

The Dalles Daily Chronicle.

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STATE OFFICIALS. Governor S. Penney Secretary of State G. W. McBride Treasurer Phillip Metzger Supt. of Public Instruction E. B. McElroy

COUNTY OFFICIALS. County Judge C. N. Thornbury Sheriff D. L. Cates Clerk J. B. Croesen Treasurer Geo. Ruch

A FINE SHOWING.

Secretary of The Dalles Board of Trade B. S. Huntington has just completed a carefully made estimate of the amount of products marketed from the counties of Wasco, Sherman, Gilliam, Morrow and Crook in this state and Klickitat county, Washington, being the territory tributary to the Columbia river from the Cascades to the mouth of Willow creek, a distance of about 100 miles, and of the amounts of imports into the same territory during the year ending December 31, 1891.

Table with 2 columns: County and Value. Includes Wasco, Sherman, Gilliam, Morrow, Klickitat with values ranging from 250,000 to 1,750,000.

Shipments of cattle for the five counties are estimated at 5240 tons or 524 car loads; sheep, 23,330 tons or 2333 car loads; horses, 1000 tons or 100 car loads; hogs, 800 tons or 80 car loads; hides, 800 tons or 80 car loads; lumber and wool, 12,500 tons or 1250 car loads; fish, 1800 tons or 180 car loads; fruit, 1600 tons or 160 car loads; vegetables and other products, 1500 tons or 150 car loads, making a total export of 109,305 tons or 11,417 car loads.

Harriet Martineau relates that, of her many childish fancies, perhaps none was so terrible as a dream she had at four years old. "I dreamed," she says, "that we children were taking a walk with our nursemaid. Out of the public house there came a stag with prodigious antlers. Passing the pump, it crossed the road to us and made a polite bow, with its head on one side, and with a scrape of one foot; after which it pointed with its foot to the public house, and spoke to me, inviting me in. The maid declined, and turned to go home. Then came the terrible part.

"By the time we were at our own door it was dusk, and we went up the steps in the dark; but in the kitchen it was bright sunshine. My mother was standing at the dresser, breaking sugar, and she lifted me up and set me in the sun, and gave me a bit of sugar. Such was the dream which froze me with horror! Who shall say why?" concludes the narrator, looking back from her strong minded maturity to that vividly remembered childish dream, and utterly unable to understand "what the fright was about."

Discouraging the Use of Tobacco. Professor Smith, formerly of Bowdoin college, did not like to have the students chew tobacco during recitations and took effectual means to break up the practice. A boy who was called upon to recite one day, not expecting to be "pulled," as the saying goes, on the next day in succession, would go into the class and chew tobacco during the hour.

A Neat Way of Putting It. A neat compliment was uttered once by General Romaine. Meeting Lady de Brientz, whom he had known and admired in the loveliness of her youth, he commenced complimenting her. "You forget that I am an old woman," she said at length. "Madame," returned the gallant soldier, "when our eyes are dazzled by a diamond it never occurs to us to ask a mineralogist for its history."—London Standard.

Bill of Calvary. The hill near Jerusalem, where the crucifixion of Jesus occurred, is formed of limestone. The shores of the Dead sea are lined with pumice stone, showered out of some volcano that destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, which cities finally sank beneath the waters of the Dead sea.—Mechans' Monthly.

Naught Never Comes to Grief. Hobson—I'm tired of life, ye see, and yet if I blow out my brains, don't you know?—the world would condemn me as a suicide. Dobson—No, I believe the general verdict would be justifiable homicide.—New York Epoch.

Stories That Bishop Hare Tells.

Bishop Hare, of South Dakota, is fond of telling stories about himself to illustrate the point which he playfully makes that a man who lives long on the plains comes to be a good deal of a barbarian. Once, so one of the stories runs, he had the misfortune while entering a dining room in this city to step upon the skirt of a lady's dress. Apologizing, he said, "You know that I have been living with the Indians lately and have grown somewhat awkward."

The lady, Miss Potter, quickly replied, "I don't think that, bishop; but I am surprised at one thing, that after living so long with the Indians you shouldn't be better at following up a trail." A few evenings later another little affair occurred, the story of which the bishop tells as follows:

"I was talking with a charming woman when up came a gentleman who claimed her attention for a moment in another part of the house. As she went away she gave me her ice and asked me to keep it for her. She had hardly gone before a brother clergyman engaged me in a talk on the Indian question. "Now, if there is any subject in which I am more interested than I am in the Indian question I can't think of it just now. At any rate, I became absorbed in my talk with my friend. Suddenly I was aroused by an inquiry addressed to me in a woman's voice.

"Where is my ice, bishop?" was the question. "Upon my word, I had eaten every bit of it."—New York Times.

Great Men from an Accident.

The history of a certain American family furnishes several examples of a beneficial result of disabling accidents. The young son of a farmer in a small town in Massachusetts had his hand crushed in his father's cider mill, and being thus unfitted to gain his livelihood by farming was sent in due time to the academy to commence a preparation for a professional life. He died a member of the United States senate.

A boy who belonged to another branch of the same family, in the vicinity of Boston, cut his knee badly and was long confined to the house. His kind pastor supplied him with books, and perceiving that he had a natural aptitude for study taught him Latin and finally induced his parents to send him to college.

The young man was graduated at Harvard and became a minister of the gospel. One of his sons was a general in the army of 1812; another served his country in congress.

The son who entered college had six sons who were college educated men, all prominent in their profession—one a judge of the superior court of New Hampshire and another a professor for forty years in a New England college and eminent as an author.

All this life of education and usefulness, extending through three generations may be said to have started in a little boy's cutting his leg!—Youth's Companion.

One Child's Dream. Harriet Martineau relates that, of her many childish fancies, perhaps none was so terrible as a dream she had at four years old. "I dreamed," she says, "that we children were taking a walk with our nursemaid. Out of the public house there came a stag with prodigious antlers. Passing the pump, it crossed the road to us and made a polite bow, with its head on one side, and with a scrape of one foot; after which it pointed with its foot to the public house, and spoke to me, inviting me in. The maid declined, and turned to go home. Then came the terrible part.

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A LESSON OF LIFE.

A long day's journey there lay before: I crossed the meadow at breaking morn; I saw the road wind by hill and moor— Beyond the hills was my distant bourne.

I thought of the greetings I should win— What was it meant at my feet meanwhile? A poor old terrier, lame and thin; I stooped and helped him over the stile.

Then would have crossed; but a dreary yelp Arrested me, and I turned, to view A limping poodle, whose need of help Was manifest; and I helped him, too.

Of every nation and tribe are they— And each has a fresh, resistless will; Each says in his own peculiar way, "Just help a lame dog over the stile!"

They're greyhound, Skye, Pomeranian; They're limpalong in an endless file; They're smooth or curly, they're black and tan.

The shadows deepen o'er hill and glen, Dim is my pathway of many a mile— Yet will I renew my journey when The last lame dog is over the stile.

The Horses Knew the Tune. A relation of mine, who has spent many years in India, remembers well how, when living in Lucknow and enjoying the evening drive with other English residents in the Indian city, the carriage horses would toss their heads and paw the ground impatiently when the first notes of "God Save the Queen" were played by the military band every evening. It was the last tune played, the signal for dispersion.

A skeptic—or, perhaps, more than one—having insisted that the horses only knew the tune because it was always played last, and they were able to calculate time, the experiment was tried of playing "God Save the Queen" in the middle, instead of at the end of the evening. Instantly there was the same excitement in the horses standing round "the course." The same impatient tossing of the head and prancing of the feet, the same general stampede and eagerness to start homeward.

No one could any longer doubt that they knew and recognized the air; in fact, that they could tell one tune from another.—London Spectator.

A Triumph of Civilization. There is a large farmer near me, a clever and successful man in his way, who married (as men sometimes do) a foolish wife. His daughters are placed at an expensive school in Brighton, and are carefully debauched by their mother from all acquaintance, not only with farmwork and housework, but with such elementary feminine knowledge as the simplest servantmaid can enjoy. They may not make or mend their own clothes; they may not use the needle.

"I am happy to say," their proud mother said lately to a lady: "I am happy to say, ma'am, that my daughters cannot even sew." But they can play the piano—after a fashion—they have a smattering of French, they could and would (if they were asked) go to garden parties in evening dress. So greatly has civilization triumphed in their case.—Notes and Queries.

Ice Made by Natural Gas. An inventor in Buffalo has devised a process for making ice by utilizing the intense cold created by the expansion of natural gas when liberated from the high pressure at which it issues from the wells. In the experimental plant the gas is used at its initial pressure, or from 150 to 200 pounds to drive a small engine. After use in the engine the gas exhausts into a closed box, and the expansion generates sufficient cold to form slabs of ice three inches thick to the amount of three-quarters of a ton in a day. It is claimed that the principle can be applied economically on a large scale.—New York Telegram.

Over 1,500,000 Died from Want. European calamities from famines dwindle into insignificance when compared with the colossal dimensions of a famine in the crowded countries of Asia. In 1837 over 800,000 human beings starved to death in Northwest India, and in 1860 another famine carried off 500,000. In 1865 1,000,000 people were supposed to have starved in Bengal and Orissa, and in 1868 the death roll from famine in Rajpootana exceeded 1,500,000. Even at late as 1877 about 500,000 perished in Bombay, Madras and Mysore.—Providence Journal.

A Youthful Joke. "Grandpa," said the irreverent college boy at the close of the Thanksgiving dinner, "what's the difference between you and the turkey we've just had?" "I don't know. What?" said the old gentleman innocently.

"It was a turkey stuffed with chestnuts, and you are a chestnut stuffed with turkey." The college boy and his little brother were the only ones to laugh.—Harper's Bazar.

A Descendant of Count Pulaski. A strange figure on the streets of Washington is that of Josephine J. Janocki, a Polish countess and a grandniece of Count Pulaski, of Revolutionary fame. She is described as a "human dried apple," poor to indigence and shabbily dressed, and she is about fifty years old. For twenty-five years she has been fighting for a fortune left by Count Pulaski.—Washington Letter.

Rachel's Theory. Miss Rachel was often told she was taking cold. On the first warm days of summer she marched up and down the pavement in front of the house, fanning herself vigorously. When her mother appeared she exclaimed, "I'm taking hot, mamma, I'm taking hot."—Babyhood.

A Trite Answer. Little girl of seven being asked why she ate her tart all around the edge first, and consequently got her fingers covered with jam, answered reproachfully, "Meg, don't you know—duty first and pleasure afterward."—London Truth.

An apparatus for purifying lubricating oils coming from machinery has been patented in Norway whereby the same oil can be used many times at a trifling expense.

SOCIETIES.

ASSEMBLY NO. 427, K. OF L.—Meets in K. of P. Hall the second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 7:30 p. m. WASCLO 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. CLAYTON, Sec'y. T. 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 of Court and Second streets. Sojourning members are cordially invited. W. S. VAUSE, K. of R. and S. O. 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.

THE CHURCHES. ST. PETER'S CHURCH—Rev. Father BRONX—High Mass every Sunday 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 o'clock at the reading room. All are invited after morning service. J. A. ORCHARD, pastor.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH—Union Street, opposite S. Fifth. Rev. E. H. 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. 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.

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