

The Weekly Chronicle.

THE DALLES, - - - OREGON

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LOCAL BREVITIES.

Wednesday's Daily.

March was shy on wind storms, but April is balancing up the books for her in good shape.

It does not take long for customers to learn to appreciate choice and freshly picked fruit. The grower who furnishes this class of goods is not long looking for customers.

There are two dangerous extremes in the selection of varieties for the orchard. The one is the liability of selecting too few, and the other too many. You can strike the medium if you observe carefully the success of other people.

The river was at 28.4 this morning at 8 o'clock and at noon was at 29. Reports from the upper country indicate that it will go several feet higher before checking. It is so early that a substantial fall may be looked for before its big annual rise.

J. R. Leigh, over 70 years of age, committed suicide at Mount Vernon, Skagit county, Wash., last Saturday, by shooting himself in the head. The old man had been ailing for some weeks. He leaves a widow and several sons and daughters, all of whom are now living away from home.

Company B, O. N. G., of McMinnville, returned from its practice march to Amity Sunday evening in good condition, and with the enthusiasm of its members unabated by the ordeal through which they had passed. The company's next march will be to Dayton, two weeks from next Saturday.

It is amusing to read some of the notices concerning mines, given by our brethren of the press in the bucolic neighborhoods. One exchange says a piece of ore had been brought to town that was rich in gold, silver copper and lead, and added the further astounding statement that it was fine "free milling" ore.

The funeral of the late Samuel Gates took place this morning at 10 o'clock from the family residence, Rev. W. C. Curtis conducting the services, which were brief and simple. A large number of sorrowing friends followed the body to its last resting place, where after reading the services for the dead, it was laid away.

One of the curious things of The Dalles is that when the east-bound train pulls out there are from a dozen to twenty strangers board the cars. The mystery is where do they come from. An examination of the passenger lists of boats does not seem sufficient to account for them, but it is the only explanation that can be made.

From the news brought to Port Townsend by the steamer Al-Ki, which arrived from Alaska at noon yesterday, the new gold fields on the Clondyke river are much richer than were at first supposed, recent discoveries showing as high as \$355 to the pan. The city of Juneau is almost deserted, as every able-bodied man who can purchase an outfit is leaving for the Clondyke country.

The streets of The Dalles have not presented so dead an appearance in years as they do now. The reason is that everybody is at work and only show themselves in the evening. Many are at work on the farms and many more at fisheries. The results will be seen in a short time in the shape of more abundant money. At the same time the stores are all doing a fair business, and many teams are loading with supplies for points South.

The East End today was dull as a 4th of July picnic, and quiet as a country courtship. Judge Fillon's temple of Janus was closed, the constable gone fishing, the Judge gone we don't know where. There was neither hog nor steer for shipment, the warehouses were in statu quo, whatever that is, and Joe Worsely was engaged in an abstract or abstract argument on the proneness of Mormon women in the early days of Salt Lake, to imitate gentle fashions, and getting the best of the argument, too. That was the only real live thing in the East End today.

Two daily passenger trains are now run between Portland and Umatilla. No. 4, the afternoon train out of Portland, is a new through train to Spokane and arrives at Umatilla in the evening, continuing to Spokane via Wallula, without change of cars, and connecting direct with Spokane Falls & Northern train for Kootenai and Great Northern east-bound fast express. Great Northern palace and tourist sleepers are operated daily on this train. This train is the connection for Heppner branch trains from Heppner Junction and all branch lines north of Walla Walla. No.

2, the evening train out of Portland, is still the through east-bound connection of the Union Pacific, but now runs via Pendleton and not via Wallula, connecting with Oregon Short Line east-bound flyer at Huntington. Pullman and tourist sleepers, also free reclining chaircars, are operated on this train to Chicago via Granger and Omaha.

Thursday's Daily

The rush of prospectors to the Okanogan, Methow and Reservation mining districts through Wilbur has commenced, says the Register.

Mr. W. E. Coman, son of Conductor Coman, has been appointed general agent for the O. R. & N., with headquarters at Butte, Montana.

The city recorder is having a dull time of it these days, the monotony being broken only at rare intervals by the appearance of a solitary drunk.

Mr. And Winans thinks there will be ripe strawberries at his place inside of ten days, and if the weather should again turn warm, there would be a few early fellows showing up within five or six days.

The Oregon Telephone Company has notified its patrons that beginning May 1st its old rates will be again charged, which were \$2 per month on Blake transmitters, and \$3 per month on long distance transmitters.

The United Artisans initiated nine new members into the mysteries of the order last night. After the ceremonies were concluded, a fine supper was attended to in first-class style. The order is growing steadily and rapidly.

Send your orders for barbed wire to Mays & Crowe, The Dalles. They are making red hot prices, when cash accompanies the order. Two-point painted Glidden at \$2.35 per 100 pounds, and painted Baker, the genuine article, for \$2.45. a24-wlm

Mrs. Green, the wealthy lady from Alabama who was looking for her niece, Miss Ida May Stapleton, has found her and everybody is happy except us. We made claim to being Ida May Stapleton, but Mrs. Green evidently took us for an impostor.

The officers having in custody Ed. Kelly, supposed to be Dunham, the California murderer, decided he was not the man, though he fits the published description and photographs, and decided to turn him loose. Kelly is still in Spokane.

J. M. Kincaid died at his home near Palouse, Wash., last Friday of heart disease. He was an old pioneer, having crossed the plains from Kentucky about fifty years ago, and located the homestead near Palouse, where he lived the rest of his life.

"I implore you on my knees," said the lovely heroine to the hard-hearted, but wealthy, young man whom she insisted upon classing as a villain. But when she found that wouldn't work, she got on his knees to do her imploring, and the fight was won.

Hood River strawberries will be in the market within the next two weeks, and from present indications the crop will be a phenomenal one. In the height of the season two and three carloads will be shipped daily. Then is the time to visit that prettiest place in Oregon, and the visit you will never forget.

When we looked in the sheriff's office today, vainly hoping for a real live item, Bob Kelley floored us with the statement that the Mississippi river and the farmers in its flooded district were in the same condition. Then when we asked him why, he said when one re-ceeds the other re-seeds also. He still has life enough left to sign a tax receipt.

The Spokane flyer, the new train which made its first run last night, is a dandy. It consisted of baggage, mail, smoker, buffet and two sleepers. The cars were all fresh and clean, and the whole train looked like it had just come out of a handbox. The O. R. & N., under its present management, seems determined to have its share of business, and the new train is put on to meet the demand for better service to Spokane and the northern gold fields.

The river this morning touched the 30-foot mark and is about at a stand. Reports from Lewiston show that it was falling slightly there yesterday, and this should start it on the down grade here today. In 1881 the highest stage reached was only 34.7, which was done June 19th. The high water that year came early, on April 3d, being 21.3; on the 8th 25.7, and on the 25th 29.8. So that there was a steady flow at an average of about 25 feet above low water mark from April 1st to June 19th.

When the train from Portland pulled in last night at 6 o'clock, it failed to stop at the Umatilla House, where there was a large number of passengers waiting to board it, but pulled on to the depot. As there were only five minutes to catch it in, there was a wild scramble to get to the depot. As the ticket office is located at the Umatilla, it seems rather "queer" to see the train go by, and at the same time the situation was quite ludicrous when one caught on to the blank expressions of some of the faces. It was probably a matter of oversight more than anything else, and certainly the fact that the train was not to stop as usual should have been made public.

Friday's Daily.

It is rumored that the company behind the steamer Pilgrim has arranged for putting on another boat as soon as

the high water is over, and that the steamer H. C. Grady has been secured for the purpose.

Mayor Penoyer is beaten in the fight against the nickle-in-the-slot machines, and they are now running in full blast in Portland.

One individual, who had looked too frequently in the beer mug, or some other mug, was up before the city recorder this morning—\$5.

Let everybody and their best girl be on hand at the entertainment in the Congregational church tonight. Admission, including program and refreshments, only 15 cents.

The nomination of Harold M. Sewall of Maine to the position of minister to Hawaii indicates that this government is going to "do something" about the islands. If we mistake not, Sewall was the minister at the time the American flag was raised, and if so, he is the right man for the place, for he can help put her up again.

The run of Salmon in the Lower Columbia shows no indications of improving. The average catch per boat is less than two fish. A number of men have returned from the drifting-grounds during the past two days without having secured a single salmon, and no improvement is expected until warm weather sets in.

The Case of J. F. Clarke vs. G. W. Hanegan, involving the right of the road as between bicyclists and teamsters, was tried in Justice Schuebel's court at Oregon City yesterday and was decided in favor of the teamster, it being proven to the satisfaction of the jury that the damages sustained by the cyclist were the result of his own negligence.

A dentist in Walla Walla advertises himself as "a painless dentist." The world is full of painless dentists. What the great tooth-aching public wants is to be painless itself while in the hands of the dentist. A man with the toothache, or a 9-pronged molar that insists on being pulled, doesn't care whether the dentist is painless or not. He has troubles enough of his own.

An ordinance has been passed by the city council of Ashland to prohibit card playing or dice throwing for pleasure or profit by minors, and is intended to operate to prevent minors from playing the nickle-in-the-slot machines, as well as other games. The ordinance fixes a penalty for allowing minors to play at such games, and is an addition to the general ordinance against gambling.

We have perused very carefully the last two issues of the Portland Dispatch, hoping to read a glowing account of Tony Noltner's visit to Washington City; but somehow the account fails to materialize. Won't you please tell us all about it, Tony, and relieve the minds of your editorial brethren? What are Corbett's chances now that you have been on the grounds? That's what we want to know.

William Wells was a juror in a case on trial in Olympia last Saturday. He told the court that he could not be present at the evening session of the court, as he is a Seventh Day Adventist, and his Sabbath began at sundown. The court insisted that he should be present, but the young man insisted that he could not go against his conscience, and finally the attorneys agreed to let him go, and they proceeded with the case with eleven jurors.

Just as we were getting ready to go to press Wednesday morning the cry of fire was heard, and the smoke house back of the butcher shop was in flames. A bucket brigade was organized and the flames were prevented from spreading to adjacent buildings. The building and contents, except about a ton of wheat, were entirely destroyed. The most of the property belonged to Wash Reynolds. The fire caught from the furnace under the lard kettle. The loss is probably \$100. No insurance.—Wasco News.

Last night Nightwatchman Wiley and Sheriff Driver arrested Ed Marshall, and he is now confined in the city jail. About two months ago Marshall was arrested and demanded a jury trial. Being found guilty he was fined \$50 by Recorder Phelps, and after staying in jail one day he wished to be released, promising to leave town and remain away from it. Instead of doing so, it seems he has been in the city ever since, but has kept himself out of sight. He will now have a chance to serve out the balance of his sentence.

It is reported that the long-delayed eastern mail will be in tomorrow morning. The delay was caused by the unprecedented high water in the streams about Baker City. Small washouts occurred between Baker City and Huntington, extending over a distance of fourteen miles, which made it impossible to transfer the mails, especially as the bridges on the wagon roads, as well as on the railroad, were gone. The O. R. & N. has had every available man at work to put the road in condition, and is accomplishing wonders. The delay is annoying, but has to be put up with. If the mail arrives in the morning, the postoffice will have a steady job for several hours getting it distributed.

Yellow washing powder will make your clothes the same color. Avoid this by using Soap Foam. It's pure white. a2-3m

Soap Foam excels all other washing compounds. a2-3m

DRIFTWOOD.

What Was, What Was Not, and What Should Not Have Been.

"Are women human beings?" was the question before the meeting in the sixth century at the council of Macon. The reverend fathers went at the subject in no frivolous manner, but debated it long and earnestly, and did not decide it until several days had been consumed in debating the proposition. The council, not without some dissenting votes, however, finally decided that she was a human being. That opinion is shared by some people even to this day. It was, perhaps, the only solution possible that was not beset with future bickerings and dangerous pitfalls, for suppose that the council had decided that she was not a human being, the question of man's position would have also been brought into the matter, for if the woman was not human, could the man, being born of something not human, be himself classed as such? We think the good fathers were biased in their judgment by this state of affairs, and that they only decided that she was human for policy sake. Whenever a man's proud position as boss of the universe and master of all created things is called in question, he becomes suddenly and pathetically tender about other things that might combine to his injury.

Had we been in the council we would probably have voted as they did, especially when we consider the style of head dress and cut of garments worn of those days wore; but now as we admire the gracefully-falling skirts, peep at the neatly-booped Trilbys, glance at the bewitching waists and leg-o'-mutton sleeves, and bow down before the rainbow splendors of the Easter hat, we would not vote that way. She might have been human then, but now she is—an angel.

As we went down towards the depot the other day, walking along the track, we saw a can of salmon (or at least such we supposed it to be, for the label was off it) near the old Herrick cannery. Now, under ordinary circumstances we would have paid no attention to it; but what struck us about it was that it would roll over end over end, and at times jump up in the air a foot or two and shake itself as though it was trying to light in five or six places at once. As may well be imagined, we were very much astonished, and had to stop and smell our breath two or three times before we could convince ourselves that we didn't have 'em again. Being satisfied on that point, we began to examine the can. As we started to pick it up, it made a mighty leap and the end towards us bobbed up in such a manner that if the blamed thing had had legs we would have believed it was trying to kick at us. It was with some trepidation that we finally got the can in our hands, and with something of a grewsome feeling that we proceeded to open it. However, it behaved very nicely and lay perfectly still as we cut the top off with our jackknife. There was no salmon in the can; instead it was filled with two pounds of as good meat as ever grew inside the hide of a bucking devil of a caysne. It was a piece of the famous old saddle horse ridden by Chief Moses, and canned by Herrick two years ago. The warm sun awakened the natural instincts of the brute, which had been preserved by the canning process, and he was trying to buck. Salt is cheap.

One of the pretty minor tales of mythology has for its subject a most beautiful youth named Narcissus, who was of graceful mien, a rover of the woods, a poetical, dreamy sort of a fellow, who set the wood nymphs by the ears over his sweet self, and almost broke up the peace and quiet of the forest, vale and stream. To see him was to love him, for he was a thing of wondrous beauty. The Dryads peeped out of their trees, and the leaves trembled with their sighs as he passed unheeding by. The Naiads smiled at him from running brook, and stirred the surface of the placid pools in their desire to see him; and it is even said that Venus, having cast her eyes on him, made some comparisons between her husband, Vulcan, and the gazelle-eyed youth that would have made the old man jealous could he have heard them. He was tall, supple, graceful, with a magnificent head of jet-black hair and eyes of limped violet. Yet with all the beauteous nymphs, and even the goddess of love, gone on him, Narcissus remained as cold as the snows on the summit of Olympus. The Dryads ogled, but he ogled not. The Naiads sported, but he wasn't sporty. Venus wooed, but he would not. Why? Because he had seen his own image reflected in a pool where a love-lorn Naiad had shown it him; and from that moment he was smitten on himself. His fate was sad, but deserved, for, stooping to kiss his image in the pool, the treacherous Naiad, who was strictly up to that date, nailed him and he was a goner.

There are several morals to this mortal tale, one of which is that in some things reciprocity is better than a prohibitory tariff.

The X Ray Found It.

About two weeks ago Mrs. Obarr, in brushing some dust from her shoulder with her left hand, struck a needle which was stuck in her dress. The needle penetrated the end of the third finger, eye foremost, and broke off, as



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subsequent events proved, leaving two of the broken pieces of the needle in her finger. She went to Dr. Hollister, who extracted quite a large piece of the needle, and supposed he had extracted all of it. The finger gave Mrs. Obarr great pain, and she insisted that there was still a piece of the needle in the finger. Receiving no encouragement in this belief, she went to Mr. McArthur, at the electric light plant, and had him take an X ray photograph of the finger. The picture showed the piece of the needle lying with the eye near the finger nail, and extending diagonally backward just across the end of the bone. The peculiarity of the picture is that the needle happening to be turned in the right direction, the eye shows very plainly.

We understand the cause of the trouble and this item was removed today.

The High Water Checked.

A rapid decline in the temperature last night is shown in the stage of water in the river today. The water has fallen between a foot and eighteen inches, and unless there should be several successive days of very warm weather the highest point has been reached. There is still an abundance of snow in the mountains, but under the present circumstances there is a freezing temperature in the higher altitudes during the night time, and the snow may be expected to recede by gradual degrees.

Although the bridge over the river at Oro Dell has been condemned, it is being crossed by light vehicles without apparent risk. The bridge at Island City is safe, although during the highest stage there was about two feet of water running over the grade at the south side approach. The water at this place has now receded to a depth of about six inches.—La Grande Chronicle.

Resolutions.

WHEREAS, The Supreme Council has been fit to call our late neighbor, Latimer Booth, to the supreme forest above, therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of our late neighbor, Latimer Booth, Mount Hood Camp, No. 58, Woodmen of the World, has lost an exemplary and faithful Woodman, which ever member of this camp feels the loss of, and misses his cheerful presence. Be it further

Resolved, That this camp extend to the family their sympathy, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent them.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this meeting, and that our charter be draped for thirty days. Also that a copy be sent to the papers for publication.

C. L. PHILLIPS,  
D. W. MANN,  
A. L. REESE,  
Committee.

Attention Horsemen.

The horsemen will meet at Bakeoven May 1st, for the purpose of having a general round up. All horseowners are requested to be present.

E. BOOTEN,  
H. C. ROOPER,  
FRANK FLEMING.

Subscribe for THE CHRONICLE.

NO HELP FOR THE CHILD.

A Gypsy Fortune Teller Gives Sad News to a Mother.

"Tell me what my baby's lot in life will be!" pleaded the fond young mother, crossing the gypsy's hand with silver! "He is so different from other babies, don't you know, that I—"

"All babies are different from other babies, my dear," replied the soothsayer, who was—as befitted one who could read the secrets of the stars with the facility with which the average man discerns his own fitness for holding office—dead onto the frailties and foibles of human nature in general, and of doting mamma in particular. "But he will outgrow that in time."

"But he really is different," persisted the young mother earnestly. "Although he talks almost incessantly, and his language sounds exactly as if it ought to be intelligible, I am utterly unable to understand a word he says. Then his head is extraordinarily large for a child of his age, and he often suffers from severe pains in it. He is bold and self-possessed in the extreme, and is abashed at nothing that frequently affects children, but, on the other hand, he often wakes in the dead of night shrieking with the fear of terror of his own dreaming. And during his waking hours he is never satisfied with what is given him, but cries for the sun or the moon and other impossible things."

"My poor dear!" returned the gypsy, handing back the silver, while the tears ran down her withered cheeks like rain. "It is entirely unprecedented, but I cannot keep your money while I prognosticate ill fortune for you. Try to bear the blow bravely. Your baby will grow up to be a Populist! There is no help for it!"—Portland Welcome.

The Tabernacle of Israel.

Prof. Kelchner's celebrated Tabernacle of Israel, which will be on exhibition in the M. E. church next Tuesday evening, should be seen by every Bible student, Sunday school scholar and every lover of the beautiful and instructive. Prof. Kelchner is a lecturer of high standing, and will give the beautiful lessons of this sacred structure in an interesting and instructive manner.

This model is pronounced the most magnificent and extensive reproduction of the original ever attempted. The educational exhibition is hard to over-estimate.

Admission fee will be, for adults, 50 cents, for persons under sixteen years of age, 25 cents.

Jennie Lind's Terrible Nervousness.

A reminiscent article on Jennie Lind and her home life has been prepared by her daughter, Mrs. Raymond Maude, for publication in the May Ladies' Home Journal. It is said to be filled with interesting memories of the famous singer, and is noteworthy also as being the first view we have of her through the eyes of her adoring daughter. Mrs. Maude brings to light the fact that Jenny Lind was always nervous and overstrung before events—just before singing in a new opera or oratorio, but was quite calm when the very moment of action arrived.

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