The Weekly Chronicle.

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THE SITUATION IN BRAZIL.

The latest advices from Brazil show that the civil war is simply a struggle between two rival leaders for power, and there is probably no question as to the restoration of the empire involved in it. The empire is dead beyond resurrection in Brazil as in Mexico. Should Admiral Custodio de Mello succeed in overthrowing President Peixoto, it is not likely that the admiral would invite any princeling of the house of Braganza to enjoy the prize he had so arduously won. As for Peixoto, he has proclaimed himself a dictator, and Brazil would have no room for a dictator and an emperor at one and the same time. Therefore if any princes in France, Portugal or Gotha have been building hopes of the Brazilian crown on the present outbreak, they may be realized.

The origin of the Brazilian trouble, says an exchange, appears to be the disapproval by President Peixoto of a bill passed by the congress rendering it illegal for any citizen who has filled the office of vice president of the republic to hold the presidency. The bill was no doubt aimed at some creature of Peixoto. The latter had himself been vice president before he took the presidential chair upon the forced retirement of Fonseca, and Admiral de Mello and Peixoto were active associates in compelling Fonseca to retire. In order to get rid of the president the admiral has been bombarding Rio Janeiro, and has done some damage to buildings, besides killing a few noncombatants. So far as heard from the fighters on both sides have escaped serious casualties, owing largely to the bad aim of the gunners.

It is announced that the Chinese will register promptly under the McCreary bill. This is lucky, says an exchange. It would puzzle the administration to know what to do with them if they didn't.

We did'nt raise quite so many potatoes this year as last, but there are enough to go around. Total yield is about 148,000,000 bushels. At 65 cents a bushel—estimated average price—they are worth about $89,000,000.

Mayor Harrison was a man beloved by the common people, and merely a word from him a few weeks ago was sufficient to dispense mobs of excitable people. It is greatly deplored that the crank's bullet is more unerring than that of an ordinary would-be murderer.

It is thought the president will soon transmit a message and correspondence on the Hawaiian matter. It is not known which of the three solutions of the trouble in Hawaii he will recommend—the restoration of the old order of things by placing the queen upon the throne; annexation or a protectorate.

The profits of the great fair are fully up to expectations. The concessionaires will clear about $4,000,000. The great fair is truly winding up in glory. The paid attendance has been about 21,000,000. The Ferris wheel and old Cairo street have paid big profits. The only thing to cast a pall over the exposition is the tragedy of the violent death of the mayor of Chicago, which occurred just at its close.

In reading the account of the entertainment of the visiting Russians in France one cannot but be moved by disgust. At a grand ball in Paris ladies, moved by patriotic ardor, came in order to let the Russian officers dance with and embrace them. The Russians, while being driven through Paris, had to kiss infants by the score. In Toulon, where people universally smell of garlic, the kissing and embracing ordeal was much more trying than in Paris.

Judging from the following, taken from a neighboring exchange, the writer has an eye to business: "All persons knowing themselves indebted to this office are requested to call and settle; all those indebted at this office and not knowing it are requested to call and find out; all those knowing themselves indebted and not wishing to call are requested to stay in one place long enough for us to catch them; all those not indebted are requested to call and become indebted."

HOPE RESTORED.

The object for which congress was specially convened, the second time since the dark clouds of civil war hung over us, was accomplished yesterday when the repeal bill passed the senate unconditionally. The country has again been in grevious distress. Finances have been congested, banks closed, factories stopped, and great transcontinental lines of railroad gone into the hands of receivers. The cause has been two-fold—the depreciation of silver from an over coinage and the threat best stated in Mr. Cleveland's message just before that document was signed:

"It was my purpose to summon congress in special session early in the coming September that we might enter promptly upon the work of the tariff reform, which the true interests of the country clearly demanded, which so large a majority of the people, as shown by their suffrages, desire and expect."

At the time this sentence was written there was peace on every hand, but after it had been published broadcast, troubles commenced and have continued thick and fast to the present hour. But now that the Wilson bill is passed and congress likely to adjourn without tampering with the tariff, confidence will be at once restored. It has been restored, for the news of the passing of the repeal bill has been as if a great weight were suddenly lifted, and every true American is this morning buoyant with hope, and sure of the future. Hopeful because he knows the silver dollar will not be depreciated. The forced purchase of four and a half million dollars worth monthly will be stopped. There must sometime come a stop to this tremendous burden, and it is better to stop it now, when silver is already in greater excess to gold than any other country in the world than to continue it for a single month.

Free silver coinage democrats and populists profess that ruin will follow in the wake of the passage of the Wilson bill, and denounce it as a gold bug measure, which is to continue the hard times and prolong the panic. In the name of common sense, who wants the hard times continued, be he gold bug or pauper? It is only in good times that investment is profitable. Hundreds of banking institutions have failed all over the country and there has been business calamities of all descriptions and yet these politicians (!) claim that we have not yet had enough of it. These very conditions are responsible for tying up the money of the country, and keeping it out of circulation. With confidence again restored, the idle money, which is earning nothing, would again be loaned and invested, and this the bankers are just as anxious to do as those who want the money.

A NATIONAL CALAMITY.

News of the murder of Carter Harrison, Chicago's most prominent citizen, spread over the country like wildfire. He was killed by a crank for the most petty of personal reasons. Prendergast could have attained fame in no other way than by assassinating someone who was famous, and he will henceforth be enrolled alongside of Guiteau and Booth, both of whom, however, were much the superior intellectually to this adult paper carrier. Carter Harrison was a model mayor in all respects except careful regard for his personal safety. Relying too much upon his well known reputation for carrying out needed reforms he was assassinated not by a fanatic, but by a crank of a still lower order of intelligence. No public man is safe from these assaults, and though it is pitiful to acknowledge that in this land of the free and home of the brave, lives of public servants are perpetually in danger of the dagger or bullet, it is none the less true, and precautions should be taken similar to the czar of Russia, nay President Cleveland himself. It would even be difficult for a crazy man to kill our president.

A new psychological problem has been raised at Chicago, that of hypnotism as an aid in convicting criminals. The supreme court at Chicago has affirmed the death sentence of Mr. George Painter, the wife-murderer, and Painter wishes Governor Altgeld to have him hypnotized in the hope that his innocence will be established and pardon obtained. "A man in hypnotic state must tell the truth," he said, "and he must act just as he did on the day or night questioned about. Now I offer myself to be hypnotized. I am not afraid of truth. This was tried not long ago in San Francisco, and in France a commission recommended that hypnotism be made a part of the machinery of justice. Look at Judge Daly, of New York. Did not he before one of the congresses at the art palace here urge that a hypnotic college be established so that hypnotic experts might be trained to help officers of the law?"

The democrats are badly split up, with little hope of harmony until the next national convention. The Associated Press will then gravely inform us of an affection among the delegates that is intense, and with a whoop and hurrah another high sounding platform will be voted that will later savor of a stale egg accidentally broken.

The announcement that the democratic ways and means committee is going to put wool on the free list doesn't have that tonic effect promised from the stump last year. "There is not much spirit in the market," reports the democratic Boston Herald. "The fact that wool is extremely low does not seem to have much bearing on the minds of manufacturers." Why that is strange. Didn't the Herald and other democratic authorities, including Grover Cleveland, say that all that was needed to make the factories hum was cheap raw products? The Herald says in its market reports that wool values are already so low that they can't go lower; that being the case, the democratic theory ought to be bearing better fruit.

Investigation may prove that the hasty discharge of Admiral Stanton is unmerited. There is considerable sympathy aroused in his behalf, and it is highly probable that Argentina, Uruguay, Chili and Paraguay will recognize the provisional government set up by Admiral Mello at Desterro.

The repeal bill will be reported back to the house again. Cloture being a feature of that body it will not be appreciably delayed and the president will doubtless take more pleasure in signing it than any document ever before presented to him.

THE MARKETS.

Business Still Slack, but Better Prices Confidently Expected.

TUESDAY, Oct. 31st—Business has not increased in volume, but locally there has been a fair trade for the past month. Dealers have been constrained to sort up in stock and feel their way until the movement of the crops began. Since that event, with the extreme low price of wheat, transactions have been limited. Prices of dry goods and groceries continue unchanged, and traffic is confined to a hand to mouth order. Produce movements are quite free on rather fluctuating market. Eggs are very scarce and dear, on a steady market.

There is no change in other products. Fruit, that is good for keeping purposes, is in fair demand for shipment.

The wheat market is steady with a firmer tendency abroad. The repeal of the Sherman law is expected to influence the grain markets as well as all others, and as a result, better prices will prevail in all lines of business throughout the length and breadth of America. The telegraphic report of a collapse is merely on the surface and a reaction is sure to follow.

SHOCKS.

Points of Interest Concerning The Dalles Electric Light Company.

The fly wheel weighs 12,000 pounds.

C. B. Cushing is the engineer, and very proud of his new engine.

Incandescent lights come in 4, 8, 16 and 32-candle power. An arc light has a 2,000-candle power.

J. A. McArthur is the tallest electrician in the state, standing 6 feet 4 in. in his stocking feet.

The link belting weighs 12 pounds to the square foot, and the total weight of the large belt is 1,000 pounds.

The engine is a Corliss, having a larger horse-power than any in town. The only other Corliss in the city is the engine of the Diamond Flouring Mill.

Twelve hundred 16-candle power lights burn in The Dalles. The estimate is made up from the various candle powers, the sum named being a total. There are also forty-two arc lights which shed their radiance nightly.

NOT A MONEY-MAKING SCHEME.

Ex-Senator Evarts Finds His Farm in Vermont a Costly Toy.

"It costs considerably more to run a farm than people imagine," remarked a man to a Boston Herald contributor a few days ago. "A man may support a yacht, go off on long cruises, entertain liberally and gain the reputation of being a hail fellow well met; but oftentimes, it has been asserted, the running of a farm is still more costly. People as a rule labor under the impression that the returns more than offset the outlay. They figure that the owner raises enough of vegetables and fruit to last him from year to year, and the fact that he can enjoy home-made butter is something not to be disregarded in summing up the profit and loss. Now that idea is entirely erroneous, which I think I can prove to your satisfaction." Then, settling himself in his seat, the speaker went on to tell of the agricultural experience of William M. Evarts, the famous New York lawyer, who has just celebrated his golden wedding on his farm. He realized at one time, it has been said, an income of over $50,000 yearly from his practice. He was also the owner of the place at Windsor, Vt., on which a gang of men was constantly employed. On one occasion a lady, hearing of Mr. Evarts' large income from his profession, exclaimed in the presence of the attorney's wife: "How rich they must be!" to which the latter replied, in a quiet manner: "You forget, madam, that we own a farm." It is also related of the distinguished lawyer that, while entertaining a number of friends at his home one evening, he produced several bottles of champagne and a quantity of milk. Turning to his guests he said, without a semblance of humor: "Gentlemen, here is some milk from my farm and here is some wine. You can take your choice, they both cost the same."

NEWS OF THE STATE.

Kim Fung, a Chinese woman, died from opium poisoning in Portland, Thursday.

Malheur's total taxable property amounts to $1,102,356; Columbia's $1,763,481, and Benton's $3,422,803.

Rev. R. E. Dilworth of Astoria has been compelled to sever his relations with the First Presbyterian church.

Dr. J. J. Kelly has quit Antelope for his former home near Portland, and leaves the Wasco county town without a physician.

Mrs. T. M. Cross, a sister of the late Lieutenant Schwatka, the renowned Arctic explorer, died at her residence in Portland Saturday night of Bright's disease.

The Salvation Army of Astoria will resist the city ordinance which forbids them from holding open-air meetings, and will spare no expense in fighting the matter out in the courts.

Prineville will have a ball game Nov. 10th. A purse of $75 will be hung for a two-in-three contest between the Prinevilles and Antelopes. A purse of $25 will be offered for a foot race free for all except professionals.

R. S. Applegate, an old pioneer who had been lost in the mountains for three days, was found dead about eight miles from Drain, in the mountains. He was returning home when he met his death. Three days after he left Elton his horse returned to the place he started from, and parties went at once in search of him. They found him dead. The cause is not as yet known. He was a son of Jesse Applegate, one of the first settlers in the Umpqua valley.

P. G. Carmicle had rather a tough experience in Webfoot recently. He went to Scio for the purpose of selling some bonds of the Prineville Irrigation company, and not meeting with success there he took the train for Eugene, investing about all the money he had in railroad fare. At Eugene he found the bond market paralyzed, and concluded that he had better get back to Crook county at once, so he footed it from Eugene to Scio, where he had left his team, and lost no time in getting back across the mountain.—Ochoco Review.

John O'Neill, a Walla Walla boy, aged 28 years, committed suicide Saturday morning by taking morphine. For a number of years he has been a habitual drunkard. Friday night he went into a saloon, took a bottle of morphine from his pocket and drank a large quantity. Early next morning he went into another saloon, took several drinks and fell on the floor. Medical assistance was summoned and everything done to save O'Neill but it was fruitless and he died at noon Saturday. It is supposed despondency while intoxicated caused the deed.—Heppner Record.

WILDEST AFRICAN TRIBE.

Mashuklumbwe, Discovered by Livingstone, Still Naked and Warlike.

In the course of a recent address in Great Britain on Africa, F. C. Selous, the famous traveler and hunter, gave many interesting particulars regarding the country around the Zambezi, and especially of Matabeleland and Mashonaland, in the latter of which he had lived and traveled and hunted between 1882 and 1892, says the African News.

He drew an interesting portrait of the Metabele chief Lobengula as he knew him in 1872, and also mentioned a chief, by name Menze, whom he met in the Mashuklumbwe country, who remembered Dr. Livingstone; and, though that was about thirty-five years ago, the old chief spoke of it as if it had happened only a few months before. These Mashuklumbwe, he said, were represented by Dr. Livingstone as being reputed to be the most savage people in that part of Africa, and that characteristic Mr. Selous showed they still retained. They went naked, unless they could call a porcupine's quill through the ear a garment; they trained their hair until it became conical in shape, often two feet in height, and they always carried bundles of barbed assegais.

In one of their villages, that of a chief named Manenga, Mr. Selous' camp was treacherously attacked at night, from which he barely escaped with his life. Twelve of his men were killed and five wounded. He himself fled into the long grass, and the record of his sufferings for the next fourteen days in endeavoring to reach his wagons was of a thrilling description. The climate he said was very suitable for Europeans, and of the future prospects of this, the most recent of British possessions, he spoke in the most hopeful strain.

Its mineral and agricultural resources are reported to be abundant, and await development.

WHERE LIFE IS INSECURE.

African Village Awakened at Midnight by Murderous Raiders.

Some evening you look around the village and see the people at their usual occupations, and later on retire to rest, writes Dr. Laws, in the Zenana Record. Suddenly the midnight stillness is broken by a distant call, and, alert, you raise yourself to listen. The call comes nearer, and is taken up and passed by other voices, and soon you are convinced it is the cry of alarm—war! war! A few minutes more and the village is astir, the people rushing hither and thither, seeking to find safety in the thickest bush—a mother calling for her children, or child for mother, but unable to find each other because of the alarm and scare which have separated them.

You spend a wakeful and watchful night, not knowing where the enemy may be, nor where his attack may take place. After long, anxious, weary hours you are thankful to notice the first glimmer of dawn showing itself in the east. A dangerous hour passes by and the enemy who has been expected is not seen; but later on you see smoke rising from a village miles away, and in the course of a few hours you may see men, women and children with terror-stricken faces, torn limbs and bleeding feet hurrying past, or, it may be, coming to you to get their wounds dressed. As you seek to relieve their pain you hear of how one child is missing, another has been carried away captive and a third murdered, and the homes of all, with their stores of grain, have been burned to ashes.

THE WIDEST RIVER.

The Rio de la Plata, Whose Banks Are 125 Miles Apart.

Were it not for a decided difference in the color of the water you would never know when the Atlantic is left and the Rio de la Plata entered, says a writer to the Philadelphia Record. The high-rolling, white-capped billows are the same and no land is visible, for the great river which James Diaz de Solis discovered is one hundred and twenty-five miles wide at its mouth, though with an average depth of only fifty feet. Sebastian Cabot, who arrived in the year 1530, soon after the natives had murdered poor Don Solis, dubbed it River of Silver, not on account of its color, which might have won for it the more appropriate name of Golden river or River of Chocolate, but because he had wrested quantities of silver from the Indians who swarmed its banks, and naturally imagined that an abundance of precious metal remained in the vicinity. In point of fact the terms Argentina and Rio de la Plata (both meaning the same thing with reference to silver) are misnomers, for no metals of any sort, precious or otherwise, are found along the banks of the mighty stream or anywhere near it, and the scanty argentiferous deposits in the hills of the interior have never been worked. The Indians aforesaid probably obtained the silver which so excited Spanish cupidity from Peru and Bolivia, by some primitive system of internal commerce known only to themselves. To this day metals do not figure in the exports of the adjacent countries—Uruguay, Paraguay and Argentina, but such prosaic articles as hides and tallow, horns, woods, preserved and refrigerated meat, etc.—for their wealth lies solely in grazing facilities and fertile soil.

HITS AND MISSES.

PEOPLE with false teeth should grin in private.

THERE are some things a woman is more graceful at than riding a bicycle.

THE man who tells you he is sorry he can't help you would not do so if he could.

WHEN you stop to argue with a woman time must hang heavy on your hands.

MANY men can forgive and pity a thief with more ease than they can a liar.—Arkansaw Traveler.