

The Weekly Chronicle.

THE DALLES, - - - - OREGON

OFFICIAL PAPER OF WASCO COUNTY.

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LOCAL BREVITIES.

Wednesday's Daily.

The Klickitat hills were covered with snow this morning, but it did not remain long.

The case of the state against L. T. North was tried today, Dufur & Menefee appearing for the defendant.

In the case against Ed. Marshall charged with larceny from a dwelling, R. B. Sinnott was appointed by the court to defend him.

A true bill was found against F. L. Leonard yesterday, and Sinnott & Sinnott were appointed by the court to conduct his defense.

The many friends of Prof. M. N. Stratton will be pleased to learn that he has a position as teacher in the 8th grade of Harrison Street school, Portland.

Every Democrat in the nation can find some consolation in the election of McKinley. Bayard will be superseded in England and an American put in his place.

Yesterday the civil suit of Collins & Co. against Hendrichsen and wife, to recover \$100 on a note, was tried before a jury, and a verdict returned giving plaintiffs judgment for \$61.40.

King Oscar of Sweden will head the Venezuela Arbitration board. The other four members of the board will be appointed, two by the chief justice of the United States, and two by the lord chief justice of England.

Jacob Bauer, of Dufur, aged about 65 years, was adjudged insane yesterday by Justice Fillion, and was taken to the asylum today. The old gentleman is not violent, but is suffering from partial paralysis of the brain.

License to marry was issued today to Ozias S. Boardman, of Mitchell, Crook county, Oregon, and Mrs. Charlotte M. Clark, of Wasco county. The marriage will be celebrated this afternoon at 4 o'clock, Justice Fillion officiating.

There were three carloads of our citizens went to Portland this afternoon in one car and a half, and by the time they reach that metropolis will consider the jam on the line of the parade, as a first rate open breathing space. It is impossible to name them, as space forbids, but among them was the foreman of this news center, Mr. Davenport.

Mr. Alexander McLeod came in from Kingsley yesterday and had one of his fingers amputated. Some six weeks ago he got this finger caught in the machine with which he was grinding grain, and had to have the same amputated back of the first joint. The bone becoming diseased, it became necessary to again have it amputated, which was done by Dr. Logan last night.

Mr. Clark Dunlap of Wasco, Sherman county, is in the city making final proof on his railroad lands.

The result of the work of Mr. J. L. Mitchell was the initiation of seven candidates into the mysteries of the order of Maccabees last night.

Mr. Wilbur Bolton of Antelope is in the city. He reports the rain as having been very heavy in that neighborhood, and with it some snow fell.

The case of Mrs. Urquhart against C. E. Jones is on trial today, and as soon as it is submitted, that of the State against Ed. Marshall will be called.

Mr. Eoff, who was thrown from a caboose near Arlington several days and was brought here for medical aid, was taken to Portland yesterday, his condition becoming more serious.

The young ladies of the Methodist church will sell pies, cakes and doughnuts at the store formerly occupied by Herbing on Second street. Sale will be held on the 23d, 24th and 25th of this month.

Mr. Clark Dunlap reports the rainfall as being heavy in Sherman county, and doing an immense amount of good. It would have been better had it come a month ago, but it is welcome in spite of its being late.

The regular quarterly examination of teachers began Wednesday and will conclude tomorrow. There are but two applicants instead of twenty or more as usual, this being caused by an over supply of teachers and a weakness in the demand.

Mr. E. Jacobsen arrived home last night, after a trip through Grant and other counties of Southern Oregon. At Antelope one of his horses gave out and he left him with Wm. Wiley, getting another horse from him. At the same time an agreement was made that if Bryan was elected, Jacobsen was to re-

turn Wiley's horse and leave his own, but if McKinley won, Jacobsen was to keep Wiley's horse and leave his own, or in other words swap even.

Hon. W. C. Wills, member of the state board of equalization, is in the city. He came in from Prineville in order to examine into the assessments of the counties of Eastern Oregon prior to the meeting of the board, which takes in December.

Last night a couple of cars loaded with grain left the track at the crossing of Washington street. They had to be unloaded before they could be gotten back on the track, and the result was that the east-bound passenger was delayed here a couple of hours.

The jury in the case of the State against L. T. North accused of indecent exposure, brought in a verdict of guilty last night in twenty minutes after the case had been submitted to them. Mr. Fred W. Wilson assisted in the prosecution, and as it was his first case in the circuit court he is much more elated over the result than the prisoner.

Thanksgiving evening Wasco Tribe, No 10, I. O. R. M., will give an entertainment at the Vogt opera house. Among the other good things on the program will be an exhibition by Prof. Reed, consisting of tricks legermain, and we believe, an exposition of some of the phenomena pertaining to spiritualism. The Redmen do with their might whatever they undertake, and hence it is already safe to say the entertainment will be a success.

Rosa Bonheur leads the life of a recluse in her chateau in the depths of the Forest of Fontainebleau, near Paris. She secludes herself from all, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the editors of The Ladies' Home Journal succeeded in getting a proposition before her that she should write her autobiography for that magazine. After nearly a year's effort they were successful, and once started on her work the great painter found so much interest in it that she made over a dozen special studies and pictures of animals to accompany the text. The autobiographical article, with the valuable unpublished drawings, will appear in the Christmas Journal, together with portraits of Rosa Bonheur as she works in her studio and home.

The Junior Endeavors will give an entertainment at the Christian church this evening. Admission 15 cents.

Invitations are out for a banquet given by the Ladies' McKinley Club at the Umatilla House Saturday evening. It promises to be a very pleasant affair.

The criminal docket this term is about the shortest we have had for some time. The law docket is not long and probably the jurors will be discharged before Thanksgiving.

The rain still falls and the sea of slop continues to grow. Second street is an infringement on the Venetian canal patent, though the slop is shallow. Boots drawing over two feet are not safe to navigate it with.

Mr. Wm. Kelsay of Antelope lost a package of drygoods between Pease & Mays store and the brick yard east of town last night. The package was marked Wm. Kelsay & Son, and the finder will confer a favor by leaving the same at this office, or at Pease & Mays.

The case of Ed. Marshall, charged with larceny from a dwelling is on trial today. Mr. Marshall is charged by the grand jury with stealing from a trunk in the dwelling house of Mrs. Ann Garfield, more commonly known by the title of Irish Molly. Mr. Roger Sinnott is conducting the defense.

Mr. B. F. Laughlin, who has been buying wheat at Grant for some time, is again home. The heavy rains made the roads so bad that for a while delivering wheat at the railroad will cease, and in such weather as permits, the farmers will devote their time to plowing. Mr. Laughlin tells us the bulk of the wheat from Klickitat has been delivered, but that there is still a large amount in Sherman county.

If you have nothing else to give thanks for, come around and subscribe for THE CHRONICLE, and by Thanksgiving day you will be glad you are alive. Our columns are running over with wisdom, news, wit and general information. Sense and nonsense can both be found, together with some fresh ideas direct from the factory. Try our original panacea for all earthly troubles, the DAILY CHRONICLE at twenty-six doses for half a dollar.

Following is the list of letters remaining in the postoffice at The Dalles un-called for Nov. 14, 1896. Persons calling for the same will give date on which they were advertised:

- Bell, Wm; Babbington, Kate; Caryannie, M; Farley, Frank; Hamilton, Thos; Juddins, Lottie; Kerr, Florence; Mohr, Fred; Morse, Mrs C W; Roberts, M E; Stringer, O A (2); Smiley, Thos; Turner, Bertie; Balch, H E; Clark, Leona; Cover, Lee; Frenks, Fricker; Holt, O G; Jones, Minnie; Mitchell, W; McDonald, John; Marie, Miss Robins; Remington, J R; Sparks, T W; Staack, P; Waver, Dolph; J. A. GROSSEN, P. M.

There's more clothing destroyed by poor soap than by actual wear as the free alkali rots them. Hoe cake is pure-

EDITOR CHRONICLE-In this morning's Dispatch is an article entitled "A Lively Scrimmage," which presents one side of the case. I ask space to present the other, as I am the person alluded to. I and my friend applied at the box office asking for two seats as near the front as possible. The ticket seller told us "You can go within four or five seats of the front row," took my money and gave me the tickets. I saw no usher nor anyone else, and after waiting a few minutes we took seats in, I think, either the fifth or sixth row of seats. An usher, I suppose it was, asked me to move. I asked him what for, and he said "These seats are reserved." I said: "Why were you not here to show us where we were entitled to sit? He said, "I've nothing to do with that." I said, "Put me out if you can." "I will not do that," he said, "but I will see that you are put out." I said: "Why did you not have somebody to look after seating people?"

The curtain was up and the first act on when we were first requested to move. He came back at the end of the act with the night watchman. They told me I must pay more money or move. I told Mr. Wiley if he would get me my money we would go out. This he promised to do, but upon getting to the door he said he had nothing to do with it. I insisted that he did, when he drew his club and attacked me, trying to knock me down, which he could not do. I took his club away from him but did not strike him with it. My friend took no part in the proceedings whatever. Wiley never let me know he was an officer, and I did not know that he was. When informed that he was, I restored his club and went with him peaceably. This is all there was of it.

JAMES GALLAGHER.

A Desperate Contest.

The merry-go-round has struck a pay streak. Its proprietor recognizing that love is what makes not only the world, but the merry-go-round has offered a gold watch as a prize to the most popular young lady in The Dalles, the entries being for girls up to "a certain age." Young America is on hand to prove his divinity, and as each time he rides he gets a ticket, and with each ticket gets a vote, life is to him one joyous round of pleasure. As it is a free for all, no weights for age, it is hard to make any estimate as to the result. It may be a damsel fair and 26 or it may be some sugar coated little lady of sweet 14. The election, so to speak, is running high, higher and hotter and more fierce than the McKinley-Bryan fight, for in the eyes of the partisans there is more at stake, and every individual doughty little knight is determined that his particular divinity, the sun of his first affections and whose bright beams illuminate like an X ray the innermost recesses of his soul shall wear that watch. As a result, night and day the merry-go-round whirls gaily, though somewhat creakingly, not being permitted to stop long enough to get its gudgeons greased. The nickels flow in, the tickets out, and the watch ticks listeningly waiting for the selection of its fair owner.

Merry and Other Things.

There was fairly good skating on the sidewalks at an early hour this morning the rain winding up in a light fall of sleet. As we came slipping our little tootsies down to our treadmill, the crisp icy sidewalks set our memory to roaming into the misty past, when with the old curled-toed skates we "glid" over the frozen surface of the mighty canal. To the time when the one rosy cheeked and fur be wrapped little divinity that flowed across our youthful vision, and filled our adolescent heart to overflowing with the blissful pain of an overgrown dose of puppy love. To the time when-but just here our feelings overcame us and we sat down to recuperate. It didn't take long, owing to the coolness existing between us and the sidewalk, to yank our memory out of the dim past and fetch her back to the painful present. As soon as she arrived we remembered that under such circumstances, the best thing to do was to get up. This we did, taking something less than a quart of dampness up with us. The only moral that we perceive in this digression is that it is better to concentrate ones thoughts on the beans and spuds that we have with us, or ought to have, than on the lilies and langour, the roses and red cheeks of the too long ago. There is more solid comfort in a corset full of eatables, than pleasure in recollection of what might have been, but an't.

An Unique Bet and Its Barren Results.

Election bets are easily made, and as the person backing his opinion generally feels certain that he cannot lose, he is sometimes easily induced to put to the hazard and die of a wager some things that in his calmer moments he would not gamble on. That some of these foolish bets are paid speaks well of the honesty of the better, but at the same time often exposes the seeming lack of gray matter in his upper story. It is impossible, however, to estimate a man's mental capacity by the kind of election bet he makes, because, as we have said, he never expects to be called upon to pay it. It is only by accident that many of these stray and unique bets become public property.

Such a bet was made, so we are told, recently by our excellent fellow-town-

man, Mr. Harry B. Morse. As the story comes to us, and of course we do not vouch for its details, Mr. Morse, although a Republican, it seems had some doubts as to McKinley's election. These doubts being expressed sub rosa to a Republican friend, were the cause of the bet which yesterday evening Mr. Morse paid. It appears that who ever should lose the bet was to confess his lack of judgment by having his hair shaved of a la Bill Nye, and thus show by producing an artificial forehead, running nearly back to his shirt collar, what he apparently needed. This operation was submitted to last evening by Mr. Morse, and the uncommunicative tonsorial artist only admitted to our reporter the facts in the case, as soon as he got a chance. The excuse was made that the hair was falling out, but the sly wink of an outsider put the barber on, and hence the record of this mournful incident. There is nothing but a hat now between Mr. Morse and heaven, but he keeps the obstruction in place steadily. Hatless he looks like some venerable monk (this word not abbreviated) intent only on the salvation of his fellow-man, or like Socrates just before he took his last drink, when with uplifted eyes he made that immortal statement, "She do move." However, the hair will grow and the memory of election bets pass away, and we chronicle this one only that our friend may be saved the annoyance of questions by sympathetic friends, and prevent his being mistaken for the Wyoming humorist, William Nye.

Self-Denial Week.

The Salvation Army is all alive and actively engaged in preparing for its annual Self-Denial week, which takes place throughout the United States from Nov. 16th to 22d inclusive. Large sums of money have been raised in past years, and it is a wonderful testimony to the army's development and activity. Each member of the army, as well as friends of its many social institutions, are asked to abstain from all luxuries, and in many cases officers and soldiers have actually determined to do without certain articles of food which are ordinarily considered necessary, in order that by their acts of self-denial they may add financial support to the army and its many different branches of work. The social operations throughout America have been greatly developed during the past twelve months; new Food and Shelters have been opened in New York, San Francisco and Kansas City respectively. As a natural consequence, therefore, the demands upon the army's funds have increased, and this will require still greater efforts to raise a correspondingly increased amount during this special Self-Denial week. The total aimed at is \$40,000.

After Many Years.

Tuesday evening a gray-haired gentleman approached mine host of the Umatilla and asked if he was Col. Sinnott. Being answered in the affirmative he proceeded as follows: "Do you remember of a robbery committed here in 1863?"

"Yes," said the Col. "Do you remember who was robbed then?" "Yes." "The man's name was Louis Davenport, was it not?" "Yes." "The amount taken was about \$8000, wasn't it?" "Yes." "Where is Davenport now?" "He lives near Mosier," was the reply. "Well," proceeded the stranger, "I have been looking the matter up for the past two years, and I can say that one of his herders got away with that money." "Yes," said the colonel, "What have you been doing the other thirty-one years?" There was no answer, and the man walked away.

The colonel gave us the substance of the facts of the robbery as follows: "In 1863, when the train pulled in from Celilo, Louis Davenport, who was at that time a packer, got off the cars carrying in his hand his saddle pockets, in which was stored \$8,000 in gold dust. Meeting some friends, Davenport deposited the saddle pockets on the sidewalk while he shook hands with them. Reaching after his valuables a moment later, they had disappeared and from that time to this have never been heard of." Just what caused the stranger to take such an interest in this robbery a

Get Your Christmas Gifts Free. Many thousand dollars worth of valuable articles suitable for Christmas gifts for the young and old, are to be given to smokers of Blackwell's Genuine Durham Tobacco. You will find one coupon inside each two ounce bag, and two coupons inside each four ounce bag of Blackwell's Durham. Buy a bag of this celebrated tobacco and read the coupon-which gives a list of valuable presents and how to get them. Blackwell's Genuine DURHAM Tobacco.

AN INTERESTING CASE.

Expert Testimony Fails to Establish Forgery, and Plaintiff Wins.

The suit of Annie Urquhart against C. E. Jones, was tried yesterday and late last night was submitted to the jury which soon arrived at a verdict. It was quite an interesting case, the action being brought to recover the sum of about \$700, due on a promissory note.

The defense put up was that while Jones had one time owed Mrs. Urquhart about the sum sued for, that he had paid the same, and in support of this statement produced a cancelled note, and claimed that the present note was a forgery. Expert testimony was introduced, the weight of it being to the effect that the signature did not appear to be Jones', but all hesitating about swearing it was not. The plaintiff set up that Jones came to her, and stated that his other creditors, particularly one in Sherman county, was pushing him and about to sue, that if he was given a little time he could pull through, and then asked that plaintiff surrender the note and take a new one in its place, that by doing so he could show the note, and by making his other creditors believe he was paying off his debts, he could get time. Mrs. Urquhart first objected, but finally consented and Jones made a new note, signing the same while seated in his buggy, which plaintiff insists was the reason of his signature being somewhat crude.

The case was well argued, and being submitted, the jury found for plaintiff, giving her judgment for the full sum sued for, and \$75 attorney's fees. W. H. Wilson for plaintiff, J. B. Hosford for defendant.

The Coal Question.

EDITOR CHRONICLE: Being deeply interested in the matter of coal mining, I have read with much interest your valuable editorial on that subject. Being an old coal miner I have ventured a few suggestions, which I ask THE CHRONICLE, as well as its contemporary to print.

Doubtless the majority of the people in this city are not aware of the splendid sandstone and conglomerate coal measures lying flat and extending for miles to the south and westward from the Catholic cemetery, undisturbed by any eruptions. These coal measures are exactly the same as those that cover the splendid bituminous coal veins of Vancouver island, known as the Wellington and Nanaimo coal mines. Those mines furnish more than one-third of all the coal consumed on the Pacific coast, and employ thousands of men.

The whole people of our city are aware that five of our townsmen have been at work about four miles west of The Dalles, on Chenoweth creek, for several years, and have expended several thousand dollars drilling down through these coal measures with a steel bit and connecting rods, in search of coal, and by hard work and perseverance have reached a considerable depth, but the fine grain and hard character of the rock encoun-

tered during the last year have been the cause of their making very slow progress; in fact their average drilling for the last three months has not exceeded one inch a day. This is altogether too slow, and has demonstrated the fact that further work cannot be accomplished without the use of a diamond drill. This will cost about \$1,000. Now these men are asking the people of this city to furnish \$500, or one-half of the amount, and they stand ready to put up the other \$500 or more if it requires it, and will drill the hole to a depth that will settle the question of coal or no coal in this neighborhood. None of us can say that these men are asking anything unreasonable, for the matter is one that should engage the earnest and earliest attention of our people. They certainly have the energy to raise the small amount, knowing, as they all do, that if these men are successful, it will be the crowning glory of this city, and insure its prosperity for the next hundred years. Imagine trains coming in from the mines half a dozen times a day and a dozen steamboats barges and schooners receiving it at our wharves. There would be eight hundred or a thousand men at work in the mines. There is no excuse for leaving this matter drop. Fifteen hundred dollars were easily raised here for celebrating the opening of the Cascade locks, and self interest should make the raising of \$500 an easy task.

A COAL MINER.

Report of Grand Jury.

In the circuit court of the state of Oregon, for the county of Wasco. In the matter of the final report of the grand jury, November term, 1896:

Come now the grand jury empanelled for the November term of circuit court for Wasco county, 1896, and respectively report as follows:

We have been in session three days and have found and returned into court from time to time, four true bills and two not true bills. We have also examined into such other matters as came before us.

We have visited the office of the county clerk, sheriff and treasurer and examined the records of each office, and we find the same kept in excellent manner. The county jail was also visited, and we found it in good condition and the inmates well attended. We visited the poor farm, and found all county charges well provided and satisfied with their treatment. Having completed our labors, we ask to be discharged.

POLK BUTLER, Foreman. L. N. BLOWERS, Clerk.

A Neat Device.

Mr. Milton Harlan, formerly of this paper, has accepted a position as agent for the Chautauqua "Drawing Board and Writing Desk." This is an ingenious device for instructing the young in the art of drawing, the first lessons in arithmetic, letters and the presentation of objects to the eye in connection with the name. It needs but to be seen by those who have the care of youngsters to be appreciated. Mr. Harlan expects to visit Dufur and other inland points in the near future, to introduce the desks, and will no doubt meet with a hearty welcome and abundant success.

The Price on Farm Wagons Has Dropped;

MAYS & CROWE, The Dalles, Or. Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair, Gold Medal, Midwinter Fair. DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER. Most Perfect Made. 40 Years the Standard. That is, the price on some wagons has fallen below our price on "OLD HICKORY" Wagons. Why? Because no other wagon on the market will sell alongside of the "OLD HICKORY" at the same prices. It is the best ironed, best painted and lightest running, and we guarantee every bit of material in it to be strictly first-class. If you want the CHEAPEST Wagon on the market, we haven't got it; but we have got the BEST, and solicit comparison.