

The Weekly Chronicle.

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The state board of equalization has adjourned without having fulfilled the expectations we had formed of it. Any set of school boys could have equalized the assessment of sheep and cattle and horses...

The success of the Cascade portage has done more than anything else could have done towards getting another portage between The Dalles and Celilo. What has been accomplished for the country between The Dalles and the Cascades is but a drop in the bucket when compared with the interests to be benefited by the further opening of the river...

The board of equalization has decreed that the road beds of the various trunk lines of railroads in the state shall be assessed at \$5000 per mile. These roads probably cost an average of not less than four times that amount.

The democrats of Salem have issued a circular calling a meeting at an early date for the purpose of discussing the advisability of establishing an evening daily and weekly democratic newspaper in that city.

The advocates of Sabbath reform are going too far. They have no right to demand that this government shall prescribe the manner of observance of a purely Christian institution by men who are not Christians.

farther than Judaism, notwithstanding the severity of its code, ever went. The most that Sabbatarianism can reasonably ask is that the day be constituted a legal day of rest from active labor. That has been done already and no man who loves the toiling masses can wish it otherwise.

The state board of equalization has committed a grave error in declaring that all mortgages in the state shall be assessed at their face value while the property by which the mortgages are secured as well as most other kinds of property is assessed at perhaps not more than an average of fifty cents on the dollar.

It is now safe to howl "I told you so!" to the enemies of the Australian ballot law. The virtue of the system was lately tested in Sacramento, and declared to be something mighty good in state government.

The Medical Gazette alleges that the following letter was received by a physician from a man whom he knew, practicing medicine, and desiring counsel: "dear Doc I have a pashunt who's physical signs show that the wind-pipe has ulcerated off and his lungs has dropped down into his stomach."

The editor of the Times-Mountaineer, in his New Year greeting to his patrons, boasts that he "has followed the path of honest journalism for over eleven years, and has never advocated a theory that was not in accord with his conscience, and for which he was afraid to answer before his God."

The western Washington farmer, who went to New York to buy counterfeit money, has returned to his bailiwick in Maple valley. Besides his fare to New York and back he is out \$140, which he paid for some old green paper and pieces of broken brick.

The Vancouver city council has decided to expend \$5,000 in dredging out the sandbar in the Columbia river above the mouth of the Willamette, which now prevents deep sea vessels from reaching her wharves.

Railroad surveyors in full force have been seen in the neighborhood of Goldendale, but no news of their business could be obtained from them.

They were talking about trees. "My favorite," she said, "is the oak. It is so noble, so magnificent in its strength. But what is your favorite?" "Yew," he replied.

A bunch of keys on a ring, 6 or 7 in number. Finder will be rewarded by leaving same at this office.

COLD WATER CURES ALL.

A UNIVERSAL PANACEA FOR SUFFERING HUMANITY.

"The Abbe Sebastian Kneipp" and His Power of Healing - A Patient Describes the Method of the Priest's Treatment - Cold Water Used Externally.

Few Americans have seen the little village of Woerishofen, between Memmingen and Augsburg, in Bavaria, and yet for the past four or five years this little burg has attracted as many visitors as Bayreuth and Oberammergau.

The Abbe Kneipp is a celebrity in Germany. He is called a genius, a savant, a benefactor of the human race. Everything in the village is named for the wise priest.

This good abbe believes that water will cure all the ills to which flesh is heir. A friend who went from Paris to consult the Abbe Kneipp has told me of her experience at Woerishofen, and of her great admiration for the abbe's wisdom.

In the village there are only three or four primitive inns, but most of the invalids lodge in private houses no less primitive. The abbe has been compelled to build a large house for the benefit of the clergy, for priests also ask to be cured by their confrere.

The abbe receives at the presbytery, and begins consultations at 8 o'clock in the morning. The great physician sits in a large room on the ground floor, surrounded by pupils. The abbe is a fine looking man. His regular features and fresh complexion denote health, and his broad, high forehead, hardly touched by a wrinkle, is framed in white hair.

His eyes are the blindest and brightest I have ever seen, for his soul seems to be concentrated in these eyes, and they penetrate you through and through—in fact, to make a diagnosis, the abbe only looks at a patient and in diagnosis he never errs. Some who went to the priest with despair in their hearts left him buoyed up by courage and with the assurance that their diseases were not incurable.

Although the abbe says "I cannot destroy death," still he has cured many whose diseases baffled the skill of others. A man whose face was disfigured by a horrible cancer asked his advice. Calmly the priest said, "It is easily cured," and after several weeks of lotions and baths the cancer disappeared. The blind have recovered their sight and the lame have walked.

According to the Abbe Kneipp every disease originates in the blood; there may be a disturbance in its circulation, where may be a derangement of its composition.

Water alone can act thoroughly on the blood; and water produces four noticeable effects. It dissolves the injurious principles of the blood, eliminates that which has been dissolved, restores regular circulation to the purified blood and fortifies the debilitated organism. In a talk with the abbe after consultation hours, he said that fifty years ago people did not take cold as at the present time. Why? Simply because the body was more hardened to changes in temperature.

Water makes the body capable of enduring all climates, and the best way to begin the treatment is to walk barefoot in the wet grass. After a quarter of an hour's promenade without drying the feet, one must put on dry shoes and stockings and exercise until the feet are very warm. "If you can find no dew, no wet grass," said the abbe, "walk on cold, wet stones, or even on the snow. That is my remedy for those who are always taking cold."

The abbe's treatment varies according to the malady. For some he prescribes vapor baths, for others wet compresses, for others baths with oats or hay added to the water, etc. The water must be as cold as possible, and in winter snows preferred. But a cold bath must never last more than five minutes, including the time required for dressing and undressing, and the bather must never use towels, but always exercise for fifteen minutes after the bath.

Warm baths should always be followed by a plunge in cold water. The good abbe says one must never drink too much water, and the least possible during rest. "Drink a little water before eating, very little while eating, and two or three hours after drink as much as you wish."—Paris Cor. New York World.

The champion horse jockey belongs in Belfast in the person of Life Walker. Just to give his boy an idea how to get along in the world Life started away from home one day on foot and nothing in his pockets but a jackknife. He was absent just one week and returned driving a pair of horses harnessed into a top buggy. Hitched to the rear axle was another horse and a cow, while ahead was a dog. "See how your pap does it," said Life to his son, as he gazed at the time of day from a handsome watch.

One Little Thing. "It's little things that count," said Hicks. "Ye-es," returned Mawson. "But very inaccurately. My boy can't count eleven without making about forty mistakes."—Harper's Bazar.

The Apparition in the Elevator.

Some years ago a young man came to Chicago from Germany. His father had cut him off from his annuity. He lived in the same house where I lived. He finally obtained a place in one of the big grain elevators here. I do not know what the place was except that he had something to do on the top floor, away up under the roof. Several men were employed with him in the same place. One day while he was dusting he suddenly stopped and asked his assistants who that nicely dressed old man was that was standing back there by the shaft. Strangers are never allowed in these big elevators, and to see one there well dressed was enough to excite comment. His companions looked in the direction indicated and said they saw no one. He insisted, and when they laughed at him he went to the place where he saw the figure standing. On his approach it vanished.

The young man fainted. He recovered and then asked his companions to make a note of the occurrence, the date and the time of day. He said the figure he saw was that of his father. In twelve days he received a letter from the old country telling him of his father's death. The date and time agreed with the date and time of the occurrence I have described. The letter informed him that his father had forgiven him and remembered him in his will. He returned to the fatherland, got his portion of the estate and is living there now. You may say what you please, but I have never felt like scoffing from the time I heard this story. The spirit of that boy's father appeared to him on the top floor of that elevator.—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

Why the Shark is Always Hungry.

As it is a source of wonder how the flea manages to exist in the sand, where his chances of obtaining a meal may not occur once in a lifetime, so naturalists are puzzled as to how the shark maintains himself. The ocean is wide, and the number of men who fall overboard small indeed in comparison to its area. The vast proportion of sharks, then, must go through their lives without a remote chance of obtaining a meal at the expense of the human kind.

There is no ground for the supposition that the shark can exist upon air; he is not like the whale, provided with an apparatus that enables him to sweep up the tiny inhabitants of the seas. He is too slow in swimming, and infinitely too slow in turning, to catch any fish that did not deliberately swim into his mouth; and unless we suppose that, as it is said of the snake, he exercises a magnetic influence over fish and causes them to rush headlong to destruction between his jaws, it is impossible to imagine how he obtains a sufficient supply of food for his sustenance.

Indeed, it would appear that it is only when he gets the good luck to light upon a dead or badly injured fish that the shark has ever the opportunity of making a really square meal. His prolonged fasts certainly furnish an ample explanation and excuse for his alleged savagery of disposition.—London Standard.

Uses for a Bottle of Gold Paint.

A twenty-five cent bottle of gold paint is a capital investment for any woman. She will find a dozen occasions for its use every week of her life. Perhaps she chips some bit of Japanese or other fancy porcelain in dusting; a brushful of gold paint over the chip will make everything right. A gilt picture or mirror frame may be bruised or tarnished; call in the little bottle again and remedy in five minutes and for a fraction of a cent a damage the cabinet maker would charge a dollar to repair and keep your frame a couple of days besides.

By the by, you girls who are clever with your paint brushes, did you ever spend a few dollars at the damaged counters of the large Japanese stores? Do you know that you can buy for a trifle lovely delicate vases and bits of oriental wares that would sell for many dollars were it not for a crack or a chip somewhere. Buy them joyfully, take them home tenderly and spend half an hour with your paint box, filling up the nick with flour paste, plaster of paris or putty. Any of these will take color nicely, and if carefully painted and dried the vases will be practically as good as the best.—New York Press.

An Ideal Way to Live.

"The man I marry," quoth a vivacious young woman the other day, "has got to promise to give me a yacht home. I've just been visiting some friends who live all the year round on their yacht. During the summer they cruise about our northern waters and in winter go south, taking in the Mediterranean, Japan or Norway and Sweden by way of occasional outings. The yacht, a large schooner, is gorgeously fitted and has every needed convenience, comfort and luxury, including a well stocked library, aboard. It is an ideal existence—no calls to make, no balls, no shopping, no uncomfortable gowns, sunshine, fresh air and the starlight—what can one want more?"—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Where Amber is Found.

The largest quantity of amber is found on the southern shore of the Baltic, between Memel and Konigsberg, where it is cast up by the action of the ground swell after the northerly gales. It is also found on the coast of Sicily, on the shores of the Adriatic, on the English beach of Norfolk and Suffolk and at Cape Sable in Maryland. Mining for amber in beds of brown lignite or wood coal is carried on in Prussia, and it is found in excavations all over Europe.—Philadelphia Times.

Lobsters Dig Clams.

There is nothing which lobsters, when grown, are so fond of as fresh fish. Flounders and other bottom fishes frequently fall a prey to their appetite, and sometimes they will nimbly capture small minnows as the latter go swimming by. They dig clams out of the mud or sand and crush the shells of mussels with their claws, devouring the soft parts.—Washington Star.

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