

The Dalles Daily Chronicle.

Published Daily, Sunday Excepted. THE CHRONICLE PUBLISHING CO. Corner Second and Washington Streets, The Dalles, Oregon.

Terms of Subscription. Per Year \$6.00 Per Month, by carrier, 50 Single copy 5

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

Eastern Oregon roads are bad enough in all conscience, but we have few that will equal one in Western Oregon that we read of the other day—a leading county road at that—that was covered with water to such a depth that the supervisor had set up stakes to indicate where the road ought to be and a traveler passing that way and not keeping his eye on the stakes got off the "road" and came near being drowned.

A woman whose husband had squandered \$15 over night in a saloon in New York City went to the place in the morning and asked to get the money back. Of course she did not get it, but she took from a basket which she had on her arm two plain homely-looking bricks and, with them as a weapon, she devoted her best fighting energies to demolish about \$500 worth of cut glass and French mirrors.

NORTHWEST NEWS.

At Fish Lake, in the Cascade mountains, twenty miles north of Prineville, snow is reported to be eleven feet deep. The democrats of Oregon will have a grand banquet in Portland next Friday evening. It will cost \$5 a plate, so the official account says.

All the saloons of Prineville entered into an agreement on the first of the month not to sell any more liquor on credit. This policy is expected to enforce prohibition on the army of impecunious drunks.

A democratic club was organized at Hood River on the 2nd, with a membership of twenty-five, which it is to be hoped will be increased to one hundred. Charles S. Roberts is president; C. L. Morse, vice-presidents; T. Prather, secretary; and J. B. Rand, treasurer. In connection with the club a committee was appointed to organize a tariff reform league consisting of the following gentlemen: Charles S. Roberts, C. W. Wolford and C. S. Stowell.

An Ex-Railroad President Dead. Chicago, Jan. 5.—John B. Carson, ex-president of the Chicago & Western Indiana Belt Line railroad, ex-president of the Louisville, New Albany & Chicago railway, and who had held many other important railroad positions, died this morning, after an illness which compelled him to retire two years ago.

Proper mastication implies that the food be thoroughly chewed and mixed with the fluids of the mouth before being swallowed and that these functions be performed without haste. Most people eat as though they were ignorant of the fact that the stomach has no teeth or means of ensalivating the food with which they fill it. The stomach is a most faithful servant and makes a long and earnest struggle to preserve its owner from the inevitable consequences of imposing upon it functions which nature intended should be performed by the teeth and the salivary glands; but, like the indulgences of a faithful mother or any other self sacrificing friend, its services are only recognized when it is unable to respond to demands for them. Most people as they approach middle life lose many of their back teeth, which are the principal implements of mastication, but they fail to bear in mind that they should take more time in their meals in order to properly prepare their food for swallowing. They should remember that nature makes no allowance for their infirmities in this respect, but will hold them to a strict account for any neglect to observe the rules of health.—Washington Star.

Mysteries of Manufacture.

Cigar Manufacturer—Yes, sir, it's an actual fact that cigar boxes are not made out of cedar at all; they are made out of paper and colored with cedar extract. Friend—Well! Well! Now won't you please tell me what cigars are made of?—Good News.

Bentley composed after playing a prelude on the organ, or while taking his "ante-jentacul" or "post-prandial" walks he found in the solitude of the dense forests something more profound and suggestive than anything he could find in books.

A FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

A FIERCE AND BLOODY KNIFE DUEL IN A MOUNTAIN TOWN.

It was the Culmination of a Long Standing Feud, and Was Precipitated by a Car Dog—Sanguinary Results of Unbridled Ferocity.

It was Saturday and "trading day," and the little mountain town was filled with scores of both white and colored people from up and down the valley. There was considerable drinking, but everybody seemed good natured to me. I could not see the slightest sign of uneasiness, but by and by the captain came to me as I stood in front of the postoffice and said: "Looks mighty like thar' was gwine to be bloodshed yere!"

"Why, everybody seems peaceful and serene, so far as I can see." "Yo' doan' know these folks. See that yere gatherin' over by the harness shop? That's the Jackson crowd. See that other gatherin' over by the drug store? That's the Berry crowd. They're jist eyin' each other like two bulldogs, and a little mo' whisky'll bring on a fout."

"Is there any feeling between the two crowds?" I asked. "Powerful bad. I dun goes cl'ar back to the wah. The Jacksons was Union and the Berry's was Confed. Thar was houseburnin and robbin and shootin, and they doan forget. It's the first time the two crowds hev bin in town together fur more'n a yar, and I doan like the looks of things."

"Can't the officers of the law keep them quiet?" "Officers of the law! Why, man, if them crowds were to break loose fifty officers of the law couldn't prevent bloodshed!"

The leaders of the respective factions were men who must have been mere boys when the war broke out. Each had about a dozen adherents, who were all more or less closely related. HOW THE FIGHT STARTED. They did not seem at all anxious for a conflict and might have gone their ways without a blow but for the action of a dog. He was a mean looking cur and belonged to the Jacksons. If wandering around he got into the Berry crowd and one of the men sliced about six inches of his tail off. The dog rushed back to his master, while the Berry crowd mocked his yelps of pain and fright.

All of a sudden Steve Jackson stepped to the middle of the street, flung down his hat and shouted: "Tom Berry, ef yo' hain't a coward, come out yere and fight me!" The challenge was instantly accepted and within sixty seconds a ring was formed and 300 people were looking on. The men were pretty evenly matched as to height and weight and age. It was not to be a battle with fists, but with long, keen hunting knives, and you could tell at a glance that it was to be a fight to the death.

At first there was much jostling and moving about, accompanied by shouts of encouragement to the men, but after a few moments it was quiet—painfully quiet. I think there were at least thirty women among the onlookers and fully that number of boys and girls from ten to eighteen years of age.

It was the first and only time I ever saw men fight with knives, and it was a horrible thing to see. As soon as their friends fell back they rushed upon each other with the greatest fury. Each gripped the other with his left hand and stabbed and thrust, and each was wounded four or five times before they broke loose. Not a person in the crowd spoke above a whisper. Every eye followed the men as they feinted and dodged like prize fighters, and men and women shivered and gasped for breath as one or the other of the knives drank blood.

The road was dry, but without dust. Presently it was dyed with blood. The men slipped a little now and then as they dodged about. Blood ran off their finger tips, down their legs. I trembled like a leaf. I felt a horrible disgust, and yet I could not move away. I felt I must see the end. When the fight had lasted a quarter of an hour, and one man had eight stabs and the other nine they suddenly clinched each other, as at first. Neither uttered a cheer, curse or groan. They stood square up to each other, and backed and cut and thrust until both sank down from sheer weakness. Jackson died within ten minutes; Berry lived about thirty. The one had thirty-three wounds, the other twenty-eight. As they were picked up by their friends and carried into the drug store to breathe their last, the hogs running about the village came and disputed with the dozen dogs over possession of the blood pools.—Detroit Free Press.

A Boarding School Supper.

A teacher in a large boarding school for young ladies used to jest over a pupil whose appetite at table caused her neighbors serious alarm. It was the custom to have hot raised biscuits twice a week for supper, and this girl, after eating six one evening, gave her teacher and doctor a very bad night indeed. It never seemed to enter anybody's head that hot yeast biscuit was the food above all others to cause morbid appetite and bilious attacks. Yet the supper of hot biscuits and cheese with honey or preserves is one of the institutions of boarding schools, and worse fare for growing girls it would be hard to find.—Shirley Dare's Letter.

The Meeting Adjourned.

A guide in the Yellowstone park tells the following: Us fellers had the mostest fun when a Washington cove named Hall went through the park. That was about three years ago, when the "Beehive" geyser just broke loose, and everybody was hot fer seein the "Beehive."

Wall, us drivers had heard tell as how this Hall was pow'rful smart at sermonizin, so we all piles up ter the chapel. I ain't much of a judge, but I think it was about as ordinary a piece o' preachin as I ever heard. Never heard a shout from the amen benches, an not a soul got religion, an I don't think much of a parson as can't stir up more excitement than that. So my pal, Geyser Bob, he was there, and said he, "I bet I know a feller as can empty that whole room quicker than a coyote can kick." "All right," sez I, and I knowed there was goin to be some fun, but I was a bit afraid that Bob was a goin to shoot; but he didn't. He just yells in the door, "The Beehive is spoutin!" an inside of ten seconds there wasn't but six people in the house besides the preacher, an he sez quick as a wink, fer I think he wanted ter git out himself, "Brethern, I think we better adjourn the meeting ter see the Beehive."—Philadelphia Record.

When Wigs Were Popular.

Writers transmit to us some curious facts in regard to the demand and supply of false hair when wigs were in fashion. The trade in wigs, for France supplied all the rest of Europe, became immense, and was represented in Paris by a large number of wholesale merchants, who employed cutters to operate in the provinces, especially in Normandy, Flanders and Holland, where the hair of the women was finer. The hair of warm countries was not wanted, because too coarse. English women and girls did not care to part with their hair, and were not so poor as to be forced to the sacrifice. Some villages in Normandy furnished as much as ten pounds, averaging two feet in length.

The price was from four to five francs a pound, and it was cut from the heads of the living, from the heads of the dead or sewed after combing, each kind having its commercial name. The great demand at last rendered the supply so scarce that horsehair had to be used instead or in part.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Peculiar Roses.

One of the wars of the roses, the fiercest and deadliest of them all, was fought on a field where, curiously enough, a rose peculiar to the spot grows or used to grow. It is a rare plant now, and the reason is explained by Mr. Leadman in his account of Yorkshire battles. After describing the terrible battle at Towton on Palm Sunday, 1461, he says: "I cannot conclude this story of Towton field without an allusion to the little dwarf bushes peculiar to the 'Field of the White Rose and the Red.'" "They are said to have been plentiful at the commencement of this century, but the visitors have taken them away in such numbers that they have become rare. Such vandalism is simply shameful, for the plants are said to be unique and unable to exist in any other soil. The little roses are white, with a red spot on the center of each of their petals, and as they grow old the under surface becomes a dull red color."—London News.

The Growth of Crystals.

Some crystals, it is believed, have had their growth suspended during millions of years, after which enormous lapse of time the growth has been renewed. Such a process would be impossible to animals and plants, although some imaginative story writers have treated their readers to wonderful accounts of suspended animation in man. In one respect crystals possess a great advantage over living beings like ourselves—they are able to renew their youth! This is not because they have discovered a counterpart of the marvelous fountain that Ponce de Leon so vainly searched for, but because the forces of crystallization are able to renew their action even after the greater part of a crystal has been destroyed through age or accident.—Youth's Companion.

THE CHURCHES.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH—Rev. Father Brown, Pastor. Low Mass every Sunday at 7 A. M. High Mass at 10:30 A. M. Vespers at 7 P. M.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH—Union Street, opposite St. Fifth. Rev. Ed. D. Sutcliffe, Rector. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School 9:45 A. M. Evening Prayer on Friday at 7:30.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. O. D. Taylor, Pastor. Morning services every Sabbath at the academy at 11 A. M. Sabbath School immediately after morning services. Prayer meeting Friday evening at Pastor's residence. Union services in the court house at 7 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—Rev. W. C. Curtis, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School after morning service. Strangers cordially invited. Seats free.

M. E. CHURCH—Rev. A. C. Spencer, pastor. Services every Sunday morning. Sunday School at 12:30 o'clock P. M. A cordial invitation is extended by both pastor and people to all.

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SOCIETIES.

ASSEMBLY NO. 487, K. OF L.—Meets in K. of P. hall the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at 7:30 p. m.

WASCO LODGE, NO. 15, A. F. & A. M.—Meets first and third Monday of each month at 7 P. M.

DALLES ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER NO. 6.—Meets in Masonic Hall the third Wednesday of each month at 7 P. M.

MODERN WOODMEN OF THE WORLD.—Mt. Hood Camp No. 10, Meets Tuesday evening of each week in the K. of P. Hall, at 7:30 P. M.

COLUMBIA LODGE, NO. 5, I. O. F.—Meets every Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock, in K. of P. hall, corner Second and Court streets. Sojourning brothers are welcome.

FRIENDSHIP LODGE, NO. 9, K. of P.—Meets every Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock, in Schanno's building, corner of Court and Second streets. Sojourning members are cordially invited.

WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION will meet every Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the reading room. All are invited.

TEMPLE LODGE NO. 3, A. O. U. W.—Meets at K. of P. Hall, corner Second and Court streets, Thursday evenings at 7:30.

JAS. NESMITH POST, NO. 32, G. A. R.—Meets every Saturday at 7:30 P. M. in the K. of P. Hall.

OF L. E.—Meets every Sunday afternoon in the K. of P. Hall.

GESANG VEREIN—Meets every Sunday evening in the K. of P. Hall.

OF L. F. DIVISION, NO. 167—Meets in the K. of P. Hall the first and third Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 P. M.

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