

STRUGGLING FOR LIFE.

A SHIPWRECKED CREW'S VAIN EFFORTS TO REACH LAND.

Three Men Drowned on the Rocky Rhode Island Shore Within Ten Feet of Terra Firma - A Vivid Description of an Awful Storm.

William H. Burns, an eye witness of the wrecking of the three masted schooner A. H. Hariburt, of Gloucester, tells a thrilling story of the battle of the vessel's crew for life. She was trying to make Newport for a harbor, but being unable to accomplish this, dropped anchor at noon about a quarter of a mile off shore. She dragged her anchors and struck Black Point about 4 o'clock, and in twenty minutes was kindling wood. The crew consisted of six men. Three were drowned, including the captain, and three were saved. Every man of them was on the rocks at one time, and the captain and steward were swept away when but five feet from shore. It was an awful struggle for life between these six men and the merciless waters. Burns tells the story thus:

Black Point, where the vessel struck, is three miles south of the Casino. It is a mass of rock which juts boldly from the shore, but descends into a sharp pointed reef with jagged protruding edges at its farther point. It is not one solid body, for the action of the waves has worn wide and deep crevices in it, where the water forms in pools. On the north side it forms a sort of cove, where the sea in a gale has full sweep.

I have charge of the cottage of S. S. Rogers, of Buffalo, where I live with my family, and which is about a quarter of a mile from Black Point on the bluff. I was informed about twenty minutes to 4 by Sam Kissouth, who lives near by, that a schooner was going on the point. He immediately rushed out, and was on the bluff about fifty yards from the rocks when the schooner, drifting broadside on, struck. The wind was blowing sixty miles an hour and the sleet and hail cut into the face like needles.

WRECKED BY WAVES. I was quickly on the shore. The vessel was scarcely 100 feet away, and was right on top of the sharp rocks, which were exposed by each receding wave. The men were plainly visible, huddled together, hanging on to the house at the stern of the schooner. At five minutes to 4, fifteen minutes after she struck, the mizenmast toppled over with a crash that was heard above the other noises, and the mainmast and the foremast quickly followed. As the foremast went over the side the vessel split in the middle, and the cakes of ice with which she was loaded came pouring out.

As the vessel parted the men jumped for the rocks. They all landed. Young Lawrence, a mere boy, only 18 years old, was the last to jump. He never reached the shore. The mate, John Rooney, as quickly as he could, threw off his boots and overcoat. His forethought saved his life. The captain, the mate and the steward, Frank Hammond, kept together. While Bernard Webers and another seaman named Kuma tried to work their way over toward the south end of the reef, the others went straight ahead and more toward the north side, where the sea had full sweep.

I had run down to the shore while Kissouth had gone after another man named Rowley. When they got to the scene the vessel was in pieces and the men struggling for their lives. I stationed myself toward the south side, and beckoned and gesticulated for the men to come that way. I yelled also, but I could hardly hear my own voice. The group of three and the young sailor, however, kept right on. The sea was dashing over the rocks with terrific force, every wave completely submerging them. The holes and crevices were filled with water, and through these the men waded or swam, clinging to the seaweed or the slippery rocks as each wave struck them.

WASHED AWAY. Young Lawrence had scarcely covered twenty-five feet of the distance when a wave struck him and he disappeared. He was the last to leave the vessel and the first to drown. Kissouth and Rowley had now arrived, and Webers and Land, who had crawled and swam in, were hauled ashore, while I ran over to the other side, toward which the captain, mate and steward were struggling. The mate had caught hold of a cake of ice and was endeavoring to keep afloat on it, but soon let go.

It was only five minutes since they had left the ship, but it seemed an age to the men on shore who were watching the brave struggles of the unfortunate sailors. Inch by inch they fought their way along the treacherous, slippery rocks, holding on for their lives in the crevices and by the weeds when the big breakers dashed over them. As the waves receded I would rush down the slippery rock on which I stood in the vain hope that they would get near enough for me to seize them. The minutes seemed like hours, but still the men held on.

Now they are within ten feet, but another wave breaks over them. If I had had a ten foot rope I would have saved them all. The suspense was awful as the men, with their drawn faces and shut teeth, held on and looked toward the refuge so near them. Now the wave goes back. A strong effort and they are safe. They press forward; are almost there, only five feet more, when a monster roller bigger than the others strikes them. It tears their weak grasp from the rocks and buries them out of sight. All but Rooney. He, divested of his coat and boots, has a better chance than the others, and as the waves go back he lies struggling almost at my feet. It is but the work of a moment to seize him and drag him safely on the rock.

The others were washed up on the shingle amid the driftwood of the vessel the next day. The steward's body was entirely stripped of clothing, his skull smashed in and his scalp torn off. - Providence Journal.

FORGERIES COMMITTED IN JAIL.

A California Convict Whose Career of Crime Did Not End in Prison.

By some strange accident there has been discovered in San Quentin prison a crime as odd and uncommon as any that Gaborian's fertile brain ever evolved.

In the ordinary prisons it is usually presumed that once a criminal has been securely lodged within the walls his career of crime is ended for at least the term of his incarceration. While this is not entirely true of the California penitentiary, it has heretofore managed to keep most of its occupants from the commission of felonies of which other prisoners were the victims.

It remained for Convict C. B. Bachman, however, to distinguish himself in a way that no jailbird before him ever did, and by such ingenious improvement of the opportunities offered him as to mark San Quentin as one of the most uncommon prisons in the world. There is a great deal of managerial method in the administration of affairs at San Quentin of the kind that carping critics call red tape. Among the many forms which are rigorously carried out is that of having envelopes, which are intended to carry communications to the deputy warden, printed with his name and title in full upon the face.

When anything of importance had to be communicated to the deputy it was invariably entrusted to a convict to insure its safe delivery.

Bachman, who is serving a long term for arson; failing, a life convict, and "Fat Jack" Kiley, who has about forty years' penalty to pay for a felonious assault, all had access to the deputy warden's mail. These three prisoners enjoyed the privilege of reading all these important communications addressed to the deputy warden whenever it suited them to do so, and all because of those imposing and official looking printed envelopes.

A supply of the envelopes was easily purchasable. Whenever there was a letter entrusted to a convict messenger it fell into the hands of one of the trio. It was quietly taken aside, the envelope torn open, the contents read and noted, and provided these critical readers found nothing objectionable in the letter it was placed in one of the extra envelopes and delivered in due form.

In his mill, that is to say the deputy warden's portion of it, Bachman one day discovered that an old man, William Phelps by name, who is serving a life term for murder, had several hundred dollars on deposit in the warden's hands. Bachman had been spending his money in a royal, spendthrift way, and found his exchequer in a low ebb. Here was a chance to recoup, and to play a stroke worthy of his genius and opportunities.

He gained the confidence of the old man, told him he had influential friends and promised to get him pardoned. Then the clever firebug sent for a lawyer and told him of the case and interested him in Phelps. Later on Bachman gave the lawyer an order on the warden for a considerable sum of money, with Phelps' signature attached, and also a note of approval bearing an officer's signature.

The order was taken to the warden, who wrote a check for the amount, and was about to give it to the lawyer when an officer standing by suggested that it would be wise to send for Phelps and see if it was all right. The officer was not suspicious, but simply familiar with his surroundings.

Phelps was sent for and denied ever having written the order. It was examined and found to be a forgery. The officer who had approved the order was summoned, and denied as emphatically that he had signed the note of approval. This was also found to be a forgery.

A little further investigation was suggested, and, although rather unprejudiced, was carried out, and it was found that Bachman was the author of both of the forgeries. - San Francisco Examiner.

Laughter in Public.

What is the reason one hears in public places the loud voices of women so much oftener than men?

Women—these loud voiced ones—seem to have the fancy that they cannot be seen unless they are heard. And so they can't—in their true character. If it were not that their words and laughter floated out into space and above the hum of all other voices they really might at some time get mistaken for ladies. From their looks no one would imagine for an instant that they were common, ill bred and vulgar.

A quiet flash of intelligence from their eyes, accompanied by an appreciative smile, would really convince an onlooker that possibly it was the forerunner of the keenest wit. But no wit can accompany the loud guffaw that bursts out at the slightest provocation; no wit from the boisterous laughter, and no appreciation of wit in others. - Chicago Herald.

Future of Wheat in America.

We have had a run of prosperity for some years, and had been regaled with the thought that we had more food material than the nation could consume, and as much to spare as the rest of the world might want to buy. The indications are that the day of heavy surplus production is fast waning. Our wheat crop in 1874 was the magnificent total of 512,700,000 bushels. It has not kept at the upper notch, and in the year 1889 it figured a maximum yield of 490,500,000 bushels. We have a greater population by nearly 15,000,000 than a decade ago, and the increase of home consumption would necessitate a larger yield and not a smaller. - Economist.

A Bottle's Long Voyage.

Clement Wragge, the Ben Nevis meteorologist, threw overboard 150 well corked bottle messengers during the passage from Australia to England in 1878. Only six of them were heard of afterward. One was picked up at the entrance of Mobile bay, after having made a circuit of 5,500 miles in two years. It had drifted from 37 degs. north latitude, 38 degs. west longitude, through the Caribbean sea into the Gulf of Mexico. - Chambers' Journal.

FARM AND GARDEN.

OBSERVATIONS WORTHY OF NOTE IN RURAL AFFAIRS.

Vick's Three Favorite Potatoes, the Champion, Perfection and Ohio Junior. Their Leading Features Described with Illustrations Showing Their Shapes.

Taber 1 in the accompanying cut represents in greatly reduced size the new potato, Perfection, which Vick claims is one of the best for general purposes. This is a chance seedling, and



1. PERFECTION. 2. OHIO JUNIOR. 3. CHAMPION.

the claims made for it are productiveness, fine appearance and good cooking qualities. The tubers grow compact in the hill and are large and uniform in size, oblong, inclining to oval, but generally flattened; color white, with a tinge of pink around the eyes similar to the Hebron. The vine is of strong, vigorous growth, yet stocky and short jointed, maturing about the same time as White Star.

Fig. 2 in the same cut represents Ohio Junior, originated in 1881. This, although a chance seedling, is without doubt in some way related to that good old sort, the Early Ohio, as it is almost identical with that variety in the form and marking of the tubers, habit of growth, etc. The tubers are oval oblong, round at the seed end, with full eyes, that are almost even with the surface. It is an excellent keeper, productive, of fine quality and has proved to be a valuable addition to the list of extra-early varieties.

No. 3 in the cut shows the Champion, a new seedling potato of promise. Vick claims that the Champion is one of the most productive varieties ever offered and that it is a good keeper of excellent quality. The tubers are large and white and covered with a light russet coating. The eyes are large, full and near the surface. The tubers are similar in size to the Green Mountain, but more oval and full at the seed end.

Clover as a Weed Exterminator.

Among its other excellent qualities as an agricultural plant it is a common experience among farmers that clover is one of the best exterminators of weeds. Air and sunshine are as necessary for the life of weeds as they are for cultivated plants, and when growing together, if one is thrifty enough to outgrow and overshadow the other, it not only starves it eventually takes possession of the ground. So where clover is thickly sown on ground naturally weedy the two yearly mowings and the shade will prove too much for nearly all varieties of weeds, and when the ground is plowed for a different crop it will not only be enriched from the clover, but will be comparatively free from weeds. But it must not be forgotten that land may be so fertile that clover cannot be grown upon it without first manuring it and putting the soil into a suitable condition for receiving the seed, while a great many kinds of weeds have the faculty of growing on very poor land without any fertilizer whatever.

Top Grafting Apple Trees.

A correspondent of the New York World says: So far as my observation extends, or I have had any experience, I have an unfavorable opinion of the practice we sometimes see recommended of top grafting apple trees of poor varieties with scions from better sorts. If a person has two or three trees standing in a place where he wants them to continue, and is unwilling to wait for young trees to supply their places, he may change the character of most of their fruit in this way. So far as profit is concerned, I will in preference set out thrifty young trees of such kinds as I want, and wait for them to grow before I will climb into old trees and saw off limbs and graft into them ten or fifteen feet from the ground to get a different kind of an apple.

A Word of Caution to Sheep Growers.

A writer for Field and Farm very truly says that one sheep can infect a thousand with scab or ticks as well as fifty or a hundred can. One sheep that gets over or through the fence without being treated for those pests may undo the whole work which cost a hundred dollars for labor and as much more for materials. If a single scab spot is left undipped it becomes at once a new center of infection. If the least atom of virus is left in the hoofs of a single sheep when their hoofs are pared and cauterized for foot rot it may poison the whole flock and negative everything that has been done.

How to Cure Bacon.

Few farmers know much of bacon. They are acquainted with pork, but never took the trouble to prepare any bacon. Philadelphia Farm Journal lays out the following easy plan: Cut the sides of the pig into strips four to five inches wide and salt with this pickle: For 100 pounds of bacon make a brine with six pounds of salt, four ounces of saltpeter and one pound of brown sugar. Cover the meat and keep it in the brine six weeks and then give it a light smoking. Sew the pieces in cotton cloth bags and paint them with lime and ocher mixed in water.

J. M. HUNTINGTON & CO.

Abstracters, Real Estate and Insurance Agents.

Abstracts of, and Information Concerning Land Titles on Short Notice.

Land for Sale and Houses to Rent.

Parties Looking for Homes in COUNTRY OR CITY,

OR IN SEARCH OF Business Locations,

Should Call on or Write to us.

Agents for a Full Line of Leading Fire Insurance Companies,

And Will Write Insurance for ANY AMOUNT,

on all DESIRABLE RISKS.

Correspondence Solicited. All Letters Promptly Answered. Call on or Address,

J. M. HUNTINGTON & CO. Opera House Block. The Dalles, Or.

JAMES WHITE, Has Opened a

Lunch Counter,

In Connection With his Fruit Stand and Will Serve

Hot Coffee, Ham Sandwich, Pigs' Feet, and Fresh Oysters.

Convenient to the Passenger Depot.

On Second St., near corner of Madison. Also a

Branch Bakery, California Orange Cider, and the Best Apple Cider.

If you want a good lunch, give me a call. Open all Night

C. N. THORNBURY, Late Rec. U. S. Land Office. T. A. HUDSON, Notary Public.

THORNBURY & HUDSON, ROOMS 8 and 9 LAND OFFICE BUILDING, Postoffice Box 325.

THE DALLES, OR.

Filings, Contests, And all other Business in the U. S. Land Office Promptly Attended to.

We have ordered Blanks for Filings, Entries and the purchase of Railroad Lands under the recent Forfeiture Act, which we will have, and advise the public at the earliest date when such entries can be made. Look for advertisement in this paper.

Thornbury & Hudson.

Don't Forget the EAST END SALOON,

MacDonald Bros., Props.

THE BEST OF Wines, Liquors and Cigars

ALWAYS ON HAND.

\$500 Reward!

We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes containing 30 Pills, 25 cents. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by THE JOHN C. WEST COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

BLAKELEY & HOUGHTON, Prescription Druggists, 175 Second St. The Dalles, Or.

FOR SALE. 12 HEAD OF CATTLE CONSISTING OF Cows, Calves and Yearlings. Apply to W. D. RICHARDS, Near E. H. Waterman's, Eight-Mile.

The Dalles Chronicle

is here and has come to stay. It hopes to win its way to public favor by energy, industry and merit; and to this end we ask that you give it a fair trial, and if satisfied with its course a generous support.

★ The Daily ★ four pages of six columns each, will be issued every evening, except Sunday, and will be delivered in the city, or sent by mail for the moderate sum of fifty cents a month.

Its Objects will be to advertise the resources of the city, and adjacent country, to assist in developing our industries, in extending and opening up new channels for our trade, in securing an open river, and in helping THE DALLES to take her proper position as the

Leading City of Eastern Oregon.

The paper, both daily and weekly, will be independent in politics, and in its criticism of political matters, as in its handling of local affairs, it will be JUST, FAIR AND IMPARTIAL.

We will endeavor to give all the local news, and we ask that your criticism of our object and course, be formed from the contents of the paper, and not from rash assertions of outside parties. For the benefit of our advertisers we shall print the first issue about 2,000 copies for free distribution, and shall print from time to time extra editions, so that the paper will reach every citizen of Wasco and adjacent counties.

THE WEEKLY, sent to any address for \$1.50 per year. It will contain from four to six eight column pages, and we shall endeavor to make it the equal of the best. Ask your Postmaster for a copy, or address.

THE CHRONICLE PUB. CO. Office, N. W. Cor. Washington and Second Sts.