

# The Weekly Chronicle.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF WASCOCO COUNTY.

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### THE SUPREME CONTRAST.

Among other airy claims advanced by the Omaha convention is an assertion that the new party has eliminated sectional antagonisms between the north and the south, and that it is the party of the blue and the gray. This is certainly an audacious attempt, says the Review, to steal credit due the republican party for its lifework.

The organization of the republican party found the country torn with internal strife and the people embittered against each other to the point of fratricidal warfare. The party was born to the supreme destiny of cauterizing and healing these long ranking wounds, of freeing the serf, binding together the broken members and bringing order out of chaos. At Appomattox it began the noble duty of eliminating the bitterness of the war, and that lofty example it followed up by offering pardon to every rebel in the land and by pursuing a policy never before adopted by conquerer since government was first established and armies first banded; it brought a tremendous rebellion to a close without placing a single leader upon the scaffold.

When we contrast this glorious magnanimity with the examples of history—when it is compared with the awful ending of the Monmouth rebellion against the authority of the king of England, and the sweet tempering of justice with mercy is placed by the side of the horrible butchery of Justice Jeffers, we have the supreme contrast of heaven against hell, of angelic forgiveness with diabolical revenge. So magnanimous has been the policy of the victor to the vanquished that within a single generation all the wounds of war have been healed; the flag is everywhere revered, and the master spirits of the war for the Union are canonized both north and south. The sweet and touching spectacle of the blue and the gray assembling in peace and brotherhood was witnessed long before the third party was conceived; and nothing could better illustrate the wisdom of the claims of the new organization than this latter day pretense of healing wounds long ago cured by the republican party.

It was frequently asked during the session of the late democratic convention at Chicago why Boss McLaughlin, who was accused of selling out Kings county to Harrison in 1888, was not in attendance. Gath answers the question in this way: "Because he saw that if he gave assistance to the subjugation of Tammany Hall in New York the axe might next be turned against his firm and long hold upon Brooklyn, the second city in the state, and the fourth in the union."

The Walla Walla Union says "it might be very safely remarked Senator Dolph is not in favor of the boat railway project because he believes it would prove very beneficial to the people, but because he believes advocating it will help re-elect him. All men are selfish. Senator Dolph is a man." On this same principle then it is assumed that Squire and Allen opposed the boat railway project. Is that statesmanship? It may be, across the river, but not here.

Col. Peck, the leader of the third party in Georgia, and its probable candidate for governor is reported dying. He was thrown from his buggy on the 4th, his spine injured, and complete paralysis followed. Doctors have given up all hope. Peck was selected by the czar of Russia to instruct several government officers in the system of growing cotton.

Col. Parker let his boys on the Walla Walla Statesman hear from him on Monday. He climbed the summit of Pikes' Peak, Colo., and from the highest telegraph station in the world, wished the Statesman kindest regards and a jolly Fourth of July.

The democrats are claiming Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa. A week hence they will assure us that all "differences in New York have been patched up," etc., etc. The average democratic bosom is as full of hope as a mufin is of wind.

This is going to be a great year for the rain-bow-chasers. Their particular rainbows this year are Illinois, Iowa, Michigan and Wisconsin. And what they will get will be Missouri.

We have it upon the authority of the Hon. Henry Watterson that the democratic platform is a monstrosity.

Pum Kelly lost his chance of being governor some day, when he lost the murderer Wilson.

### THE ERA OF CANALS.

Financiers and men who are making a study of commercial conditions are satisfied that the United States is just entering upon an era of canal building, and that by 1926 the country will be bisected by several great ship canals which shall practically overcome the limit put upon ocean commerce by the coast. The chamber of commerce of New York has informally expressed an opinion that the Erie canal, stretching from Buffalo to the Hudson, must be deepened so as to admit ships of considerable burthen. Col. Frank Bond, who is well known among railway managers as a man of great ability, declares that it is inevitable that a ship canal be cut across the state of Michigan, say from Grand Haven to the St. Clair river. Capitalists are already in consultation over the construction of a ship canal across New Jersey to the Delaware, thence across Maryland to the Chesapeake, with a view ultimately of extending it through the North Carolina sounds to Charleston or Savannah. The expectation is that early in the next century a ship canal, capable of floating as great vessels as are carried through the Suez or will be carried through the Nicaragua canal, will be cut across the upper part of the Florida peninsula thus shortening by 1,000 miles the trip from the coast cities to the Nicaragua canal. The great West is determined that a ship canal shall be built from Chicago to the Mississippi. It is reasonable to expect, therefore, that by the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Nation's birth there may have been developed the most stupendous canal system the world has ever known, effecting, in a manner of which it is impossible to estimate the extent; the commercial relations of the United States with other countries as well as the relations between the various cities of this country.

No matter what the weather man says or where the mercury in the thermometer may be, the season of outdoor sports and outdoor life is upon us. With the advent of fervid July the wearing of a straw hat and a blazer cannot longer be regarded as disorderly conduct by fastidious connoisseurs of the proprieties of dress.

Therefore, if summer clothes with shivering inmates or picknickers drenched with rain put in an occasional appearance it must be remembered that the weather is out of order and not they. According to the eternal fitness of things outdoor sports are due and past due. Boating, excursions, fishing and all manner of outings are at the front. To those whose means afford a choice of amusement for the summer the opportunities are varied. To those less fortunate, and those on the seamy side of life, even, the doors are not wholly closed.

The charming performance at the beach of a sylvan drama in the open air, beneath natural trees, stirred by real breezes and touched by genuine sunshine enforces the conclusion that summer is indeed upon us in all its glory.

Mr. Austin Corbin designs to plant 20,000 hawthorn trees on his great game park in New Hampshire. The trees have all been imported from England, and 4,000 so far have been set out. They are to serve as a hedge to retain the buffalo and other large game within the limits of the reserve.

The man who started the report that John Sherman was to be nominated for president by the people's party at Omaha is still a little ahead of the Colorado vigilance committee, to which the subject was referred with power to act.

If Chairman William J. Campbell knows as much about a political canvass as he does about the legal status of a canvassed man he is all right, as Senator Vest is prepared to testify.

"Private Joe" comes from the same town as "Gen." Stevenson and did more fighting in war time than the general. But then his military title is not in dispute.

Gen. Eppa Hunton, Virginia's new senator, rose in four years from the confederate ranks to a major-generalship.

#### The Tygh Hill Road.

Superintendent T. J. Driver was in the city yesterday, and from him we learned that he has expended \$317.00 over and above the sums collected to complete the Tygh Hill grade. It is admitted by everybody who has given the subject any attention whatever that Mr. Diver has done more work for the money he had than was ever done before, and files of THE CHRONICLE prove that the work has been of lasting benefit to all. Mr. Driver invites an inspection of his work, and his accounts, and while he can show that every dollar has been judiciously expended, and that it was necessary for him to expend over \$300.00 of his private funds and labor to make the road available, it seems to us he should be reimbursed, and that an additional \$200 should be subscribed toward turn outs on the grade. Wherever he calls upon the public to represent this subject, we bespeak for him an audience.

Stanley failed of an election to parliament. His constituency knew it beforehand, but they say he was only an American adventurer at best.

### MY PHILOSOPHY.

I ain't nor don't p'tend to be Much posted on philosophy; But there is times, when all alone, I work out ideas of my own. And of these ideas there is a few I'd like to jest refer to you, Perdivin that you don't object To listen 'bout 'em and recollect.

I ain't argy that a man Who does about the best he can Is plenty good enough to suit This lower mundane institute. No matter of his daily walk Is subject for his neighbor's talk. And critic minds of ev'ry whim Jest all git up and go for him.

I knowed a feller once that had The yaller janders mighty bad, And each and ev'ry friend he'd meet Would stop and give him some receipt For curing 'em. But he'd say He kind o' thought they'd go away Without no medicine, and boast That he'd git well without one dose.

He kep' a yallerin on, and they Perdivin that he'd die some day Before he knowed it! Tuck his bed, The feller did, and lost his head, And wandered in his mind a spell. Then called and at last got well. But ev'ry friend that would he'd die Went back on him eternally.

It's natural enough, I guess, When some gits more and some gits less, For them ons on the slimmest side To claim it ain't a fair divide. And I've knowed some to lay and wait, And git up soon and set up legs, To betch some fellow they could hate For goin at a faster gait.

The signs is bad when folks commence A sign fault with Providence, And balkin 'vase the world don't shake At ev'ry prancin step they take. No man is great till he can see How less than little he would be If stripped to self and stark and bare He hung his sign out anywhere.

My doctorer is to lay aside Contentions and be satisfied, Just do your best, and praise or blame That fallers, that counts just the same. I've allus noticed great success Is mixed with troubles, more or less, And it's the man who does the best, That gits more kinks than all the rest.

—James Whitcomb Riley in Omaha World Herald.

### THE MODERN MOLOCH.

Five minutes to ?  
 Dow's great factory was as silent as a churchyard. The great, broad belts hung limp. The monster flywheels seemed to be so many obstructions barring the light. The long shafts that transmitted power to the hundreds of machines looked like cold rays of light. The machinery had a grim look. Much of it was as forbidding as the teeth that grin in the jaws of a skull. That was the impression it made on Dr. Jayne as he accompanied John Dow, Jr., through department after department.

"How many people do you employ?"  
 "Nearly 800 on our pay roll—men and boys."  
 "Keeps you pretty close I suppose you never get a holiday."  
 Dow, Jr., laughed. "On the contrary, my father goes away whenever he desires a change; I go off every fall, hunting and fishing; stay away two and three weeks—been away six; and the shop never missed us."  
 Doctor Jayne's look of wonder invited the explanation, given with pardonable pride.  
 "System—method, doctor. If I do say it myself, Dr. Jayne, you won't find a factory in the country, giving employment to as many hands, where everything runs as smoothly as at Dow's. We do everything methodically here—all the departments divided upon systematic lines, regulated like clockwork."  
 "Yes," said the doctor, "I have been told a thousand miles away from home that Dow is regarded as the model establishment of the country."  
 "The only way to run a factory," said Dow, Jr., in a matter of fact way that impressed the doctor, who was making a round of the workshops in quest of information he deemed essential to the completeness of a book he had in hand.  
 "How do you keep track of your people? So many coming and going, I suppose you don't know your own operatives."  
 Dow, Jr., took out his watch, glanced from it to a clock at the end of a room they were in and said:  
 "Just wait a minute and you'll see Stand near this window, doctor."  
 The doctor observed a number of men and boys coming into the factory yard. All carried dinner pails or baskets in their hands. They trooped into the mill in droves, by twos and threes, singly, laughing, talking, pushing and shoving each other, until they entered the department the doctor was in. There the flow of good natured chaff ceased as the operatives took their places at the machines they attended to. As they passed the timekeeper's office the doctor heard the timekeeper and his assistant repeating in monotonous tones:  
 "Thirty-six, seventeen, three hundred four, forty-five, eleven, seven hundred one, two, nine, twenty-one, five hundred," as the arrival of the operatives was recorded.  
 Suddenly a gong sounded—the doctor started, simultaneously the long, narrow belts and the big, broad belts became taut; the monster flywheels revolved; the long line of pulleys overhead whirled; the machines, big and little, clamped as they seemed to whet their teeth on red hot and cold iron, munching it in their jaws like ravenous monsters and tossing the iron out again like so many husks or empty shells after they had absorbed the kernel. The sound that filled the room as iron met iron, welding, cutting, shaving and pounding, was deafening; the whirling pulleys and eccentric movements of the machinery added to the confusion.  
 Seven o'clock precisely, and to a second every man, woman and boy in Dow's factory was at work.  
 Doctor Jayne readily excused Dow, Jr., who was called away by a handsome young fellow, a friend evidently, and looked wonderingly at the operations of a machine beside him. A very small boy attended the machine. The movements of the small boy's arms and hands were so regular that Doctor Jayne insensibly associated him with the machine. It was difficult to tell where the machine ended and the boy began. The small boy never made a false move. The

bit of iron was lifted with one hand from one point, the same piece in another form was caught up dexterously thirty seconds later from the machine, although seemingly the same instant.

However, as the machine manipulated thirty pieces in a minute, it followed, as a matter of course, that the small boy was not slinging the same piece of iron at himself through the machine as rapidly as appearances indicated. The small boy's eyes were never off the machine; his hands seemed to be a part and parcel of it. It made the doctor tired to look at him. He looked at the boy-machine, or machine-boy fully ten minutes before he discovered that the boy's foot was a part of the mechanical operation. Hands, eyes, feet—all were going—all on the jump.

"Curious, isn't it?"  
 Doctor Jayne turned to find Dow, Jr., at his elbow.  
 "That boy makes 150,000 movements every day. First he picks up the blank from the tray, puts it in the groove, while he removes with his other hand the piece coming out here. If you notice every time he reaches out his right hand he lifts his left foot, presses this treadle, and he has to toss the piece from the machine to the elevator."  
 "What's his name?"  
 "You'll have to ask him. All we know is that he runs number eleven."  
 "He doesn't look eleven," said the doctor. Dow, Jr., smiled.  
 "We have them at all ages." Then, addressing the boy: "You'll have a holiday tomorrow. We'll shut down."  
 The small boy blinked both eyes and nodded, and Dow, Jr., led Dr. Jayne through the other departments.

When the doctor returned to his office he tried to estimate the probable length of time that the very small boy who operated number eleven in Dow's factory could keep it up. There were fifty-two weeks in a year, sixty working hours in a week in round numbers. Nearly 50,000,000 motions in a year. Then the doctor drew a mean in estimating the pulse—what looked like a very neat calculation caused the doctor to ponder profoundly. If a man or woman had a little rest—recreation now and then—it wouldn't be so bad, but the outlook for the small boy was not encouraging.

Somehow the doctor could not dismiss the small boy from his mind the next day. He heard the whirling, whirling, whirling of the pulleys; the clump, clump, clump of iron; smelled the oil that greased the million bearings in Dow's factory. The impression made by the very small boy and the ravenous machine was not a pleasant one.

He was sitting alone before a ruddy fire (he was a bachelor) when the calculations growing around the small boy were broken by a summons. The summons was unexpected, but Dr. Jayne was one of the professional men who believe they owe something to their fellows. He accompanied his visitor to a splendid part of the city, ascended a long, dark flight of stairs, and was ushered into a meanly furnished room, provided with a lounge and an old fashioned trucked. The lounge was falling apart. The trucked had a thin straw tick on it and a ragged quilt—no blanket. On the tick lay a boy with his face to the wall.

There were foul smells in the alley below the window. The house had a sour smell. The walls were damp. Wretched poverty was stamped on everything in the room: there was a sound of drunken revelry in the upper and lower rooms and in the alley.

"What is the matter with him?"  
 An old, old woman, with snow white hair, eyes dimmed with age and palsied hands, rose from the lounge with difficulty, and in a voice scarcely louder than a whisper said:  
 "It's—like—a fever, sir."  
 She stood beside the bed as the doctor spoke to the boy. "Turn your face this way and look at me."  
 The little hump form turned slowly over and Dr. Jayne looked down into the bright eyes, on the burning cheeks of the boy he had observed in Dow's factory. The doctor looked at him intently, felt his pulse, then, in low, measured tones:  
 "A crime! a shameful crime! Over-taxed—murdered—slow murder—murdered by inches!" Then, turning to the old woman, "What made these marks on his wrists and arms?"  
 The boy turned his face away. The old woman looked distressed. Her hands were moving up and down her faded gown; they caught each other and fell helplessly away as she answered in that loud whisper that was more effective than any volume of sound uttered by human lips.  
 "His father—my son—beat him!"  
 "What! Beat a little fellow like that?"  
 The doctor, in spite of his familiarity with degradation and brutality, was very angry.  
 "My son drinks—does nothing but drink. These holidays, sir—people treat him—he gets drunk—somehow—and scolded—scolded so, and—I couldn't help it, sir—I couldn't."  
 Her wretched gown was up at her eyes, but the doctor was occupied with the boy. There was something here worse than fever. The boy's nervous system had received a severe shock. He questioned the boy closely, went to a drug store near by, returned, administered some of the medicine he brought, left instructions with the grandmother and returned to his office, reflecting upon the problem of life more seriously than he had ever done before, and he had the reputation of a very considerable, thoughtful man.

He visited the fever-stricken boy early the next morning.  
 "He—didn't—sleep—more—than—an—hour, sir, all night," the grandmother whispered, wringing her bony hands helplessly.  
 The doctor looked at his patient, who was tossing his hands and moving his head.  
 "He's been—flighty all the time."  
 The doctor turned the torn quilt down, felt the boy's body, his head; timed his pulse—then suddenly turned to the window and looked out.

When the old woman spoke to him he met her look with a steady gaze. There

was no sign of emotion; his voice was a trifle lower perhaps.

"Do you—think—"  
 "It is very hard to determine. The chances are against him. Have you any other means than this boy supplied you?"

The old woman shook her head. The doctor made a mental note. Then he administered a powder, looked long and earnestly at his patient, turned and left the house with a preoccupied air.

He returned again at noon.

A bleary eyed wretch, with bloated face and shambling gait—a creature whom prolonged debauchery had robbed of all that is noble and spirited in man, lurched against him in the entry.

"Are you—you the doctor's been tending my kid?"  
 Dr. Jayne shoved him aside with as little concern as he would push a dog from his path, but before he had stepped on the stairs the drunken wretch added:  
 "'Cos—'cos—you're not wanted any longer! The boy's dead—dead, d'ye hear?"

The doctor was going up stairs; suddenly he paused, descended and addressed a slatternly looking woman, who stood in a doorway.

"Is the boy dead?"  
 "Died half an hour ago."  
 Dr. Jayne walked away. As he was returning to his office a familiar voice accosted him. He turned to meet the familiar voice of Dow, Sr.

"Heard you looked through my factory the other day. My son spoke of it. Just home from Colorado. Wonderful country out there. You found everything in apple pie order in my factory. I'm satisfied at heart. Took me twelve years, sir, twelve years to perfect my system. I don't mind telling you—you are not in the business—that after all is said that can be said, the chief reason, the real secret of my success has been—you can't guess what, doctor. I'll wager you anything you can't."  
 "I need not try," said the doctor.  
 "Well—in two words—I've always kept my machinery in repair. I used to rely on two machinists when I had 500 hands. I doubled them—it paid—put another on—gained right along by it; now I have 800 hands, how many men do you think I have looking after the machinery alone—I mean, keeping it in proper repair?"  
 "I will not venture to guess, Mr. Dow."  
 "Ten—ten, sir, who do nothing but watch the machinery and repair it. I have a systematic factory, I flatter myself."  
 "The system is very fine, indeed," replied Dr. Jayne. "A very fine system," he added meditatively, as they separated.—David Lowry in Pittsburg Bulletin.

Because it is Fashionable.

Spokane Review. The vacation season is now at hand; when busy man goes off into the mountains or down by the seashore, and finds that he has nothing to do and all day to do it in. All of which some people enjoy, some people think they enjoy, and many people realize that they don't enjoy, but stick to it because it is the fashion.

A typical illustration of great strength which all may share in if they but use the new and wonderful

## OXIEN

A food which not only gives immense strength of nerve, and power, and force to muscle and mind, and a more delicious tonic its hard to find.

It kills Catarrh, Coughs, Kidney Troubles, Rheumatism and La Grippe. It aids greatly to use the OXIEN Plaster for pains.

A. F. EVICH, Agent,  
 The Dalles, Wasco County, Or.  
 Inquire at the Grange store.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, The Dalles, Or., June 22, 1892.  
 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 that said proof will be made before the register and receiver of the U. S. Land office at The Dalles, Or., on August 12, 1892, viz:

Linden W. Holgate,  
 Hd. No. 2784, for the NE 1/4 Sec. 25, T. 1 N., R. 14 E., W. 4.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:  
 Fred Fisher, Andy Allen, Robert Lowe and Lee Bolton, all of The Dalles, Or.  
 G. L. W. 729 JOHN W. LEWIS, Register.

SUMMONS.—In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Wasco.

Mattie M. Pickford, Plaintiff, vs. John H. Pickford, Defendant.

To John H. Pickford, the above named defendant.

In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled cause and Court on or before the first day of the next term of the above entitled Court, to-wit: On or before November 14, 1892, being the second Monday of said month, and if you fail so to answer, or to appear in said cause the plaintiff will apply to the above entitled Court for the relief prayed for in her complaint, to-wit: For a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, and for plaintiff's costs and disbursements of suit, and for such other and further relief as to the Court may seem equitable and just. This summons is hereby served upon you by publication, by order of Hon. W. L. Bradshaw, Judge of the above entitled Court, which order was duly made May 30th, 1892.

DUFUR, WATKINS & MENEFER,  
 Attorneys for Plaintiff.

## THE REGULATOR

WILL LEAVE

The Dalles  
 FOR  
 Cascades,  
 Sunday, July 8d,  
 Thursday, " 7th,  
 Sunday, " 10th,  
 Thursday, " 14th.

The Steamer will leave The Dalles at 7 o'clock A. M. Returning will leave the Cascades at 2 P. M.

### ROUND TRIP 50 CENTS.

THE RUSSELL FRICTION CLUTCH TRACTION ENGINE.

THE RUSSELL FRICTION CLUTCH TRACTION ENGINE.

A Queer Pair of Eyes.

I labor under the peculiar inconvenience of having a right eye of normal power and a shortsighted left eye. The numerals on the face of a clock five-eighths of an inch high are visible to the right eye twelve feet distant, but in order to discern them as clearly with my left eye I require to bring that organ of vision as near to the figures as eight inches. On looking at my gold chain hanging on my breast in daylight and with both eyes, the chain colored yellow and toward the left is perceived by the right eye, while a steely blue chain, another, yet the same, is perceived about one inch to the right and a little higher up. By artificial light the same phenomenon presents itself, but the difference of color is not so apparent; the yellow to the right is only dimmer.

Again, when a page is being read with the shortsighted eye there appears, about an inch to the left, part of the same column, small, and the black, under artificial light, like weak purple. The right hand side of this ghostlike column is lost to the right eye, being commingled with the larger, darker letters seen by the shortsighted left, which cover it like the more recent writing on a palimpsest. Middle life was reached before the discovery was made. These experiences must be gone through with intent, for objects generally being perceived altogether with the right eye, all that the left seems good for is to supply a little more light. The perception of the difference of color is as good with the one eye as the other, and the shortsighted eye can read smaller type.—Nature

THE DALLES WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

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