

The Weekly Chronicle.

THE DALLES. - - - OREGON

OFFICIAL PAPER OF WASCOCO COUNTY.

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LOCAL BREVITIES.

Wednesday's Daily.

The Elks will hold their regular annual memorial services one week from Sunday.

Mr. Long is educating about a dozen young fellows in the art of tooting brass horns, and by spring expects to have them far enough advanced to play with the band.

It is expected that Bishop Cranston, the newly appointed dignitary of the Methodist church, will fill the pulpit of the church here some Sunday in the near future.

There was just enough snow fell this morning to make one think it was mid winter, and then the weather clerk remembered what he promised yesterday and shut off the supply.

Mr. John Booth has leased the Baldwin opera house, and will convert it into a skating rink. The band boys will get their scenery out, and the stage and all other impediments will be removed.

The ladies who enjoy the privileges of the Commercial and Athletic Club rooms Thursday afternoons, respectfully invite the members of the club to share those privileges with them Thursday afternoon, Nov. 28th.

The locks at the Cascades will not be operated tomorrow because it is Thanksgiving and a legal holiday. The boats will run just as usual, making a transfer of passengers at the locks and carrying no freight. Passengers will have to walk only a few yards, in going from one boat to the other.

As the time for making cash entry on the forfeited Northern Pacific railroad lands expires Jan. 1st, 1897, the business of the land office is picking up, and there will be quite a rush of business from this time until that date. There is no probability of the time being extended, no demand having so far been made for it, and all desiring to make proof must do so during the year 1896.

Of course this would be a proper occasion to print a dissertation on Thanksgiving, its origin, rise and progress, but we do not purpose doing it. At the Episcopal church Rev. Goss will trace out the history of Thanksgiving, and at the Congregational Rev. Gray will do the same thing. We stand aside and request that all our readers attend services and they will find out all about Thanksgiving, and also something to be thankful for.

If we had nothing else to give thanks for, we should certainly find sufficient reason for so doing in the fact that we do not have to chase around after news items. Today our weary brogans have thumped the icy by-ways in vain, for items are not, and neither is anybody else. After making the rounds of the town we reached our den possessed of the information that Jack Denoehue has a turkey that is, from its size, some relation to a pterodactyl. That's all we know, except that we would like to sample the bird.

Friday's Daily.

Circuit court adjourned over today until Dec. 28th.

Mr. Ketchum last night shipped 1200 head of sheep to Troutdale.

Up in Montana the mercury is down to 30 and 35 degrees below zero.

One carload of hogs was shipped to Seattle last night by Mr. Parrott.

We have heard no complaints about mosquitoes bothering anyone last night. Have you?

About 350 head of cattle from Crook county were shipped from Grants today to eastern points.

Mr. Parrott has purchased and shipped about 2,500 hogs from this point to Seattle since the first of September.

Roller skating promises to become quite the local fad if Jack Frost sees fit to withdraw his opposition. The ice is being well patronized today.

The Thanksgiving services at the Congregational church were appropriate and beautiful. The sermon was a remarkably good one, and the singing exceptionally fine.

Don't forget the social at the Good Templar hall tomorrow evening. A brief program will be had, after which baskets containing lunches will be auctioned to the highest bidder.

Three carloads of cattle were shipped on the Dalles City this morning to Portland, where they will be loaded on the cars and sent to Port Townsend. They were shipped by Chas. Butler.

Judge Bradshaw opened court this morning, and the case of the Davis Sewing Machine Company against Wm.

Tackman is being tried out without the intervention of a jury, Huntington & Wilson for plaintiff, H. H. Riddell for defendant.

Mr. S. L. Brooks gives the temperature this morning as 2 degrees below zero, the coldest for November in 25 years. Other thermometers gave readings varying from zero to 6 below.

The extensive plant of the Inman Poulsen Lumbering Co., of Portland, was destroyed by fire Thursday night. The loss is about \$85,000, and 150 men will be thrown out of employment.

A very pleasant afternoon was spent at the club rooms yesterday, when ladies and gentlemen alike enjoyed the pleasures there afforded. In a bowling contest between the ladies and gentlemen, the former were victorious.

The Sunday school of the Christian church will give a concert and entertainment Friday evening, Dec. 4th, at the church. A very entertaining program is promised. In making engagements for that night, don't forget the "little ones."

Mrs. S. L. Young received a telegram yesterday morning announcing the death of her brother, George Marshall, at Oregon City. She left on the afternoon train for that place. Mr. Marshall was about 33 years of age and had been sick for a long time.

With a continuation of the present weather for a few days, the ice harvest will begin. At the Umatilla Judd, the genial, is arranging for the storage of about 100 tons of coldness, and the ice companies are all getting ready to begin active work.

Quite a number of young people surprised Rev. W. C. Curtis and wife Wednesday evening, taking possession of the house and spending a delightful evening. On departing they left a neat little pile of silver to be used in purchasing a memento of the occasion.

The Red-men's entertainment and ball last night was a success in every way. The expose of spiritual manifestations by Professor and Mrs. Read, were complete, and highly gratifying to the large audience. The dancing was kept up to a late hour, and was thoroughly enjoyed.

The ladies of the Episcopal guild met at Mrs. Douthitt's Wednesday and among other things elected officers for the ensuing year. Mrs. Sheldon was elected president, and Mrs. Crandall secretary, but the name of the vice-president our news-gleaner failed to gather in.

The water in the Columbia is decidedly cold, at least Theodore Nickelsen thinks so, since his impromptu bath yesterday. He went out on the ice to see how far out from the shore it would bear, and determined the line of demarcation between that strong enough and that not, to a nicety.

There promises to be a very large attendance at the Vogt tonight to greet the Spanish Students. The cold weather cuts no figure as the room will be thoroughly warmed, and the outside temperature will not be permitted to enter. All lovers of music should bear the Spanish Students as it is a first class company, of first class artists.

Wheat is looking up and it is now claimed that seventeen million bushels will be required monthly by Europe, from now until next July. As it is impossible for one year's crop to overcome a year of short crop and at the same time make a surplus, the outlook for good prices is very bright. It is tolerably certain that next year's wheat crop will not sell below 70 cents a bushel.

Hon. J. N. Brown, of Morrow county, and a member of the coming legislature arrived here Wednesday evening and spent Thanksgiving in The Dalles. Mr. Brown is a candidate for the position of speaker of the house, and is evidently making a canvass for the place. He interviewed Wasco's representatives yesterday, but with what success only the parties to the conversation know, and they have not come around to tell us.

A Coasting Accident.

Wednesday evening Ora Bagley and another boy were coasting down Washington street, riding in that peculiar manner known in the parlance of the small boy by that crude and inelegant expression which is a synonym for abdomen exploder, one boy riding on top of the other. Near Wm. Michell's residence the sled ran into a post, the fence, or some other obstruction, and the boys were de-sledded in an abrupt and violent manner. As a result Ora had one of his ears split and his head cut, it requiring a couple or three stitches to close the wounds.

Stands at the Head.

Aug. J. Bogel, the leading druggist of Shreveport, La., says: "Dr. King's New Discovery is the only thing that cures my cough, and it is the best seller I have." J. F. Campbell, merchant of Safford, Ariz., writes: "Dr. King's New Discovery is all that is claimed for it; it never fails, and is a sure cure for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds. I cannot say enough for its merits." Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is not an experiment. It has been tried for a quarter of a century, and today stands at the head. It never disappoints. Free trial bottles at Blakeley & Houghton's drug store.

Clark, the East End jeweler, makes a specialty of fine watch repairing. Call and see him.

AN IMPROMPTU GUILLOTINE.

And the Fearful, Gory and Unexpected Result.

It is really astonishing how sedate men, men of excellent judgment and keen discernment, will occasionally do the most stupid and apparently un-called for things. A case of this kind was called to our attention this morning, the event happening to one of our leading citizens, a man of learning and ability, and one whose judgment has more weight, in Gilliam, Wasco, Crook and Sherman counties, than any other man in them. Now, this gentleman, after breakfasting this morning suggested to his wife that the big gobbler provided for tomorrow's feasting should be slaughtered at once. "The occasion," said he, "reminds me of my boyhood. Many a turkey and chicken have I beheaded in the days of long ago, and surely my hand has not lost its skill." And so he proceeded to the basement of the house, where the wood and things are stored, and then he proceeded to arrange for the execution. A couple of rings were fastened to the joists of the floor above, placed there to hold a swing for his only son. The fitness of the surroundings at once appealed to his discerning judgment, and so he tied a piece of clothes line to the gobbler's legs, pulled the other end of the line through the ring, placed a block of wood convenient, with the ax handy, and grabbing the gobbler firmly by his legs, placed his long and bewiskered neck on the block. Then the ax was raised, and with an awful swoop descended. The gobbler's neck was severed and the ax buried half its depth in the wood. The executioner made a pull on the rope, and up went his turkeys with a rush, nearly to the ceiling. Then there was a commotion, and such a flapping of wings and contortion of body as that dead but kicking turkey made has not been witnessed either in or out of turkeydom for many a year. The bold executioner turned pale and dodged behind a convenient post, to shut out the horrid vision, and at the same time escape a deluge of carminated gore that the turk distributed without fear or favor. Finally, when all was still, the trembling man came from behind the post and surveyed the field of carnage. As his eye took in the results he tied the end of the rope to the post and left the inanimate turk to whatever fate might befall him. He reported the death of the turkey to his wife, and then came down town to try and get an invitation out to dinner tomorrow. He has not been home since, and the reason is soon told. To a friend he confessed that when the turkey was dead, and not before, he discovered that the family washing was hung up in the basement, "and," said he, "if there was a piece of it that that turkey missed, I do not know it." If you do not believe this story, ask Judge Bradshaw, who was a witness to the whole transaction.

So Say We, All of Us.

Tomorrow being Thanksgiving the CHRONICLE force will in obedience to the request of both the president and governor "refrain from their usual avocations" and devote the day to returning thanks as other good people do. A printer has much to be thankful for, more, perhaps, than those citizens who pursue other callings. His or her principal cause for thankfulness being in the fact that he or she was not born twins, and so escaped a double dose of all those ills that hover around the print shop. The employees, foreman, compositors and devil unite with the tired and mayhap tiresome editor in wishing all THE CHRONICLE readers all manner of good things, and hope that all have so prospered in the last year that their thanks may be deep, heartfelt and abundant.

DIED.

At the residence of P. E. Michell, at Columbus, Wash., Monday, Nov. 23d, Mrs. Abigail Byrd, aged 79 years, 6 months and 23 days.

Mrs. Byrd was born in Nova Scotia in 1817, being of a large family, of which only two are now living. The only sisters known on this coast were Mrs. Atwater, mother of Hon. Joseph Atwater, deceased, and Mrs. Robert Kinney, deceased. Mrs. Byrd and family were early of Ohio, after which they moved to Wisconsin, crossing the plains in 1853, and settling in Yamhill county, Or. The deceased lived in that county until fifty years ago, when she came to The Dalles to be with her children, of whom two are now living—Mrs. Mary Bird of The Dalles and Mrs. P. E. Michell of Columbus, Wash.

Mrs. Byrd joined the Baptist church at the early age of 17, and has been a consistent member ever since.

The Forum.

The Forum for December will contain a noteworthy symposium on "The election—its Lessons and its Warnings." The first paper in the group is contributed by the Hon. Andrew D. White, who, in a very valuable and suggestive article sets forth some of The Practical Lessons of the Recent Campaign. Dr. White is followed by Mr. D. MacGregor Means, a well known publicist of New York, who, under the title "Will Government by the People Endure?" analyzes the causes of discontent which led to the recent crisis. Prof. Goldwin Smith completes the trilogy with a paper entitled "The Brewing of the Storm," in which he discusses the recent crisis from the point of view of an outsider.

HISTORIC SLAVE AUCTION.

The Sale of Pinky Said to Have Inspired the Emancipation Proclamation.

In the second of The Ladies Home Journal's "Great Personal Events" series in the December issue Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher writes of "When Mr. Beecher Sold Slaves in Plymouth Pulpit." Recalling the historic sale of Pinky, Mrs. Beecher gives these details: "An old colored woman had written to Mr. G. Faulkner Blake, the brother of one of our church members, that her little grandchild, named Pinky, was too fair and beautiful for her own good, and was about to be sold 'down South,' and Mr. Blake asked if she could be freed. 'Not unless you bring her North,' replied Mr. Beecher; 'I will be responsible for her, and she shall be lawfully purchased or sent back.' The answer was a compliment, to which Mr. Beecher laughingly referred as the only tribute ever paid to him by a slave-owner. 'If Henry Ward Beecher has given his word,' wrote the dealer, it is better than a bond."

"So Pinky was brought to Plymouth church and placed upon the pulpit, as Sarah, another slave, previously had been. The scene was again one of intense enthusiasm. Rain never fell faster than the tears of the congregation. The pretty child, the daughter of a white father, was bought and over-bought. Rose Terry—afterward Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke, the famous authoress—threw a valuable ring into the basket, and Mr. Beecher picked it out and put it upon Pinky's finger, saying, 'Remember—with this ring I do wed thee to freedom.' * * * President Lincoln took a lively interest in the case of Pinky, the details of which were related to him by Chief Justice Chase and by Mr. Beecher. I was not in Washington with my husband at the time, and therefore cannot verify the story that the sale of Pinky inspired President Lincoln to issue the almost Divine proclamation of emancipation."

Stage Accident.

On Tuesday morning the Fossil-Arlington stage met with a terrible accident while coming down the thirty-mile hill. One of the wheel horses slipped and fell and tipped the stage over against the bank, breaking the coupling and tongue. Wm. Stewart, the driver, was hurled violently to the frozen ground and the four horses and front wheels of the stage all rolled into a barbed wire fence at the foot of the hill, cutting several of the horses in a frightful manner. Although conscious, Mr. Stewart was unable to get up and attempted to crawl to the home of J. B. Smith, a mile down the canyon, but had to give that up also. He lay there from about 9 o'clock until after 11 o'clock, when Charley Baker, who was on his way to the saw mill for lumber, found the poor fellow, who was almost frozen. He brought him to the home of Mr. Smith, where his injuries were looked after as well as possible under the circumstances. As no bones were broken, Mr. Stewart did not think it necessary to send for a doctor, saying that he thought he'd be all right in a couple of days.

Mr. Baker gathered up the mail pouches and brought them to Condon, reaching here about dark. The mail was sent on horseback to Clem and likely was taken through to Arlington last night.

This makes the third accident within the last month that has happened at the same place—Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Dodson had a terrible smashup with a load of lumber, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Edwards' buggy broke down, and now this stage accident.—Condon Globe.

Advertised Letters.

Following is the list of letters remaining in the postoffice at The Dalles un-called for Nov. 28, 1896. Persons calling for the same will give date on which they were advertised:

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------|
| Backus, Lizzie | Beary, C |
| Brown, Mrs. Martha | Brown, H J |
| Farell, Wm | Fates Miss C |
| Franklin, G B | Gossen, Charley |
| Hall, W S | Haskell, George |
| Hix, Mrs. Davis | Hunter, E |
| Jensen, Mells | Kahler, Mrs. Josie |
| Little, John | Laughlin, Lizzie |
| Mott, C G | Miller, John |
| McPreod, Jessie | McAren, J R |
| McDonald, Rita, care Osborn | McDonald, Lattie |
| Martin, P T | Odell, Emma |
| Patterson, Levia (2) | Parser, Geo T (2) |
| Pearson, H A | Richardson, C W |
| Robertson, Sarah | Stangle, Joseph |
| Signe, Letty Mrs (3) | Ward, O D |
| Williams, Walter | Walters, O |
| Wright, W D | Yonng, Mabel |
- J. A. CROSSEN, P. M.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair, Gold Medal, Midwinter Fair.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
 Most Perfect Made.
 40 Years the Standard.

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

Wholesale **MALT LIQUORS, Wines and Cigars.**

THE CELEBRATED **ANHEUSER-BUSCH and HOP GOLD BEER** on draught and in bottles.

Anheuser-Busch Malt Nutrine, a non-alcoholic beverage, unequalled as a tonic.

STUBLING & WILLIAMS.

Good Times Coming

Now is the time to lay in your Fall and Winter Supplies before they go higher. We have a good stock of Hay, Grain and Feed, Flour and Groceries, Seed Wheat, Oats and Rye.

Garden and Grass Seeds in Bulk.

Now is the time to put in Fall Seeds. Experience has demonstrated that fall planting is the best for most things. We have a good supply of Fertilizers for exhausted and worn-out gardens, lawns, orchards, &c.

Fresh Butter, Hams, Bacon and Lard. Eggs, Chickens, Turkeys, Ducks and Geese bought and sold. Goods sold at Bedrock Prices for Cash. Free and prompt delivery.

J. H. CROSS.
 Corner Second and Union Streets.

75 cts. Buys a good BOYS'SUIT at C. F. Stephens. Intermediate prices up to \$4.50.

\$3.50 Is all C. F. Stephens asks for a serviceable suit of MEN'S CLOTHING. The best Black Diagonal for \$12.00.

Ladies' Cloaks. An elegant assortment of 1896 styles just received, a part of which may be seen in show window.

Remember, all these goods are latest made, warm, serviceable and fashionable, and at prices never before approached in The Dalles.

The Price on Farm Wagons Has Dropped;

MAYS & CROWE, The Dalles, Or.



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.