

The Weekly Chronicle.

THE DALLES, - - - OREGON

OFFICIAL PAPER OF WASCOCO COUNTY.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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LOCAL BREVITIES.

Wednesday's Daily.

Dufur has advertised to vote on bonding the school district for \$2,000 to build a school house.

The total assessed valuation of taxable property in school district No. 12, which comprises Dalles City and a portion of the country outside the city limits, is \$1,193,161, and that of the city itself is \$1,122,515.

On and after this date the butcher shops will close at 7 o'clock in the evening, and all day Sundays. Just make a note of this, or you may miss your accustomed roast on Sundays, and so be inclined to roast the butchers instead.

There are several cases of scarlet fever in town, and complaint is made that proper quarantine is not established. While it is true this disease and diphtheria have never been epidemic here, the utmost precaution should be taken that it may be stamped out at once.

Dufur will hold a local teachers' institute on the 21st and 22d. Thursday evening there will be an entertainment, by pupils of the Dufur school, and Friday evening Professor P. P. Underwood will deliver an address on "The New verus the Old Way."

The national quarantine officers in Port Townsend have had instructions from Washington City to exercise the utmost caution and strictly enforce inspection regulations on all vessels arriving from Japan and China, where small-pox is reported to be epidemic.

At the Clarence Rooms, an excellent entertainment was provided by the new Trans-Atlantic reciter, Miss Griswold, a lady who has gained much notoriety in different countries as a vocal imitator of birds. On Wednesday she gave some remarkable examples of her powers as a dramatic reciter and bird mimic.

The firm of Tassott & Co. is shipping monthly, from Aberdeen, between 300 and 400 cases of salmon to Hamburg, Germany. The cases contain about 300 hundred pounds, and the fish bring the company 15 cents a pound in Hamburg. The fish are packed in ice and sent by express. The company is supplying this trade with steelheads.

The first of the series of lectures arranged for by the committee, was given at the Congregational church last night, Col. Jackson, U. S. A., being the lecturer, and the subject, "James Russell Lowell." The attendance was good, and the committee feel greatly encouraged. The subject was handled in a masterly manner, and those who attended were highly pleased with their evening's entertainment.

There are minstrel shows, and minstrel shows, but the best minstrel show that visits the Northwest, is the one coming next Tuesday, the Georgia University Graduates. The show is clean, and is composed of first-class artists in the minstrel line. The Dalles has the reputation of always patronizing bad shows and shunning good ones. This furnishes an excellent opportunity to change the habit.

Mr. Huntington is at his desk in the legislature ready to do business whenever the balance of the members get ready. Yesterday when Somers and Smith got into a wordy argument, then Huntington objected because they disturbed him at his writing. He is eminently right. The people do not care to hear anything from the unorganized house. What they want is to hear that the house is organized and attending to the business for which it was elected.

Miss Elliot of Portland, who gives singing lessons each week in The Dalles, may stay over a week soon in order to give a few of her pupils the advantage of daily practice. If there are any who are thinking of taking lessons in the near future, it would be wise for them to begin at this time, that they may have the same opportunity. Miss Elliot may be conferred with on Thursday afternoon or Friday morning of this week, either in person or by telephone at Mrs. Leslie Butler's.

Thursday's Daily

Mr. Smith French went to Portland today.

Senator Dufur's picture in the Oregonian today is a Joe Dandy.

M. T. Nolan is home from a trip to the Sound, during which he took a few days off at Salem.

No ladies will be admitted to the Elk's charity ball unless accompanied by an escort or holding a ticket.

Miss Alma Schmidt went to Portland yesterday to attend the wedding of her friend, Miss Emma Wentz, formerly of

this city, to Mr. Kelly of Portland, which takes place this evening at 6 o'clock.

Miss Pearl Williams came up from Portland last night, and is visiting her sister, Mrs. H. W. French.

A warm southwest wind prevailed today, and it only lacked the scent of flowers, the song of the birds and the boys at their marble games, to make it a genuine section of spring.

Mr. Nichols exhibited a bird shot near his place in this city this morning. It is a rare one for this country, but is the common night heron, and is common in the Southern states.

Osborne who has been in jail for some time, as a result of the joke of turning out the lights at the dance Christmas eve, was released on bail today, Johnston Bros. of Dufur, going his bond.

County Clerk Kelsay received a letter from Judge Mays a day or so ago, stating that he was improving steadily, but not rapidly, and that he expected to be home about the first day of March, but not before that time.

Dr. Hollister went to Goldendale yesterday, being called in consultation with Dr. Stewart in the case of Attorney Presby's little child, who is suffering from an attack of influenza. He arrived home shortly after noon today.

Today's Oregonian says: "Mr. R. B. Hood, of The Dalles, returned yesterday after a visit of several weeks in Napa valley, Cal. Mr. Hood and family contemplate making their future home in California, and have purchased a delightful home near St. Helena.

The Dalles has just raised \$500 for the purchase of a diamond drill with which it is proposed to bore for coal in that vicinity. This is a deserving enterprise and shows The Dalles possesses the right spirit. This is the spirit that will develop Eastern Oregon and make it the home of thousands of prosperous people.—East Oregonian.

The East Oregonian has a full description of the meeting of state Woodmen Circle at Pendleton, and from it we judge the Woodman have had one of the greatest meetings ever held by a secret society in the state. Among those making responses to toasts, we noticed the name of Mrs. Inez Filloon of this city, but credited by the East Oregonian to Dalles.

The sale of tickets for the charity ball has been a phenomenal success. The Elks never do anything by halves, and it was an assured fact that the ball would be a grand success from the moment that energetic order took hold of it. The work of decorating the hall is approaching completion, one of the ornaments being the magnificent elk recently mounted by Mr. Bert Campbell. The best of music has been secured, and just everybody and everybody else is going.

Miss Griswold, although an amateur, prided herself with all the brilliancy and tact of a professional, and it took some time to convince some of the audience that she was really but an amateur. Miss Griswold followed with a recital of Bryant's—"Robert of Lincoln." It would be difficult to give any of our readers, who were not present at the performance, and idea of the really perfect rendition of this extremely difficult selection. Here was seen all the grace and perfection of a professional in the person of a young amateur. Miss Griswold possesses a most pleasing voice and fully knows the secret of how to use it. Her rendering of the chorus "Bob o'Link," etc., was undoubtedly perfect and the nearest approach to the natural we have ever had the pleasure of hearing.—National Republican.

The date for the positive appearance of Georgia University Graduates and operatic stars has been finally agreed upon for Tuesday, Jan. 26, at the Vogt. Yes, the great show is coming to town in all its entirety and we will shortly have an opportunity of witnessing what is promised to be not only the grandest company ever organized, but the most varied program yet presented, embracing everything and all the novelties in the minstrel line that are entertaining and in pace with the times. The Georgia University Graduates present to us the first minstrel show of the season, and will no doubt reap a rich harvest here, as they are also first in public favor, in fact first and foremost in all things theatrical. Watkins, Gillam, Oliver, McKlinger, and Miss Nettie Goff, Alan Watkins Gillam, and thirty other high class artists will be the ones you will see in a grand minstrel festival.

Friday's Daily.

The would-be employees at Salem are now singing that old refrain "How happy could I be with either, were tother dear charmer away."

Yesterday the people of the state were in suspense, wondering what the day would bring forth. Now they are in suspenders because it was twins.

Every item our reporters get these days is chaste—decidedly so. Chased all over town before it is cornered, and then it does not amount to much in the shape of news.

Pupils will be received at the private primary school at any time, though the spring term will begin with the month of March. Primary work is taught together with kindergarten occupations. Present session from 1 to 4 p. m. in the lecture room of the First Baptist church.

Mrs. Filloon arrived home this morning from Pendleton, where she had been

attending the meeting of the state Woodmen Circle. She was elected delegate to the Supreme Forest, which meets at St. Louis the second Tuesday in March, and was also selected as head banker of the circle.

A large audience enjoyed the services at the M. E. church last evening. Rev. J. H. Wood delivered a fervent and thoughtful address, followed with some words of earnest invitation. There will be a meeting tonight, and all who attend are assured of a most cordial welcome.

Willard Sloper, a pioneer, died at Goldendale Wednesday. He was 71 years of age, crossed the plains in 1854, and was the oldest Odd Fellow in the state of Washington, having been a member of the order for fifty years. He was buried with the honors of the order by the local lodge of Odd Fellows at Goldendale.

Mrs. Wilson received a letter from her son, Fred, yesterday, stating among other things that they arrived at Honolulu safely, but both he and Ed. Wingate were quite sick during the voyage, the weather being bad and the sea very rough. We hope to have a letter from him by the next steamer with his impressions of the islands of the sun-down seas.

McClure's Magazine for February will have a paper by H. J. W. Dam, on "The Making of the Bible," giving a popular account of the principal manuscripts (with facsimiles) from which the Bible as we now have it is derived, and a description (with numerous illustrations) of the famous Oxford University Press, where Bibles are produced by the million, with the finest art ever achieved in book-making, and in every known tongue.

On Monday evening next the intellectual and truly literary citizens of our city will receive a rare treat in the entertainment of Miss J. Montague Griswold, which will be given at the Vogt opera house. Miss Griswold is an artist in dramatic art, and our citizens should avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing her recital. She gives a recital in a manner which ranges in variety from grave to gay, from comedy to tragedy, and we anticipate a tall house, which she deserves.

Speaking of Miss Griswold's ability as an elocutionist, the Constitution of Middleboro, Conn., says: "On Monday evening there was a crowded house, and the utmost satisfaction was expressed. The readings by Miss J. Montague Griswold of New York, were very fine. She is an elocutionist of rare promise. Her reading of 'The Raven,' was very dramatic, and called forth repeated applause." Miss Griswold will appear at the Vogt Grand, Monday evening, Jan. 25th, and will be ably assisted by the most popular home talent. Price of admission 50 cents.

The musical given by Mrs. E. C. Pease and Mrs. G. P. Morgan last night at the home of the former, partook very much of the nature of a party, so pleasantly did the evening pass. Programs, on which some of the fine pen work of Mr. Morgan was displayed, did credit to the excellent program which was rendered, every number of which deserves special mention if space and time permitted. Miss Griswold, who by request gave the bird imitation, delighted everyone present, and was heartily encouraged. After the program, bon-bons were passed around, and soon each guest was wearing a paper cap of some description, the while they partook of refreshments. The proceeds of the evening were for the benefit of the Congregational church.

THE HOUSE ORGANIZED.

Senator Hoar's Opinion Followed—Benson Is Speaker.

A dispatch received this afternoon from Salem states the house has organized on the lines suggested by Senators Hoar and Thurston, with a majority of the members. Thirty-two answered to their names. Benson was elected speaker, and the house declared organized.

A Pretty Window.

A. M. Williams & Co.'s windows are today things of beauty, especially the one to the left of the entrance as you enter. It is decorated in honor of the Elks, the central figure being a magnificent elk's head. Around this an artistic draping is arranged in the Elks' color, the royal purple. Suspended by threads from the top of the window are innumerable purple butterflies, and from across the street the immense window looks as though it contained a bevy of them. However, the only way to get an idea as to how pretty it is, is to go and look at it.

This Is Your Opportunity.

On receipt of ten cents, cash or stamps, a generous sample will be mailed of the most popular Catarrh and Hay Fever Cure (Ely's Cream Balm) sufficient to demonstrate the great merits of the remedy.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York City.

Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mont., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement, "It is a positive cure for catarrh if used as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Mont.

Ely's Cream Balm is the acknowledged cure for catarrh and contains no mercury nor any injurious drug. Price, 50 cents.

Subscribe for THE CHRONICLE.

What a Man Can't Do.

A woman will broil a steak, says a wise woman who knows, and see that the coffee does not boil over, and watch the cat that she does not steal the remainder of meat on the kitchen table, and dress the youngest boy, and set the table, and see to the roast, and stir the oatmeal, and give the orders to the butcher, and she can do it all at once and not half try. Man has done wonders since he came before the public. He has navigated the ocean, he has penetrated the mysteries of the starry heavens, he has harnessed the lightning and made it pull street-cars and light the great cities of the world. But he cannot find a spool of red thread in his wife's workbasket; he can't discover her pocket in a dress hanging in the closet; he cannot hang out clothes and get them on the line right end up. He cannot hold clothespins in his mouth while he is doing it, neither. He cannot be polite to somebody he hates. He cannot sit in a rocking-chair without banging the rockers in the baseboard. He cannot put the tudy on the sofa pillow right side out.—LaGrande Chronicle.

That's what he can't, brother, and there are whole lots of things besides he can't do. He can't talk his other half to a standstill with his mouth full of hair pins, and not miss a note; or look pretty and talk saucy with both hands engaged in tying up his back hair. He can't keep up a running conversation on nine different subjects at once, and not get them tangled or the pronouns mixed. He can't put the baby's stockings on without getting the heel on top of the foot, and he can't chew gum worth a cent. He can't kiss the pain from childhood's hurts, or charm smiles into eyes but a moment before filled with tears. He can't wurt-nurse the baby by first intentions, but has to fall back on his old friend, the bottle. He can't be a down-sprouted angel, with a voice like falling waters, one minute, and a full-fledged devil of a bucking cayuse with the breeching kicked off, the next. He can't match colors in woolen and silk goods, not to save his immortal soul. He can't love his enemies to their faces, and hate his friends behind their backs. He can't hit the bargain counter, where goods are selling for cost, and get twenty-five per cent discount without any back talk. He can't dance all night in a pair of tight shoes, and smile like the face of Nature in June. He can't look sweet and pretty in a suit of clothes costing six bits, and he can't do a hundred thousand other things that the dainty, dithered, little darlings can do without an effort.

But more than all, he can't get along without the charming, cantankerous, wheedling, prying, lovable, kissable, wrap-a-man-around-their-fingerable dodgasted, measly little darlings, whose eyes go through a fellow like an X ray, and whose presence is as the scent of violets in the breath of spring. She is nature's grandest handiwork, God's last and best gift direct from heaven, and only kept from being an angel from association with man. She has a sphere all her own; that we can't enter in, and we are deucedly glad we can't.

Turned in His Coffin.

The body of old man Willy, who was buried near Vale seven years ago, was taken up and moved to the Vale cemetery Monday, on account of the grave being upon the premises now occupied by M. G. Hope's new stone residence. The coffin was in a fair state of preservation and was quite easily handled, but the most peculiar phase of the affair was that the body was turned over in the coffin and was lying upon the left side, resting upon the left arm, which was doubled underneath it. This could not have been occasioned by the moving, which was done so carefully that the shroud, which had become a powder that could be blown away, was not disturbed by the handling.

The beard on his cheeks had grown to about three inches in length, though when he was buried it was not more than a quarter of an inch long.

The position of the body in the coffin is all the more strange in consideration of the fact that the corpse, when buried, was in such mal-odoros condition that a large amount of carbolic acid had to be used upon it to enable those in charge to handle it in burial. This apparent state of decomposition had preceded death for several hours. And Frank Glenn, who assisted in placing the body in the coffin at the burial in 1889, vouches for the fact that it was lying upon the back in the regulation position for burial.—Vale Silver Advocate.

The Great Minstrel Show.

The Georgia University Minstrels and Jubilee Singers that has made such a great impression throughout the East and in the cities on the coast where they have appeared, are billed for one performance at the Vogt Tuesday evening, Jan. 26th.

As this is their first visit here, the members are expected to establish a reputation that will always fill the theater on their return. This is an organization composed of educated colored men and women of recognized ability and talent as performers. Their singing is much above the average. There will be a novel first, including the female members of the company, also four end men, a double quartet, one of which, the Swanee River Quartet, has a national reputation. There are a number of well-known colored dancers and a colored ventriloquist that will please any audience. These specialties are all new and numerous. The performance will

Advertisement for Blackwell's Durh-A-M! featuring an illustration of a man and a woman. Text: "I WANT YOU TO UNDERSTAND THAT I'LL HAVE NOTHING BUT THE GENUINE BLACKWELL'S DURH-A-M!"

close with an entire new afterpiece, especially written and arranged for this company.

BADLY BURNED.

A Young Lady and Three Children Narrowly Escape Being Burned to Death.

On last Friday evening, while Miss Minnie Boatman, a young lady of about 18 years of age, was carrying a lighted lamp from one room to another, a door swung to and knocked the lamp from her hands, which exploded after striking the floor, says the Enterprise Aurora. The oil saturated her clothing, which at once took fire, as did also the house in which the three small children of B. T. Long were sleeping, the parents being absent to the literary society, which was in session in the hall at the time. Miss Boatman having great presence of mind, ran out into the street and seeing a light in the Aurora office, which stands next door to where the accident occurred, she rushed in all ablaze. Messrs. L. J. Rouse, Geo. Voris and J. W. Allen were at work in the office, and by the use of a couple of coats, succeeded after some heroic work, in getting the blaze smothered, but not till the girl's hands were fearfully burned. Mr. Rouse rushed into the house and found the room all on fire, and a baby carriage with the youngest child in it asleep and surrounded by flames. A few buckets of water soon brought the burning building under control.

SECOND DEATH LOSS.

United Artisans Pay Promptly on Receipt of Death Proof.

The East Oregonian of January 16, 1897, says:

The second death loss ever incurred by the United Artisans was paid Max M. Moorhead, district deputy for Eastern Oregon and Washington, Friday. It was for \$1000, and paid to Mrs. Mary Gibbs, of Ukiah Assembly of Artisans, and was certificate No. 2362. The claim was paid with a promptness which indicates that business methods are being pursued by the head officers of the Artisan order. The organization is only twenty-five months old, and has had a growth of 3,500 members. The death loss was paid by the supreme clerk immediately upon the receipt of the proof of loss. The supreme officers of the Artisans, which is an Oregon institution, are John H. Mitchell, U. S. senator; C. B. Bellinger, U. S. district judge; C. L. McKenna, Francis I. McKenna, F. S. Akin, F. L. Willis, George W. Bates.

Peculiar and valuable features possessed by the order of Artisans is a reserve fund and the admission on equal terms of men and women.

The Bubonic Plague.

The fact that two cases of bubonic plague have developed in London is a reminder that eastern epidemics too frequently girdle the earth in running there course as did la grippe, which was first heard from in Russia. We are exposed on two sides to invasion by the bubonic plague, which is the "black death" which in 1665 killed 100,000 Englishmen.

In all violent outbreaks of bubonic

Advertisement for Mays & Crowe, The Dalles, Or. featuring an illustration of a horse-drawn wagon. Text: "The Price on Farm Wagons Has Dropped!"