

The Dalles Daily Chronicle.

THE DALLES, - - - OREGON

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AN OLD MINER'S STORY.

Greenhorn's Experience With a Don Juan Cat.

THE GREENHORN, Dec. 23, 1897.

EDITOR CHRONICLE:

Since my last effusion the Old Miner has made me another visit. He is a quaint old fellow this Old Miner. His form is erect, his eyes bright, and he has, despite his 70 years, a sturdy independence about him that is simply charming. He is a bit prosy, a trifle tiresome in his retrospection, but that is because what he tells me and what he sees as he gazes into the fading embers of life's dying fire are two very different things. He shows me the skeleton of by-gone days, but to him it is still clothed in the flesh. I showed him the CHRONICLE with the story of "How the Greenhorn Got Its Name," and he laughed a deep, hearty laugh that shook his sides, made his eyes moist, and ended with a sigh. "I remember that idjut," said he, "he used to oil his drill to make it cut easy; but that other fellow, I knew him too. He told me he got a letter from that girl every week, and that they were the light of his life. I saw four of them. But then he's dead."

"Say! Did you know that the old miners used to think the Garden of Eden was located here? No? Well you see, some old Missourian came out here with a Bible in his pack, and he told the boys about the four rivers that ran out of the garden, and then one of them he gits to figuring that Powder river flowed to the north, Burnt river to the east, one fork of the John Day to the west and another to the north, and then he says, 'There you are.' I never took much stock in the story, and then, besides, it's a poor country for snakes and some kinds of apples. And then there ain't no fig leaves nor any of them tropic fixins like that; and besides this ain't no country for none of them airy coosoms, not even in August. If God had made the first man to fit this country, He would have made his feet ten feet long for snow-shoos. He would sure."

"This same old Missourian he figured it out that Greenhorn was also the mountain that the devil took the Savior up to offer Him all the gold dust and placer ground from Seven Devils to John Day. I've forgot how he had it fixed up, but it was all right. At any rate this Missourian he said that when the two climbed up old Greenhorn, the devil called particular attention to the hydraulics over at Robinsonville and Dixie Creek, and the big placers around Canyon City. And this Pike county Bible sharp he says that when old forked-tail offered the whole business and a lot more to the Savior if he would fall down and worship him, that there was an Israelite who was in the mercantile business down in Canyon City loafing up on the summit and overheard the whole conversation. This Missourian, he says that this Israelite twiggled the devil a wink and got him to one side, and he says: 'Say, mister, I'll take you up on that lay-out if the other fellow don't.'"

"This Missourian never told whether the trade was made, but I dealt with one of them Canyon City Hebrews afterwards for a long time and I don't think he was the fellow. If he charged other people like he did me for his goods, he had a better thing."

But enough of the Old Miner for a time, because I want to tell you about our cat. A couple of homeless mice concluded to stay with us for the winter, and the first night chewed up Hill's genuine German socks to make themselves a bed. That made Hill mad, and he borrowed a cat at the Don Juan, a sort of a Don Juan cat, too, and brought him home in a barley sack. When the sack was opened the cat began to make things sing. He made a rush at the window to get out, fell tail foremost onto a cup full of quicksilver upsetting it, raised merry Cain generally for half an hour, and then climbed into the rafters, where he raised up his feline voice in a manner that was soul-barrowing. At the end of thirty-six hours, by leaving the doors open, we got him out, and he acted as though he was reconciled. The next night being cold, we worked two hours, coaxing, wheedling and persuading the poor

"pretty kitty" back into the house. It took two of us four hours to get the d-d cat out after he was in three days. About 3 o'clock every night for three nights his alarm clock would go off, and the way he would call on all to get up was a caution. Five of us would chase the blamed brute from that hour until daylight trying to put him out, but it was no go. Praise heaven! he has not come back, and if he has gone to gladden the heart of some other poor miner with Christmas presence, our blessing goes with him. It will be seen from this that not only where mines are concerned, but in judging the qualities and conditions of cats, a man may be a GREENHORN.

Natural Hot Water.

Dr. E. H. Marshall, of Boise, Idaho, says that in the vicinity of Boise there is a store of subterranean hot water which is being used to heat that city, and with excellent results. The water was discovered about six years ago, and when first tapped gushed to a height of 40 feet and almost scalded to death the workmen who were boring an artesian well. The water was found at a depth of about 400 feet, and has natural pressure enough to raise it to the top floors of ordinary buildings, whence it will flow down through coils of radiators, heating the whole building. The water is said to have a temperature of 170 degrees Fahrenheit, and a company has been formed for piping the streets and supplying the hot water for heating purposes. It is claimed that a saving of 50 per cent. can be effected over the ordinary method of heating. There is a large area of ground near the city where the hot water spouts above the surface when tapped, and a number of well drillers are at work endeavoring to enlarge the area.—Butte Inter-Mountain.

Indian Agriculturists.

The Indians on the Shoshone reservation have to the present time this season sown 125,000 pounds of grain, and it is expected they will sow as much more before the close of the planting season. The department is not giving the seed to the Indians this year as heretofore, but is loaning it, and expects the Indians to repay it when they harvest their crops. The pupils of the Indian school are farming extensively under the direction of the Indian agent, Capt. Wilson, and the teachers of the school. They have put out 12,000 cabbage plants, and have a model garden. A test will be made on the farm with sugar-beet seed, the department having furnished a large quantity for experiment. Under the present management of Indian affairs the Indians of the Shoshone reservation are improving rapidly in condition, and the majority of the tribe will soon become self-supporting. Great interest is being taken by the Indians in school work, and the agency school is having a very successful term.—Omaha Bee.

THE NEW JUDGE'S TRIALS.

He Did Well on the Bench But Missed His Latin.

Some years ago one of the laymen who find places on the bench of the highest court of New Jersey, thanks to political influence and accommodating governors, was a builder or contractor living in the northern part of the state, a man notoriously ignorant of law and unfitted for any judicial position, says the New York Post. Not long after his appointment a judge of a federal court who knew the man met him, and, with rather an amused smile, asked: "Well, judge, how do you get along on the bench?"

"Oh," was the reply, "I get along very well. You see, I have been on the grand jury a good deal and so had picked up considerable about law. But, judge," he went on rather earnestly, "I find I've got to study Latin."

"Indeed! That's rather a serious business for a man of your age to take up, is it not?"

"Yes, but I've got to do it. You see, there are so many words I don't understand. Now, look here, what do they mean when they say laches?"

He pronounced the word "latches," and as he spoke he made a motion with his index finger as of a man lifting a latch.

The future course of the judge's study of Latin is not recorded.

Business Announcement.

I take pleasure in announcing to my friends and patrons that George H. Dufur has this day associated himself with me in the business heretofore conducted by me. The new firm will hereafter be known as Dufur & Dufur, and transact all business under said name. Our aim will be in the future, as it has been mine in the past, to give entire satisfaction in all matters brought to us, and to treat each and everyone alike. I desire to thank my many friends and customers for their liberal patronage in the past, and solicit a continuance of the same with the new firm in the future.

Dated this 27th of December, 1897.

Respectfully,

D. S. DUFUR

ESTRAY NOTICE.

Came to our place about August 1st, last, a roan cow: brand indistinct. Owner can have same by paying all charges. MOORE BROS., 222-1m Three Mile.

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Second Drummer—That reminds me of an accident that happened to a train I was on recently. The engine jumped the track and was smashed all to flinders; but in five minutes we were moving along toward the next station, where we arrived only a little late.

"Humph! How could that be?" "We got out and walked."—N. Y. Weekly.

Enriching the Language.

"Paw," asked the little boy, "what does it mean when a man is 'frowned down'?"

"It—er—means to discourage him." "Then would they encourage him by smiling him up?"—Indianapolis Journal.

As a General Thing.

Dobson—I can tell a school-teacher as far as I can see her. Robson—Well, you can't tell her much.—Somerville Journal.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

LAND OFFICE, THE DALLES, OR., October 29, 1897.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim and commute and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at The Dalles, Oregon, on Wednesday, December 8, 1897, viz:

J. F. Haworth, Homestead entry No. 5212 for the E 1/4, SE 1/4, and SW 1/4, Sec. 30, T. 2 N., R. 13 E., W. 4. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Wm. Jordan, Charles Craig, Ernest Jensen, Geo. Landis, all of The Dalles, Or. JAMES F. MOORE, Register, 030-11

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Strayed.

Strayed from Dufur, Or., about the last of July, two bay horses, of about 1000 pounds weight, both geldings; one a light bay, branded S on right hip; the other a dark bay, branded HF (connected) on left shoulder. Information leading to the recovery of either, or both, of these horses will be rewarded by the owner. REV. JOHN EVANS, Columbus, Wash. dec11-1m-ii

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TIME CARD.

No. 4, to Spokane and Great Northern arrives at 5:25 p. m., leaves at 5:30 p. m. No. 2, to Pendleton, Baker City and Union Pacific, arrives at 12:45 a. m., departs at 12:50 a. m.

No. 3, from Spokane and Great Northern, arrives at 9:20 a. m., departs at 9:25 a. m. No. 1, from Baker City and Union Pacific, arrives at 3:20 a. m., departs at 3:30 a. m.

Nos. 23 and 24, moving east of The Dalles, will carry passengers. No. 23 arrives at 5 p. m., departs at 1:45 p. m. Passengers for Heppner take No. 2, leaving here at 12:50 p. m.

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