

The Weekly Chronicle.

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LOCAL BRIEVITIES.

Saturday's Daily.

The Walla Walla Congregationalists are about to build a \$10,000 church at that place.

The river is rising slowly today, being at about 16 feet this afternoon. It is thought the present rise is from the John Day, Umatilla and Des Chutes rivers.

Last night's Oregonian contains a notice of the marriage of William B. Streeter, well known to many Dalles young people, and Miss Nell M. Coal-fleet, of Portland.

A party of tourists, ten in number, with their families, arrived in The Dalles last night from Missouri. They are on their way to Prineville, near which place they will make their homes.

An insane woman, whose name we did not learn, has been causing some trouble to the residents at Viento recently. An attempt will be made by officers to secure her and bring her to this city tonight.

The friends of Miss Bessie Rowland are extremely anxious to obtain news concerning her condition, as the last word received was that three physicians had given her up, and her case was thought to be hopeless.

The East End is lively today. A number of loads of wheat were brought over from the Kliekkitt country, while from the interior came several loads of pelts. This afternoon they are being loaded with freight for the homeward trip.

Max Vogt is at present engaged in taking the necessary precautions against fire, which has so often overtaken him. He is placing fire proof shutters on the windows in the Vogt block, which is just what should be done on all such buildings in the city.

Children are apt to be unintentionally irreverent. A case in point is that of a little Chicago girl who wound up her prayer in this way: "And please, O Lord, take good care of yourself, too. If anything should happen to you, we wouldn't have any one but McKinley to depend on, and he isn't doing as well as we expected."

For some time past Absalom Bolton, of 15-Mile, has been very ill, and his physicians at length advised that he be taken to the hospital in Portland. Accordingly he was brought to the city this morning and will be taken to that place for all physical ills, where we trust he may recover, though his case is said to be a serious one.

At noon today the open season for fishing began and while the river is hardly high enough as yet for the stationary wheels to be lowered, the scows are plying the waters of the Columbia enticing the salmon to walk into their parlors. We only trust that the hopes of the fishermen, which are decidedly sanguine, will be realized, and that the "little fishes" will be suckers enough to make themselves numerous.

The O. R. & N.'s new dining-car to be put on between this city and Umatilla, is expected to arrive shortly from Dayton, O., where it was built. It is modern in every respect, and will be fully equipped with every facility for furnishing first-class meals, even the chef having been imported from Paris. The coach will be in charge of Conductor F. S. Kelly, and when running will enable passengers to obtain their dinner without a stopover at Grant's station, as at present. The cost of the car is \$12,000.

Paul F. Mohr is in The Dalles today. There is always more or less conjecture when these famous railroad men are in our midst, especially during these times rife with railroad rumors. We understand Mr. Mohr is on his way to attend to his interests in the north side road. It is said that should the road be "go," there will be some work to be done over on the section built by Mohr and his company several years since. During the time intervening, the Indians, and some who are not aborigines, have come to the conclusion that railroad ties make the best of fire wood, and therefore in places of ties, the track in many places now has for a foundation loose rock, which has been substituted for the original ties.

That was a fine tribute to the Oregon boys in the Philippines, paid by an officer returned from service there, as reported by S. A. Clarke from Washington. The officer is one of discriminating ability. He spoke in terms of praise for all the volunteers helping to uphold the dignity and authority of their country in the islands across the Pacific. Someone asked him his opinion of the Oregon boys. His reply was the finest attestation words could give: "Ah! There is a regiment of gentlemen!" And they are a regiment of fighters,

too. They are men who esteem it a matter of "extreme good fortune," as one of them writes, to be chosen to go to the front, into the thickest of the fight, onto the firing line.

Horace Knight, who for the past twenty years has been a resident of The Dalles, passed away this morning at 8 o'clock at the Coventon place three miles from the city. For years he has been a sufferer, but not until a few weeks ago would he give up, at which time he was taken to the country where he might be cared for. His niece, Mrs. Johnson, of John Day, and nephew, Henry Knight, of Providence, R. I., were with him when he died. He was born in Rhode Island 69 years ago, and when a young man went to California during the mining excitement, afterward coming to Oregon and mining near Canyon City, where he became quite wealthy. Mr. Knight was a bachelor, and his only relatives here are his nephew and niece. He was a quiet man, and one whom those with whom he associated grew much attached to. His nephew will leave for Providence, Rhode Island, tomorrow, taking his uncle's remains there for burial.

The Dalles City breathed the waves proudly this morning as she left the dock having on board such an intelligent array of good looking school marmes, chaperoned by Supt. Gilbert, dressed in his best suit of clothes, and looking as wise as though he were inwardly humming to himself the air of "A Charge to Keep I Have." By the way, the Hood River Glacier has the superintendent down for "Music," and if that is actually what the teachers had in anticipation, it would seem that they would also be singing "Oh that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest." However, they all looked happy, so we judge the Glacier meant Mr. Gilbert's name as a signature instead of his being a participant in the singing. Then his wife was with him, and she surely would not have gone had that been the case. Beside Prof. Gavin and wife and Prof. Landers, the following teachers were on board: Misses Salina Phirman, Elsie M. Ball, Ella Cooper, Nan Cooper, Minnie Mitchell, Etta E. Wrenn, Emma S. Roberts, Mary Douthitt, Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. K. Roche. They were also accompanied by Mesdames E. M. Wilson, W. S. Myers, L. S. Davis, O. W. Morgan and Mr. and Mrs. Truman Butler.

Monday's Daily.

We are sorry to hear that Orlando Brooks is quite ill at his home four miles from the city.

Mrs. F. L. Houghton is the fortunate winner of the Hostetler bowling trophy for this month.

After an illness of about twenty days, W. H. Batts is again able to be on the streets, looking very much the worse for wear.

C. E. Corson of The Dalles, a Sumpter visitor, picked up a nugget near town the other day. Its estimated value ranges from 10 cents to \$5.—News.

The fickle weather of the past few days has caused the river to be fickle, and instead of rising, it fell yesterday, standing at 14.1 this morning.

The latest word as to the condition of Bessie Rowland was received yesterday, and was to the effect that her condition had not changed, the disease seeming to be taking its course, and admitting of no change one way or the other.

The East End will be lively from now on, as the wool teams begin to arrive. This morning two large ten-horse teams came in from the interior, bringing the first clip of the season to the Wasco warehouse. We are glad to see them making their appearance.

Mr. Corlies Merritt, editor of the Hoppner Gazette, stopped over in The Dalles last evening, remaining today, on his way home from Portland where he has had a week's hospital experience. Mr. Merritt is an old-time newspaper man, having been identified with the work for over twenty years.

J. H. Carlock, of the U. S. Geological Survey, was in town last night to meet Tom Maxwell, who is also connected with the survey, and has just arrived from Washington. Thirty or forty members of the survey will in the near future set out to make surveys, a portion of them near Baker City and others in the vicinity of Mt. Adams.

Mrs. Wm. Tackman has just added a new greenhouse to her already commodious quarters, which is to be filled with the choicest of roses. Another addition will also be built, which will be devoted to the special culture of chrysanthemums, so that Dalles people need not send to Portland to obtain the choicest large flowers. She is making her greenhouse all that can be found in large cities.

and battery by Constable Olinger. He, however, escaped, and nothing has been seen of him since, until last night when Sheriff Kelly located him in a car occupied by bridge carpenters in the yards here. He at once secured him and telephoned to Constable Olinger, who will arrive this afternoon and get his prisoner.

Portland is having some splendid attractions in the theatrical line this season. Among other troupes which are playing in that city the famous Bostonians will commence a week's engagement Monday, the 24th. An effort will be made to organize a party in this city to take in at least two of the operas.

On the evening of April 8th Mr. M. B. Presby, father of Lawyer W. B. Presby, died at his son's residence in Goldendale in the 80th year of his age. His widow and three children survive him. His life was devoted to active business pursuits. Much of his time was given to lumbering, principally to the production of timber for ship building. For five years, from 1859 to 1864, he was engaged in mining in Colorado. The greater part of his life was spent in New England.

The Independent Order of Old Bachelors, an aggregation of "single gentlemen" recently organized in this city, is to make its first appearance before a Dalles audience on next Friday evening at the Christian church. Their program is exceedingly unique and original, and the refreshments will be served up in characteristic bachelor style. General admission 15 cents, or 25 cents per pair. Old maids 50 cents. Our readers are asked to keep this in mind and be in attendance. Program will be published later.

Miss Grace Maynard, the young woman who was in The Dalles a few months ago with McEwan, the hypnotist, has been called to take the long sleep from which even the great hypnotist cannot awaken her, and which, it would seem, is preferable to the sleep she had been taking. She died recently at St. Cloud, Minnesota. Although she seemed well when in this city, it was said she contracted a severe attack of pneumonia at Salem, as a result of being thrown into the river by a boat capsizing, she being out with a boating party at the time.

Captain S. B. Ormsby recently received a letter from the department ordering him to inspect nine townships of land on the headwaters of the Des Chutes river, in the Cascade forest reservation, with a view of restoring that portion to the public domain. Superintendent Ormsby will start across the mountains for the purpose of making the desired examination as soon as the condition of the roads and trails will permit of travel. This is one of a number of cases, in states having forest reserves, where efforts are being made to have portions of the reserves restored to the public domain, and thrown open to settlement.

News reached the city this morning of the death of Maggie Keys, youngest daughter of Wm. Keys, Saturday at Mayville, Gilliam county. She has been ill for some months of consumption, which hardly seems possible, for upon her visit to this city hardly a year since she was so strong and well appearing. Maggie was very well known and a favorite in The Dalles during her residence here. She was graduated from the Wasco Independent Academy in the class of '91, and was a very bright student; as well as possessing a cheerful disposition which carried sunshine with it. Her friends will learn the sad news with deep regret.

More people are working hard to obtain the mail contract for the route between that city and Prineville. Their promises are numerous and far reaching but the fulfillment is yet to come. They are sending out advance agents along the line soliciting signers to a petition for the same. So far as we can ascertain but an hour or two will be gained in time, which is the only advantage to any one except the Moro people. The Antelope Herald says: "Mr. C. C. Kunev, of Moro, spent the latter part of last week in our town, circulating a petition for a change in the present Prineville-Antelope-The Dalles mail route. The proposed change, as we understand it, involved the abandonment of the above named route, and the creation of a new one from Moro to Prineville, via Antelope. We understand that Mr. Kunev was fairly successful, a number of our citizens signing the petition. However, many others could see no special advantage to be derived by anyone except the good citizens of Moro, and as Moro's gain would be The Dalles' loss, they refused to sign the petition."

Friday Mrs. Carrie Day, of Viento, who for some time past has been out of her mind at times, caused by physical ailments, took a notion to leave her family and stay with her sister in this city, and therefore came up on the train that day. Her father was here visiting, and the next morning sent her back home on the boat. Her daughter saw her approaching the house and ran to a neighbor, but her husband, who was at home, irritating her somehow caused one of her violent spells to return, and she grabbed a stick of wood and beat him over the head. He then appealed to the officers, who took her in charge and telegraphed to the sheriff here.

Saturday she was brought to this city and being adjudged insane, Deputy Sheriff Sexton and Constable Tucker conveyed her to the asylum yesterday morning. She is a sad-looking woman and rational enough at times. Everyone who saw her pitied her and the officers say they seldom have a patient to convey that so elicits their sympathy.

Tuesday's Daily.

Articles of incorporation of the Boyd Water Company, and also of the First M. E. church were filed in the clerk's office today.

The admirers of Law Wallace's "Een Hur" will learn with a great deal of satisfaction that that famous work is to be dramatized, with the consent of the author.

E. S. Olinger arrived in the city last evening, and left on the boat this morning with his prisoner, John Epping, who escaped from him last Wednesday at Hood River.

Yesterday a man was arrested for obtaining money under false pretenses, he in several instances selling brass rings to parties, purporting them to be gold, claiming that he was in need of money.

Carrie Byerlee, L. L. Ellis and Thos. Hopkins, of school district No. 2, near Hood River, passed the Eighth grade final examination, as prescribed by the county board of examiners, and received their certificates yesterday.

The board of education of the Hood River public school has appointed C. L. Gilbert, J. T. Naff and H. L. Howe as board of examiners for Eighth grade final examinations, to begin Wednesday, April 19th. This provision is required by the rules and regulations of their course of study.

A splendid place for the little tots these days is the Kindergarten. The Misses Taylor have a most interesting class of children, which is enlarging as the good weather progresses. They are very successful, and deserve the patronage of the people of our city, who so long wished for such a school.

Just to prove that they were fiery steeds, the team of white horses which daily furnishes the motive power for the city "slop wagon," got on a tangent last evening and made Court street odoriferous by tearing up that boulevard, scattering biscuits all along the way. It looked rather sloppy for a time.

Richard Goode, chief of Pacific Division Geodetic and Geological Surveys, will leave Washington, D. C. about the 1st of May for this coast to fully organize this season's field work. Wm. Manning, who was with the detachment taking levels from Astoria to Spokane, will fill the position of level man in the Baker City district. Mr. Page, of the same party, goes to the Spokane district.

The laws of our city are now overrun with dandelions, which is one of the worst enemies of a pretty lawn imaginable. In some lots such a foothold has been gained that there is no alternative, they must be plowed up and re-sown in grass. However, if they have only gotten a start, the best thing to do is to patiently dig them up by the roots looking to it that there are none bordering the outside walks, from which the seeds can blow.

Miss Adams is unable to be at her desk in Pease & Mays' office today on account of a slight accident which she experienced yesterday at noon. When coasting down the grade at the west end of Fourth street on her bicycle, she fell from her wheel and striking some rocks broke the wheel and was bruised up pretty badly. She is particularly unfortunate, as about a year ago she experienced a similar accident. It is thought she will be able to be about in a few days.

H. L. Vorse, manager of the Oregon Telephone Company, returned last night from a business trip in Colorado. Mr. Vorse says that they experienced a terrible winter in that state, and that the railroads are just beginning to recover from the blockade. One thing that greatly surprised him on his trip was the fact that the people in that state seem to be more thoroughly informed concerning the mining interests of our state than are we ourselves, and in going away from home he learned just how famous Oregon is becoming in that regard.

There is a fierce opposition now raging on the Goldendale line to The Dalles. Oscar Vanhoy has put a stage on the road and will endeavor to get a share of the business. This week he put out posters announcing his rates. They are \$1.50 one way or a return trip for \$2.50. Alvord, who carries the U. S. mail, tells us that he is not afraid of any competitor. In fact, he says, he is now doing a better business than ever, most of the time being loaded down to the guards. A merry old fight is evidently now on, however.—Sentinel.

A TOKEN OF APPRECIATION.

S. B. Adams Presented With a Gold-Headed Cane by the Public School Teachers.

Mr. S. B. Adams has abandoned his horse and buggy and now walks the streets in preference to riding, although somehow he feels that he needs some assistance and therefore carries a cane—part of the time, however, under his arm. He struck a Klondike last night, most of the ore being discovered in the handle of a handsome ebony cane, one of the most beautiful we have yet seen.

Early last evening as he and his wife were quietly seated in their home, they were surprised by a visit from the entire delegation of teachers of the public schools, who had previously gathered at Prof. Gavin's for the purpose of calling upon him in a body. Mr. Adams was not long in finding out that good boys in school are sometimes "canned" as well as bad boys, for as soon as he had welcomed them to his home, Miss Nan Cooper stepped forward and in a very appropriate speech told of the appreciation which the teachers of The Dalles schools have had for the services which Mr. Adams has rendered in his long term of nine years as director here; how they have always found him to be a staunch friend of the teachers, upholding them as best he could and lightening their burdens in every possible manner. She then in behalf of the professors and teachers presented him with a gold-headed cane, on the handle of which was engraved "S. B. Adams, Director Public School, The Dalles, 1890-1899."

Although almost overcome with the joy which he felt at finding his services so highly appreciated, he received the gift with a nice little speech, saying in part that this was only a proof of his firm belief that duties well done to our God or to humankind, no matter how humble our station, will some time be rewarded.

A short time was spent in happy conversation, when the visitors departed, leaving Mr. Adams more than pleased and gratified that he had been remembered so kindly.

But not alone do the teachers of The Dalles appreciate Mr. Adams' work in behalf of our schools, but every citizen would gladly add their token of gratitude for his faithfulness, and sincerely hope that he may live to see the smallest pupils in the schools grow to be men and women as thoroughly alive for the great interests of education as he has proven himself to be.

"REBEL TOM."

Some Incidents Concerning His Life, Now Ended.

Everyone who has lived in The Dalles any length of time knows old "Rebel Tom," who since the early '60s has been a familiar character here—a land mark, spending most of his time about the livery stables of our city, until last fall, when, becoming too ill to take care of himself, he was taken to the county poor farm, where Mr. Cushing has made him his special care, until Friday when he passed away. No one knew him by the name of William Thompson, although such he was christened; but in early days it was the custom to nickname everyone who was "one of the boys," and so William became Tom. Why he

was called Rebel Tom is not known, unless he being such a rabid Democrat, was termed a rebel, as in those days many of that party sympathized with the South. He, however, fought in the Mexican war, and when he left the army held the position of quartermaster.

He was about 79 years of age, little being known as to his early life. Coming to The Dalles from California in 1864, he was hostler for Wheeler & Mayhew, who owned the stage line between this place and Canyon City. He afterward worked for Boomer on the Overland, making his headquarters at Umatilla. Later he engaged in the livery business and for some time did a draying business here. Of late years he has been unable to work, and subsisted mostly on a pension, being always thrown among friends who looked after his welfare.

"Tom" was a queer character, and though gruff in his manner, at heart he was kind, and his affectionate nature was always shown in his kindness to dumb animals, especially his horses. An incident which happened perhaps in the year '66, goes far toward showing his determination. In those days the political parties in this country were very equally divided, and unlike these days of uprightness, were corrupt to the core. At this particular time Lockwood was in the field for state senator on the Republican side, with Vic Trevitt a close rival on the opposite. Rivalry waxed warm and votes came as high as \$100—, that is if a man were given \$100 he might vote the right way. Long and faithful did they labor with Tom in the endeavor to win a vote for Lockwood, but in vain. He was then working for R. B. Hood, and a scheme was concocted to get rid of his vote at least. All at once it was discovered that a large sum of money must be sent to Canyon City on election day, and none so trustworthy to carry it as Tom, who in the anticipation thought himself a few knots above the presidency. At the midnight hour Tom was perched on the stage seat, with the treasury box under his feet, and resting on it a large shot gun for defense.

Election day passed, and Tom encountered no place where he could vote; but he guarded the treasure until he reached his destination and opened the box to see that his charge was safe. What was his chagrin to find—a box half full of rocks, and the wrong kind too. Returning home and not knowing who to blame, many of his friends received the cold shoulder for months after. And the Democrats lost a vote, as they have now lost a voter.

All that remained of Rebel Tom was laid to rest in the city cemetery Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

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