to a very clever gentleman, and one who stands high in his chosen profession.

Dick Closter feels badly this morning. He told us confidentially that he had not realized how seriously he had been damaged by the failure of his duck speculation, but he braced up and said he was going to tackle Johnny Booth for breach of promise, because he had guaranteed the duck eggs to hatch.

The examination of applicants for certificates to teach brought a large number of young ladies and a few young gentlemen to the city. The examination is being conducted in the district courtroom and will be completed tomorrow. The bright and intelligent faces of the applicants give assurance that most of them will pass.

The Payton Comedy Co., which is billed to play here next week, commencing Monday night, comes highly recommended. The fact that the company stays for a whole week is evidence of its ability to give full satisfaction, as it is willing to show on its merits. Do not forget that Monday night, seats reserved before the box sheet is taken from the drugstore, will entitle each ticket holder to bring a friend.

Friday's Daily.

The Goldendale Sentinel begun its seventeenth year with its issue of yesterday.

The Wasco warehouse received 150 sacks of wool yesterday and 200 bushels of wheat.

Call at A. M. Williams & Co's. and see those black clay worsted suits, round Square and cutaway.

A train load of cattle passed through this morning coming from Eugene, and are to be turned loose on the ranges of Eastern Oregon.

An error in the type yesterday made us say that district court commences on the 22d. It will commence on the 27th, the fourth Monday.

The Union Dancing Club will give a dance this evening in the opera house. The full orchestra will be in attendance. All members are invited.

Rev. F. C. Krause recently ordained to the ministry and who has been doing pastoral work in the U. B. mission and church at Eugene, has been appointed pastor of the U. B. church at Hood River.

There will be a regular meeting of Mt. Hood Hose Co. No. 4, at the Hose House tomorrow, Saturday, at 7 1/2 o'clock p. m., full attendance is desired as there will be a vote on new Constitution and By-Laws.

Arrangements have been completed by which the Orchestra Union will have charge of the excursion to the Locks Sunday. The trip promises to be a delightful one and with the splendid music furnished by the orchestra the ride will be one long to be remembered. The boat leaves the wharf at 8 o'clock, and returning leaves the Locks at 5 o'clock. At the Locks every detail has been attended to, that will add to the pleasure and comfort of the guests.

There was a burglary in town last night, Collins & Co.'s store being the subject of the burglar's attention. They secured access to the building by prying open the door with an iron bar, the marks indicating that a wagon spring had been used. The tills were all pried open, but as a reward for all the trouble only 8 cents in money was obtained. If anything else was taken the loss has not been discovered. Taken all together the burglary was not a success if viewed from the burglar's standpoint.

A Wool Item.

Oregon stands seventh of the states in the number of her sheep, having 2,456,077. She is fourth in the production of unwashed wool, having 19,648,616 pounds and fourth in scoured wool, with 6,877,016 pounds. Ohio ranks first with Texas a very close second and California third, with only 210,000 less sheep. Texas produces the most unwashed wool, but her product loses 68 per cent in scouring, while that from Ohio loses but 52 per cent, so that the latter outranks her in the scoured product. Oregon wool loses 65 per cent weight in scouring. The average weight of the Oregon fleece is 8 pounds.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Excursion to Cascade Locks and Return.

Steamer Regulator will leave The Dalles at 8 a. m. Sunday, May 12, arriving at the Cascade Locks at 10:20 a. m. Returning will leave the Locks at 5 p. m. Tickets, 50 cents. D. P. & A. N. Co.

Our patrons will find De Witt's Little Early Risers a safe and reliable remedy for constipation, dyspepsia and liver complaints. Snipes-Kinerly Drug Co. All pain banished by Dr. Miles' Pain Pills.

She Ate Eight Million Ducks.

Dick Closter recently figured out a proposition by which in a few years he could make a fortune, and with his usual energy, at once went to work to get the scheme to operating. Dick's idea was a duck ranch. He figured that a good duck, with the maternal instinct well developed, would, with a few bottles of "Swelin's food," be able to hatch and care for two broods of ducklings in a year. Each brood would contain six ducks and six ducks. Each of the six ducks would in turn hatch two broods, so that at the end of the second year, not allowing anything for infantile duck diseases, he would have, with a starter of one pair, 156 ducks and 156 drakes. Keeping the ducks and selling the drakes, the third year he would have 2,040 ducks, and also 1,872 drakes for sale. The fourth year he would have 26,520 ducks, and for sale 24,480 drakes. He had estimated that the sale of the drakes would pay all running expenses, so that each year his ducks would be left as clear profit. At the end of the fifth year the ducks would number 344,760, and the drakes, which, of course, he would sell, would be 318,240. The sixth year he would have 4,181,880 ducks and 3,837,120 drakes, or a total of 8,019,000. These Dick would sell at \$3 per dozen, a conservative price, and would retire from business with \$2,004,750, which any one will admit is a handsome sum to be accumulated in six years from one dozen duck eggs as the original capital.

Last week Dick purchased a round dozen duck eggs of the Clydesdale brand and took them home to begin the creation of his fortune; but an unexpected difficulty arose. None of Dick's hens showed any inclination to set, and of course time was too valuable to be wasted. Dick put the eggs in a nice nest in a barrel, and then captured a hen and enclosed her with them; but the old proverb says "one man may lead a horse to water, but ten men can't make him drink." Dick found the same rule true among the gallinaceous birds, for his old hen set standing, and refused utterly and emphatically to work. She was on an individual strike, and would not listen to reason. She scorned the eggs, she refused to set unless it was on her own terms, or rather, to be more correct, on her own lay. Dick, knowing the perverseness of the sex, yielded to the inevitable and began to look around for some other mother for the ducklings. He had a dog, but he was of the yellow, short-haired variety, and not a setter. The cow, the horse and a pet lamb were all considered as to their possibilities as incubators, and all dismissed from the calculation.

By this time Dick was getting wild and had about come to the conclusion he would have to do the setting himself, indeed it is said that he had begun to cluck when he got up in the morning, when he discovered that an old goose had deposited two eggs in her nest and had commenced to incubate. Dick was happy, and at once placed his dozen duck eggs under old Mother Goose, and then went home to complete his calculations. He went back in half an hour, and arrived just in time to see the goose eat the last of his duck eggs.

And that is how Dick Closter lost \$2,004,750 in less than six years in the poultry business.

Real Estate Transactions.

Emil Schanno to Grace Donnell, strip 118 feet by 5 feet Trevitt's addition; \$50.

Rebecca Williams and George Williams to Nathan Harris, w 1/2 lot 7, block 15, Laughlin's addition to Dalles City; \$1000.

United States to John W. Montgomery sw 1/4 sec 21, tp 1 s, r 14 e.

Milton D. O'Dell, administrator of the estate of William O'Dell, deceased, to John Tait Roberts, 133 acres in Hood River valley; \$3000.

James A. Parish and wife to U. D. Parish, lot 20, block 14, Thompson's addition to Dalles City; \$1.

United States to James Darnelle sw 1/4, sec 7, tp 1 s, r 14 e; patent.

United States to James Darnelle, se 1/4, sec 12, tp 1 s, r 13 e; patent.

Hood River Townsite Co. to C. R. Bone, fractional lots 1 and 2 and lots 7 and 8, block A, first addition west to town of Hood River; \$415.

J. H. Eubanks, administrator, to Samuel Patterson, sw 1/4, sec 12, tp 5 s, r 12 e; \$650.

H. C. Coats and wife to Geo. W. McCoy, sw 1/4, sec 25 tp 2 s, r 9 e; \$500.

Ended With a Wedding.

A big house witnessed the presentation of the Lightning Rod Agent at the Opera house last night. Mr. Payton as the agent was in his elements and displayed his talent as a comedian. He was well supported. An event of much interest was the marriage of M. L. Le Forest and Miss Marie Hyland by Judge Ducan after the play was over. To the strains of Mendelssohn's march the happy couple marched upon the stage in bridal costume, presenting a striking and attractive appearance, and were duly joined together as husband and wife. The ceremony was just finished when the bride and groom were covered with showers of rice coming from all directions. May they live long and happily together.—Albany Democrat.

Dr. Miles' Pain Pills cure Neuralgia.

OUR SPECIAL SALE.

Saturday, May 11th.

Our Great Leader in Shoes.

We offer for Saturday only, our best \$1.50 Dongola Kid Button Shoes, with Leather Tip, for

\$1.15



\$1.15

These Shoes have just been received from the manufacturers, and can be had in Opera and Common-sense Toe.

See Our Window.

ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

PEASE & MAYS.

The Grave of Nesmith.

John Minto in Salem Statesman:

You gave notice to my recent hasty ride in Polk county. Permit me space to say that in addition to seeing some of the most beautiful country the eye ever looked upon, generally well cultivated where culture is essayed, I took a brief half hour to visit the resting place of the body of the late James W. Nesmith, eminent as a pioneer and patriotic citizen. The place was of his own selection, on the south bank of the La Creole river, in the shade of a fir grove. It is a beautiful spot, within the domain he received as a reward for his pioneering. A beautiful shaft of polished granite rises from the unpolished block of the same enduring material, wisely chosen for a fit memorial stone for the character of the man whose memory it tends to preserve. The lettering reads:

James Willet Nesmith.
A pioneer of 1843.
Judge under the provisional government in 1845.

United States marshal 1853-55.
Colonel of volunteers in 1855.
Superintendent Indian affairs '57-59.
United States senator 1861-67.
Representative in congress 1873-75.

Born July 23, 1820.
Died June 17, 1885.
An upright judge.
A brave soldier.
A wise legislator.
An honest man.

Here is a record for posterity to be proud of, the best of which lies in its absolute truth. The country he helped to name and the state he helped to found, and to which he gave his service, alike have reason for pride in his life and character.

The state of Oregon has done itself credit by placing upon the halls of its capitol likenesses of its governors and the friend of the early pioneers. It can well afford to go a step further and place within its halls the portraits of at least three of its earliest pioneers—Peter H. Burnett, Jesse Applegate and J. W. Nesmith. I submit this last suggestion for the pioneers at their approaching meeting.

Horse Meat.

The canning of horse meat may yet solve the question as to what shall be done with the range horse. At present that animal is practically valueless, and unless he can be eaten, will have to be exterminated. If a market can be found for the canned flesh, it will serve to clean the range and give at least a small return to the owner. There is no reason why horse flesh should not be as fit for food as that of any other animal, the only objection being prejudice. He is the cleanest and handsomest of all animals, and yet we draw the line at feeding on him. It is, indeed, a queer stomach and a perverse taste that will demand chicken, the foulest of the fowl, or hog, the scavenger, and yet refuse the flesh of the horse. This is good logic, and yet we confess that it seems almost like dining on one's friend. We do not hanker after any of it for our own immediate use.

Her Value Increased.

The financial value that accompanies artistic success is again illustrated in the case of Nordice, the great soprano, whose triumphs at Bayreuth last summer, were heralded far and near. Before her overwhelming European success, managers estimated her services at \$800 for each performance, but the contract for this season calls for \$1,200 per

Mosier Breezes.

As I have seen nothing from Mosier in your paper, thought I would drop you a note or two.

Rather cool weather for everything to grow well.

Mr. Hunter improving very slowly.

Mr. Hardwick, who was hurt recently in a runaway, is so he can be about.

Mrs. Wagner from Indiana is here visiting with her sister, Mrs. Root.

J. P. Carol had a narrow escape from being badly hurt by being thrown from a wagon while going down a grade near Lamb's on a load of posts.

Mrs. Vicas and little girl arrived here last Monday morning from Kansas. She says they have had no rain for the past six months, and that the crops are blowing out. He husband came some time ago, and has been staying at Lee Evans'.

Next Saturday and Sunday will be quarterly meeting at the schoolhouse in school district No. 8. Elder Motor will preach on Saturday evening at 7:30, and on Sunday there will be the usual quarterly meeting services.

The Union Sunday school is going to give a concert on Saturday afternoon, May 18th, at 2 o'clock. The proceeds are to buy song books for Sunday school. The following is the program as handed me by the committee:

Song, "Our Sunday School." Prayer. Anthem, "Heavenly Father Hear Us." Declaration, "The Sermon," by Annie Godbersen. Song, "Our Savior's Mighty Love. Instrumental music, Belle Watt. Song, "Jesus Will Bless the Little Ones." Dec., "Little Jim," Rozella Root. Male quartette, "We're Going Home." Select reading, Mrs. Boothe. Song, "Beautiful Robes." Dec., "Casting Anchors," Hattie Hunter. Duet, Mesdames Daggett and Power. Song, "Bless the Lord, O My Soul!" Dec., "Burial of Moses," G. L. Carroll. Song, "I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old." Solo and chorus, "Twas Rum That Spoiled My Boy." Dec., Gertie Davenport. Song, "Seeking the Lost." Dec., "Memories of Jesus," Etta Phillips. Song, "Thy Dearest Friend." Solo, Belle Watt. Dec., "Love One Another," Ida Phillips. Song, "Won't You Trust Him." Dec., "Trouble in the Amen Corner," J. M. Carroll. Song, "Eagle Call." Dec., "Guilty, or Not Guilty," Nellie Davenport. Song, "Come." Closing song.

They expect to render the program well, as they have some very good singers and speakers. It will be well worth the admission fee and trouble to come. All are cordially invited. Let us turn out and encourage the young folks in this concert. They have it in the afternoon, as it is bad for some people to get about after night, and all can lose a half a day in order to gain such a treat.

The Bloomer.

At last the bloomer has taken tangible shape. It was a dream, an airy vision, but now it has a local habitation and a

name. It made its first appearance in The Dalles yesterday evening, coming like a thief in the night. There were just two of them, and they made their first appearance on the back streets, but they are too pretty, too becoming and too sensible to remain a back street number.

Two of The Dalles most charming ladies wore them, and as they glided noiselessly along under the big poplars, it required no great stretch of the imagination to fancy that the furies and elves had come out, to see what there was about bicycles that set every body wild to ride them, and became so infatuated with the sport that they forgot that mortals were around to catch a glimpse of them as they flashed through the moonlit spaces between the shadows of the trees. We predict the bloomer has come to stay, and if so the bicycle has accomplished a miracle, in compelling women to dress not only beautifully, but sensibly. The bloomer is a bifurcated dream in art! An iambic poem in dress goods! A symphony in *tout ensemble!* An embodied perfume! A distracting combination! A style chaste as Diana! Beautiful as Hebe! Fit garment for the Dryads, or for the Vestals, and it goes with leggings too. The blooms of the orchards are sweet, and the bloom of the rose a delight, but bloom as they may the new style is far bloomer.

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