

The Weekly Chronicle.

THE DALLES, OREGON
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LOCAL BREVITIES.

Wednesday's Daily.

Rev. Wilbur M. Jones of Portland will preach at the Calvary Baptist church tonight at 7:30.

The Oregonian says: "F. N. Jones, member of the legislature, was in Portland yesterday." What legislature?

If you are thinking of going anywhere on the cars Sunday, do not forget that the time card is changed on that date.

The Dalles Commercial Club has organized a base ball club, and that game promises to run high the coming summer.

The new school district, No. 63, at Wamic, has chosen J. W. Beaby, M. Kennedy and John End, directors, and J. E. Kennedy, clerk.

Word comes from Omaha that rumors are in the air there, to the effect that the O. R. & N. and Short Line are to consolidate, but the rumor cannot be verified.

Mr. B. S. Stone has about completed his fish wheel a mile and a half below town, and will have it ready for business by the time the salmon are ready to tackle it.

Mr. Lockwood, who has the contract for building the Hood River bridge, is in the city. The material for the bridge is on the way, and work will be begun on it at once.

The river came up eight-tenths of a foot in the twenty-four hours ending at 7 o'clock this morning, against a rise of one and one-tenth feet in the preceding twenty-four hours.

The ladies of the First Christian church will serve ice cream and cake in the basement of the church on Friday evening at 10 cents a plate. Come and bring your best girl.

Senfer's catch of salmon yesterday was sold to the Dalles Commission Company, it consisting of four fine fish, or about what would be caught in one of their wheels during a good run, at one dip.

If you would like to spend a pleasant evening, which you will never regret, come to the Good Templar hall next Saturday evening. Besides an excellent program, ice cream and cake will be served. Admission 15 cents.

The river this morning was fifteen feet and a half above low water mark. The rise coming so early indicates that there is no danger of extreme high water this year, though it is probable the 45-foot mark may be reached.

Judge W. W. Page of Portland died at his home in that city Tuesday. Judge Page was one of the leading attorneys of the state, being a specialist in the laws concerning real property. He was a pioneer, and was admitted to practice in 1859 before Judge Deady.

There was an alarm of fire in the East End yesterday afternoon, which was caused by an incipient blaze in a house back of St. Arnold's blacksmith shop. The East End Hose Company responded, but the fire was out almost before the alarm was turned in.

Since the opening of the locks and the advent of spring, the trip to Portland by "The Regulator Line" is a most delightful one. The steamers have been remodeled, and every comfort is offered. The specialties of the line are magnificent scenery, safety, quick time, attentive employees, excellent meals and economy. a13-dawit

The fishermen generally do not anticipate a heavy run of salmon this year, it being according to their notion an off year, and next year being the charmed fourth, will be the big run. In 1890 and 1894 the runs were extremely heavy, and '98 is expected to rival them. With a strike on the lower river, the catch here will, however, be better than that of the average off year.

Thursday's Daily

Single veils, with all the latest edges, 50c, 75c, \$1 and \$1.25 at Pease & Mays.

Ten per cent discount on clothing and ladies' capes for the next three days by Pease & Mays.

Drop into the store of Mays & Crowe and see their aluminum-ware cooking utensils. It is the coming ware.

Tickets for the entertainment at the Congregational church, April 23d, can be had from any of the Endeavors for the small sum of 15 cents.

Try a pound of that new confectionery Pease & Mays are opening today. They'll sell it to you for 25 cents; you'd pay 40 or 50 cents anywhere else.

Senfer Bros. received a carload of tin this morning, which will be made into cans, and before the season is over they will be filled with delicious Columbia salmon.

The diamond drill was put in place

yesterday, and will be started up Saturday. The coal question is going to be solved pretty quickly, and we hope very satisfactorily.

The Brown boy, who was so badly scalded Sunday, has been more or less delirious since the accident, but Dr. Hollister has strong of pulling him through all right.

Two double-deck cars of stock hogs passed through this morning, coming from the Willamette valley, and bound for Febraska, where hogs are evidently scarce and 6 cents-a-bushel corn abundant.

New line pure silk veillings at Pease & Mays, thirty patterns to choose from, 10 to 30 cents per yard.

Mr. Lyman Daily tenders his heartfelt thanks to neighbors and friends who so freely and generously assisted in the care of his wife, and for the many kindnesses rendered by citizens of The Dalles.

Plans and specifications for the Columbia Southern railroad will be completed and can be seen at the company's office, in the Vogt block, on and after Monday. Work will be begun on the grading within a very short time, and will be pushed to an early completion. The company's offices will be located permanently in the Vogt building.

Owing to the probability of war in Europe, wheat has become stronger, with an upward tendency. At San Francisco, there was quite an advance Monday, and since that time there has been no re-action. With the outlook for an abundant harvest and good prices, our wheat growers may well look cheerful.

Kelchner's celebrated model of the tabernacle of Israel and the heavenly sanctuary, in gold and silver, will be shown at the Methodist church Tuesday evening, the 27th of this month. It is a perfect reproduction of the tabernacle built by Moses, contains 1700 pieces weighs 1200 pounds, and cost \$15,000. It is one-eleventh the size of the original.

Representative Msaener, of Crook county this morning shipped a billiard table and a stock of goods for his saloon business, to Mitchell. The people out that way must have a large capacity for liquid refreshments, as Bob shipped something over six tons of supplies. He also purchased a fine two-seated buggy of Mays & Crowe, and evidently intends to enjoy life, even though he is a hundred miles from the railroad.

We want it distinctly understood that we sport an Easter hat of elegant shape and elaborate trimming. It is a cold day when we get left, and the way the young ladies in Mrs. Briggs' millinery store caught on to our new spring "shape" and decorated it with marguerites and forget-me-nots, showed that they just couldn't resist the temptation to bring out our peculiar style of beauty by ornamenting our hat with the modest and unobtrusive little flowers so emblematic of our lovable character. We shall ever hold those flowers and the donors thereof as green in our memory as the 17th of March, and the flowers shall be preserved as long as the Columbia does not go dry.

The Artisans gave one of their social sessions last night in their hall, and a number of guests were present, who thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The program was exceptionally good, among the numbers being an address by the deputy organizer, Max Morehead, which gave those present a better idea of the order of Artisans than they previously had. He will be in the city next week, when new members will be taken into the order. After the program the gentlemen served refreshments in a unique style, boards being used for plates, and one of the principal delicacies was taffy on a dish pan. The pleasing part of the lunch was the generous manner in which it was served, each guest being offered nothing less than a box of oranges. Altogether it was a very sociable social.

Friday's Daily.

C. J. Hayes and Mrs. Ann Stranahan were married at Hood River one day this week.

The steamer Ainsworth sunk in Lake Kootenai Sunday morning. She will be raised.

Mr. McGann of Lyle will conduct services at the Episcopal church Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Pease & Mays have their windows beautifully decorated, but that is no unusual thing with them.

Stubling & Williams now have the celebrated Hop Gold Bock beer on draught. It is all right.

The roads all over the country are in fine condition, and as a result all the stages are arriving ahead of time.

The little Brown boy, who was so badly scalded, is much better this morning, and his recovery is now only a question of time.

A. Ullery of Wamic, while at the table at Wm. Davis' house at Wamic Monday last, without a moment's warning fell out of his chair, and in a moment was dead.

Rev. O. D. Taylor, pastor of the First Baptist church, preaches on Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Subject of sermon "God Rules." There will be no evening service.

The river was at the eighteen-foot mark this morning, and if the present

weather holds for any length of time, we are apt to see a rare thing, and that is high water in April.

One by one all those who appeared so prominently in the great Beecher suit have passed away. Yesterday Mrs. Theodore Tilton, wife of Beecher's accuser, died at her home in Brooklyn.

The Champion baseball club will meet in the council chambers tomorrow night at 8:30 o'clock. All members of the club are requested to be present, as there is business of importance to attend to.

Baker City is to have a hospital, which will be opened about June 1st. It will be called the St. Elizabeth hospital, and will be under the direction of the Sisters of St. Francis, with the mother house in Philadelphia.

The Dalles just now is at her prettiest, with her fruit trees masses of bloom, and her shade trees rapidly taking on their foliage. It is just a trifle warm for comfort, but we have no kick coming, the more warmth the more grass and grain, and we cannot have too much of either.

The Columbia is coming up rapidly and steadily, but we are not like the people along the Mississippi, who get drowned out with a 26-foot rise. It is not classed as high water here until it passes the 42-foot mark, and in '94 it went within an inch of the 80-foot mark. It made some of us move at the latter figure, but anything under 50 feet is all right.

A. M. Williams & Co. have a very handsomely decorated window in honor of Easter. The floor is covered with loosely-draped swiss, from the folds of which peep many prettily colored eggs. The center piece is an immense egg made of handkerchiefs, the top chipped off and a couple of handsome dolls peeping therefrom. It is a dainty and artistic bit of decorating that must be seen to be appreciated.

The Snipes-Kinners Drug Co. has a very pretty and unique Easter display in its windows. Each window is carpeted with sod, and in one two large white rabbits, with a couple of baby rabbits, are at home to all who call to see them. In the other, a hen, with a brood of ducklings, divide the honors with the rabbits. A swimming tank is provided for the youngsters, and they seem to enjoy themselves as thoroughly as though they had the whole world to roam in.

Have you seen those beautiful Olive Platin photos that Mr. Hammond is making at the Herrin gallery? They are, without a doubt, the finest finished photos that have ever been made in the West. Photographers in the East charge \$8 to \$15 per dozen for them. To introduce them in The Dalles, Mr. Hammond, for a short time, will make them at \$4.50 per dozen, for cabinets finished on large, heavy or other fancy cards, which is very reasonable considering his is the only gallery in the Northwest where they are finished as they should be, or he will make you a present of one Olive Platin with a dozen of the polished photos, prices of which are still as low as at inferior galleries. a16-3t

Where We Got That Hat.

When E. J. Collins does anything, he does it thoroughly. This morning in company with the reporter of our contemporary, we called at his place of business, and it at once struck Mr. Collins that the newspaper fraternity needed new hats, which he at once proceeded to supply. After those noble and classified heads were properly fitted, he presented each of the reporters with a big block of matches, and as matches are no good without something to light with them, he added a fine cigar to his gifts. Then he carefully wrapped up the old hats which have for years done ye scribas such yeoman service, and remarking, "gentlemen, your hats will be delivered to your offices by special messenger, he invited us to call again, and as we left, his genial face was irradiated with that beautiful smile that illumines the countenance of him who is conscious of duty well done.

Change of Time.

Next Sunday the O. R. & N. will begin running two through passenger trains each way every day. The time card for this point has not reached us yet, but the time of arrivals and departures at Portland are as follows: No. 1 arrives at 6:30 a. m., No. 2 departs at 9 p. m. Train 3 will arrive at noon and train 4 will leave at 3 p. m. The hour of arrival from Portland will be about 12:30 a. m. and 6:30 p. m., and they will leave for Portland at about 3:10 a. m. and 8:30 a. m. The change will prove of great convenience to the traveling public. Trains 3 and 4 run on the Spokane route, the others to connect with the Short Line, and the latter will not go by the way of Walla Walla, as at present.

Notice of Sale.

Notice is hereby given that on the 19th day of April at the hour of 2 p. m., the buildings and sheds known as the Loch-head feed yard will be sold at public sale, by virtue of a power of sale in a chattel mortgage executed on Feb. 1, 1893, by W. H. Lockheed to The Dalles National Bank to secure the payment of a certain promissory note of date Dec. 31, 1892, amount \$1200 with interest at 10 per cent.

MALCOLM McINNIS.

As usual always in the lead. Hop Gold Bock Beer on sale today. See that you get it on draught at all Star brewery saloons. a15-1w

MERE IDLE MUSINGS.

Dancing and Other Things, But Principally Dancing.

Cervantes, in that most delightful creation Don Quixote, gives a very graphic, though somewhat pathetic, description of that doughty knight-errant's encounter with a windmill, which he had mistaken for a giant. As that poor gentleman's lance struck the fans the wind caught and whirled them so violently that the Don was unhorsed, and poor Rosinante, sharing his master's misfortunes, was thrown into the ditch.

It has been our misfortune to duplicate that unfortunate adventure, but, like the other "fellow," we learned our mistake too late. So, we have kindly "loaned our eyes and our ears" to the callow youth who invites us to his library under the name of "Consistency," and have done our best to "emerge from the lofty pinnacle of our editorial greatness" (by which we suppose our young friend means that we should "come off the perch") and have read his statements anent the sinfulness of dancing with a great deal of pleasure, not unmixed with profit. The pleasure consisted in being led along new paths, into verdant fields of fresh-flowered literature, and resting our tired brain by following the dreamy, though somewhat salacious, fancy of our kind and youthful mentor. The profit was from several sources, the most prominent of which was the amount of information we were enabled to grasp from one who appears to be thoroughly informed concerning the habits and private character of that much-in-evidence personage known in polite society as Satan, but whom our young Telemachus, with unseemly familiarity, hails as the devil.

Now let us say to our young friend (for such we judge him to be) that there is not a person on earth who has a greater love for the human race than ourself. There is only one thing this side of heaven that commands our veneration more than an honest, conscientious, truthful Christian boy, and that is a pure, sweet girl, with heaven's own light in her clear eyes, and soul as spotless as an angel's wing; one who can, as she grows to womanhood, nestle up against the bosom of the man she loves as trustingly as a babe against its mother's breast, and whose very touch goes to his soul and makes the strings of his heart vibrate in a harmony of thanksgiving to the good God for making such an one; one whose feet kiss the earth but to bless it; whose hands touch but to glorify, and whose presence is a benediction. And thank God! many such there be. Rather than knowingly put a stumbling block or a pitfall before the feet of such an one, we would choose the punishment of eternal solitude upon the Stygian shore. And yet we believe in dancing. We believe that the young men and the young women of these days are good, not bad. We believe that chivalry exists today, as in the olden days, and that young people can meet, as God intended they should, to mate, without a thought that would tarnish the petals of the snowy lily. He who cannot look upon women but with libidinous eyes is a beast, not a man, and in the dance or out of it his nature is the same. One who looks upon dancing as "hugging set to music" has no business in the ball room—or anywhere else where there are good women.

We know there are many good people who object to dancing, that is their privilege, and being conscientious in their beliefs, we respect them for it. But because they do not believe in it, what right have they, or you, my young friend, to say, or to insinuate, that those who believe differently are immoral? Yet you boldly assert that those who dance are doing so in the service of the devil, and if that were eliminated, there would be nothing left of the dance. And you think it blunts the finer sensibilities and weakens the character? Well, George Washington was a fine dancer and enjoyed it; yet he had some character and had "parental instinct" strongly enough developed to become the father of his country. Lafayette was a famous dancer, so was Frederick the Great, and so were Ferdinand and Isabella, their most Christian majesties of Spain. There were, and are, others. Others somewhat too numerous to mention.

But we would like to ask our young friend, who has so kindly volunteered to shed the light of his wisdom along our pathway of rayless gloom, whether, in speaking of the effects of dancing, he but repeats what he has been told, or whether he describes the effect of Terpelchorean exercise upon himself? If the former, we want to add our voice to the millions of others that will tell him he has been misinformed. If to the latter, we only want to suggest that invitations to dances be sent him the day after they are over; and to add still further that he couldn't be trusted with seven yards of second-hand calico in a jimson patch. If dancing for him has nothing but alluring and debasing influence, we shall strictly refrain from asking him to dance—with us. But let us suppose the former proposition is correct, and that he only "tells the tale as 'twas told to him," and so conclude this rather prosy musings by examining his authorities and glancing at those statistics.

Mr. T. A. Faulkner, ex-president of

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the Dancing Masters' Association of the Pacific coast, is first. I do not care to repeat what Mr. Faulkner says, for the language he uses does not flow readily from my pen as from that of our young moralist; but at any rate this Mr. Faulkner, who visited two hundred "ladies" in San Francisco, learned from their own lips that 163 owed their position in life to dancing; and Mr. Floris, another high-stepper, says that of 2,500 "ladies" in San Francisco three-fourths are the result of dancing. Now, we do not think either of the persons named authorities. The class of their acquaintances prevents us placing the utmost reliance in their truthfulness, and the persons from whom they get their alleged information are notorious for their frugal and economical use of the truth on the subject named. Daniel Webster perhaps did not dance, but he had a reputation in a certain line that would spoil a refrigerator. But let him pass for what he is worth. Our young friend says he said "he hadn't brains enough to dance," which certainly would excuse him, or our young friend either. Gail Hamilton railed against dancing when she got through railing at everything else, but only in her dotage. As to the other authorities quoted, we infer from their calling they knew nothing of dancing except from hearsay, and consequently were not capable of judging. Against their opinion we place that of the millions that do dance and enjoy it, innocently. And somehow we are tempted to believe the hundreds of good women who dance, when they say it is an innocent pleasure, in preference to the hearsay statements credited to a class of women unnamable in this connection. It may be a depraved taste, but we prefer to adopt the opinion of our friends—respectable ladies and gentlemen—to those of the class quoted as victims of the dance.

ONE OF THE OLDEST SHIPS.

An American Bark 133 Years Old Doing Duty in English Waters.

The bark True Love, built in Philadelphia in 1764, has been found upon search to be yet afloat in the capacity of a coal hulk, engaged in active trade at the age of 133 years. This discovery was made through a casualty recorded in the Maritime Exchange as follows: "True Love," barge, was in collision with schooner Gravesend of London off Gravesend, and had port quarter damaged to such an extent that it was found necessary to tow her into Rochester, and she arrived at that place in charge of the tug Commerce." The True Love has not only outlived her builders and their successors, but has also outlived every craft that was built in her time and for many years afterward, and this fact, coupled with the report that the historic craft is still engaged in active pursuit, places Philadelphia at the very top notch as a shipbuilding center.

In 1764, when this famous old craft was launched on the banks of the Delaware although her length was but ninety-six feet eight inches, she was then the largest vessel of commerce that the Delaware had ever floated. Contrast this with the dimensions of the huge Hamburg-American Packet Company's steamship Pennsylvania, the latest addition to commerce, whose length is 587

feet, while the new White Star liner building is 704 feet long, and one will be amazed with the magnitude of the modern ship of commerce. The True Love, upon being completed, sailed away from Philadelphia early in 1765, and no record is had of her return to this city until August 22, 1873, when, at the age of 109 years she came into port from Ivgitt, Greenland, with a cargo of kryoline, in command of Captain Thos. Nathaniel, consigned to B. Crowley. She was discharged here and surveyed by the American Lloyds in October, 1873, and sailed away, never to return again. Upon her arrival shortly afterward in London, she was sold and turned into a coal hulk, in which capacity she still serves.

The dimensions of this famous True Love are: Length, 96 feet 8 inches; beam, 26 feet 9 inches; depth of hold, 17 feet. She measured 206 tons register, and, like all old craft, carried very little more cargo.

The discovery that there was still afloat a Philadelphia-built vessel of such an age has caused much comment on the floors of the Maritime Exchange, and some shipping men are of the opinion that the old craft should, if possible, be purchased as a relic. Records show that the True Love was for a time owned in Hull, England, by G. Dahl, previous to her purchase by John S. Ward, of London, and during that time she was engaged in the Baltic trade.

D. W. Butler's Suit.

The suit of the United States against Dan Butler, recently agent the Warm Springs agency, and his bondsmen, was tried before Judge Bellinger Monday and a verdict rendered in a verdict rendered in favor of plaintiff for \$117.53. The suit was for something over \$1450, but Mr. Butler was able to account for everything except one item of \$164.35, which should have been deposited with the First National bank at Portland, but which failed to show up. It was this item on which judgment was given against him, the amount being cut down by credits due him for salary. Mr. Butler had nothing but his word to explain this item, he claiming to have turned the check over to Clerk Lester, and the latter neglected to forward it.

The amount is a small one, and will be paid at once, as there seems to be no way of correcting the mistake, except to put up the money. But two mistakes were found outside of this in Mr. Butler's accounts, one of 35 and the other of 30 cents.

The New Marriage Service.

Wilt thou take her for thy pard, for better or for worse; to have, to hold, to fondly guard till hauled off in a hearse? Wilt thou let her have her way, consult her many wishes; make the fire up every day, and help her wash the dishes? Wilt thou give her all the "stuff" her little purse will pack; buy her a monkey box and muff, a little sealskin sacque? Wilt thou comfort and support her father and her mother, Aunt Gemima, Uncle John, thirteenth sisters and a brother? And then his face grew pale, and blank; it was too late to jilt. As through the chapel floor he sank, he sadly said, "I wilt."

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