

The Dalles Daily Chronicle.

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WEDNESDAY - - - JUNE 5, 1895

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM IN THE DALLES.

The probable reason that the prevalent agitation of municipal affairs has not reached The Dalles is the fact that there has been no flagrant abuses or extravagant expenditures. But there is abundant opportunity to improve the administration and reduce the expenses, and under the new charter this must be done or, serious embarrassment will result. There are many men who can and will fill the city offices, and do all that the law or the city's needs require, at a less rate than we have been paying. We venture to say that the duties of city recorder can be well done by devoting one-half of each day to them, and all the requirements of the public met by keeping the office open one-half of the day. Many competent men would be glad to do the work under those circumstances for forty dollars per month. The offices of street commissioner and marshal are now united, and after July 1st will be filled by the same person. A little more energy will be required of this one officer than has been heretofore required of the two, but there is no good reason why the duties cannot be well done by one man. In other matters of minor importance strict economy will make a perceptible difference at the end of the year.

We hope the new charter, if nothing else, will force us to live within our means.

GILLIAM COUNTY AWAKE TO ITS NEED.

The Mayville farmers are, if possible, more eager for the road to The Dalles than the people of Fossil. There is not one of them who does not favor it. As an illustration, John Webb says he cannot give money, but will give \$50 in work. A young man who has rented Mr. Graham's garden, offers 30 days' work. Mr. Graham, who owns the ranch where the road will cross the John Day river, has promised a free right-of-way. The spirit shown by these men and others will soon build the road.

The Arlington Record thinks it would be foolish to build a road to The Dalles, and intimates that it would be a waste of money, as the railroad will reduce its rates to Arlington. That is the best argument for the road that we have yet seen. If for no other reason than this, the road should speedily be built, as a reduction of railroad rates would be a great benefit to the whole county.—Fossil Journal.

We are satisfied that the people of The Dalles will meet Gilliam county more than half way on the road proposition. Suppose we commence at this end and make a smooth hard road from the head of the brewery grade to 3-Mile. This will be a good evidence of our sincerity in the matter. If neither the city nor the county can or will undertake it, we suggest a public subscription. It would not be a heavy tax on any, and would be a great benefit to all.

THE RESERVATIONS.

We should think Washington would commence to demand from this anti-sheep administration a forest reserve, in order that Oregon sheep will not be tempted to cross the Columbia to seek pasturage. For twenty years the bleat of the sheep has echoed along the cliffs and canyons of the Oregon mountains, and no one until now has thought of the terrible damage they were doing. Hereafter, until the long-time friend of the woolly races and flocks shall again boss Uncle Sam's big domains, these solitudes will hear no sound save the dashings of their own torrents, which will flow to the Columbia unstained by the wallowings of the woolly heads.

But we can scarcely expect anything different from the party which has always hated wool.

When we read the national debt statement, and see that, notwithstanding the deficit in the revenues of something like five millions, and read of the recent loan to the government of one hundred millions, and other similar indications of prosperity, we are reminded of the old saying, long since out of date, that "figures won't lie." Again it is demonstrated that figures have lost their character for truth and veracity, and have come to lie about as readily as the man who wants to sit on a jury and is answering questions touching his qualifications.

Barbed wire is neither necessary nor safe along the lines of the streets in a city like The Dalles. If it is ornamental we fail to appreciate its beauty. In several places within the city limits this

barbarous fence material is stretched next sidewalks, a menace to the hands and persons of children or careless adults, and a constant danger to the dresses of ladies. In many cities the use of barbed wire next the sidewalk is prohibited. We believe the city council will do wisely to pass such an ordinance.

ON THE OTHER SIDE.

Letter From One Who Argues in Favor of the Reservation, and Against the Sheep.

TO THE EDITOR—Since observing that the Oregonian and other papers have copied articles from THE CHRONICLE with reference to the mountain reserve from the devastation of sheep, I have wanted to see some patriotic citizen strike the note of alarm in behalf of the preservation of this fair heritage of ours; this beautiful mountain land, bright with its silvery streams, offering to a people capable of using it, the power to make happy homes on many a hillside and on many a mountain prairie. No one speaks. Is the wool over everyone's eyes? Is patriotism, when it means anything but spread-eagle oratory, forever dead? or did it stay with the Sunday of our grandfathers and some other good things on the other side of the Rockies? Is John Muir's voice the only one to be heard asking that the life of the mountains, that makes them other than mere piles of dirt and rock, be saved to be handed down a sacred inheritance to those who shall walk in our beautiful Oregon when the footsteps of this generation are forever silent? Let me copy a paragraph from him. Referring to the wholesale destruction of forest by lumbermen, he said:

"These mill ravages are small as compared with the comprehensive destruction caused by 'sheepmen.' Incredible numbers of sheep are driven to the mountain pastures every summer, and their course is marked by desolation. Every wild garden is trodden down; the shrubs are stripped of leaves, as if devoured by locusts, and the woods are burned. Running fires are set everywhere, to clear the ground of prestrate trunks, and facilitate the movements of the flocks and to improve the pastures. The entire forest belt is thus swept and devastated from one extremity of the range to the other." In another place, speaking of Shadow Lake, he says: "On my last visit, as I was sauntering along the shore on the strip of sand between the water and the sod, I was startled by a human track, which I at once saw belonged to some shepherd. None but a shepherd could make such a track, and, after tracing it a few minutes, I began to fear that he might be seeking pasturage. For what else could he be seeking? Returning from the glaciers shortly afterward, my worst fears were realized. A trail had been made down the mountain side from the north, and all the gardens and meadows were destroyed by a horde of hooved locusts, as if swept by a fire. The money changers were in the temple."

These are not the words of an alarmist, but of one who sees with his own eyes the evil being wrought. Do we need to be told the rest of the story—Of the mountain storms washing the loosened soil from small pockets and crevices, carrying it with a ruinous rush to the bitter sea, leaving hopeless ruin in place of nourishing beauty?

Look at Spain, an object lesson within easy reach of historical record. The home of the Merino, its naked, treeless, shrubless hills afford no longer pasturage for flocks. It is no question in Syria between pasturage for the gentle, loving kine mother, the foster-mother of all who are yet in the "milky way," and the "hooved locusts" that kill the range and leave barrenness wherever their sharp hoof prints are found. The Syrian shepherd has settled that question forever.

What do we think of the young spendthrift who draws on the future in the way of a post obit? Is not young Oregon doing that identical thing with her possessions? With no thought of the coming day; with no regard for the integrity of our possessions, that these vast herds, for which we seem to have little use, may be fed, today we imperil the very existence of our state, every acre of which is, in the slow, but beneficent working of Nature, the gift of the mountains.

"For the strength of the hills we bless Thee, 'Our God! Our fathers' God! Thou hast made Thy children mighty By the touch of the mountain sod."

Let all conspire with law-makers whenever they try to preserve this glorious inheritance. OREGON.

Frightened by the Cars.

A very serious and perhaps fatal accident happened late yesterday afternoon, near the ice house by the railroad track, just east of town. Mrs. Julian and her daughter, who live on 15-Mile creek, were driving in a cart. The road at this point is very near to the railroad track and just as the ladies were passing a train came along and frightened the

horse. The occupants of the carriage both got out and tried to calm the animal. The daughter had hold of the horse's bit while Mrs. Julian held the lines. The horse made a lunge and the wheel of the cart struck Mrs. Julian, knocking her against a large boulder and before she could rise the horse stamped upon her. Mr. A. M. Chapman, who was not far away, rushed to the rescue and the injured lady was soon removed from danger. At first she was not thought to be injured, but when the excitement had passed away her pain increased and she was not able to move. Mrs. Julian was immediately brought to town and taken to Mrs. Obarr's, where medical aid was at once summoned. The horse's hoof had struck her in the breast and her spine was also injured. This morning shows little improvement in her condition and she is suffering a great deal of pain.

THE CHRONICLE extends its warmest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Tolmie, who last night returned from their wedding tour. They were married last Sunday in Dayton, Wash. Mr. Tolmie holds a responsible position in the store of Pease & Mays, and though but a short time a resident of The Dalles, has made many friends, who will cordially wish him great and lasting good fortune. Mrs. Tolmie (nee Miss Blanche Eckler) is well known in Dayton and Walla Walla, where she is much esteemed for her many accomplishments and social qualities. The happy couple will live in the residence formerly occupied by Mr. Hilton, near the Mill creek bridge.

Mr. A. J. Dufur, jr., of Dufur is in the city as a witness in the circuit court. He reports that his father, Hon. A. J. Dufur, is seriously ill and that the family are afraid he will not rally. The aged gentleman is one of Oregon's pioneer citizens and has been a credit to his state from the beginning of his residence here. He was among the first to introduce the dairy business in the Northwest and has always been identified with the progress of the state. He numbered among his friends and acquaintances all the prominent men who have brought honor to Oregon.

A fairly good catch of salmon was made by Warren at Cascades yesterday. They were big fish and no blue backs were caught. Advice from Astoria say a fair catch was made there and predicted that some of the run would work their way up the river. There is no break in the situation and the fishermen are looking about as blue as democrats after the next election.

Today was dull in court. The large room was deserted. The jury had been dismissed till Friday; the lawyers were taking a rest; the loungers had sought more exciting scenes; the officers were down stairs, and the clock was all that earned a salary. A civil case will be tried Friday, which will need a jury. Court will in all probability end this week.

The divorce case of Dietrich vs. Dietrich, which has excited considerable interest in the town of Dufur, is being tried today before D. S. Dufur, a specially appointed referee. H. H. Riddell appears for the plaintiff, while Prosecuting Attorney Jayne is resisting the divorce on the part of the state. The case is being hotly contested and much feeling displayed on both sides.

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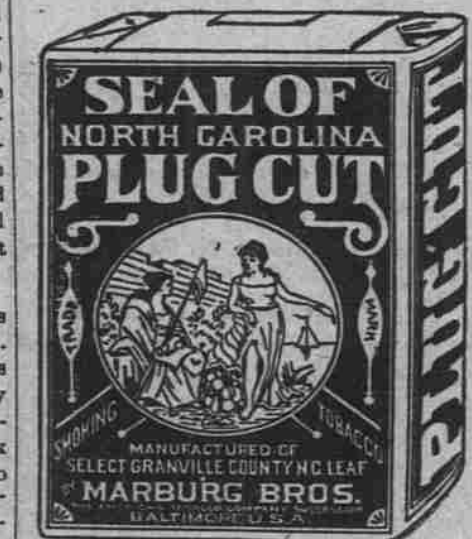
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