

PEOPLE YOU ALL KNOW.

Monday's Daily. B. Isenberg is up from Hood River. H. E. Steed is a Hood River visitor in the city. A. J. Borie, formerly of Pendleton, but now of Portland, was in the city today. Bert Barrett came up from Portland last night to attend the funeral of his cousin, Dora Alexander. C. A. Shurtle, one of Arlington's leading merchants, came down from that place on yesterday's afternoon train. Superintendent J. P. O'Brien, of the O. R. & N., was in the city for a short time yesterday afternoon on his way up the road. Miss Lena Liebe, who has spent the past three months in San Francisco and other California cities, returned home last night. Mrs. Theodore Liebe and daughter, Elsie, of Portland, arrived in the city last evening and are guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Liebe. W. F. Byars, of the Goldendale Sentinel, was registered at the Umatilla House yesterday afternoon; but if he remained over in the city he did not make us a fraternal call.

Monday's Daily. A. L. Punnell is over from Centralis. Ed McGreer was in from Antelope yesterday. V. C. Brock, of Wasco, was in town yesterday. P. T. Nicholas made a business trip to Lyle today. J. W. Koontz went to Portland on this morning's boat. David Bonner left the city this morning for Portland. Miss Alice Hoot returned Saturday evening from Portland. C. J. Stabling left this morning on a business trip to Stevenson. Mrs. J. C. Meins was a passenger on the boat this morning for Portland. Mrs. L. E. Crowe returned home on Saturday night, after a week's visit in Portland. Miss May Enright came up from Portland Saturday and spent yesterday with friends in The Dalles. Miss Jeannette Williams, accompanied by her sister, Florence, left on yesterday's afternoon train for Portland. Mr. Clarence Hoot, of Corvallis, arrived in the city Saturday and is spending a few days with friends. Mrs. H. A. Talefero arrived in the city from Portland Saturday night, to resume her duties as professional nurse at Dr. Geisenbuer's office. Mr. and Mrs. Zachary Taylor came up from Salem yesterday, where they took the body of their son for burial. Mrs. Taylor left this morning for her home in Antelope. Mrs. S. P. Stanard, of Brownsville, is spending a few days in the city with her aunt, Mrs. L. L. Hill. She is on her way to join her husband, Elder Stanard, who is stationed at Adams. Mr. and Mrs. L. Klingler, who left several weeks ago for California, in company with Mr. and Mrs. L. Rice, have returned to their home in Dufer. Oregon, they say, suits them all right. Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Blakeley will leave on this afternoon's train for Portland. Mr. Blakeley will attend a meeting of the Pharmaceutical association, while his wife will visit her parents for a few days. Grant Mays returned home Saturday night, having spent two weeks in California. He attended the football game between the Berkeleys and the Stanfords on Thanksgiving, in which the former won in a score of 30 to 0, and Grant hasn't got through yelling yet.

Tuesday's Daily. A. C. Sanford is down from Moro. J. H. Smith, of Grass Valley, is a visitor in the city. Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Pitman came in from Dufer yesterday. J. Freeman was a passenger on this morning's boat for Portland. S. W. Childers and wife came down from Columbus on yesterday's afternoon train. Jess Smith, L. B. Thomas and J. B.

McAtee are registered at the Umatilla from Dufer. Miss Grace Hobson went down on the boat this morning to spend a short time with friends in Portland. Chas. M. Randall arrived from California a few days since and is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Randall. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Biggs came down from Wasco on yesterday's afternoon train. Mrs. Biggs was desirous of attending the carnival tonight. Mrs. S. N. Wilkins, who has spent the past seven months in Eastern Oregon in the interest of the order of Rebekahs, came down from Prineville yesterday and will leave this afternoon for her home at Corvallis. G. A. Ferguson, who has been decided not by vote, but by our people in general, to be the most popular engineer on the road, will leave this evening for Eureka county, Nevada, where he will visit his mother, whom he has not seen for eighteen years. He expects to be absent about a month. Leslie Butler came up from Portland on last evening's train, and will return this afternoon. Being asked by a gentleman if they are having rain in Portland, Mr. Butler quietly said, "Well, I believe we had a slight rain storm two weeks ago," not saying that it had been a continued one. Dalles people, however, have no advantage over Portland in that line this year.

The Donations Appreciated. PORTLAND, Or., Dec. 8, 1899. EDITOR CHRONICLE: The management of the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society of Oregon feel extremely grateful to the pupils of the public schools of your city for their generous donation on Thanksgiving, which was the best donation received outside of Portland at any time since the existence of this institution. The board of directors and the ladies' advisory board feel that they cannot sufficiently thank the little ones for their kindness in remembering other children who had been less fortunate than themselves in having a good home and fair treatment with their parents. It might be interesting to many to know how much in the aggregate a donation from the children of the public schools will amount to, and they can readily see how much such a donation can help an institution such as the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society, in caring for its many charges through the winter months. It must be remembered that in many instances a child will bring in a can of fruit, a small package of groceries, an apple or potato or some cabbage, but when this is placed together it amounts to a present well worth the acceptance of any charitable institution, and in the case of the school children of your city it amounted to as follows: 16 two-quart jars, 27 one-quart jars, 15 pint jars, 11 glasses of jelly, 20 tin cans of goods, 4 bottles of catsup, 6 packages of mush and raisins, miscellaneous packages dried fruit, rice, nuts, toys, beans, 2 sacks potatoes, 1 cake, 1 box apples, 1 box crackers and clothing; also \$33.25 in cash, after deducting 90 cents for drayage. The things were all brought to the store of Messrs. Blakeley & Houghton, and Mr. Blakeley, who acts as agent for the society, packed the goods and forwarded them by boat. Mr. W. C. Alloway, the agent, kindly bringing them down free of charge. Superintendent Gardner wishes to say that he feels very grateful to his friends at The Dalles for their kindness, especially to Superintendent Gilbert, of the county schools, and Professor J. S. Landers, city superintendent, and trusts that in years to come this practice may be continued, and feels sure that it will be highly beneficial to the pupils of the public schools, to say nothing of the great good that it will do to dependent children of the state.

W. T. GARDNER, Superintendent. Subscribe for THE CHRONICLE.

BUDGET FROM GREENHORN.

Why He is Thankful—He Grows Sentimental, and Then Tells About Matlock's Mule. THE GREENHORN, Dec. 2, 1899. EDITOR CHRONICLE: Thanksgiving has come, and like most other good things—gone. Thanks to T. J. Seufert, the boys in our cabin dined on turkey, with celery, cranberries, and doodles of other good things, for which we were thankful at the time, but which now stand well to the front in the column of regrets. It is difficult sometimes to discover just what we have to be thankful for, and yet a little thought would give to all of us abundant reasons. Now in my own case, I console myself with the reflection that a year ago Vanderbilt was worth \$100,000,000, which was \$100,001,000 more than I possessed, the \$1,000 being the sum that I had to get before I was even with the world. Today the sum I have to earn to get even does not exceed \$998, while Vanderbilt has dropped all of his, and gone to that unexplored country where the Lehigh Valley Railroad Co. and other Vanderbilt railroads do not control the full supply. He is dead and will remain so a long time, while I yet wade around in the snow with both feet still cold.

You may or may not remember that in a communication to the CHRONICLE something like a year ago, I told you of an old miner who brought me a letter found in an old cabin at Robinsonville, which said letter I sent to you. Well, the old man was over the other day and brought me a whole jacket of letters and written matter, found in that same old cabin. I have examined the package and find it contains not only letters written to the dead miner by his sweetheart thirty years ago, but it contains also the letters written by him to her, and returned to him, as one of the letters shows, when she married the other fellow. I wonder if it would be wrong for me to read and edit that correspondence. I found some things that pleased me; bits of humor, glimpses of pathos, and here and there a bit of poetry that welled up at the touch of Love from the heart of the now defunct, as the water flowed from the rock at the touch of Moses' rod. I can't quite bring myself to publishing this correspondence and yet I am sorely tempted. However, I shall venture a few lines at the risk of being "esome, just to show what the Muses did for the late lamented as he wrestled with the uncharitable world as exemplified by Robinsonville 30 years ago. This is evidently to his sweetheart: She wore my roses in her hair, And others on her bosom fair; But sweeter even Than these, the violets of her eyes That caught their hue from summer skies—A gift from heaven. She wore my roses on her breast, Whose snow their crimson petals pressed With velvet lips; But sweeter roses bloomed above, The fairest, sweetest flower of love—Her rosy lips. The rose is queen of flowers—and yet Her eyes are dewier violets Just ope to bloom. The violet is the lowliest flower. And yet her lips twine rosy and are—With their perfume.

Bill Matlock used to own an old mule just about the time the above lines were written. The mule and Matlock were located at that time at Umatilla, Matlock being in the town and the mule on the sagebrush range in that vicinity. The mule had a rita about ninety feet long attached to himself, as Virgil puts it "pendet colla," which literally means "he had it in the neck." Now you couldn't get into Umatilla from any direction without seeing that mule—unless you came up from the lower levels. Matlock loved that mule; he mourned when he couldn't see him every day, and he used to inquire of every stranger that came to town if he had "seen a venerable mule with rawhide rope attached, as he came into town." Of course the stranger had seen him. Then Matlock would say he wanted that mule awfully bad, that he had been looking for him for two weeks and what would the stranger take to go out and bring him in? Bill wanted that mule so badly that it made no difference what price was asked he always promised with cheerful alacrity to pay the desired sum as soon as the stranger arrived with the mule. Then you would see the stranger hike out. Now, the fact was, that mule was peaceable, but the minute anyone attempted to pick up the rope he was dragging he would turn, fighting end on, and with his head down, he would come with his hind feet in the air and going like a sternwheel steamboat trying to back off a sand bar. A man might as well try to bring in a cyclone. Matlock used to feel awful bad when the strangers would return without the mule, but he never despaired of finally getting him. The mule had only one rope on him when he was turned out, but he accumulated ristas and McCartys, hemp ropes and cotton ropes and ropes of every kind. Whenever anyone threw a rope on the venerable relic it was a gone rope for it was against the mule's principles to ever give up anything he got on his neck. He was an "expansionist" or "imperialist" (whatever that is), but he finally got so many ropes on him that he couldn't keep cases on all of them, and when he backed up and began to kick he was like a Dalles girl with her first dress on train—he got his hind feet tangled; and when he kicked, the rope broke his neck. I am told that Mat-

lock sold more than nine miles of rope harvested from the remains, but I won't vouch for this, because I am A GREENHORN. Tells of the Recent Railroad Wreck.

W. F. Hernandez, the brakeman who was in the recent wreck when Robert Hunter and Miller were killed, is still at the St. Vincent hospital in Portland, and yesterday in talking to a reporter said in part: "As you know, I was riding on the engine. Bob (the engineer) had asked me to ride with him. I intended to get off the engine at Troutdale and go back to the passenger cars. I sat on the fireman's box and we talked about various things. Bob, I remember, was complaining about whistle signals not being properly blown. "Ain't you getting wet," I said to the fireman, who had been sitting behind me when he was not down firing. "No, I'm all right," he replied. "Look out ahead there, Jack!" the engineer suddenly shouted to me; "is that a headlight?" "No, I said, and then added: 'My God! Stop her; it's a rock!'" "The engine struck the slide instantly and reared up in the air. It seemed as though the rock kept rolling under the engine some little time. It was pitch dark. But the glare from the furnace lit up the cab. I was thrown on the throttle. The fireman grabbed hold of me and exclaimed, 'Oh, God; I'm killed!'" "I could see Bob with his hand on the lever and heard him shout, 'Stay with it boys; stay with it!' He was still on the seat and seemed to be trying to reverse the lever. "Since then I have seen that picture in my dreams. The roar of a torrent in my ears, the red glare from the furnace showing Bob's ghastly form straining at the lever, and the fireman's cry of anguish and pallid face. There had been a terrible jolting and sickening sound of steel and iron being rent asunder. It was awful. No words can describe the bedlam of crashing noise that followed the dull thud of the engine striking the ground. The entire mass of rending iron and steel turned over with a heavy groan, and I knew I was buried beneath the wreck."

The Church Choir. The following which we glean from the Dallas News, temporarily published by E. C. Pentland, is very timely and to the point: "A church choir is everybody's servant. Its members are expected to be in place on Sunday and all funeral occasions and do more work for the pay they get than others. In many cases they get no pay and do not wish any, but are entitled to thanks for their services. Their time is as valuable to them as it is to others. Suppose that on some funeral occasion they should say 'no.' Would not that be dreadful? Only think of it! If you want a choir stand by them and help them all you can. If you can't sing yourself, help those who can. We have no hired choirs in the country and do not want any, and when they give their time and services on any occasion they are entitled to thanks and due appreciation. But lots of people expect to have their service, who never contribute anything to help train and drill them. They have their reward in the conscious fact of doing a public duty, appreciated or not."

MARRIED. In The Dalles, Saturday evening, Dec. 9th, at 7:30, at the home of L. Richardson, near the garrison, Justus L. Thomas and Miss Agnes Wilkins, Rev. U. F. Hawk officiating. The groom is a Dalles young man, having been in the employ of Seufert Bros. for some years, and the bride is the daughter of S. Wilkins, a prominent farmer of Klickitat county.

A SURE CURE FOR CROUP. Twenty-five Years' Constant Use Without a Failure. The first indication of croup is hoarseness, and in a child subject to that disease it may be taken as a sure sign of the approach of an attack. Following this hoarseness is a peculiar rough cough. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough appears, it will prevent the attack. It is used in many thousands of homes in this broad land and never disappoints the anxious mothers. We have yet to learn of a single instance in which it has not proved effectual. No other preparation can show such a record—twenty-five years' constant use without a failure. For sale by Blakeley & Houghton.

A Frightful Blunder. Will often cause a horrible burn, scald, cut or bruise. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, will kill the pain and promptly heal it. Cures old sores, fever sores, ulcers, boils, corns, felons and all skin eruptions. Best pain cure on earth. Only 25 cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Blakeley & Houghton, druggists.

For Sale. A good farm in Klickitat county Wash., five miles from Columbus, consisting of 210 acres. Price \$1000. Apply to H. E. Curtiss at A. S. Bennett's office. n13-d&wlm

Floral lotion will cure wind chapping and sunburn. Manufactured by Clarke & Falk.

LOSES SIX HUNDRED MEN

White Learning What the Boers are Made of.

LED BY TREACHEROUS GUIDES

Battle Took Place Near Stormberg, and Britishers Supposed There Were But 500 Boers; Instead, They Estimate There Were 6000.

NEW YORK, Dec. 11.—A dispatch to the Tribune from London says: The British forces in South Africa have met with a single defeat. This sensational news was officially announced from the war office at midnight, General Gatacre admitting that he had met with a serious reverse in an attack yesterday morning on Stormberg, in Northern Cape Colony. The British general says he was misled by guides as to the Boer position, and found "impracticable ground." Apparently he was caught in an ambush, as his casualties, as at present known, are alarming. The numbers of dead and wounded cannot be considered excessive in the circumstances, but the enormous numbers reported missing suggest that the engagement must not have been unlike that of Nicholson's Nek, when General White lost so heavily. England is Depressed. LONDON, Dec. 11.—Later details regarding the disaster to General Gatacre's column show that but for the magnificent work of the British artillery the disaster would have been far more extensive, as the incessant Boer fire in the midst of repulsed infantry ultimately led to disorder, which only escaped developing into rout through the batteries of artillery occupying successive positions, covering the retreat, thus drawing a portion of the Boers' galling fire. Apparently, the British were set at an impossible task, and were treacherously guided. After a trying march and being under arms sixteen hours, they attacked the wrong part of the Boer position, where the hill was impregnable, and the burghers were estimated to number 6000 men instead of 500, as spies had reported. There is little in the story to mitigate the immense humiliation caused by the episode, which was almost an exact counterpart of the battle of Nicholson's Nek. The war office was besieged by anxious relatives today, and successive editions of the newspapers are eagerly scanned. Men and women are equally persistent in pleading for information, but the authorities either do not possess any, or are not prepared to publish it at present.

Robbed the Grave. A startling incident, of which Mr. John Oliver of Philadelphia, was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised 'Electric Bitters'; and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they saved my life, and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50c, guaranteed, at Blakeley & Houghton's drug store.

That Throbbing Headache. Would quickly leave you, if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit for Sick and Nervous Headaches. They make pure blood and strong nerves and build up your health. Easy to take. Try them. Only 25 cents. Money back if not cured. Sold by Blakeley & Houghton, druggists.

"One Minute Cough Cure is the best remedy I ever used for coughs and colds. It is unequalled for whooping cough. Children all like it," writes H. N. Williams, Gentryville, Ind. Never fails. It is the only harmless remedy that gives immediate results. Cures coughs, colds, hoarseness, croup, pneumonia, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Its early use prevents consumption.

My son has been troubled for years with chronic diarrhoea. Sometime ago I persuaded him to take some of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. After using two bottles of the 25-cent size he was cured. I give this testimonial, hoping some one similarly afflicted may read it and be benefited.—Thomas C. Bowen, Glencoe, O. For sale by Blakeley & Houghton.

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE. IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, for Wasco county. In the matter of the guardianship of George K. Hunt, Frank K. Hunt, Annie Jordan, Katie Jordan and Mary Jordan, minors. Now on this 9th day of December, 1899, came William Jordan, the duly appointed, qualified and acting guardian of the minors named above, and presented his petition, praying for an order authorizing and directing him to sell the interest of said minors in certain real property hereinafter described, and it appearing to the court after said petition that it is necessary and best for said minors that their interest in said real property should be sold, the court doth hereby order that said minors' interest in said real property should not be granted for the sale of such interest until this order be published at least three successive weeks in The Dalles Chronicle, a weekly newspaper printed in said county. Dated this 9th day of December, 1899. ROBERT MATH, County Judge.

CHAS. FRANK Butchers and Farmers

Exchange. Keep on draught the celebrated COLUMBIA BEER, which is the best beer in the Dalles, at the usual price. Come in, try it and be convinced. Also the Finest Brands of Wines, Liquor and Cigars.

Sandwiches of all kinds always on hand.

PLEASE LOOK HERE. WM. MICHELL, Undertaker and Embalmer. THE DALLES, OREGON.

Rooms on Third Street, One Block Back of French & Co.'s Bank. PICTURES FRAMED. ALL PRICES AWAY DOWN. COME AND SEE ME.

C. F. Stephens Dealer in Dry Goods, Clothing, Gents' Furnishings. Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Notions, Agt. for W. L. Douglas Shoes. Telephone No. 88. 134 Second St., The Dalles, Or.

..STEAM.. Wood Saw Will run every day except Sunday. Rates Reasonable. Telephone 201. W. A. CATES, Prop.

LANE BROS. GENERAL Blacksmiths AND Horseshoers Wagon and Carriage Work. Fish Brothers' Wagon. Third and Jefferson. Phone 159.

F. MOORE. JOHN BATES. MOORE & GAVIN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Rooms 39 and 40, over U. S. Land Office.

HUNTINGTON & WILSON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. THE DALLES, OREGON. O. See over First Nat. Bank.

Use Clarke & Falk's Rosfoam for the teeth.

HOW CHARLES W. BABCOCK Proprietor Lyceum Shell Oyster Parlor, of Rochester, N. Y. Obtained \$2,000 Life Insurance Policy.

"My business as proprietor of the Lyceum Shell Oyster Parlor, 245 Main street, Rochester, N. Y.," writes Mr. Charles W. Babcock, "was so confining that my lungs became affected. My doctor told me I'd have to leave the store and go to work at something outdoors. He said my lungs were in bad shape, and I knew it just as well as he did. The trouble had been growing on me for a long time. Like most other people, I tried to make myself believe the trouble was not in the lungs. I called it stomach trouble or nervous disorder, but I kept coughing, spitting and wasting away right along. I lost in weight, falling from 140 to 115 pounds. Somehow or other, I got hold of Acker's English Remedy for Throat and Lung Troubles, and after taking it according to directions, I was as well as any man in New York State. I was healthier and stronger than before I took the cold which came so near killing me. I now weigh 150 pounds—ten pounds more than ever. After recovering, I applied for a life insurance policy. When the doctor began examining me, I was afraid he would discover that my lungs had once been affected, but he didn't. I passed all right, and was pronounced in a first-class condition. If that isn't proof of the most positive kind that Acker's English Remedy is a great medicine, I don't know what you call proof. I give it my warmest endorsement. My address is given above. Anyone who wishes may write me personally about my case."



Sold at 25c., 50c. and \$1 a bottle, throughout the United States and Canada; and in England, at 1s. 3d., 2s. 3d., 4s. 6d. If you are not satisfied after buying, return the bottle to your druggist, and get your money back. We authorize the above guarantee. W. H. HOOKER & CO., Proprietors, New York.

For Sale by BLAKELEY & HOUGHTON.