

The Dalles Daily Chronicle.

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STATE OFFICIALS. Governor Penoyer, Secretary of State G. W. McBride, Treasurer Phillip Metcalf, Superintendent of Public Instruction E. B. McElroy, Senators J. N. Dolph, J. H. Mitchell, J. H. Mitchell, Congressmen B. Hermann, State Printer Frank Baker

COUNTY OFFICIALS. County Judge C. N. Thornbury, Sheriff D. L. Cates, Clerk G. B. Crossen, Treasurer Geo. Ruch, Commissioners H. A. Leavens, Frank Kincaid, Assessor John E. Barnett, Surveyor E. F. Sharp, Superintendent of Public Schools Troy Sheller, Coroner William Mitchell

The national association of woolen manufacturers in their memorial to congress asking that the woolen industry of the country be granted a rest from any further tariff agitation make the following statement which any one at all familiar with ruling prices for woolen manufactures will readily believe: "There has been no increase whatever in the market price of domestic woolen goods. On the contrary, all staple woolen goods and most of the fancy goods may now be obtained in the greatest abundance at a cost to customers less than ever before in the history of the country except in time of universal panic and financial crisis. It may be that recent tariff legislation had nothing to do with bringing this state of affairs about, but if it has had the country will be able to stand a whole lot more of the same kind of legislation.

The East Oregonian is crying for taffy from its Portland namesake. It complains that since the man from St. Paul "has had charge of affairs the niggardly policy of the Oregonian" has prevented its contemporaries from receiving mention in its editorial columns when they have done things well and deserved mention. It adds "The Oregonian cannot expect to receive what it is too proud to give," a hint, by the way, that the Pendleton paper will give no taffy to the Portland paper unless the latter presents the first chunk. Then the East Oregonian drops into its usual vein and says "That's the policy of the ignorant, narrow, selfish autocrat," but just whom the reference is to is not clear. It is clear however that the Pendleton paper wants taffy from the great daily and wants it awful bad.

It is a Mrs. Mary Robinson of Hubbard, Clackamas county, 56 years old and the mother of eight children who is the latest victim of a desire to ride from ocean to ocean on a bicycle. Fool friends have put up \$6000 to defray expenses, and valley papers say she will start as soon as she makes up her mind whether to ride like a clothes pin or the other way.

NORTHWEST NEWS.

The horses and mules of Oregon will pay as much taxes as the railroad trackage of the state. The patient mules have been the burden bearers in all ages.—Salem Statesman.

The county printing law is having one good effect. It is filling the newspapers with a detailed account of what is done with the county taxes. The people are realizing just where their contributions to the public treasury go to.

The property of the Oregon Pacific and Willamette Valley & Coast Range, including steamships, steamboats, tugs, roadbed, franchises and equipments, was sold at sheriff's sale the other day, to Zephine Job for \$1,000,000, and 546 tons of steel rails to William Hoan, at \$3 per ton.

There is a regular boom on the Klickitat. Settlers are crowding in, and taking up the fertile bottoms along the river. Ere long the land that for ages had for its sole occupants Indian horses, Humpies and coyotes, will be a garden spot, where young America can disport to his heart's content.—Klickitat Leader.

The Oregon Pacific was bought for the benefit of all bondholders, who, it is understood, are united with a policy of reorganization. The management of the road for the future will probably be determined in a few days. It is thought the policy will be to issue security to raise sufficient funds to complete the road to its Eastern terminus, and to provide ocean steamers to handle the increased traffic expected.

Ben Young has received a letter from a friend of his on the Sound, which contains the following: "All the lunatics in the land are now gathered at Everett, or Port Gardner. Lots are 'worth' from \$2000 to \$10,000. It is to be the home of the whaleback, mossback and grayback. This will be followed by a side-back, that will be such a set-back, that nobody will get their money back."—Astoria Talk.

Secretary of State Weir wants the republican party to indorse his proposal to tax mortgages. As republicans borrow, not lend money, we object to any scheme that will increase the interest charge we now pay. Over in Oregon, where mortgages are taxed, the borrower pays a

rate of interest great enough to cover the estimated tax on the mortgage, never less than the actual tax, generally more. As long as Washington has the experience of Oregon to light its way mortgage will not be taxed within her limits.—Walla Walla Journal.

The figures given by the Oregonian in its yearly review for 1891 show the following important facts: Bank exchanges, \$102,590,169; number of new buildings, 2134, costing \$6,647,465; wholesale trade, \$138,127,000; manufactures, \$30,854,608; real estate transfers, \$11,020,608; post-office receipts, \$311,743; firms in business, 2231, capital invested, \$76,000,000.—The Metropolis.

Governor Penoyer, yesterday, remitted the fine of \$500 against Thos. E. Russell, convicted with the last term of the Circuit Court of assault with a dangerous weapon upon Dr. J. C. Gray, upon the condition that he should leave the state and remain away permanently. Russell has served about two months of his sentence. Now Russell refuses to accept the pardon, on condition that he leave the state, and has so notified the officials. His attorney L. Blyden, gave notice today of the appeal of the case to the supreme court.

A conference of grangers and alliance men was held lately in Eugene when the following resolution was adopted: "Resolved, that we, the members of the grange and alliance, disclaim all political action by our organizations, but we feel it to be our duty and privilege to demand that each political party at the convention shall place men in nomination for county judge, commissioners and members of the legislature who are in sympathy with the farming interests of the state. We further agree and believe it to be our duty to withhold our votes from all unworthy candidates.

Now that the Oregon Pacific railroad has again passed into control of the bondholders, the inhabitants of Eastern Oregon confidently look forward to removal of all the difficulties that have retarded the progress and prosperity of the road during the past few years. The Corvallis Gazette, which has the reputation of speaking from the card in matters pertaining to the road, says: "The plan of reorganization provides ample means for the completion and equipment of the road to its eastern terminus at Boise City; also provides ample means for additional steamers to carry their extensive freight and passenger traffic between Yaquina and San Francisco, thereby providing a better and more reliable service. Under the new organization the company is free from debt and with 148 miles of roadbed, complete, equipped with rolling stock, etc., and one ocean steamer, and three river steamers, is in an excellent condition to begin a new era of prosperity."—Oregonian.

How Prince Lucien Bonaparte Was Used.

It was said that there was no word in language or dialect which Prince Lucien was unable to trace to its etymological source. But he got fogged once. It was at Exeter. He was seeking a knowledge of the great Devonshire language from Mr. Baird, the poet in dialect of the Devonshire nation. He asked at a well known newspaper office where Mr. Baird wrote his weekly verses, "Is Mr. Baird in?" There was a boy at the counter. The boy replied with an affirmative which can be only dimly represented by the letters "uff," made by drawing the breath inward. The prince repeated the question. The boy again breathed him a reply. The prince became angry. "I ask is he in?" The boy again drew in his breath between his lips. Then the prince smiled. Mr. Baird met him and found that he had forgotten his vocation in his desire to investigate a new etymological problem. "What do you mean in Devonshire," he cried "by 'uff'?" For half an hour the prince and the poet tried to get to the bottom of the problem, when at last the fact dawned on Mr. Baird's mind that he had tried to teach the prince what was unteachable. He made the prince so disconsolate that the people in the county are quite capable of saying that Prince Lucien died of vexation at his inability to say "Yes" in the great Devonshire language, or to explain the origin of an inspirational affirmative.—Cor. Liverpool Mercury.

Copper Mines in New Jersey.

Copper mines were operated before the Revolution near Flemington, N. J., by an English company, and since that time the history of these deposits has been a varied one. In 1836 a company was formed with the intention of developing the copper on the Rockafellow property. Three English miners were engaged, and in opening one of the pre-Revolutionary shafts, about fifty feet below the surface, they came across some mining tools, such as wedges and picks and an oak bucket, strongly bound with iron, of about two bushels capacity. They found an irregular chamber about fifteen feet square from which they believed copper ore had been taken. This experiment was a failure, as were the attempts of numerous companies for the next thirty years. The best results ever secured was to produce copper at the cost of one dollar a pound when it was selling at eighteen cents in the market. The trouble appears to be that the copper exists only in small pockets and not in sufficient quantities to pay for the labor of getting it out.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Celt and Saxon.

One of Sheridan's tales was of an Irishman who met a Briton, of the true John Bull pattern, standing with folded arms in a contemplative mood, apparently meditating on the greatness of his little island. "Allow me to differ with ye!" exclaimed the Celt. "But I have said nothing, sir," replied John Bull. "And a man may think a lie as well as publish it," persisted the pugnacious Hibernian. "Perhaps you are looking for fight?" queried the Briton. "Allow me to compliment ye on the quickness of your perception," said Patrick, throwing down his coat, and then they pitched in.—Washington Post.

Couldn't Collect with a Club.

It is astonishing how history repeats itself. For centuries we have been trying to perfect the laws so that no trace might be left of "the good old rule, the simple plan, that he may take who has the right, and he may keep who can." Still we are a long ways from the millennium, and every once in awhile some worthy citizen relapses to the feudal principle of trying to punch the head of a creditor when he fails to observe the sacred traditions of steamship day. An exasperated Market street tailor way-laid a frisky advertising agent the other evening on the steps of his boarding house and collared him. "If you don't pay me that bill this instant I'll club the life out of you," said the victimized tradesman. The advertising agent cast an anxious look around and there wasn't a soul in sight. Every one was in the crowded dining room. His resolve was instantly taken. "Come right into the parlor and I'll give it to you," he said, with a smile, and the man with the bludgeon released his grip on his collar and followed him until the swinging doors of the dining room flew open and the astonished tailor stood confronting the staring crowd. "Do any of you ladies and gentlemen know this man?" asked the agent. The boarders glared over their knives and forks and shook their heads. "I thought not. I found the fellow out in the corridor trying one of the doors with a skeleton key, and I guess he's the man that's been robbing the hat rack lately." The positive resistance and declarations of the creditor only made his case worse, and when the help got through dusting him with his own club the ashman would have hesitated to pick him up from the sidewalk.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Black Cat in a Courtroom.

Toward the close of the trial of M. F. Kerr, of Crawfordville, Ind., for forgery, an incident occurred which, while amusing, demonstrated that the average American still believes in the efficacy of "signs." During a lull in the proceedings a strange black cat, with fierce, glaring eyes, appeared in the doorway, causing a solemn silence to fall over the assembly. It paused, looked about, and slowly swishing its tail to and fro advanced toward the space between the prisoner and the jury's box. The silence became oppressive, and the judge, lawyers, jurors and prisoner craned their necks and with open mouths gazed at the creature. "Would the apparition approach the prisoner to be touched?" If so the man was innocent and would be freed. After standing as if transfixed for seconds it approached the prisoner, who with a superhuman effort stretched forth his hand and touched the glossy fur. Immediately the cat gave a joyous "meow" and disappeared. All were convinced that Kerr would go free. He was acquitted.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Real Babes in the Wood.

The two pretty little children of David Wismer, of Quakertown, figured in the role of the "Babes in the Wood" a few days ago, but were rescued before the birds had occasion to cover them up with leaves. They suddenly took it in their heads, while playing in the street, to make a pilgrimage, and set out with no further preliminaries than the prince in the fairy tales. They came at last to the road at Perkaskie, several miles away, but still were unwary, and kept on their journey over the hills. Wondering farmers gaped at them as they passed. The little ones soon struck the woods and wandered around among the trees until dusk deepened into evening, when they composed themselves complacently for slumber beneath the overhanging branches. Meanwhile the frightened father had spread the alarm, and was fast on their heels. He traced his babes to the woods, where he awoke them, and took them home with him hal' frozen.—Philadelphia Record.

A Curious Clock.

A novel clock is now being exhibited by the Watchmakers' union in London. It is of wood, beautifully carved and stands six feet in height. The case is a perfect fort in miniature, and instead of a bell and striking hammer the hours are announced by a bugler, who emerges from a door at one side of the fort and blows the call to assemble and march. Almost instantly doors open on all sides. A regiment of automatic soldiers, six abreast, march out, wheel to the left, stop a few seconds to "mark time," and then march through another part of the fortress to the barracks. These marches and countermarches occur each hour. If they come out to announce the hour of 1 o'clock, one soldier fires his tiny gun. At 2 o'clock two soldiers fire their pieces, increasing with the hour until the twelve leaders fire their guns, the rear ranks bowing their heads and pointing with their bayonets toward the dial of the clock.—Chicago Press.

One Regiment's Colonel.

Among the strange fatalities of the year there are none more noteworthy than those surrounding the colonelcy of the Twenty-first infantry. In less than a year the regiment has suffered the loss of three colonels—Morrow, O'Beirne and Conrad. We trust that the fated three break the spell, and that Colonel Jewett will continue in command until his retirement, March 31, 1898.—Army and Navy Journal.

The Pickle Industry near Pittsburg.

The pickle industry near Pittsburg has assumed enormous proportions. The largest shipment in this line ever made recently left Pittsburg for a Kansas City firm. It filled eighteen refrigerator cars and included over 5,750,000 pickles.

At the Chicago University there will be four quarters, each consisting of two terms—six weeks in each term. A student will be allowed to choose any two terms in the year for his vacation.

Parisian thieves recently succeeded in stealing and getting safely away with an entire house and its contents. The building was a two story frame structure.

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. WABCO 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. 59, Meets Tuesday evening of each week in the K. of P. Hall, at 7:30 P. M.

COLUMBIA LODGE, NO. 5, I. O. 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. H. CLOUGH, Sec'y. H. A. BILLS, N. G.

FRIENDSHIP LODGE, NO. 9, K. of P.—Meets every Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock, in Schanno's building, corner Court and Second streets. Sojourning members are cordially invited. W. S. FRAM, Sec'y. D. W. VAUSE, K. of R. and S. G. C.

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.

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.

THE CHURCHES.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH—Rev. Father BROOKS—Sabbath School every Sunday at 11 A. M. High Mass at 10:30 A. M. Vespers at 7 P. M.

ADVENT CHRISTIAN CHURCH—Preaching in the Y. M. C. A. rooms every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday school immediately after morning service. J. A. Orchard, pastor.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH—Union Street, opposite School 9:45 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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Notice.

All parties having claims against the estate of Ralph Fonger, deceased, will please present the same to T. T. Nicholas, administrator. Columbia Hotel, Dalles City, Or., January 6, 1892. j6-1m

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