

The Weekly Chronicle.

THE DALLES, - - - OREGON

OFFICIAL PAPER OF WASCOCO COUNTY.

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LOCAL BREVITIES.

Wednesday's Daily.

The firemen's tournament met at Baker City yesterday. The races come off tomorrow.

Circuit court adjourned last night until Saturday morning. Most of the business of the term has been completed.

Don't forget the moonlight excursion, to be given by the hose teams, for the purpose of raising funds for the tournament here this fall.

Forty carloads or cattle were shipped from the Saltmarsh yards last night, going East, and two carloads of hogs were shipped to Troutdale.

Mr. Connelly came up from Hood River last night and brought this office a box of delicious Triumph strawberries, grown and presented by Mrs. R. Pealer.

Frank Whiting of Burns, Harney county, while catching a horse last week, had hold of a piece of rope that broke. The end of the rope flew back and struck Whiting in the left eye, injuring him so badly that he will probably lose the sight of the eye.

Saturday in Astoria Superintendent Shields had the new reservoir cleaned out, and when the water had nearly all been taken out of the big tank, the bottom was found to be filled with beautiful mountain trout of all sizes and colors. Mr. Shields had all the fish carefully preserved, and will replace them in the tank after the water is turned in again.

John Porter's residence, near Dora, in Coos county, burned last week. Mrs. Porter was at home at the time with her baby, which she carried about thirty feet from the burning building, and then went to a neighbor's for aid. When she returned, she found the child's clothes on fire, and the little one so badly burned that it is thought the injuries will prove fatal.

Heep Stone, a Chinese, married in Ellensburg last Monday Maggie Dalton, a white woman. The ceremony was performed in the laundry parlors, and Judge Boyle, chief justice of the Ellensburg justice court, tied the knot. The bride was becomingly attired in a costume of some material not known to the reporter, says the Ellensburg Localizer. The groom faced the ordeal in his shirt sleeves.

The directors of the Second Eastern Oregon District Agricultural Society, or words to that effect, have determined to hold the annual fair as usual, despite the fact that the legislature failed to meet and appropriate money for any purpose. The law is very plain in its provisions and there seems to be no doubt but that the \$1500 provided by law for paying premiums will have to be paid. The meeting will begin Tuesday, October 12th and will last five days.

Dufur is always progressive, and always in the van when it comes to celebrations, picnics and patriotism, and it is, therefore, not surprising that arrangements are already being made for a 4th of July celebration in the shady groves of that pretty town. The celebration will last two days, beginning on the 2d, but the big picnic, orations, etc., will be held on the 3d. The arrangements are not yet all completed, but one thing is certain, and that is that there will be a barbecue, superintended by that chief in the art, Professor Frasier. The program will be given in a few days.

Mr. M. J. Anderson came in from Dufur this morning, and reports the crop conditions in that neighborhood as being excellent. There was some fears for a while that the grasshoppers, which were quite numerous, would do considerable damage, but all danger from this source has passed. He tells us the hoppers have literally "got it in the neck," being attacked by a parasite in the shape of a small red louse that fastens itself to the hopper's neck and feeds on him until death ensues. We note also in this connection the Pendle-papers mention the same conditions as existing in Umatilla county. Pests of innumerable kinds are the bane of the farmers' lives, and it is a genuine pleasure to know that occasionally the pests themselves have pests.

Thursday's Daily. One carload of cattle and one of hogs were shipped to Troutdale today.

Winans Bros. brought in 1200 pounds of salmon this morning. The run is light, but the fish of excellent quality.

Fifteen carloads of cattle from the valley points passed through on their way to Dakota and Montana pastures last night.

The Dalles bowling alley will be open Fridays from 9 to 12 for ladies and their

escorts, and on Tuesdays for ladies only, between the same hours.

The only Tony Noltner, of the Portland Dispatch, is in the city, and yet he has hard-heartedly neglected to give us any information concerning Corbett.

The Regulator last night brought up a cargo of Indians returning from the berry patches of Hood River. Quite a number of them went across the river this morning, on their way to Yakima.

The Herrick cannery, now owned by Mr. Ferrell, has made three short runs, but they were only enough to put the machinery in motion. This morning 1200 pounds, received from the Cascades, were handled.

The air all afternoon has had a sultry and oppressive feeling indicating rain. As A. S. MacAllister starts for his ranch tomorrow, and as it always rains while making the trip, it may be a hopeful indication that the sign is in aquarius.

The ladies of the Methodist church will serve ice cream and cake at the church Wednesday evening next. It will cost only 15 cents, and it's worth more than that to have the privilege of paying over the money to such handsome ladies.

J. F. Richards writes us from Cross Keys that he had received a letter a few days before from his father, S. W. Richards, who lives near Dayton, Yamhill county, saying that two of his ewes had distinguished themselves; one by giving birth to three lambs, and the other to four.

At the firemen's tournament at Baker City yesterday seven hose teams entered the speed race. The La Grande team lost by one-fifth of a second. Pendleton and Walla Walla ran a tie in 23 and three-fifths seconds. The tie was run off last night, but after the dispatch containing the above was sent.

About a week ago an Indian at the Warm Springs reservation, who had been suffering from a severe case of measles, got out of bed in the night and going outside hanged himself from a beam. It is not often a suicide occurs among Indians, and when it does it is still more rare that the rope route is taken.

Professor Landers leaves Portland tomorrow for San Francisco, and this morning we received a postal from him, asking that THE CHRONICLE be sent him there, as he could not get along without it. Professor Landers every day exhibits the most discerning judgment and refined taste, the culmination of which is reached on this occasion.

We understand that at the next G. A. R. encampment, which will be held at Independence on the 19th, an effort will be made to have the next meeting of the old veterans held here. The citizens generally would be glad of the opportunity to show their respect for the "boys," and it is to be hoped the representatives from the post will present an urgent invitation to the encampment to honor us with a visit.

Everybody attending the Woodmen's entertainment last night was presented at the door with a small wooden ax, with the name and number of the lodge, and the compliments of said lodge printed thereon. That is, everybody but the editor of THE CHRONICLE got one, but those charged with the presentation of these souvenirs, realizing the Washingtonian characteristics of the editor aforesaid and knowing that he had a hatchet of his own, very properly refrained from tendering the Woodmen's token.

John Samuelson, a young man who has been employed in a saw mill at Sumpter, met with a frightful accident at that place yesterday afternoon. While engaged in the performance of his duties his left hand came in contact with a circular saw, almost severing it, and mutilating it in such a manner as to necessitate amputation of that member. The unfortunate man was brought to this city last evening, where Drs. Hayes and Snow amputated the injured hand. Mr. Samuelson had worked only two days when the accident occurred.—Baker City Democrat.

Friday's Daily. Taxpayers are requested to read the notice in this issue, and profit thereby. Costs will be made after July 1st.

Two Indians and a white man faced the city recorder this morning, and received the usual impartial attention.

Moonlight excursion on the 15th for the benefit of the hose teams, and the tournament this fall. Do not fail to patronize the boys.

Up-to-date Hood River has shipped about 18,000 crates of strawberries, or 225 tons. Just think of tackling that pile with a teaspoon.

The Ramsey school, near Dufur, taught by Miss Annie B. Thompson, are going to give a picnic in the grove near the schoolhouse two weeks from today.

Circuit court meets tomorrow for the purpose of considering several equity cases. A final adjournment for the term will probably be taken next week.

Don't forget the sale of city lots, which takes place on the grounds tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock. Now is the time to get a piece of residence property, and get it cheap.

The Warrendale cannery is said to be blocked with fish. They are coming very slowly here, and our canneries can easily take care of a hundred tons a day

for our friends down the river. All they have to do is to furnish the fish, The Dalles canneries will do the rest.

The ladies of the Lutheran church will give a grand ice cream social on Wednesday, June 16th, in the store building adjoining the land office. All are cordially invited to attend.

Governor Budd of California has re-ceived Durrant until July 9th, for the purpose of having the legality of his appeal decided. It is not probable this can be done within thirty days, and a further reprieve is not only possible, but probable.

Harry Luckey, brother of J. J. Luckey of Hood River, committed suicide while in a fit of despondency, at Tekoa, Wednesday. He had been employed on the railroad and being discharged became discouraged and put an end to his existence. It was expected the body would arrive at Hood River this morning on the Spokane flyer, and the funeral would take place this afternoon. Harry was of a remarkably jolly temperament and the last person on earth one would suspect of giving way to despondency.

Mr. King of San Francisco, accompanied by his son, came up on the Regulator yesterday. Mr. King's son was the young gentleman who was organist in Emanuel church, San Francisco, at the time of the murder of Blanche Lamont, and who testified to seeing Durrant come down from the belfry. He also testified as to Durrant's condition, he being pale and apparently sick, and saying he was overcome with gas, as he had been fixing the burners. King went out and got Durrant a dose of bromo seltzer and was in the church at the latest, only a few moments after the murder.

All the plans for the High Jinks are fully completed, and it promises to be one of the events of the year, in the way of rollicking fun. The skit dance by Miss Pet-cran-shan-fish has never been excelled before Dalles footlights, and the song and dance by a creole beauty and her picinny is immense, besides many other specialties. All the young ladies in town are to be there, and, of course, all the young men will be on hand and cheerfully pungle up their little quarter of a dollar at the entrance at Miss Lays gate, Saturday evening at 8:30 o'clock. Refreshments are to be served without extra charge.

Cocked Hat Tournament.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. V C Schmidt 100 37.22, F W Wilson 64 35.59, F L Houghton 69 35.26, W L Bradshaw 100 34.23, Joe Bonn 31 33.48, J C Hosteler 93 33.57, Geo C Blakeley 44 32.07, H Lonsdale 54 31.80, A J Tolmie 36 31.08, F A Van Norden 57 30.95, B F Laughlin 40 30.68, John Hampshire 17 30.01, P W DeHuff 82 29.88, H H Riddell 25 29.44, A D McCully 45 27.47, Leo Schanno 3 22.

The Virtue's Cleanup.

Along with the many other things of interest that are down on the program for tournament week the hundreds of visitors from abroad will be given an opportunity to see more gold in its native state than was ever their lot to behold before coming to Baker City.

At the First National Bank yesterday the retorts from the Virtue mine for the month were received and displayed on the counters to admiring crowds. The value of the bullion was \$20,000 or more.

This is only one instance of the many offering proofs of the great mineral wealth lying almost within the gates of our city and is sufficient evidence of the substantial foundation of the Denver of Oregon.—Democrat.

High Jinks.

Under the above title comes a description of a most happy time to be spent Saturday evening on the combined lawns of Miss Lay and Mrs. Peters. Mrs. Bradshaw, chairman, backed by St. Paul's Guild, has prepared a drawing entertainment for that time and place, and as the gate receipts are to go to a worthy cause, it is to be hoped the public will give the ladies a liberal patronage. The finest local talent of the city has been engaged, and the very mention of the above names insures an enjoyable time.

Pay Your Taxes.

The county court is determined that the taxes shall be collected closely and that the delinquent list shall practically vanish. To accomplish this the court has made an imperative order, acting under which the sheriff in collecting taxes will be compelled to add all costs of collection on and after July 1st. Steps will be taken to enforce collections as rapidly as possible after July 1st, and those who wish to avoid costs will do well to pay up before the date named. jll-jlyl

Cash in Your Checks.

All county warrants registered prior to Dec. 1, 1892, will be paid at my office. Interest ceases after May 7, 1897. C. L. PHILLIPS, County Treasurer.

THE BICYCLE WALK.

The Renaissance of the Rustled Grecian Bend.

Have you caught on to the new walk that the young ladies have been inoculated with? If not, you want to keep your eyes open, and it will not take you long to discover it, even in its incipient stages. When it first arrived it was in a very mild form; but as it became more numerous it also became more acute. In the incipient stage the young victim can easily be distinguished. The natural, upright, independent, swinging walk, natural to the springy instep of youth is wanting, and instead is a mincing gait, suggestive of tight shoes. The body is bent slightly forward from the hips, the chin necessarily thrown forward, in order to give the eyes a chance to sweep the horizon, and to balance the forward lean of the upper story the foundation is necessarily projected in an opposite direction.

The first impression conveyed by glancing at the female figure in this position is that the said female is suffering from a slight attack of colic. It is simply the renaissance of the "Grecian bend," so popular and so ugly twenty-five years ago. As style always goes to the utmost extremes of absurdity before it takes a tumble to itself, it is fair to presume that the present bicycle walk will be no exception to the rule, and that all of its points of ugliness will be accentuated before it gives way to something else. Among the points of emphasis will undoubtedly be a revival of the bustle. The walk is so ungainly and so ungraceful that it is almost certain to become the rage, just as did the toothpick shoes and balloon sleeves, the baby stare and photographic grin.

During the height of the Grecian bend had someone paraphrased Goldsmith's immortal lines to suit the occasion, and they will bear repetition now: When lovely woman stoops to folly And ruses the ruse alas! too late! What charm shall soothe her melancholy? What art shall set her back up straight?

The only thing for her disaster: The only thing her woe to end, Is to apply a mustard plaster. If she won't do it, let her bend.

A HARD-HEARTED EDITOR.

He Would See the Descendant of a Noble House Die Unaided.

He drifted into the Times-Mountain-er office yesterday with a woe-begone look upon his countenance and a woe-begone suit of clothes upon his system, behind which he was only partly successful in hiding, for in places patches of unwashed hide peeped through the only rents that he collected. Casting his mixed intoxicant gaze on the genial gentleman who shores the editorial pencil on our contemporary, and removing his tattered hat involuntarily at that august presence, he said:

Sir, behold a waif of fortune, a relic of other days, a remnant of what was once a gentleman, but what is now, alas! the decaying wreckage of an ill-spent life. Sir, you have it in your power to grant me an inestimable favor, to do an act of charity that will make the angels flutter their white wings, and tone up their harps in joy at the re-incarnation of charity in the human breast. Sir, I am in need, I need 10 cents, one dime, or in the Anglo Saxon of you Westerners, a bit. I will be frank with you. I am hungry, but I can stand that. I want the money to buy just one drink of whiskey. I was drunk yesterday. I am in torture today, for the dead and dying embers of a debauch add the stings of conscience to the pangs of an outraged and revengeful stomach. I ask nothing more, and I trust you will feel that I ask nothing much—just relief—temporary succor from my sorrow. Ten cents will do it. Will you give it? Then up spake Douthitt one brief word, "Nary."

"What! You would let a man die on your door step for lack of 10 cents worth of liquor?" "Yep," said the imperturbable and unsympathetic editor. "In fact, you would make a forty-line item if you should die here, and as you will have to die sometime, and have such a good opportunity, why not just step outside and pass in your checks. Items are scarce, and the graveyard is anguishing for you anyhow."

With one agonizing and reproachful look, the visitor turned away. While the editor hunted up another editor and the two smoked up just twice the money it would have taken to have brought joy to the relic aforesaid.

It's a cold, a cruel, a selfish and an unfraternal world.

THE "PIZEN" OAK CLUB.

The Small Boy Tackles the Problem of Fraternity.

What a boy, assisted by more boys, will not think of and then do, as long as it is not something he is wanted to do, is past all finding out. A number of youngsters here have caught on to the abundance of fraternal secret societies, created and patronized by grown folks, and becoming imbued with the idea that it was absolutely necessary for the protection of their interests to have something of the kind all their own, have perfected an organization with the suggestive name of "The Poison Oak Club."

The club has neither written constitutions nor by-laws. It has no rituals, no regalias, no jewels, no odes, no nothing. Its ceremonies are simple, consisting only in the application of poison oak to

\$250,000 To Be Given Away this year in valuable articles to smokers of Blackwell's Genuine Durham Tobacco. You will find one coupon inside each 2-ounce bag, and two coupons inside each 4-ounce bag. Buy a bag, read the coupon and see how to get your share.

the face of the candidate. The boy applying for admission into the mysteries of the order is at once informed of the ordeal he must (literally) face. If he expresses his willingness to undergo it, his face is well rubbed with poison oak and he is a full fledged member in all the degrees. The selection of officers is also simplified, for the boy who gets the sorest face becomes by reason thereof president, until some more fortunate kid gets a worse dose of the oak, when he becomes president. It is also provided that such candidates as the poison refuses to take on, shall be marked on the backs of the wrists with indelible ink, so that all he has to do to prove his membership is to turn up his shirt sleeve.

are driving," said Schanno. Then Tom looked at the horse and sarcastically asked if Schanno really ever owned an animal of the equine race. Schanno said he did, and that he owned that gray one. Tom gave him what might appropriately be called the "horse laugh," but Schanno smiled serenely and insisted it was a horse on Tom. Then the latter gentleman offered to back his opinion with \$10 single standard money. Schanno didn't care to bet on a dead thing. What was your animal, inquired the patient Schanno, a horse or mare. She was a mare, of course, was the reply. "Well, the horse you are driving is a horse and my horse at that," and then, but not till then, did Hudson give it up.

TOURNAMENT AT BAKER.

The Time Made by the Competing Teams.

Early Wednesday forenoon several thousand people assembled at the Harrison street racing course to witness the races. The speed contest was first on the list and the teams ran in the following order:

Speed contest—Waitsburg, 24 3/4; Pendleton, 23 3-5; Huntington, 25; Baker No. 5, 24; La Grande, 23 3-5; Baker No. 3, 25 2-5; Walla Walla, 23 3-5.

Three teams being tied for first place, it became necessary to run off the tie, which resulted as follows: Pendleton, 23 3-5; La Grande, 23 4-5; Walla Walla, 23 3-5.

It was decided to run the race-off after the wet test in the afternoon. In the afternoon the crowd had increased to about 4000. The time in the wet test was given as follows:

Waitsburg, 43; Pendleton, 35 1-5; Huntington, 47 2-5; Baker No. 5, no time; La Grande, 36 2-5; Walla Walla, 34.

Then came the run-off between Pendleton and Walla Walla with the following official result: Pendleton, 23 3-5; Walla Walla, 23 1-5.

Then came the hook and ladder contest with the following result: Baker City No. 1, 21 4-5; Waitsburg, 24.

Stands at the Head.

Aug. J. Bogel, the leading druggist of Shreveport, La., says: "Dr. King's New Discovery is the only thing that cures my cough, and it is the best seller I have." J. F. Campbell, merchant of Safford, Ariz., writes: "Dr. King's New Discovery is all that is claimed for it; it never fails, and is a sure cure for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds. I cannot say enough for its merits." Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is not an experiment. It has been tried for a quarter of a century, and today stands at the head. It never disappoints. Free trial bottles at Blakeley & Houghton's drug store. 1

For the old reliable McCormick reapers and mowers go to J. H. Filloon. m28-1f

Extras for Standard mowers and rakes at J. H. Filloon's. m28-1f

Subscribe for THE CHRONICLE.

Be Not Alarmed By the so-called "WARNING" of our competitors. The threat made to our customers is nothing more nor less than a big bluff of a would-be monopoly. Our Baker Barbed Wire was purchased from one of the largest concerns in the United States; each spool is branded "Genuine Baker Warranted," and we invite comparison with any other make of Wire. We have bought nearly 100,000 pounds of this wire for SPOT CASH, at the right price, and propose to give our customers the benefit of it. We are not holding it for a fancy price, and claiming it to be the best Wire on earth. It is worth no more than any other good Wire, but is as good as any, and we are selling it as low as any. Compare our so-called "Spurious" Wire with the ONLY BAKER PERFECT, before buying, and get our prices. We are making prices that should get your trade. MAYS & CROWE.