

The Weekly Chronicle.

THE DALLES, OREGON

OFFICIAL PAPER OF WASCOCO COUNTY.

Published in two parts, on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

BY MAIL, POSTAGE PREPAID, IN ADVANCE.

One Year	\$1.50
Six Months	.75
Three Months	.50

Advertising rates reasonable, and made known on application.

Address all communications to "THE CHRONICLE," The Dalles, Oregon.

Telephone No. 1.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Saturday's Daily.

License to marry was issued yesterday evening to Mr. F. Osbur Crevling and Miss Adelia F. Milligan, both of this county.

November has broken the record for Portland, it showing the heaviest rainfall to the 15th, the highest winds ever known there, and the coldest weather ever known in that month, and only lacking a few degrees of being as cold as the record, two below in 1888.

Mr. Henry Darnielle received a telegram this morning announcing the death of Nellie, the 12-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Feeney at Portland. Mrs. Feeney is a sister to Mr. Darnielle and he went to Portland this afternoon to attend the funeral.

The Regulator arrived at the Cascades this afternoon at 1 o'clock, but found the canal frozen solid. Ice was forming very rapidly along the lower river, and in consequence she did not stop long, but steamed back to Portland, where she will remain until the weather moderates, as it is quite likely the Columbia will be solid by tomorrow.

Dr. J. C. Lannerger arrived here yesterday and has opened an office in the rooms recently occupied by Dr. Kane. The doctor is a graduate of the Spencer Ophthalmic college of New York city, and makes a specialty of diseases of the eye. He was at Heppner for some time, and has some very fine recommendations from Editor Patterson and other leading citizens of that place.

William Shearer, aged 35, was drowned in the pool at the foot of the flume at Cook's Landing, on the Columbia, November 19th. He was a good swimmer, and his friends that were with him thought it a good joke when he fell in the water. But their mirth was changed to consternation when they saw him sink with cramps, and down before he could be rescued. He leaves a wife and several children.—Glacier.

Monday's Daily.

The ice today carried away the wharf at Rockland.

The west-bound passenger arrived at 8 o'clock this morning.

The skating is excellent, when you get down through the snow to it.

Items today are like the proverbial angel's visits, few and very far between.

The weather for tomorrow if it arrives according to samples ordered will be snow and warmer.

Lost.—Either on Second or Washington streets, a child's fur cape. Finder please leave at this office.

Leave orders at The Dalles Commission Co.'s store for dressed chickens. Telephones 128 and 255. Ring 'em up. sll-dlm

The local is side-tracked at Bonneville. The rotary is on the way up and will come in ahead of the local about 6 o'clock.

Mr. John E. Forbis of Wasco, Sherman county, was in the city today and completed his cash entry on 160 acres of Sherman county's fine wheat lands.

The skating yesterday was fine on the Columbia below the D. P. & A. N. Co.'s wharf, and the ice was covered with lovers of that slippery sport most of the day.

Up to 2:30 this afternoon seven cash entries, four final homestead proofs and one homestead application had been made. Over \$1600 paid in to the government therefor.

The primary school of the Misses Taylor held in the lecture room of the First Baptist church has been changed from a morning to an afternoon school on account of the bad weather. School begins at 1 o'clock.

Money will be more plentiful in this neighborhood when all the government lands are bought and paid for. It is really wonderful that we manage to get along at all and pay cash when we send out of the country for land over a hundred thousand yearly.

The weather moderated last night in a small degree, and by daylight there was an inch or two of snow. Snow continued falling until about 11 o'clock, up to which time between 4 and 5 inches had fallen. The indications are for more of the "congealed element," and the weather prophet in Portland says we are entitled to more tomorrow.

From the way the snow comes down today, there is liable to be plenty of it by this time tomorrow. However, it is

very light and dry, and will not interfere with railroad traffic unless the wind gets a chance at it. If it does, we are liable to be shut off from communication with Portland until the rotary snowplow is sent through.

If it had not been for Thanksgiving, and it being a legal holiday, the Regulator would have been this side of the locks instead of the other and consequently the Dalles City would not have been wrecked. So that after all it was the refusal of those in charge to operate the locks that was responsible for the wreck. Traced further back, the wreck can be placed to the fault of those old pilgrims who caused Thanksgiving day.

Mr. Johnson, the ferryman, came across the Columbia yesterday morning about 10 o'clock on the ice. He wore a pair of long Norwegian snow-shoes, and carried a long pole. After he started the ice broke loose above and came down against that already blocked, but Johnson climbed over into the ice as it jammed and came across in a few minutes. This morning several parties crossed from this side, and the jam seems to be pretty solid. However, we would not advise anyone trying it for fun.

Wednesday morning, while Colonel Hartley was absent at The Dalles, his wife came down stairs to build a fire in the stove, and returned upstairs to dress the children. Little Howard came down in his night dress, and while standing by the stove, his dress caught fire. He ran screaming upstairs and was met on the stairs by his mother and sister, who succeeded in putting out the blaze before the boy was much burned, but their hands were burned quite badly. Mrs. Hartley's finger tips were burned and swollen in a frightful manner. Gladys escaped with slight burns.—Glacier.

The Goldendale Agriculturist of the 28th says: A. L. Dilley, sheriff of Yakima county, arrived in town this week and on Wednesday was united in marriage to Miss Ora Dustin, daughter of Mr. Hiram Dustin. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Orchard, of Zillah, in the presence of the family and a few invited guests. After the wedding Mr. and Mrs. Dilley left for North Yakima, where they will reside in the future. The sheriff is one of Yakima county's most highly esteemed citizens, and is to be congratulated on getting one of Klickitat's fairest and most amiable daughters.

Tuesday's Daily.

The Si Perkins show is to be here Saturday night.

The Commercial club elects its board of directors tonight—seven of them.

According to the Oregonian, I. N. Taffe of Celilo is in Portland trying to hire a gang of men to go to Celilo and cut ice. Mr. Taffe expects to put up 800 tons a day.

Bishop Cranston of Portland, Or., resident bishop of the M. E. church for the Pacific Northwest, will preach next Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. at the M. E. church. Everybody cordially invited to attend.

Superintendent A. J. Borie of the O. R. & N. came down from Pendleton this morning. He reports the road across the Blue mountains as in good shape, and that the storm was not nearly so severe there as here.

Little Addie Favart of the Spanish Students is the most bewitching 10-year-old, of her age that ever kicked a skirtlet. Some of these days she will run up against the boy preacher "cetat 65, and the two may marry.

At the stockyards quite a lot of stock accumulated awaiting shipment, among them three carloads of cattle for Troutdale and one for Port Townsend, and 1500 sheep for Eastern markets. Besides these 100 hogs were received this morning for the Columbia Packing Co. They were hauled in sleighs from Dafur and vicinity.

The water in the Columbia is falling quite rapidly since the cold weather set in, and it is possible it may go down enough, to permit the examination and repair of the hull of the Dalles City. She, by the way, is said to be resting on an even keel on the sand, and it is barely possible she may yet be saved. The officers and crew, eleven in all, are still on board.

It is probable the big ice houses at Hood River, holding 12,000 tons, are being filled now. It has been seven years since they were filled before, but if the present weather holds for a week or ten days they will be filled again. The company has a splendid plant and every convenience for handling the ice cheaply, it being taken from the pond by an endless chain operated by steam.

The new postoffice is a daisy sure. The boxes are arranged to suit the convenience of the postmaster, as well as the public, with the delivery window facing and nearest the door. The money order window is on the right as you enter. The room is large, thoroughly warmed and is far ahead of any office heretofore used in the Dalles. Indeed, it would be difficult to find a better room for the office, even though the city had 50,000 inhabitants instead of 5,000.

A gentleman in from Antelope last night, says the snow storm did not reach that neighborhood and that the ground the other side of Bake Oven is practically bare. Stockmen are not yet feeding, stock still doing well on the range. County Clerk Kelsey, who gave

us this item, also volunteered the information that it was one of Mark Hanna's schemes of class legislation giving the farmers plenty of snow and leaving the stockmen, who don't want it, without.

Blown to Atoms.

Mr. H. C. Lovering, writing to the Hood River Glacier from Ilcoillewaet, British Columbia, under date of Nov. 9th, gives the following account of the death of Chas. Berger, formerly a resident of Hood River valley:

"We have had a terrible accident here in which one of your old citizens, Chas. Berger, met a swift and awful death. Mr. Berger and Chris. Miller went out about nine miles from here to do some work in a mine which is being opened up. They were last seen on Monday, Nov. 9th. There was then three boxes of dynamite in the cabin. A heavy shot was heard that evening at dusk. On Wednesday the cabin was blown to atoms. Search parties have been out almost all the time since and have succeeded in finding parts of the body of Miller, but nothing has been found that can be identified as part of Mr. Berger.

"The family is with us here and they are bearing up bravely in their terrible trouble. Mr. Berger was respected by all who knew him here, and his wife and children have our sincerest and pathetic sympathy."

A Dalist Artst.

Jack Frost was abroad last night, and while the cunning rogue may have done considerable mischief in the way of fooling with water-pipes and similar tricks, it is quite certain that the artistic instincts of the little scamp caused him to do some ornamental work on the big plate glass windows of our business houses. Some of the windows were indeed beautiful, there were landscapes and water-scapes, icebergs, trees, birds and bees, fountains and mountains, delicate traceries of figures irregularly regular, suggesting a design, yet leaving it incomplete, but satisfactory; a hint to the imagination that like a half forgotten dream, led memories of things beautiful, yet indistinct, or like remembrance of our childhood fairy tales, where each saw for himself the wonderful gardens of Aladdin's cave, and yet none saw alike. As an artist and treece painter Jack Frost has no equal, and he certainly left some of his masterpieces with us last night.

A Serpentine Jag.

The Telegram of last night contains an article about one Amos Crowley, said to be of that city, and a sheep-shearer by occupation, who blew in his money there and a day or so since found himself at the end of his sack, and consequently at the same end of his spree. Some friend found him, and seeing his nervous condition, asked him to take a drink. While in the saloon a peddler showing a burglar alarm, sprang the thing, exploding a cartridge. This was too much for the shattered nerves of the Dalles man, and he imagining someone was shooting at him, took refuge under the bar, from which place he was dragged in all the full enjoyment of a serpentine jag. He was sent to the hospital.

A Fire Alarm.

An alarm of fire this morning about 9 o'clock sent the boys skurrying up to the East End with the engine and hose carts, but the fire was out before they arrived. The cause of the alarm was a small blaze in the basement of the building belonging to Mr. McNerny and occupied by Mr. Frank Gabel. The fire started in some empty sacks, how, nobody knows. Mr. Gabel grabbed the burning sacks and carried them out, burning his hands and face quite severely in doing so. He also cut a bad gash in the back of his thumb, probably from a piece of broken glass. Outside of the damage to Mr. Gabel, no harm was done.

It Beats Ours.

At Pendleton the weather is decidedly cold, the thermometer dropping down to 23 and 25 degrees below zero. The East Oregonian is responsible for the following concerning it:

The pipes at the mills were all frozen and (this is no fairy story) the big pump, which stands within six feet of the battery of boilers in the brick engine room of the scouring mills, was frozen solid, with 85 to 70 pounds of steam on and the pump running at full force. Today the mills are chock-ablock with ice in all the pipes. It is thought by tomorrow the mills can be in operation again.

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

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

Most Perfect Made. 40 Years the Standard.

SPECIALTIES FOR THIS WEEK.

- Ladies' Fine-ribbed, Fleece-lined Underwear, Vests and Pants to match 50c per piece
- Children's Heavy Wool Bicycle Hose, Just the thing for cold weather 20c and 35c pair
- Ladies' All Wool Hose, plain and fine ribbed, Extra good quality 25c per pair
- Ladies' Ostrich Ruffs, fine quality, Black only \$1.75 each
- Gentlemen's Extra Heavy Ribbed Underwear, Fleece Back, special value \$1.00 per suit
- Gentlemen's Heavy Overshirts, Extra value 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50
- Gentlemen's Heavy Sanitary Wool, Finest Australian, double carded \$1.50 per pair
- Gentlemen's Outing Flannel Nightshirts, Something to keep you warm \$1.25 each

ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

PEASE & MAYS

SHE IS A TOTAL LOSS.

Particulars of the Sinking of the Steamer Dalles City.

The wreck of the steamer Dalles City, is probably complete, and all that will be saved of her is the machinery. The hull and skeleton of the good little craft that has done such splendid service on the lower river will remain where it lies until high water carries it away. From Mr. Charles Stone, one of the passengers on the ill-fated boat, we gather some of the particulars of this wreck. Mr. Stone has been engaged in fishing on the Columbia for several years and says the night was the worst and the river the roughest he ever saw it. He says there was no blame to be attached to anyone for the accident, and ascribes it to the boat making lee way in the terrific gale.

She left the Cascades about 5:30 and ploughed through the heavy seas all right until about 6:30, at which time she struck. The night was intensely dark, and Captains Johnson and McNulty were both in the pilot house.

Mr. Stone is not positive, but thinks the boat struck on the port side, and that she had made lee way enough to get between the sandbar and the rock.

Almost instantly after she struck, one of the deckhands called to the captain to head her for shore, as she was sinking, but in two minutes from the time she struck she was on the bottom. Mr. Stone thinks with the rock on which she struck still under her. As soon as she settled the crew took soundings, finding that she was resting safely in about seven feet of water. The boiler deck aft was under water about a foot, and the cattle on board, two carloads, were standing in six to ten inches of water. Some of the passengers were at first quite badly frightened, but were soon reassured by the officers and crew. The fire box was nearly two-thirds full of water, but the crew fished wood out of the hold, and floating it into the fire-box, managed to keep the fire going and to keep up a steam pressure of from 25 to 50 pounds, the high wind creating draft enough to permit this being done. Had it not been for this the passengers would have had a very cold night of it. As it was it seemed a long time till daylight. Officers and crew did everything possible to make their passengers comfortable, and it was only owing to their indefatigable efforts that there was no suffering.

At daylight Purser Truman Butler, with two of the crew, took a small boat and went to the Cascades for help, risking their lives in doing so. At 10:30 one of the hog-chains parted and the bow of the boat settled, but fortunately the boat did not careen, and shortly after the steamer Maria, belonging to the Dalys, which had been secured by Mr. Butler, came alongside and took off the passengers and cattle. The hogs which formed part of the cargo are still on board, but will be gotten off the first opportunity.

Agent Allaway is at the scene of the wreck, and will do everything possible to save what can be saved of the wreck. The Dalles City was built in the fall of 1891, the hull was just finished when purchased by the D. P. & A. N., who completed her and put in the machinery. She proved to be just what was needed for the lower river, handling easily in the swift waters below the Cascades, and being a phenomenal climber of that rapid current. She cost altogether about \$24,000. The company has not yet decided on

what will be done, nor can it decide until the exact condition of the boat is determined. If she proves a total loss arrangements will be made at once for building another and a faster boat to take her place.

The officers and crew are still on board, and cannot get off until the river either clears of running ice or freezes up, but as they have plenty of wood and water, with fifty boxes of pears, plenty of potatoes and pork, and some other things, they can stand a pretty long siege.

SOME TYPICAL DALLESITES.

Old, Middle Aged and Young Folks, and all the Right Sort.

The Dalles, compared to Eastern towns, is not yet old, yet it has a history or rather is a part of the history of the coast. In the earliest days an Indian trading point, then the supply town for the vast mining regions of Southern Oregon. Always a great shipping point, and of late years depending for its steady prosperity on the products shipped out, and the merchandise shipped in and divided among the four or five counties tributary to her. Consequent on her favorable situation, there are more well-to-do men who here laid the foundation of their fortunes, than any other town of its size on the coast can show. Many have gone away, had gone before our time, and many have gone over to the majority, but of those here, The Dalles may well feel proud. They are of that energetic, thrifty, industrious class, who saw their opportunities and took advantage of them. We venture to name a few, and point them out as examples worthy of the consideration of the generation growing up, as showing what may be accomplished by thrift and application, and pointing out the fact also, that all these men started here with very small means, and many of them with nothing but stout hearts and willing hands.

Robert Mays, our present county judge, and one of the leading stockmen of the state, as well as one of its leading business men. The Frenches, Dan, Smith and Josh, whose bank is one of the solidest on the coast, and its money backing stock, agricultural and mercantile interests through a large section of Eastern Oregon. Z. F. Moody, banker and warehouse owner, who filled the governor's chair. Ben Snipes, at present of Yakima, who, while here was a veritable cattle-king. Judge Liebe, who won a competence at the anvil; Col. Sinnott of the Umatilla, who time immemorial has made his house a home for the traveling public, and who is one of the wisest known men in the state; Emil Schanno, brewer and real estate owner; Max Vogt, owner of the handsome Vogt block, the opera house and buildings and ranches innumerable; A. H. Curtis, owner of the Diamond Mills and prouder of the reputation of his flour than all his other possessions; August Buchler, whose beer is sold in half a dozen counties; W. Lord, manager of the immense Wasco warehouse; B. F. Laughlin, one of the originators of the boat line; Hugh Glenn, contractor and builder, now building the Gotet-Astoria railroad; and we might add to the list, to show that women too are capable of doing business, Mrs. Wingate, who retired from business with a competence.

Of a later class the names are legion—J. T. Peters, L. E. Crowe, E. C. Pease, Ed Williams, H. Herbing, J. H. Cross, J. S. Fish, L. Horden, Judge Blakely, F. L. Houghton, Orion Kinersly, J. S.

Schenck, H. M. Beall, J. P. McNerny, J. Worsley, M. T. Nolan, N. Harris, Maier & Benton, W. A. Johnson, D. W. Vause, C. J. Crandall, C. F. Stephens, E. Jacobsen, M. Donnell, and a host of others, represent the mercantile pursuits, while Judge Bennett, E. B. Duter, B. S. Huntington, W. H. Wilson, H. H. Riddell, Frank Menefee and Mrs. Shackelford, Logan, Doane, Hollister, Sutherland and Eselman represent the professional. And it may be seen that the younger generation have not lost the example set them by their elders. In store and office the bright Dalles boys are laying the foundation for future wealth and honors. Indeed, while we take pride all of us in the solidity and reputation of the classes already mentioned, we all have still greater pride in the young folks just entering the portals of life's labors. They are almost too numerous to mention, and yet we cannot refrain from naming a few who, in the near future, will be shining examples to the generation following them—Sinnott & Sinnott, Nick and Roger, are at the law, and with them we have Fritz Wilson, Bert Phelps, Ned Gates and D. H. Roberts, while behind the counters of bank and store we have Frank French, just starting in business for himself with a fine store, the Vogt boys, Viv French, F. W. Wilson, Ed Wingate, the Clarke boys, Harry Liebe, and a hundred others whom we would like to name if space permitted, or if it were possible to remember at once all the bright-eyed healthy, young fellows who are growing into manhood, and whom it is a pleasure to know.

The Figures Won't Lie.

If you want to amuse yourself, make your friends believe you are extraordinarily gifted, and do a little practicing in mental arithmetic, get familiar with doing the following, and you will never fail to discover the age of a person and month in which he was born. First, you ask him to go to the other end of the room, to prevent your seeing what he is going to write. Then you ask him to put down the number of the month in which he was born, and multiply it by 2, then add 5 to the sum, and multiply that by 50, add his age to the quotient, then deduct 365, and then add 115 to the difference. Suppose he is 49 years of age, and was born in February, the computation would stand thus: Two times 2 equals 4, plus 5 equals 9, multiplied by 50 equals 450, plus 49 equals 499, minus 365 equals 134, plus 115 equals 249. The last two figures indicate the age, and the first figure February, the second month of the year. You simply ask the person to state the result of the calculation and then declare he was born in February and is 49 years of age.

Weather Prophets.

Foster: Storm wave for the country west of the Rockies, 28th. Cold and stormy December.

Hicks: Closing storm period of the month, 27th to 30th. Look for hard winter storms, ending in very cold weather. Prepare for a hard December.

Notice.

All parties are requested to clean their sidewalks of snow within ten hours from the date of this notice. The Dalles, Dec. 1, 1896.

C. F. LAURE, City Marshal.

Subscribe for THE CHRONICLE and get the news.