

The Weekly Chronicle.

THE DALLES, - - - OREGON
OFFICIAL PAPER OF WASCO 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 .39
Advertising rates reasonable, and made known on application.
Address all communications to "THE CHRONICLE," The Dalles, Oregon.

Telephone No. 1.

LOCAL BRIEVITIES.

Wednesday's Daily.

There was a light sprinkle of snow on the Klickitat hills last night.

Quite a number of Wapinitia citizens are in the city, making final proof on their railroad lands.

The Regulator got in last night at 7:30, bringing several big prairie schooners with families attached.

Heppner is going to have a telephone line to connect it with Hardman, Hamilton and Monument, and in time the line will be extended to Canyon City.

The body of W. W. Edgerman, who was drowned at Hood River Monday, was found by a searching party yesterday. That of Carl Wood, drowned with him, has not yet been found.

"There are only three statutes of women in the United States." "Of course; the public doesn't want any gaudy and unnatural objects as works of art." "Unnatural?" "Yes; women sitting stock still, saying nothing."—Chicago Journal.

The water commission met last night and appointed a committee of three to confer with the city council relative to amending the charter so that the water commission can sell the lots belonging to the water fund. Under the present system the city council has the selling of the lots.

We learned at noon today that the body of Carl Wood, one of the men drowned at Hood River Monday, was found last night, and the funeral of the two unfortunate men took place today. Mr. Wood was to have been married Christmas day, which adds additional sadness to his sudden taking off.

The Saginaw Herald of a recent date says: "Rev. G. B. Burnside, of the Fillmore avenue Baptist church, Buffalo, and Rev. Geo. Barlingame of Spokane, Wash., are in the city. They are both friends and associates of Rev. O. D. Taylor. They came here for the purpose of assisting him, if possible, in his trial in the circuit court."

Commencing Monday the fare on the Southern Pacific between Portland and San Francisco on steamer days will be increased \$2. On and after that date the regular first-class fare will be \$21, and the second, or tourist, fare \$14, with sleeper included in both cases. The O. R. & N. has not so far made any advance in rates.

A contract has been let to Shattuck & Co., of Portland, to build a new mill race for the mill at Boyd, belonging to Mr. Cockerline. The ditch will be about a mile and a half long, the water being taken out of 15-Mile, the water rights being secured from the riparian owners. Work will be commenced by the beginning of the new year.

Yesterday afternoon wagon load after wagon load of big coops filled with big turkeys were unloaded at the express office, until the sidewalk for fifty feet was piled full of them. Most of them went to Portland on this morning's train. It may be that prosperity has not returned in full force, but it is quite certain that Oregonians have full confidence in their ability to eat turkey.

Thursday's Daily

The Elks will have a social session Saturday evening at 8 o'clock.

The Salvation Army will give its public Christmas entertainment at the barracks tomorrow night at 8 o'clock. Admission 10 cents.

The Monmouthshire left Portland yesterday morning, and our young friends, F. W. Wilson and Ed. Wingate will probably take their Christmas dinner at Victoria.

Martin Fagan was found guilty of larceny this morning in Justice Filloon's court, and sentenced to pay a fine of \$25. His offense was the stealing of some wood from Mrs. Alexander.

The many friends of John Crate will be pleased to learn that his condition is much improved and that there is now little, if any, danger of his losing his leg.

Children's Christmas service on Monday evening, Dec. 28. Feast of the Holy Innocents at 7 o'clock, in St. Paul's church, Union street. Parents and friends of the Sunday school are cordially invited to come and join with the children in singing their Christmas carols and sharing their Christmas joys.

The year should not be allowed to pass away before the matter of purchasing a diamond drill is settled. We have the finest coal measures on the coast, and with the indications found in the brewery and the electric light plant wells, it is almost a dead certainty that

we have the coal. The cost of testing the matter is so small compared to the possible results that it is the sheerest folly to hesitate in the matter.

Christmas services tomorrow, St. Paul's church, Union street, at 10:30 a. m., with celebration of the Holy Eucharist, and sermon by the pastor. Subject, "No Room for Christ." It is to be hoped that no one will forget the joy sent from heaven, and will come and unite in the angel's song, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Everybody most cordially invited, and a "Merry Christmas to all."

Martin's marionettes and sleight-of-hand performance continues to draw good houses, and his show deserves all the patronage bestowed on it. It is a first-class entertainment, and 15 cents invested in a ticket for the little folks will give them more genuine pleasure than could be gotten from that sized investment in any other way. Old folks enjoy it, the middle aged laugh at it, and the little folks are unable to express their delight. It is simply immense.

Important to Settlers.

Solicitor-General Conrad filed a motion with supreme court Monday to set aside the judgment entered and grant a new hearing of the case of the Northern Pacific company against Leonard P. Colburn, in order that the United States might have an opportunity to intervene. He stated that the case involved the rights of many thousands of settlers. The case was appealed from Montana, where Colburn claimed land within the Northern Pacific grant, though no filing had been made. The interior department had uniformly held that such settlement exempted land from the operations of a grant. The supreme court took the opposite view in the Colburn case, and rendered an opinion which the land office officials say must result in ousting many settlers from their homes all through the West, it allowed to stand. The court granted a stay of mandate, and will consider the motion to set aside its former judgment.

Miss Bee Sterling Breaks Her Arm.

At the Degree of Honor meeting last night, when the lodge adjourned, the strips of carpet around the hall were taken up for the purpose of dancing a few minutes. Miss Bee Sterling was standing on the edge of one of the strips, and the person taking it up giving it a pull, she was thrown down. In falling she put out her hands to break the fall, and the result was the breaking of the small bone of one arm near the wrist. It is a sorrowful Christmas gift, but the young lady takes her misfortune good humoredly, simply remarking to us, "It will get well," to which we add, "We hope speedily."

Beautiful Windows.

Never in the history of The Dalles has there been so many handsomely decorated windows. Our merchants are rivaling each other in beautiful and artistic displays, and the result is, window decorations that are superb. The holiday trade is good, but hardly up to that of the past two years. One reason for this is the enormous amount of money being used in payment for forfeited railroad lands. But in spite of this The Dalles enjoys a better trade, and has more money than any town of its size on the coast.

For a Factory.

Some good, quiet work is being done towards the organization of the company for building a woolen mill, and it looks as though it would materialize. There certainly is no better location for a plant of this kind, for here we have the wool right from first hands, and now that the price of labor has more nearly approached that in the East, there is no reason why we should not manufacture our products for ourselves. It is to be hoped that every one who can, will do something towards the good work.

Indefinitely Postponed.

It was expected the Juvenile Temple would have a Christmas entertainment Thursday afternoon; but circumstances have arisen that have necessarily caused its indefinite postponement.

MISS EDITH RANDALL, Supt.

MRS. J. E. BARNETT, Asst. Supt.

"By gol," said the farmer, "fer a man who was raised in town you have the quickest eye in ketchin' a squirrel movin' round through the trees I ever see." "All in practice," said the city man. "I have been watching the ballet through the foliage of high hats for years."—Indianapolis Journal.

Foot-Ball.

All members of the foot-ball team are requested to be on hand at the fair grounds tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock for the purpose of having a practice game.

Do not fail to call on Dr. Lannerberg, the eye specialist, and have your eyes examined free of charge. If you suffer with headache or nervousness you undoubtedly have imperfect vision that, if corrected, will benefit you for life. Office in the Vogt block.

For Sale or Rent.

The Grant hotel, close to the depot, will sell cheap, or rent for \$10 per month.
LEE KEZ,
dec16-1m Grants, Or.

THE DAYS GROW LONGER.

And Ye Editor Being Short Indulges in Musing.

The sun reached the lowest point of declination Monday and has started on his journey northward, which will terminate the 21st of June. The days will grow steadily longer, and it will be but a little while until the purple iris, and the thousand delicate blooms of Spring will gladden the awakening soil. As we wrestle with the dodging armholes of our old overcoat, and occasionally dust the accumulations from our old winter garments, we are glad that this is so.

Who knows what the spring will bring forth? We at least try to console ourselves with the happy thought that may hap along with all its other gaudy ornaments, a new, brand new, suit of light-weight Spring garments may sprout somewhere within our reach, while the moon is in the dark. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," says the poet, and we would that we might change this order of things so that coats would spring for a little while on our patient old back, instead. However, Spring comes in apace, and we will trust the blooming jade in hopes that when she gets here she may reciprocate.

What a pity that the gentle goddess of Spring, so generous in her gifts of flowers and birds, of green leaves and brilliant blooms, of verdant sod and fragrant breezes, of bloom of cherry and peach, white and pink, each tree a pyramid of bee-wooing bloom, of apple blossoms with a tint caught from Venus' cheeks and a perfume, stolen from her sighs—what a pity, we say, that with the droning bee provided with such a wealth of sweets, the clear soprano-voiced mosquito waking to life at the blare of brazen throated bands, advertising the advent of the delightful picnic season, and the delicate feast provided for him—what a pity that with the erstwhile barren hillsides, clothed with verdure and the trees supporting a spring suit of leaves, that the light tripping-divinity did not provide more generously for the outward habilitment of her admirer, man. Why did she not provide for our comfort and our pleasure, the spring-overcoat tree, the bachelor's-breeches tree, the light-underwear tree, the Easter-bonnet bush? Why not provide toothpick shoes for our limbs, as well as leaves for those of the trees, so that we might take our pick? Why not grow clean cotton socks without a darned hole, as prolifically as she does the useless pine needles that have nothing to sew?

And while about it, why did she not grow a collar for our necks, as she did for those of the flowers? Why did she not sprout silk neckties instead of moss, clocked stockings as numerous as acorns and mistletoes? Why not provide underhairs instead of under brush, and drawers just for luck instead of four-leaved clover? Why not lady-slippers large enough for use, instead of orchids fit only for fairies? But why ask? The dainty and demure goddess will not answer, and so we can only use our yankee ingenuity, and guess. Her own wardrobe is exceedingly gauzy, consisting of a spider-web scarf and a garland of posies. Mayhap, she expected we might dress that way, but she ought to have known from the way winter lingered in her lap that we couldn't do it. But why guess further. She didn't provide for us and she is not going to do so. Therefore, why repine? Instead, let us, in the language of the immortal poet, "Be up and doing, all our neighbors when we can—our daddies' dollars still pursuing, according to the good old plan."

A FAIRY TALE EXPLODED.

The Check and Money That D. W. Hurt Did Not Lose.

It appears that D. W. Hurt, the man who informed a reporter of The Dalles Chronicle that he was robbed of \$9 and a hotel check for the rest of his money, in Portland, Wednesday, is a man of surpassing imagination, says the Oregonian. The hotel check of which Hurt was "robbed" was found Sunday by Special Officer Beyers in a saloon in the vicinity of First and Morrison streets, where Hurt lost it, and the rest of his story seems to have been a fancy sketch.

Hurt came to Portland early last week and stopped at the Esmond hotel. When he was returning from the theater Wednesday night he dropped into a saloon and there met a "lady," who after some persuasion, induced him to accompany her to her room. When he returned to the hotel, and wanted to get his money, he found his check missing, and jumping at the conclusion that the girl had robbed him, he at once went out and hunted up Special Officer Beyers. Beyers went with him to the girl's room and searched for the check and for a half dollar which he also claimed to have lost. Neither could be found. Returning to the saloon, Hurt exhibited several dollars, saying that was all the money he had left of \$8 that he brought with him and that the rest had gone with the check. He was unwilling to make any complaint, and Beyers, after seeing him safely back to the hotel, let the matter drop, being satisfied that Hurt had lost the check somewhere. His theory proved correct,

for it was found on the floor of the saloon next day by the janitor, and when the account of the alleged hold-up was seen in yesterday's Oregonian, the proprietor called in Beyers and gave him the check, which was identified by the clerk of the Esmond hotel as the one he had given to Hurt, the romancist.

THESE WILL SWEAR OFF.

A Few of the Things that They Will Not Do.

Sheriff Driver will not start his class in "roller skating made easy" until after the holidays. In the meanwhile he is practicing on some fancy movements, which generally are punctuated with a period, otherwise a full stop.

Judge Bradshaw will not behold the turkey for this Christmas dinner, not this year. There are things judicial occupying his attention that prevent; they are things judicially judicious.

Orion Kinerly will not present another white deer to the Elks, at least until next Christmas. White deer are scarce, and the lodge of Elks too enthusiastically appreciative.

Fred Wilson and Ed Wingate will not hold Christmas eve, 1896, in grateful remembrance, as at this time they are probably making some customary presents to old Neptune at an unknown point along the Washington coast.

Colonel Sinnott will not refuse to explain to the gentle tourist how he escaped from the blood-thirsty Indians in 1492 by crossing the Columbia on the backs of salmon.

No Elk will sing the doxology, at least not until Easter. We are told by one of them that it is against the rules of the order to sing, anyhow, and that's the way they always sing.

The Salvation Army will not do violence to its feelings by connecting music to its noise, and the laesie with a voice like a cracked clarinet with the stops knocked off, will not cease to offend the shuddering air with her vocal gymnastics.

Harry Morse will not extend his forehead any further back. His shirt collar interferes with any further extension of his Bill Nye countenance in that direction.

Fen Batty will not remain single another year, not if our Dalles girls know a good thing when they see it. Fen is eligible and willing, a nice young man without blemish or flaw, and his name will lend beauty to a wedding notice.

Not a Gold Country.

Every day or so we hear someone speculating concerning the gold bearing quartz found in the Mill creek gravel, used in laying the sidewalk at the court house last summer. There seems to be an impression that the quartz came from a ledge some place up Mill creek. While this is possible, it is extremely improbable. We have never been very far up Mill creek, but the country rock is mostly basalt, though we are told there is some gneiss. It is much more probable the quartz is part of a boulder brought here by the glacial wash, at the same time the big granite boulders of which there are a few scattered over the hills in this neighborhood, were brought here. The boulder has decomposed and the small pieces found were parts of it. The rock was exceedingly rich, but the fact that only one piece was found indicates that the supply was exceedingly limited. We have no faith in gold mines being found in this vicinity, but we do believe we have something much better, and that is an abundance of coal.

A Chance to Homestead.

Senator Mitchell introduced a bill in the senate, on the 14th inst., providing for the extension of the time in which payment might be made on forfeited railroad lands, but congress adjourned Tuesday night without taking any action concerning it. The consequence is that that time expires with the year, Thursday of next week being the last day on which payments can be made. There has been a steady stream of claimants making proof for the last two weeks, not only in the land office, but before the county clerks and United States commissioners. In many cases parties have been unable to get the money to pay for the lands, and have fled homesteads on them. There will be quite a lot of these lands that will become liable to location under the homestead laws, and undoubtedly there will be quite a lot of business in that way for the first month or two of the new year.

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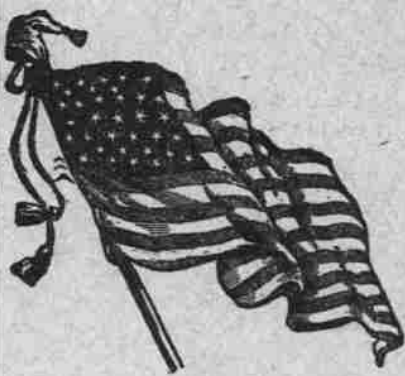
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Buy a bag of this Celebrated Smoking Tobacco and read the coupon which gives a list of other premiums and how to get them.

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New York Weekly Tribune



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FOR—
Fathers and Mothers.

FOR—
Sons and Daughters.

FOR—
All the Family.

With the close of the Presidential Campaign THE TRIBUNE recognizes the fact that the American people are now anxious to give their attention to home and business interests. To meet this condition, politics will have far less space and prominence, until another State or National occasion demands a renewal of the fight for the principles for which THE TRIBUNE has labored from its inception to the present day, and won its greatest victories.

Every possible effort will be put forth, and money freely spent, to make THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE pre-eminently a National Family Newspaper, interesting, instructive, entertaining and indispensable to each member of the family.

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Write your name and address on a postal card, send it to Geo. W. Best, Tribune Office, New York City, and a sample copy of The New York Weekly Tribune will be mailed to you.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Now is a good time to lay in your nice things for the Holidays.

—WE HAVE—

ALSO A CHOICE ASSORTMENT OF

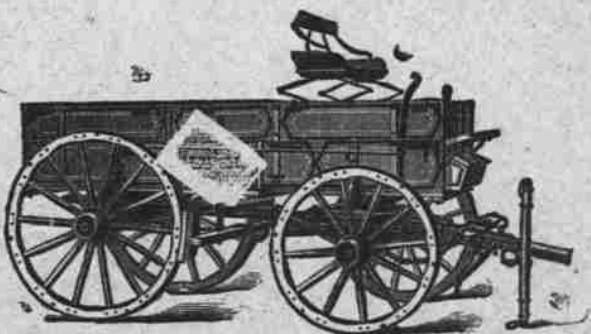
Good Apples,
Choice Cranberries,
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Canned Wild Blackberries
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