

The Dalles Chronicle

Weekly

PART 2.

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NUMBER 6.

DEATH THEIR FATE

Short Shrift for Bearers of Autonomy Proposals.

OFFERS KEPT FROM THE SOLDIERS

Insurgent Chiefs Fully Determined to Hold the Army Together at Whatever Cost.

NEW YORK, Dec. 15.—A Havana dispatch to the Herald says: The Cuban leaders in the field are adopting every possible method to prevent even the thin edge of the wedge of autonomy from entering their ranks. They not only absolutely refuse to discuss autonomy themselves, but they are determined in their efforts not to allow Spain's offers of self-government to be laid before the insurgent troops.

All emissaries who dare to carry the olive branch to the field are hung if caught. Seventy per cent of the rebel soldiers are kept in ignorance of the liberal terms offered by Spain.

There is reason for the reliance on the part of the Cuban chiefs. There are rebels and there are subordinate rebel officers who are tired of war and its accompanying hardships, and who would lay down their arms if liberal home rule was guaranteed.

There are not many of these it is true, but some, and their desertion would have a far-reaching moral effect. General Gomez and his generals realize this, and hence will tolerate no consideration of autonomy.

It is asserted that this attitude on the part of Gomez and other leaders accounts in a measure for the mystery surrounding the recent meeting of the Cuban assembly to elect a president and other officials.

There is circumstantial evidence at hand to prove that the news published last September of Senor Capot's election as president was correct. After acting three months Senor Capot was replaced by Senor Maso because the former was a man of peace and a far seeing lawyer, and as such might be inclined to listen to proposals of autonomy.

SANGUILLY NOT A TRAITOR.

On the Contrary He Returns to the Cuban Army at Once.

NEW YORK, Dec. 15.—General Julio Sanguilly, instead of being a traitor, as recent reports from Havana would indicate, returns to the island at once in obedience to the commands of his chief, General Gomez. This statement is made on the authority of a physician, a Cuban, who stands high among the members of the junta here.

Sanguilly is in Washington, where it is said he will call on Secretary Sherman and renounce his American citizenship in order to absolve himself from the pledge he gave when the secretary secured his release from a Spanish prison, that he would not again take up arms against Spain.

A Veteran Sport in Luck.

SACRAMENTO, Dec. 15.—Charles C. Brown, a veteran sport, has fallen heir to an estate in New Orleans valued at

\$100,000. The estate belonged to his sister, Fanny Lincoln Mills, who died in New Orleans a year ago. The estate has been in litigation since the death of Brown's sister. Brown has received word from New Orleans that he has won the case on its merits.

Uses all Accounted For.

DENVER, Dec. 14.—Brigadier-General Ois has received information from the commanding officer at Fort Duchesne, stating that all the Utes had returned to their reservation, there being none now in Colorado.

He also received information from Ports Grant and Huachuca to the effect that cavalry is out looking for the Indians that were reported to have chased some cow boys the other day in that section of the country, but has been unable to find any trace of Indians. The three companies sent out from Fort Grant returned yesterday and those from Fort Huachuca have been instructed to return.

As near as can be learned there are no Indians missing from the reservation in Arizona or New Mexico.

Miners Carry their Point.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 14.—The thirty-five mines of the Consolidated & Madison Coal Company in the Belleville, Ill., district, have resumed operations, and 3000 miners who have been out of employment for many months returned to work. The mining companies accede to the demands of their men and agree to pay the Springfield scale of 27 cents a ton. The settlement was reached at a conference held at Glen Carbon Saturday night.

A Postoffice Burglarized.

TACOMA, Dec. 14.—Burglars entered the Ortting postoffice last night, cut open many letters and stole two pension checks, one of \$30, for A. McKenzie, and the other of \$18, for Charles Lindsay, both inmates of the soldiers' home.

Yellow Journalism in Paris.

PARIS, Dec. 14.—The government, it is announced, contemplates the suppression of newspapers alleged to be systematically inventing stories concerning Dreyfus.

Don't be persuaded into buying liniments without reputation or merit—Chamberlain's Pain Balm costs no more, and its merits have been proven by a test of many years. Such letters as the following, from L. G. Bagley, Hueneme, Cal., are constantly being received: "The best remedy for pain I have ever used is Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and I say so after having used it in my family for several years." It cures rheumatism lame back, sprains and swellings. For sale by Blakeley & Houghton.

Disputes His Wives Story.

CHICAGO, Dec. 15.—Victor Silverman is a prisoner at the Maxwell-street station charged with abandonment. He was arrested on a warrant sworn out by David Wylie, a lawyer, representing Mrs. Silverman, who lived at Eighteenth and Lorimer streets, Denver. The attorney says that Silverman left his wife six months ago and since that time has contributed nothing to her support.

Silverman tells a different story. He says he kept a store in Denver. On his return from a business trip he found his wife had sold his store and pocketed the proceeds. Silverman says their domestic relations then became strained and he came to Chicago.

PROTESTS OF NO AVAIL

McKenna Elevated to the Supreme Bench.

McKENNA'S APPOINTMENT IS IN

Protests From the Pacific Coast Said to Have Resulted in Forcing the President's Hand.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16.—The president today sent the following nominations to the senate:

Joseph McKenna, to be associate justice of supreme court of the United States.

Chas. G. Dawes, of Ill., to be comptroller of the currency.

John A. Nesbitt, of Pennsylvania, to be pension agent at Philadelphia.

Court private land claims—Joseph C. Reed, to be chief justice; William M. May, of Tennessee; Thomas C. Fuller, of North Carolina; Henry G. Strauss, of Kansas and Wilbur F. Stone, of Colorado, to be associate justices, all re-appointments, their terms expiring December 31, 1897.

Lewis Mills, attorney for the United States for the Southern district of Iowa.

Robert V. Cozier, attorney for the United States, for the district of Idaho.

The president has a large number of appointments made during the recess of the senate which have heretofore been announced.

ONLY HASTENS THE EVENT.

Protests From the Pacific Coast Forced McKinley's Hand.

CHICAGO, Dec. 16.—A News, Washington special says: President McKinley decided today to put a quietus on protests formulating on the Pacific coast against Attorney-General McKenna, of California, as judge of the supreme court, and concluded to send in his nomination today. The president is determined to stand by his attorney-general to the end of the fight. He will insist, it is said, that McKenna continue in office as attorney-general until the senate confirms his nomination as associate justice.

Nominations Confirmed.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16.—The Senate today confirmed the following nominations:

Charles G. Dawes, of Illinois, to be comptroller of the currency.

John B. Nesbitt, of Pennsylvania, to be pension agent at Philadelphia.

TELEGRAPH LINE TO KLONDIKE.

The Postal Telegraph Company Proposes to Build It.

NEW YORK, Dec. 16.—After a meeting of the directors of the Postal Telegraph Cable Company, Vice-President Baker said: "We are going to spend \$1,000,000 in reaching out into new territory. We intend to extend our line in the West, to Ogden and Salt Lake, entering the states of Utah, Wyoming, Montana and Idaho. Moreover, the chances are that we will sooner or later have lines to the Klondike. We understand that our Canadian company is getting ready to equip a line to Dawson, and it is only a question of time till it will be in operation.

"Our lines now penetrate nearly every state in the Union, but with the extensions contemplated the coming year we shall be able to compete with the Western Union in about every city in the country. We shall build one extension from Leadville to Ogden and Salt Lake, and another to Helena, thus connecting with our Rocky mountain and Canadian Pacific systems."

Relief for Yukon Miners.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16.—The house today passed a bill appropriating \$175,000 for the relief of the people in the Yukon. The senate also passed a joint resolution appropriating \$250,000 for the relief of the Yukon miners. It will be necessary before either becomes a law for congress to get together on a common basis.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, act-

ing directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

Good Seating Outlook.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 15.—The schooner Kate and Anna will be the only sealer to go out of San Francisco this year. The sealing schooners Geneva and Libbie have already sailed from Victoria, and the remainder of the British fleet will follow the first week in January. They will all come south, and a good season is expected. This year's seals will have brought twenty per cent more in London than did similar skins in December 1896.

The Surprise of All.

Mr. James Jones, of the drug firm of Jones & Son, Cowden, Ill., speaking of Dr. King's New Discovery, says that last winter his wife was attacked with La Grippe, and her case grew so serious that physicians at Cowden and Pana could do nothing for her. It seemed to develop into Hasty Consumption. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in store, and selling lots of it, he took a bottle home, and to the surprise of all she began to get better from first dose, and half dozen dollar bottles cured her sound and well. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is guaranteed to do this good work. Try it. Free trial bottles at Blakeley & Houghton's drug store.

Passed the House.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16.—The bill for the prohibition of pelagic sealing passed the house by a vote of 148 to 78.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16.—The house this afternoon by unanimous consent took up the administration bill to prohibit pelagic sealing by Americans, Johnson, republican, of North Dakota, made a vigorous speech against the bill.

Election in Massachusetts.

BOSTON, Dec. 15.—Municipal elections were held today in thirteen cities of the state, thus completing the list, with the exception of Boston and North Adams, which do not choose their municipal officers till next week. Not one of these cities reversed the license vote of last year, seven of them voting in favor and six against.

Free Pills.

Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These Pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of Constipation and Sick Headache. For Malaria and Liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c. per box. Sold by Blakeley & Houghton Druggists. (4)

A Flywheel Burst.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 16.—Adam Brodrich was killed and a number of others slightly hurt by the bursting of flywheel at the South Third street plant of the Oliver Steel & Iron Company at an early hour this morning. The accident was caused by an engine becoming ungovernable. The flywheel was fifteen feet in diameter and weighed several tons.

Return of the Sharpshooter.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 16.—The barkentine Sharpshooter has returned to this port from a trading expedition to the Caroline Islands. She brought back a cargo of copra.

How to Prevent Pneumonia.

At this time of the year a cold is very easily contracted, and if left to run its course without the aid of some reliable cough medicine is liable to result in that dread disease, pneumonia. We know of no better remedy to cure a cough or cold than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. We have used it quite extensively and it has always given entire satisfaction—Olagah, Ind. Ter. Chief.

This is the only remedy that is known to be a certain preventive of pneumonia. Among the many thousands who have used it for colds and la grippe, we have not yet learned of a single case having resulted in pneumonia. Persons who have weak lungs or have reason to fear an attack of pneumonia, should keep the remedy at hand. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Blakeley & Houghton.

Senior Morel's Sympathy.

MADRID, Dec. 15.—As an act of personal sympathy, according to the Independent, Senor Morel has cabled his condolence to President McKinley in his bereavement through Minister Woodford.

Everybody reads THE CHRONICLE.

A MINERS SOLILOQUY.

How Greenhorn Got Its Name—A Model Love Letter.

GOLDEN EAGLE MINE, Dec. 12, '97.

EDITOR CHRONICLE:

In my last letter to THE CHRONICLE I stated that why this section was called the Greenhorn was unknown. I was mistaken. In early days there was an old fellow came out to the old camp of Robinsonville, representing himself as a miner. His experience in mining had been acquired in digging potatoes in Missouri, or prying a wagon from the abysmal depths of mud on the Pike county highways. He was given employment and sent down a thirty-foot shaft to put in a blast. After considerable time he managed to get a three-cornered hole drilled into the rock and the powder securely tamped therein. He was slow of speech, and when everything was ready he sung out to be hauled up. He had been given a fifty-foot coil of fuse, so that he could cut off as much as was required. As the boys at the windlass started to haul him out, he drawled out "Haul me up slow so I can unwind the fuse." He was going to use it all. This was only one of a long series of like bright thoughts on his part, and the nick-name of Greenhorn was saddled onto him, and finally as he worked all over the camp it came to be applied to the district, and the mountain.

There is something pathetic in a deserted mining camp, especially a deserted placer camp. The old workings look desolate and forbidding, and here and there a forlorn, but determined bush or bit of weeds finds place for its rootlets and grows solitary and listless. Out of the pay-streak at some convenient spot is a little cemetery holding the remains of the few luckless miners who got caught beneath a falling bank, or succumbed to an extended dose of hog meat, bad bread and beans. The rough cabins have rotted, the roofs become sway-backed or fallen in, the paths down to the spring near by are overgrown, and the white boulders gleam like they were indeed the skeleton of the old camp, left to bleach uncares for and unburied by those who washed from their golden stores. Such a town is Robinsonville, though in the past year the searchers after quartz have put up a few new cabins, and living beings now take the place of the long-time ghosts, if ghosts they were, who stalked, blue-shirted and be-whiskered, through the silent by-ways.

What a history was made when these old camps were still alive with the hum of the hydraulic, the click of pick and the sturdy ring of the sledge hammer. What romances have been woven by the hardy delvers after gold. What motive power of love has driven pick and shovel. What blue-eyed "sweetheart" in the states has moved the dauntless young miner to labor from daylight to dusk, to face the inclement weather, and to feel it not, warmed by the knowledge that way back across the plains some loved one waited the day of his return, patient, hopeful, true. What dreams of what was to be when Fortune smiled and the gray gravel yielded up reluctantly its stingy horde of gold. What dreams of a night; what idle fancies of a day, conceived in the God-given hope that springs forever in the breast—and alas! in most cases, withers like any other blossom, whether of the field or heart, from the cruel blasts of icy disappointment.

Recently an old miner, who knew I had a penchant for scribbling, brought me a letter he found sticking in the chimney of one of the old Robinsonville cabins. It bore neither date nor signature, but the writing was that of a girl, and it was undoubtedly written to the occupant of that cabin, who, so the story goes, now rests under a big pine tree a few rods distant therefrom. I found myself wondering if that letter was ever answered; if its author ever knew what became of her "dear boy," and whether she yet waits patiently for some word from him whose lips grew dumb and fingers moveless at Robinsonville, thirty years ago. It is not likely. I may be dreaming, a miner's dream, but if so it is a modern one. I fancy, somehow, that some other fellow, who stayed back East and looked after the pigs and chickens on the old farm, is the grandfather of her grandchildren, and that they, poor little dears, do not now, and never will, realize how near they came to being little Greenhorns. It was, perhaps, best for all concerned, for he at least died with a sublime faith in his best girl and the knowledge, or belief at least, that he was going to strike it rich in a few days and go home to old Missouri, corn bread and hominy, pos-



sum and sweet potatoes, and his best girl.

I was going to give you that letter in full, but I fear your space will not permit now that I have rambled through nearly a column to say nothing. As I have said, it bore neither date nor signature, but began:

AT HOME, MONDAY.

MY OWN DEAR BOY:

Of what crime do I stand accused that you punish me with the cruel penalty of silence? What sin of commission or omission do you lay at my door that my eyes are no longer permitted to follow the bright lines of your versatile pen? It is eighteen months since, down by the old gate, where the big red rose bush alone could know, you held me to your heart and let me sob out my grief at parting. I told you then, my own boy, that there were treasures richer than gold, and that I preferred you and poverty to all the wealth of Ophir. You drew a pretty picture of what the future was to bring, and kissed away my tears. For five long months I have not heard from you. I have stretched forth my hands, but they return unto me empty. Has your love grown cold, as I am told man's love does, chilled by time and distance? Or has inordinate greed gained so firm a hold upon your mind that the tender lover, my own dear boy, has become a miser, whose only thought is gold! gold! gold! God forbid! Oh, my boy, when your blessed love stole into my soul it wrapped its roots around my heart and filled my life with the fragrance of its divine blossoms. My heart was a dove cote, where every hour some white-winged messenger of peace fluttered in to find abiding place. Before you came I had not lived, because I had not loved. Why then destroy the creature you have made? Take from me your love, and I will no longer live. This poor body may exist, but existence is not life. Oh! my own dear boy, abandon your dreams of wealth. Throw down the golden castles that encumber your mind. Come back to me, and here, poor though we may be, we will at least be together. The roses still bloom at the gate to give you welcome, and she who pens these lines loves you; loves you. If your feelings have changed towards me, my own sweetheart, tell me so. That blow were death; but preferable, ay! blessed in its suddenness, to the lingering starvation of heart and soul and mind that your silence inflicts. Torture me no longer with the thunders of silence or the rack of neglect.

But this subject is getting pathetic, and I find my eyes growing moist and my throat dry. There is whole lots more of that letter, but I don't desire to give every girl in The Dalles the dog-dagged sentimentalities, because if I did I should indeed be A GREENHORN.

A Fatal Collision.

CLINTON, Ind., Dec. 16.—Train No. 3 on the Chicago & Eastern Illinois, which left Chicago at 11:30 last night, ran into an extra train here this morning. Three employees were killed and half a dozen others were wounded, but no passengers were hurt. Both engines were badly wrecked, the baggage car was thrown down an embankment, and the mail car smashed.

Cash in Your Checks.

All county warrants registered prior to July 7, 1893, will be paid at my office. Interest ceases after Oct. 27th, 1897.

C. L. PHILLIPS, County Treasurer.

Use Happy Thought Salve For Burns.

Two or three applications a day are advised for burns. Make a thin poultice on a piece of cloth, using just enough of the Salve to cover the burn completely. Such injuries treated with Garland's Happy Thought Salve are less liable to leave a scar than if ordinary treatments are used.

50 cents a jar at Donnell's Drugstore.

\$2000.00

in prizes—to get you acquainted with money-back baking powder and tea.

Schilling's Best baking powder and tea are because they are money-back.

What is the missing word?—not SAFE, although Schilling's Best baking powder and tea are safe.

Get Schilling's Best baking powder or tea at your grocers'; take out the ticket (brown ticket in every package of baking powder; yellow ticket in the tea); send a ticket with each word to address below before December 31st.

Until October 15th two words allowed for every ticket; after that only one word for every ticket.

If only one person finds the word, that person gets \$2000.00; if several find it, \$2000.00 will be equally divided among them.

Every one sending a brown or yellow ticket will receive a set of cardboard creeping babies at the end of the contest. Those sending three or more in one envelope will receive an 1898 pocket calendar—no advertising on it. These creeping babies and pocket calendars will be different from the ones offered in the last contest.

Better cut these rules out.

Address: MONEY-BACK, SAN FRANCISCO.