

The Dalles Daily Chronicle.

THE DALLES OREGON
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The Chronicle is the Only Paper in
The Dalles that Receives the Associated
Press Dispatches.

HOOD RIVER.

There are literally thousands of acres in the Hood River valley admirably adapted to blackberry culture where a man can make a good living off a very small piece of ground. F. R. Alsten has a blackberry patch consisting of three-eighths of an acre on a bench of land several hundred feet above the Columbia river. From this patch, in the year 1889, he sold 4,300 lbs of blackberries at an average price of six cents a pound, thus realizing the neat sum of \$258, or at the rate of \$688 an acre. It may be interesting to our readers to know something as to the prices asked for such lands as we have described. The case of Mr. Alsten will serve perhaps as well as any other. This gentleman has 168 acres of timber land, with about nine acres cleared. These nine acres are highly improved. There are 400 trees of the usual varieties, all vigorous, healthy and bearing. There is the blackberry patch already referred to, now extended to one acre, and 1600 strawberry plants and two hundred grapes. He has a complete irrigating system of his own, and can throw water almost anywhere on the whole 160 acres. Every kind of the harder vegetables grow with him to perfection. The clover among his apple trees supplies forage for his cow and team. There is a fair box dwelling and a good frame barn. It is an ideal home for a man of quiet tastes, and the whole is offered for \$2,200.

PRICE OF LAND.

In a general way it may be said that land sells all the way from \$30 to \$60 an acre and even higher. A fine farm of 80 acres nearly all cleared with a fairly good house and barn sold a few days ago for \$2,500. Every acre of it is adapted to fruit growing, and it is only about three miles back of town. Further up the valley land can be had cheaper than that is just as good or better than that lying nearer the Columbia.

CORN AND GRAIN.

We have spoken of Hood River as a fruit country and so it is. It has thousands of acres which if they were only in California, instead of being held at \$30 to \$60 an acre could not be bought for three times these terms. But Hood River can do more than raise fruit. At our district fair last year somebody exhibited a watermelon that beat the largest at the fair by fifteen pounds. Most of the farmers raise corn on their summer fallowed land and with good success, although of course it is not claimed to be a corn country. But the wheat grown there, as far as quality is concerned, will bear favorable comparison with that grown anywhere. It is nearly all fall sown and produces from 25 bushels to the acre up. We were much struck with the remark of one of the Hood River farmers when reference was made to the many people who prefer working out in order to maintain themselves when they ought to make their farms do so. He said "I make my place support me and I don't work hard, either. I raise fruit and corn and grain. I plant the corn thick, cure it and feed it to my cows with chopped grain in the winter. As a consequence I have butter to sell all the year round, and for dairy cows I prefer corn fodder, as I raise and cure it, to the best clover hay."

A little patch of ground "not bigger than barn site" last year produced for Peter Mohr nearly three tons of carrots, and this without a drop of irrigation and in a season four months of which were without a drop of rain.

A disastrous split has occurred in the ranks of the farmers' alliance in the state of Mississippi. As a result the membership has shrunk in the last few months from 25,000 to 15,000. The cause of the split is disagreement as to the wisdom of what is known as the sub-treasury scheme, or government pawn-offices where loans shall be advanced on farm produce.

EARTH ODOR.

Two French chemists, Messrs. Berthelot and Andre, have investigated the cause of the powerful odor that arises from vegetable mould after a fall of rain. They find the essential principle to be an organic compound of the aromatic family. Its odor is very penetrating, and analogous to that of the camphors; its proportion in mould is only a few millionths, but one three-millionth of a gram is sufficient to produce a sensible smell.

Members of his old mess at Fort Niobrara, Neb., have presented the new brigadier general, August V. Kautz, with a magnificent uniform, sword and belt.

SOUND ADVICE.

We like the ring of the Buffalo *Express* in an article under date of May 6th headed, "Put On Your Kicking Clothes." The *Express* is a republican paper and the advice is given to its own party but there is no reason in the world why the democratic party, should not consider it equally admonished. The farmers' movement is by no means so much an endorsement of democracy as it is a rebuke of republicanism. If this movement has no other result than that of compelling the old parties to put forward only their best men for office it will have accomplished something that every American citizen should be devoutly thankful for. The *Express* says:

Last year proved very off year for republican politicians. This year will be more so. It will be difficult work to elect any republican candidate yet we hear of the aspiration of a number of "party hacks." If these tender shoots have not been killed by the prevailing cold wave it should be the duty of the Republican League and kindred organizations and like minded individuals to nip them off effectually. The way to do this is to tell the party managers that you will bolt the nominations of "hacks" and then to be resolved to keep your word. If you cannot find good candidates in your own party support the nominees of the other party.

TO PERSONAL.

"I have been much impressed, Miss Lou," remarked young Mr. Trotter to the girl at his left at the dinner table, upon whom he was desirous of making a good impression. "With an article I read recently in one of the magazines on the influence of food upon the human system."

"Yes," replied the maiden encouragingly, and Trotter went on:

"The author maintained that a man becomes to a great extent what he eats, and, do you know, I am thoroughly convinced that he is quite right?"

It was extremely inopportune that the hostess should have selected this moment to ask:

"Mr. Trotter, won't you have some more of the roast pork. You are so very fond of it. I know."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Device to Avoid Ocean Collisions.

In order to do away with the enormous pressure of the water against the front of ocean steamships an English inventor has introduced a novel device, which he claims will enable faster time to be made by vessels, in addition to facilitating the maneuvering of ships, and tend to avoid collisions. The invention consists of one or more screws on each side of the bow, each 45 degs. with the bow and 90 degs. from each other. Experiments with these screws show that the water is thrown from each side of the bow, forming a deep well in front of the vessel, and allowing the stern screws to effect their full power in propulsion.—New York Telegram.

Something to Fall Back On.

Youthful Paterfamilias—Yes, dear, I shall step right here and watch baby through this spell, if I lose my place for it. Youthful Materfamilias—Of course, I hope they won't discharge you, as you have no experience at anything else.

Youthful Paterfamilias—Oh, never fear, if worse comes to worse, I know I can get a place as nurse.—Munsey's Weekly.

It Saved Him.

Farmer Little, of Ohio, began sneezing the other day and couldn't stop, nor could the doctor do anything for him. The hired man hauled off and hit him on the proboscis and the sneezing disappeared as the blood came. The sneezer was grateful, of course, but he's going to lick the hired man some day this spring.—Detroit Free Press.

Not in Harmony with Burnt Cork.

G. Washington Coon (purchasing suit of clothes)—I've 'fraid, sah, dat dethous trousers am 'bout fo' sizes too big fo' me.

Cohen—But dat was English, mine friend! G. Washington Coon—Mebbe, sah; but it pears to me dat my complexion don't go very well wif dat Anglo-maniac craze—Puck.

The following statement from Mr. W. B. Denny, a well known dairyman of New Lexington, Ohio, will be of interest to persons troubled with Rheumatism. He says: "I have used Chamberlain's Pain Balm for nearly two years, four bottles in all, and there is nothing I have ever used that gave me as much relief for rheumatism. We always keep a bottle of it in the house." For sale by Snipes & Kinerly.

REMOVAL NOTICE.

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NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS INDENTED TO THE UNDERSIGNED are requested to pay the amount of their respective accounts or otherwise make satisfactory settlement of the same, before June 1st, and all persons having claims against us are requested to present them on or before the above date.

MACEACHERN & MACLEOD,
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Steam Ferry.

R. O. EVANS is now running a steam Ferry between Hood River and White Salmon. Charges reasonable. R. O. Evans, Prop.

FOR SALE.

Twenty head of choice young cattle for sale at a very low price. Enquire of

LESLIE BUTLER, The Dalles, Or.

The Rose of Sharon Not a Rose.

The anemone coronaria commonly grows wild about Smyrna and in Asia Minor, spreading far and wide as the most beautiful of spring blossoms, growing on chalk soil along the edges of shrubbery. We cannot wonder that it was already in ancient times a favorite of the inhabitants and excited in poetic minds sensations such as can only be excited by surprising beauty. "I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valleys," sings the first verse of the second chapter of Solomon's song, and there can be no doubt today what is here meant by the rose of Sharon.

It was an American, Fiske P. Brewer, who decided this question, Narcissus Tazetta, which likewise grows in Palestine, having previously been considered the Biblical flower. This gentleman, according to the Edinburgh Review of 1868, while traveling in the year 1859 from Jaffa to Ramleh, came upon a place where a considerable expanse of ground was half covered with brilliant red flowers. At the sight of them some of his native companions immediately exclaimed, "Roses of Sharon," and when he inquired about the name he was told that the anemone was there universally so called.

In truth it would not be easy otherwise to speak of a rose in Palestine, for native roses do not exist there—at least not where they would justify the association of the plain of Sharon with their name. Wild roses are found in Palestine only on Lebanon, or where, here and there, R. centifolia is cultivated for the production of attar, as in the Wadi-Werd (Rose-valley), near Hebron.

According to Ebers and Guthe, in their "Palestine," the translations of the Bible often use the word rose where there is no warrant for understanding by it a true rose. The roses of Persia and Media were not introduced into Palestine before the Grecian period.—Illustrate Garden-Zeitung.

How Old Is Punch?

On landing at one of the sugar factories we found that there was a fair going on under an avenue of tamarisks close by. The dealers sat under the trees with their wares before them, fruit and vegetables in one quarter, cotton and calicoes in another, native woolen stuffs, robes, rugs, cloth, etc., in a third; there was also a cattle fair, sheep, buffaloes, camels and donkeys. There were also fresco coffee stalls and a booth, with which the sounds of very noisy music could be heard, the drum predominating. We entered, and were much amused on finding that it was an Arab Punch and Judy show, but Punch wore a turban and Judy a yashmak.

The former perpetrated a series of enormities, and ended by tearing off Judy's veil during a family squabble; after this he became a perfect desperado, and on the marmur (chief magistrate of the district), got up in the official tarboosh and blue frock coat, arriving, attended by a retinue of cawasses armed with sticks, he knocked that redoubtable personage head over heels, amid the vociferous applause of the assembled fallahs. Punch pasha's popularity was now at its height, and much sympathy was felt for him when his career terminated by his being hanged on the pole of a shadoof. It was really a very clever and lively performance.

I turned to the inspector of the factory, who was with me, and said, "I suppose they have borrowed this from Europe."

"Borrowed it from Europe!" he exclaimed.

"Why, it was performed in the east before Europe was thought of."

So then old Punch is, after all, but a degenerate version of an Egyptian play.—Stuart's "Egypt After the War."

A Sure Way of Killing Owls.

Frost Bunker, of the Dead river region, is a guide who, it is said, is a successful rival to James A. Smith, of Phillipsburg—Rangely guide—in story telling. Frost is intimately acquainted with "John Smith," who is well known in all parts of the country. He says he was with John on a hunting trip once on a time, when they came upon a man who had fired at an owl (perched in a big tree) about a dozen times without success. As they approached the stranger offered John a five dollar bill if he would secure the owl. John cocked his rifle and walked around the tree.

The owl turned his head in the same direction as far as John walked. John kept on going around the tree, the owl turning his head all the while. Just as John completed the tenth circuit the owl's head was twisted off and he fell to the ground dead. John said small owls couldn't be killed that way because their feet would fly up in turning.—Phillipsburg (Me.) Phonograph.

Salaries of Old English Actors.

Kean never spent more than two or three thousand pounds upon a revival, and this was considered marvelous in those days. Messrs. Irving and Wilson Barrett have more than doubled such sums. Again, salaries were incomparably smaller. For some time John Rydell, who played second to Kean, received only three pounds ten shillings a week until, discovering that another actor of about equal position was in the receipt of eight pounds, he threatened to break his engagement unless his salary was at once doubled, a request which was complied with. Now such an actor would command from thirty to fifty pounds a week. On the other hand, Kean raised the ballet girls from a shilling a night, their old pay, out of which they had to find shoes and stockings, to a guinea a week, and found them everything.—London Tit-Bits.

Cat Rates.

"I always get reduced rates on the railroads for my Indians," remarked the traveling showman.

"How do you manage that?"

"I get them scalper's tickets."—Puck.

Sometimes It's a Nuisance.

"There is a poetry about the flute that other instruments lack. The divine afflatus has descended upon it."

"Well, it takes a very earthly afflatus to make it work."—Harper's Bazaar.

S. L. YOUNG,

(Successor to E. BECK.)



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The Dalles and Goldendale Stage Line.

Stage Leaves The Dalles every morning at 7:30 and Goldendale at 8:30. All freight must be left at R. B. Hood's office the evening before.