

The Weekly Chronicle.
 THE DALLES, - - - OREGON
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LOCAL BREVITIES.
 Wednesday's Daily.
 Over 5,000 rolls of wall paper just received at the Snipes-Kinnersley drugstore.
 Sturgeon sold for 9 cents a pound for a few days, but yesterday advices from Portland knocked 2 cents off each pound, and only 7 cents was paid.
 Dr. Tackman has just completed the furnishings of his new offices in rooms 6, 7 and 8 in the Vogt block, and is prepared to attend to all needing his services.
 St. Patrick surely could have no complaint concerning the way in which his day was observed in The Dalles. Man, woman and child, each and all wore a bit of green in his honor, and the store windows nearly all bore evidences that the owners were not forgetful of Erin's patron saint.
 Thurst Masters, of Goldendale, passed through on last night's train, taking with him the body of his son, aged 13 years, who died at the hospital in Portland yesterday morning. The little fellow had been sick for some time and was taken to Portland last fall for treatment. The funeral took place at Goldendale today.
 perts, and with the aid of the stereopticon will be able to impart his knowledge to all hearers. There is no admission fee.
 Thursday's Daily
 License to marry was issued yesterday to Geo. C. Cochran and Miss V. Bredt. The commissioners court met this afternoon pursuant to adjournment, to make some arrangement for the collection of the 1895 taxes.
 The dance given by the Maccabees last night at the Baldwin was a treat to those who enjoy the "mazy." The floor proved to be as good as it formerly was, and the music by Birgfeld's orchestra up to its usual excellence.
 The body of one of the Indians drowned while sturgeon fishing above this city two or three weeks ago, was found near Hood River this morning. Jake Andrews, the Indian merchant, went down today to look after the body.
 Last fall we published the butter record of a fine jersey cow belonging to Mr. VanAnder. The cow was a record maker if not a record breaker, and Mr. VanAnder took great pride in her, but like all things mortal, her career came to an end, and last week she died.
 Mr. Frank Tracy was in the city today. Five years ago, while working for the O. R. & N., he was knocked from a freight or gravel train near Clarnie, suffering injuries which resulted in the loss of one leg. Judge Bennett brought suit for him, getting judgment for \$4,000. The matter then went to the supreme court, and as we understand it, got into the United States courts. Judge Bennett, seeing that the case was liable to drag along for years, and that Tracy was liable to die before a final settlement could be reached, offered to compromise the suit, by throwing off his half of the judgment, if the company would pay Tracy his \$2,000. This has been done and Mr. Tracy has his money. He also has the opinion that lawyers are not quite so heartless as they have been painted.
 Friday's Daily.
 License to marry was issued yesterday to Charles Gros and Anna Mask.
 Mrs. J. S. Fish carried off the honors at bowling this week, and wears the medal. Her score was 31 1/2.
 The county commissioners have been wrestling all day with the 1895 tax proposition, and with other delinquent tax matters.
 A letter received from Fred Wilson states that he and Ed Wingate expected to leave Honolulu March 10th for home. They are now probably on their way to San Francisco, making the trip in a sailing vessel.
 John Tway, proprietor of the Albany tannery, which was started about a year ago, says it is running at its fullest capacity, and that the tannery will be enlarged this season to meet the increasing demand for its output.
 The Jackson Hoss Company had a blow-out last night all by themselves, and they had a good time too. A supper was part of the program and everyone present had to make a speech. It was a success in every way, even financially.
 Miss Anna Thompson entertained a number of her friends at what last evening. Miss Lois Helm and Mr. R. Gorman won the prizes, and Miss Heppner and Mr. H. D. Parkins, after a hard struggle, secured the booby emblems.
 Charles, the 15-year-old son of J. N. Miller, while trying to catch a ride on

an incoming freight train at Oregon City Wednesday, fell beneath the car wheels and his left leg was crushed at the knee. The leg was amputated yesterday.
 We have been asked several times where we heard that the Washington legislature had made a close season for sturgeon, many seeming to doubt the statement. Our informant was Judge Miller of Vancouver, and as violators of the law in this neighborhood would be tried before him, it is presumed he knew whereof he spoke.
 The management of the Vogt has done considerable work in an attempt to improve the acoustics of the hall, and we hope have succeeded. The hall is really a very comfortable one, the scenery and stage first class, and if the acoustics could be improved it would be all right. The only way to accomplish this is to keep experimenting, and this is being done.
 Now is the time to work the roads, one day's work being worth a dozen later on when the ground is dry. Now the fresh dirt put in the roads will pack and become hard and firm. We suggest that it would be a good idea for that fine county road leveler and scraper to be run constantly until the ground gets dry. A month's work with it would prove of inestimable advantage.
 Miss Hilda Beck, who has been visiting at home for the past few days, was pleasantly surprised by a number of friends who gathered at her home last night, without previously informing her, and spent the evening most enjoyably with games, music, etc., not to mention the most important feature, the lunch. At a late hour they bade Miss Hilda good bye. She returned to Portland this morning.
 The supreme court of the state of Washington has held that the counties are responsible for all warrants issued by them. That is, the decision is in touch with the Oregon decision, and is in effect that all indebtedness that the county cannot avoid, such as jurors fees, court costs, etc., are not within the prohibited \$5,000 indebtedness that a county can create. This makes about \$25,000 worth of Klickitat warrants valid, that were heretofore considered doubtful.
 United States Senator Samuel D. McEmery, of Louisiana, is credited with having recently declared that he is "a Sam Randall Democrat, always has been and always will be." The people of his state, he added, have known his views for many years, and in the speech he made to the Democratic caucus before his late election to the senate he left no ground for doubt as to his attitude on the tariff. The tariff, he thinks, should be taken out of politics, being a purely economic question and having no place in partisan discussion.
 The illustrated talk by Professor Cordley, at the court house last night drew quite a large audience. The lecture was a fine one, and those who attended learned more about fruit pests and their manner of doing harm, than they could in any other manner in a month. The stereopticon views were very fine, and told more in a minute than words could do in a week. Professor Cordley has a very pleasant style and has the happy faculty of making a very dry subject interesting. President Miller lectures this evening, and those who hear him will have something to remember.
FITZSIMMONS WINS.
 Corbett Knocked Out at the Close of the Fourteenth Round.
 The prize fight at Carson awakened considerable interest here, it being the principal subject of conversation from early morning, and in fact still is so.
 The men stepped in the ring and faced each other at 11:59. For the first eight rounds Corbett seemed to have everything his own way, occasionally making a facetious remark, but in the ninth this was changed. Fitzsimmons went at him like a hurricane and landed blow after blow. The fight was hot through the following rounds, both men showing signs of weakness. In the fourteenth, Fitzsimmons made a vicious and aggressive fight, knocking Pompadour Jim out of time, out of the championship and out of the purse just as the round was about to close.
 The fight was a game one on both sides, the results showing that they were very evenly matched.
Unlawful to Catch Sturgeon.
 The Washington legislature has made a close season for sturgeon, which commences March 1st and lasts eight months, during which time it is unlawful to catch them. Under Judge Delling's decision the state of Washington only claims jurisdiction to the thread of the stream, the center of the channel. Our fishermen want to look out, for they are liable to arrest if caught fishing on the Washington side of the river.
Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
 The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Blakeley and Houghton, druggists.
 Nebraska corn for sale at the Wasco warehouse. Best feed on earth. m9-t

A CASE OF SUICIDE.
 Nothing Left to Reveal the Dead Man's Identity.
 Yesterday about noon word was received by Coroner Butts that a dead body had been found in the head of Dry Hollow, about four miles southwest of the city. He immediately went out and brought the body in, summoned a jury and held an inquest. The body was found at the foot of a big pine tree, and its position and the circumstances all point to suicide. The body was lying on one side, the pistol with which the deed was committed lying under the right hand. The suicide had evidently sat down with his back against the tree, placed the pistol just at the back of the right temple and fired. The face showed the proximity of the pistol, being powder burned. When found the body was in a good state of preservation, death having occurred not more than three days before. In addition to the description given by the coroner's jury, we noted that the upper teeth were prominent and somewhat irregular, the third tooth on the right side being inside of the others, the nose was high, thin and aquiline, and the hands indicated that he had performed considerable manual labor. There were no papers of any kind about the body, the only thing found besides the pistol being \$1.70 in silver. The following is the verdict of the coroner's jury:
 THE DALLES, Or., Mch. 16, 1897.
 We, the undersigned, the jury impaneled by W. H. Butts, coroner of Wasco county, Or., to inquire into the death of an unknown person whose body is now before us, after careful consideration of all the testimony adduced by the witnesses called and sworn by said coroner, submit the following as our verdict.
 We find that the death of said deceased was caused by a gunshot wound, inflicted by the hand of the deceased, and as far as we can ascertain his death was premeditated and deliberate upon his part. We are unable to identify said body, either from our own personal knowledge or from the knowledge of any one who has so far viewed the remains, and for the further information of the public we herewith submit a description of the body as far as observation can enlighten us, which is as follows:
 In height deceased was about, or full six feet; weight about 170 or 180 pounds; age about 35 years; color of hair dark brown or reddish brown; sandy mustache. At the time of his death he was dressed as follows: Brown overcoat, with black velvet collar; black diagonal suit of sack pattern; celluloid collar and cuffs; cuff buttons are round lever buttons, and in design intended to represent moonstone; on his feet we find a pair of lace shoes about number 8 or 8 1/2, stockings being dark brown in color; hat a black soft felt hat, with medium high crown and medium rim in width, and the following on the inside: "Our 210 make," which has been considerably used and worn.
 The appearance of the deceased would indicate that he had been a man of moderate means, at least, and his social relations on an average with other good citizens; but from the meager facts brought to light we cannot suggest anything further which would lead to a discovery of name, age or place of residence of deceased.
 A. LARSEN,
 L. S. DAVIS,
 F. N. HILL,
 H. M. DOWELL,
 I. J. NORMAN,
 D. S. DUFFY.

Equinoctial Storms.
 Owing to the close relation which the weather has to physical comfort, to health and to production, it is no wonder that weather proverbs have been originated; and due to the never-failing habit of discussing the weather, on all occasions and under all circumstances, many proverbs have been so oft repeated that the common idea is that they are founded upon fact. Since scientific and accurate weather observations have been made, these old proverbs have gradually become obsolete, so far as their meaning is concerned, or they are now repeated as are the quaint and pleasing nursery rhymes. They should be regarded as survivals of superstitious folk-lore, rather than as weather-wise sayings.
 No credence should be attached to the innumerable sayings regarding the character of certain seasons, as determined by the weather on certain dates of the calendar. The reputation of such weather proverbs comes only from the memory of those that are verified and forgetting those that are not.
 The same comment may be made regarding the days of the week in which the phase of the moon changes, and the attitude of the new moon in the sky. A common "moon forecast" is in regard to the position of the horns of the moon. If in Oregon a certain position gives a certain weather, then it is reasonable to assume that similar weather should prevail at all places on the same latitude circle. Such is manifestly not true.
 Weather changes or forecasts based on these and similar signs have no more verification than those based on the movements of the planets, and all should be treated in the same class as those of the astrologers, centuries ago.
 The movement of the earth, in its path around the sun, and its constantly changing inclination, will, on March 21, place it in such a position that the length of the day and night will be equal. The day will continue to grow longer, until June 21, when the day grows shorter to December 21, when the day is at its shortest period. On September 21, the day and night are again equal. It has been handed down from ages past that at the time of the equinox severe storms will occur, and in order to verify this proverb any storm that occurs within ten days or two weeks of the equinox has been credited to this cause. About March 21 and September 21 changes of the seasons are imminent and taking place, but a careful study of accurate records does not show that any credence can be placed in the old saying concerning severe or even unusual storms.
 The record of Portland, Or., for twenty-three consecutive years shows that March has a daily average rainfall of 0.189 of an inch. That on March 21, for the same number of years, the daily average for that day is 0.120 of an inch; that for five days previous to March 21 the daily average is 0.089 of an inch, and for five days after, the daily average is 0.187 of an inch, so that it is seen that for the eleven days, March 21, the five days before that date and the five days after, the daily average rainfall is 0.141 inch, which is 0.048 of an inch below the daily average for the month. If unusual weather conditions prevailed about the equinox does it not appear reasonable to assume that such would be shown by twenty-three years' record, and that more rain would be shown within the eleven days than during the other twenty days of the month?
 The record shows less rain than the average during this period, hence the conclusion that there is no credence to be placed in this old legend.
 The maximum fall of rain at Portland is from December 15 to January 15, after the latter date there being an average gradual decrease in the amount, and this gradual decrease is not altered by the presence of the equinox, at least, it is not so shown in the twenty-three years recorded at Portland, Or.
A Good Record.
 To the Honorable, the Board of Directors of School District 13, Wasco Co., Or.:
 GENTLEMEN:—As requested by you, I have made an examination of the books kept by E. Jacobsen, your retiring clerk, and beg to submit the following report:
 The receipts have been made up from three sources—First, state and county apportionment; second, special tax; third, amounts received from tuition and for sundry sales of school furnishings.
 I have compared all items charged against the district by the county treasurer, which cover classes 1 and 2 for 1894 and 1895, and have found only one discrepancy, as shown in accompanying statement. The special tax, prior to 1894, was collected by the school clerk, and the amounts accounted for compare with the stubs of receipt book with one exception, where the clerk takes to account \$2.40 for which there is no stub. This amount is allowed to stand, as the clerk admits its collection. The collections under Class 3 have been made with the knowledge and assistance of Professor Gavin, your principal of The Dalles schools, whose certificate as to their correctness appears herewith.
 All charges for disbursements have been compared with the warrants authorizing same. The vouchers have been found genuine, and the charges correct with two exceptions, as shown in statement above referred to.
 The manner of keeping the accounts has been admirable, and the records are clear, definite and satisfactory.
 Respectfully,
 F. E. BRONSON.
 The Dalles, Or., March 15, 1897.
 To the Board of Directors:
 I have checked up the tuition account of School Clerk E. Jacobsen for his entire term of office, and find the same to be correct. Respectfully,
 JOHN GAVIN.
 The Dalles, Or., March 15, 1897.

BLACKWELL'S
I WANT BLACKWELL'S DURHAM AND NO OTHER. SEE?
 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.

into the work as does the statesman. One of the members of that eminently successful firm of A. M. Williams & Co. said the other day, the more he studied life the more clearly he saw that it was all done on business principles. Promptness, thoroughness, courage, honesty and liberality are wrought into its every fibre. These are exactly the principles that have proved such productive seeds for Messrs. A. M. Williams & Co., who always treat their big business from a statesman point of view. Forethought and judgment have certainly figured in the recent buying of their splendid spring stock of clothing now ready for the people. Liberality controls their underselling, and honesty rules over their "white" treatment of customers. The K. N. & F. Co. clothing is a leading feature of their's, a make-famous for style, service and satisfaction, and worn by leaders in professions, society and every trade, from Maine to California and from Canada to Texas—the most reputable brand of clothing in the hands of reputable dealers. Surely cannot the city of The Dalles claim A. M. Williams & Co. as the statesman of merchants?

Musings.
 Man born of woman, and most men are, is of few days, and those are so full of trouble it is hardly worth while being born at all. He riseth up betimes and sayeth "Go to!" I will make a spoon, and before it is high-noon by the town clock, he has spoiled a horn. He goeth forth early in the morning to shear, and at night he returneth to his domicile again, shorn, with mayhap some of his wrinkles cut also. He cracketh his heels together like a grass hopper, in the plenitude of his joy, and hath the fountain of his woe made to run over by a hard-hearted bill collector before he has time to sample a matrimonial cocktail. He layeth for his enemy, Jones, to swipe him in a horse trade, and lo! Smith does him up \$40 worth, with a Pilled Angus cow. He chucketh the hired girl gayly under the chin in the exuberance of his spirits, but the exuberance evanesces instanter because just at that moment his wife appears unbidden in the doorway. He puts his money on the sorrel horse from Oshkosh, and the cream-colored streak of lightning from Green Bay wins the shekels. He writeth a letter to his best girl, that owing to the irony of Fate, falls into the hands of his wife, who insists on that lovely bonnet he promises therein. He goeth to the bottom of his j-pans to purchase the same, and in the one for whom it was intended giveth him the cold shake. Such and much more is man.

"It is natural for men to indulge in the fleeting illusions of hope." This morning as we walked up to our palatial office our glad number 8s spurned the plebeian sidewalk and we ambled on air. We had a letter due, none of your every day letters with a return card in the corner and a dnn inside, but a regular *billet-doux*, pink-tinted paper, scent of violets, and all that sort of thing. In imagination we sniffed the flowers of spring, rosebuds and pansies, violets and honeysuckles, fluttering birds and song of larks. We had ecstatic visions

of Cupid fluttering his wings among the peach blooms; of one lovely face with eyes like dew-filled violets, complexion of apple blossom, lips half-opened rosebuds, sweet enough to tempt a bee from a garden of mignonette, hair black and soft as the tresses of Night, voice low and sweet as an Aeolian harp. That's what we expected, and from whom we expected it. This is what we got from the sharer of our wealth and other calamities. After the usual endearing epithets customarily used by old married people for the purpose of perpetrating the comedy, the letter we received said: "Don't forget to send me twenty pounds of Early Rose potatoes. I want them for seed." Like Ben Adam's angel, we read and vanished. Vanished also the dreams; vanished the rosebuds and the lilies, violet eyes and breath redolent of spring; vanished Cupid. His bow and his arrows thrown aside, he seized spade and hoe and got down on to his matrimonial job.

Who is there shall tell a man what shall come after him? Who shall whisper into the pink, sea-shell ears of girlhood the story of that wicked Cupid? Who shall draw the invidious comparison between before and after taking—a wife? Who, seeing Cupid hovering among the flowers, shall dare draw his profile in the truck patch? Who shall convince youth that kisses may satisfy the soul, but are *persona non grata* to the stomach?

Love is a fraud, a delusion and a snare. The front of his basque is filled with chiffon, and the tulle thereof cover a sham in the back breadth of his skirt-lets. Before marriage he wears a buttonhole bouquet and travels on silver lining of the sutured clouds. After the ceremony he demands a corset full of potatoes and plods on foot. Before, his lips drop honey and mint juleps. After, they are greasy with pork and cabbage. His promises are as pearls on a gold string, his fulfillments, as a string of suckers waiting to be cleaned for tomorrow's breakfast. He is a mixture of comedy, tragedy and farce, thrives by deceit, fattens on the despair of others and is altogether a snare for the feet of the young, a trap for the middle-aged, and a pit and deadfall for the old. Fair to the eye, ashes to the lips, a nettle to the touch, an ingrowing nail in the great toe of progress, a song in the heart, a cinder in the eye, a thing to be desired, until you get him, and then—well, if you get him good you wouldn't take six bits for him. This last statement is true.

New Millinery.
 I wish to announce to the ladies of The Dalles and vicinity that I have just received a complete stock of spring and summer millinery, consisting of ladies' misses' and children's hats, caps and bonnets of latest styles and lowest prices only. Please give me a call before purchasing elsewhere.
 Yours Very Respectfully,
 MRS. CHAS. PEIRANO,
 mch13-w2 East Second Street.

Old Papers for sale at 10 cents per hundred. A large lot of old daily and weekly CHRONICLES on hand, the accumulation of 1896. Very good for putting under carpets, on account of uniform size.

The Price on Farm Wagons Has Dropped;



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 price. 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.

MAYS & CROWE, The Dalles, Or.