

The Weekly Chronicle.

THE DALLES OREGON

Entered at the postoffice at The Dalles, Oregon, as second-class mail matter.

STATE OFFICIALS. Governor, S. Penneyer; Secretary of State, H. R. Kincaid; Treasurer, Phillip Metcham; Supt. of Public Instruction, G. M. Irwin; Attorney-General, C. M. Ideman; Senators, J. N. Dolph, J. H. Mitchell, B. Hermann, W. E. Ellis; State Printer, W. H. Leeds.

COUNTY OFFICIALS. County Judge, Geo. C. Blakely; Sheriff, T. J. Driver; Clerk, A. M. Kelsay; Treasurer, Wm. Mitchell; Commissioners, Frank Kincaid, A. S. Blowers, F. H. Wakeland; Assessor, F. B. Shetty; Surveyor, F. Shetty; Superintendent of Public Schools, Troy Shetty; Coroner, W. H. Bluffs.

WELLS AS A PLATYPUS.

David A. Wells, the eminent statistician and recognized authority on tariff matters, has discovered a new constitutional objection to the income tax laws. He declares the law is unconstitutional, in that the \$4,000 exemption is in violation of the constitutional provision that "all duties, imports and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States."

Now, Mr. Wells has stubbed his toe over another nest, which this time contains an income-tax egg, which the eminent statistician aforesaid, is firmly of the opinion, was born out of wedlock. He thinks the tax unconstitutional because it does not tax all incomes, and therefore violates the provision of the constitution, that "all excises shall be uniform throughout the United States."

The picture of Senator Dolph in yesterday's Oregonian, will be responsible if he is defeated. There are all manner and degrees of badness, but that cut labeled "Senator Dolph reflective," is the meanest meanness, and the vilest vile. If we mistake not that same cut was used two years ago as an illustration of a typical Coxyite. Senator Dolph has good cause of action against the Oregonian for libel.

Adolph Sutro, the new mayor of San Francisco, has issued a call for a meeting to consider San Francisco's wickedness. The most serious grievance is that the prosecuting attorney refused to prosecute C. P. Huntington for violating the interstate commerce law. It is really wonderful how philanthropic and moral some people become after they have sinned profitably, and get all they want. We remember the time when Adolph was manipulating Sutro tunnel affairs, that his name was not even suggested for canonization, in fact Adolph was as gentle as a dove, but as wise as a den of serpents. Go to! Adolph and the lumber yard out of your steershead eye.

NO RAILROAD WANTED.

The Prineville Review has stirred up quite a controversy concerning the effect it would have on the business interests of Crook county to have a railroad built into it. The Review thinks the county better off without it, and frankly says so. It invited opinions from those who thought differently from itself, and it is getting them. We have followed the discussion closely, because the subject is an interesting one to us, because the Review has presented some arguments we consider unanswerable, and that certain remain so, as far as the argument has progressed, and because we have had experience in just such a case. That experience was had in the state of Nevada, we living in a stock region, where conditions were almost identical with those now existing in Crook county. Everybody was prosperous, produce brought a good price, and the money paid to the freighters was largely spent in the country. The hay and grain used by them made a good market for those products. The coming of the Nevada Central railroad changed these conditions, and the freighter vanished. So did the market, so did prices. Freight, with the exception of a few products, staples, was as high as ever, but instead of being paid to dozens of teamsters, who spent the money again or a large portion of it, for the products of the country it went to San Francisco and returned no more. That was fourteen years ago and that section of the state has never been worth a tinker's curse. Speaking from experience we heartily indorse the position taken and so well maintained by the Review.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The legislature meets next Monday, and already the gathering of the birds indicate that the feast is getting ripe. It is to be hoped the legislature will be organized speedily; that the useless army of clerks will be dispensed with, and that only a sufficient force will be employed to do the work, and that then the legislature proceed to carry out that one plank of each platform that pledged each party to abolish the railroad commission. There are a half-dozen other commissions, and they all want to be fired bodily, but the railroad commission first. Of course nothing will be done until the senatorial question is settled, and that is not going to take very long, as one side or the other will win easily.

There is need of considerable legislation, most of it of a negative character, and consisting of repealing some of the laws passed two years ago. We believe that the proper steps should be taken now for holding a constitutional convention, so that we could start in the new century in better shape. The constitution of the state of Oregon was a good one, but we have somewhat outgrown it. In fact, to carry on the business of the state it has become necessary to ignore the constitution, or at least construe it so that it is made to mean something entirely different from what it is.

It is stated that the democrats in the legislature will cast their vote for Hon. A. S. Bennett, of this city, for United States senator. While their votes do not count, it would be a fitting compliment to one of the brightest and brainiest men in the state, regardless of politics. Now that Judge Bennett's name has been mentioned in connection with that complimentary vote, there should be no further seeking after the proper person to receive that vote for he has been found.

Frank Lenz, the bicyclist who has been contributing some very spirited articles to Outing, is supposed to have been killed in Turkey. The American board of foreign missions has granted permission to one of their missionaries to go in search of the missing man in the country about Deli Baba pass. Mr. Lenz will be remembered by the cyclists here he having passed through The Dalles on his trip, which is now supposed to have ended so disastrously.

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A Secret.

If all the ladies knew the simple secret that a bad complexion is due to a disordered liver, there would be fewer sallow faces and blotchy skins. This important organ must be kept active and healthy to insure a clear and rosy color. Dr. J. A. McLean's Liver & Kidney Balm as a purifier, beats all the creams and lotions in existence and will produce a more permanent effect. Removes bad taste in the mouth, offensive breath, yellow tinge in the skin, wind on the stomach and that dull, bilious feeling which so surely indicates the torpid liver. Price \$1.00 per bottle. Snipes & Kinnersly, Drug Co.

"Here comes your old enemy, the major!" "Is he loaded?" "I think so." "Jug or shotgun?"—Atlanta Constitution. Pain has no show with Dr. Miles' Pain Pills.

And the Worm Turned.

He was a small, slender man, with skin-milk eyes, both as to color and their well watered condition, and his whole appearance betokened one who had grown weary in the battle of life. His Prince Albert coat, that had been made for some one much larger than himself, clung affectionately to his form, in places, and was buttoned tightly under his chin. A Fedora hat, much the worse for wear, sat squarely upon his molasses-candy-colored hair, as firmly as the untoward Fates did on him. A pair of pants, jeans, fit the sinuosities of his meager limbs so tightly that one could not but wonder if he put his pants on first, how he ever got his boot legs under them, yet it seemed not a very difficult feat either, if you observed that they had but a little distance to go, the pants having been pulled quite young. Taken all together, he was not prepossessing, yet when he slipped up to Col. Sinnott, of the Umattilla House, and rested his weight on one foot, while he lifted his Fedora in a deprecatory sort of way, there was such an air of listless, hopeless, woe-begone despondency about him as to make him a sort of living and pathetic protest against life.

He shifted uneasily from his right foot to his left, and then back to the right again, while the Fedora balanced on the index finger of his left hand, revolved slowly like the earth, from left to right, being twirled absent-mindedly as he requested something to eat, and expressed his willingness to work for it. "Something to eat? Why, of course," said the Col.; "but what can you do? Can you saw wood?" The gaze that had been vacant before, became fixed; the listlessness vanished, the hat ceased to twirl, and his weight rested for an instant firmly on both feet. Then his lower lip quivered, his left hand tremulously sought his face, and the big tears gathering in his eyes, welled over, and impinging on his weather-beaten cheeks, fell with a crescendo movement to the floor. The Col. was touched, and finding the little fellow a seat by the stove, sat down and by degrees won from him this tale:

"You see," said the little man mournfully, "when you spoke of sawing wood you touched a tender spot. I haint done nothin' but saw wood for nigh onto fourteen years. I was married twenty years ago to my Ann, a pretty girl, too, she was, that might have done better; but somehow things didn't go right, and by the time our first baby was 5 years old add the youngest of our four was nearly a year. I had spent what little money I had saved when I got married; and besides, owing to the man I worked for dying, I was left without work. Well, I bought a buck saw, and thought to fill the hungry mouths that way, until something better turned up. When spring came the only thing that had turned up was James, that was our fifth child. I didn't have time then to look for anything else, it taking all my time pumping the buck-saw—so many pumps for bread, so many for potatoes, so many for paregoric and red flannel. Good Lord! It makes my back ache when I think of it.

"Well, it wasn't long until spring came around again, and so did Omega. That was our sixth child, a girl; but in spite of the name, we only passed one spring until another girl arrived. More paregoric, more red flannel, and the bread and potatoes required considerable more pumps over the buck-saw. Another spring passed, and then another, with a total failure of crops, so to speak, and I begin to take heart again; and then the next spring it was twins. I didn't say nothin', but kept on sawing wood, but I tell you it was tough. Every morning the streak of day found me bowing over that saw, and I never bowed myself out until it was too dark to see.

"The years fled by quick enough, and without interest, except that I used to get uneasy in the spring, wondering if paregoric and red flannel were going to be in the bill, and expecting every night when I went home to hear a new cry; also wondering why some of the rich fellows whom I sawed wood for wasn't picked out 'by the babies for a father to themselves, instead of eternally selecting me. It was flattering, of course, their choosing me, but hang flattery, any way!

"Well, to make a long story short, I stuck to the buck-saw and its successors (for I wore out many a one), until last spring. There were thirteen in the family still at home, a couple of the oldest girls being out at work and helping me some. Last spring, I confess to my shame, I abandoned my family and the d-d buck-saw. My bump of parental affection is developed sufficiently, and I would have still been pushing that buck-saw, but last spring, when the crops failed again, and I begin to pick up a bit, my Ann—that's my wife—took sick, or rather she took hungry. She had an appetite like a cross-cut saw, and when she had about eaten us out of a house and home, I got the county doctor to come down and see her. After he had got through with his examination, he turned to me, and says he: "Mr. Williamson, your wife has a tape-worm." That day I went to my work as usual, but I never went back. I left the buck-saw, for it was tuneless. I did not act hastily, but I just figured it out that fifteen mouths were all any man could be expected to fill with one buck-saw, and that nothing smaller than the

county was capable of running up against the tape. I have a chronic objection to sawing wood, but if you have anything else, I'll do it."

The Col. was touched, and the man got his supper without tacking the wood pile. The next day the Col. called us across the street, and the first thing he said, as we smoked (at his expense), was: "Say! Do you remember that little chap with the wood-sawing experience that was here last night?" On our answering in the affirmative, he went on: "Well, sir, do you know further that he lied?" "Why, how was that, Col.?" we asked. "How? Why, the little shrimp, he had the tape-worm himself."

Mitchell Notes.

A happy New Year to you, and a continuation of all the good things of last year and as many more as can come.

Already we have received blessings in the way of excellent weather. Some snow has fallen, but is gone almost as soon as here. We have had a few nights that have been a little pinching, sufficient to freeze over the still waters of the creek and to entirely freeze the John Day in some places to such a strength as to bear sheep in crossing them. But at present a Chinook has been lending us its good cheer, and now the ground is almost bare as far as can be seen from here. New Year's day was especially splendid, but the 2d was one of the worst days of my experience. Snow and wind seemed to be in a rage and intent on covering up or blowing away anything in their way. The next morning there was something near six inches of snow; but it soon melted away by the soft breath from the west.

New Year's could not be passed over unless someone must suffer some affliction. Mr. George Collins fell down and broke his ankle as he was taking his weary, and I expect uncertain, way home from the saloon in the wee sma' hours. Mr. Collins is one of our best carpenters, and his misfortune is a little drawback, but if he must tip the cups of satan's draught he must expect broken legs, and mayhap a neck.

The New Year's ball was a success, although the attendance was small. Everyone enjoyed themselves, especially at supper, which was—well I heard someone say it was splendid, and I think it must have been, for I was there and I ate—well I ate too much of everything on the table, for the next morning I was down on my back part of the time, and part of the time on my stomach groaning from a bilious attack. It was not the supper, oh no! You know I could not be such a pig as that; but I was really sick, sick enough to require a powder from the doctor, and that is sick enough. Yes, the supper was very good.

One of our New Year's blessings is in the fact of Mrs. Dr. Houck convalescing from a series of complaints that kept her confined to her room for about two weeks. And another, which I hope will prove advantageous to the goers, is Dr. Hemlock and wife are preparing to leave us. They mean to make Lone Rock their future home. Also the school meeting call, for the purpose of levying a tax. The object to be accomplished is to have a new schoolhouse. The purpose was accomplished by two to one.

A dispute came up between two minds, names I do not know, concerning a horse trade, which was emphasized by a blow, tried by Justice Jesse Allen, and settled by a fine.

The death of Mrs. O. S. Boardman at 6 o'clock New Year's morning caused a great sensation, as well as heartfelt sorrow. She had been sick but a few days, and the general opinion was that she was much better. No woman near here had a wider range of friends than she, and none we could miss more. She leaves a husband, one son and one daughter, Vincent and Stella, to mourn the loss of a dear true friend, wife and mother. E. V. E.

Mitchell, Jan. 5, 1895.

Gunst is Denounced.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 12.—Citizens responded by thousands to Sutro's call for a mass meeting to protest against the appointment of Mose Gunst as police commissioner, to denounce United States Attorney Knight for his refusal to issue a warrant for the arrest of C. P. Huntington for a violation of the interstate commerce law, and to denounce the frauds that were committed at the last election. Metropolitan hall was crowded to the doors and thousands of people were turned away. The meeting was very business-like. Representative citizens were there; speeches were made by prominent men, and appropriate resolutions were adopted. The resolutions adopted denounce C. P. Huntington as a self-confessed briber, and accuse him of taking \$56,000,000 from English stockholders in the Central Pacific. A solemn protest is entered against the passage of the funding bill, and the speaker of the house is appealed to to protect the people of California by refusing to give a special order for a day to the Pacific railroad committee. Each individual member of congress is appealed to not to overlook 200,000 protests against this bill filed by inhabitants of the Pacific railroad committee. The resolutions demanded that the legal authorities of the United States in this judicial district shall issue a warrant for the arrest of Huntington. The president is appealed to to see that justice is done and that he

demand that Attorney Knight and Commissioner Heacock do their full duty under the law, or that they be removed from the offices that they are disgracing and degrading. The other resolutions denounce ex-Governor Markham as the tool of the Southern Pacific, and the appointment of Mose Gunst as police commissioner is characterized as a burning shame and disgrace to the respectable portion of the community. It was resolved that a committee of three be appointed to wait upon Gunst and request him to resign the office of police commissioner; also, that a committee of 11 be appointed to effect a permanent organization to act with other organizations of like character in securing the reforms so earnestly desired.

The Storm in Clackamas.

OREGON CITY, Jan. 13.—Last night's wind storm moved the house of Mr. Phillips, at Gladstone, from its foundation, and only a convenient woodpile prevented its upsetting. The family still occupies the house, which is a rather frail structure. A large rock was detached from the bluff in the southern part of town as the local train was going up this morning, and it fell so near the track that the steps were taken from a car in the train. Telegraph and telerphone wires were prostrated by the storm, but the telegraph lines were soon restored to working order. Several electric lights were disabled. The tall flagpole at Cataract hosehouse was blown down. The recent rains have brought the river up again, and it is 23 feet above low water mark below the falls tonight. Above the falls today at noon, the water marked 11.3 feet, and the locks had to be closed to navigation. The river is expected to continue to rise tomorrow. Already there is some trouble at the electric power house on account of the high water. A lot of logs escaped from the Gladstone mill boom last night.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Cataract that cannot be cured by Hall's Cataract Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Cataract Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Mamma—The new little boy next door is so nice and good I want you to go and play with him. Son—Pshaw! I don't want to go if he's so awful disagreeable as that.—Inter Ocean.

Free Pills.

Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co.; Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of Constipation and Sick Headache. For Malaria and Liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c. per box. Sold by Snipes & Kinnersly.

Bacon—What are you doing with a picture of a football-player pinned to your coat? Egbert—Oh, yes! My wife pinned it there so as to remind me to have my hair cut.—Yonkers Statesman.

Mrs. Backroads (at the opera, looking askance at the society women in the boxes in pronounced décollete costumes)—The brazen creatures! How dare they show themselves in that disgraceful condition? Mr. B. (who has read all about it)—Hush, Maria! Don't show your ignorance! Them's the livin' pictures we've heard so much about.—Life.

She—I—I—think I like you, Mr. Trotter. But I cannot marry you and leave my twin sister alone. Wait until she is engaged. He—Yes—but—er—that's just what she said when I proposed to her.—Harlem Life.

Symptoms of kidney troubles should be promptly attended to; they are nature's warnings that something is wrong. Many persons die victims of kidney diseases who could have been saved had they taken proper precautions. The prompt use of Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver & Kidney Balm has saved thousands of valuable lives. If you have any derangement of the kidneys try it. Price \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by Snipes & Kinnersly, druggists.

"I don't belong to any of those 'good government' clubs," soliloquized the policeman; "but one of them belongs to me." Then he sauntered up the alley and whacked a hoodlum over the head with it.—Exchange.

Jeannette—Ma, are you going to give me another piece of pie? Mother—What do you want to know for? Jeannette—Because, if not, I want to eat this piece slowly.—Pearson's Weekly.

Husband of Her—Do you expect me to marry the whole family? Father of Her and Seven Others—Well, you are young, you know.—Detroit Tribune.

Was Death Necessary?

[Special Telegram to Chicago Inter-Ocean.] "SYCAMON, Ill., May 25, 1894.—(Joseph W. Churchill, chief engineer of the city waterworks, died of heart disease this afternoon while riding his bicycle."

A splendid man. A useful citizen, occupying a responsible position in the city where he lived. He was not only to his family and friends, but to the entire community. Near Vandalla, in the same state, Illinois there lives a widely known and much respected prosperous farmer, Mr. J. F. Helm. Why did he not drop dead?

On the same day that the telegraph operator at Sycamore was clicking to the press of the country the startling news of the sudden death of Mr. Churchill, Mr. Helm at Vandalla posted the following letter: Vandalla, Ill., May 25, 1894. Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind. I desire to add my experience to the many testimonials of benefit, persons have received from the use of your remedies. I was troubled with heart disease for several years, at first felt an oppression around my heart; I then began to get dizzy, and at times my exercise I would have palpitation, and finally became so bad that that work became an impossibility. I was doctored by several of the best physicians but obtained only temporary relief; Mr. G. B. Capps, druggist here, induced me to try a bottle of your Heart Cure. It helped me from the start; my trouble had become chronic, I had neglected it so long, that I have used several bottles. The result has been most wonderful. I can breathe freely and easily, suffering no inconvenience from extra exertion and can enjoy a good night's rest, something I have not been able to do for years. I cannot express thanks too highly in commendation of your Heart Cure; believing you have prolonged my life many years, I can and will cheerfully recommend it to anyone suffering with heart trouble. Very respectfully yours, J. F. HELM.

Dr. Miles Heart Cure is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at \$1.00 bottles for \$5.00 or it will be sent prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure Cures.

A tragedian playing "Richard III." in a small Kentucky town was waited on after the show by an honest farmer, who said that "if the gen'l'm who wanted a horse was still in the same mind, he would like to make a dicker with him."—Truth.

Dickey was overheard saying his prayer the other evening at bedtime in this fashion: "Lord, bless Billy Holliday and me, and don't let any of us die, but if any of us has got to die, I'd rather it was them. Amen!"—Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Huckerboodle (married), to Mr. John Smith, bachelor—Ah, you should have been married. I have five boys to perpetuate name of Huckerboodle, but when you depart this life the name of Smith will die with you.—Judy.

New bride—I have baked my first pie dear. Won't we have fun eating it with our New Year's dinner tomorrow?

Husband—I am sorry, darling; but I have made it a rule of my life never to eat pie during holidays.—Pack.

Father (impressively)—Suppose I should be taken away suddenly; what would become of you, my boy? Irreverent Son—I'd stay here; the question is what would become of you?—West Chester Critic.

Advertisement for Serruola medicine, featuring a portrait of Miss Della Stevens and text describing her cure for hereditary skin disease.

SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Wasco County. Joseph May, plaintiff, vs. J. T. Bell, Sarah E. Bell, and H. E. Ficklen, defendants. Return made by publication of said summons; and if you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit on or before Monday, the 15th day of February, 1895, that being the first day of the next regular term of said Circuit Court following the expiration of the time prescribed in the order heretofore made for the publication of said summons; and if you or either of you fail so to appear and answer said complaint, judgment for plaintiff will be taken against you, and the same will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in his said bill of complaint, to-wit: For a decree ordering a foreclosure of the mortgage of plaintiff, described and mentioned in plaintiff's complaint, and that the premises mentioned therein, to-wit: fractional block 13, in Hood River proper, in Wasco county, Oregon, be sold in the manner provided by law; that from the proceeds of such sale the plaintiff have and recover the sum of \$755.67, and interest thereon at the rate of ten per cent. per annum since the 25th day of January, 1893; and the further sum of \$100 reasonable attorney's fees, together with the costs and disbursements of this suit, including subsequent and accruing costs and expenses of sale; that upon such foreclosure and sale all of the right, title and interest of the defendants, or of any or either of them, and of any or all persons claiming or to claim through, by or under them, or any of them, be forever barred and forever barred of the equity of redemption; that plaintiff be allowed to bid for and to purchase said premises at his option; that the purchaser thereof have the immediate possession of the same; and that plaintiff have judgment against the said J. T. Bell and Sarah E. Bell for any sum that may remain unpaid on said note after the foreclosure and sale of said premises; and for such further and other relief as to the court may seem to be just and equitable. The service of this summons is made upon you by publication thereof in the Dalles Chronicle, a newspaper of general circulation, published weekly at Dalles City, Wasco county, Oregon, by order of Hon. J. T. Bell, Judge of the said court; which order was duly made at chambers in Dalles City, Oregon, on the 6th day of November, 1894. H. H. RIDDELL, Attorney for Plaintiff. Dr. Miles' Newer Pills cure SERRUOLA'S WEAKEST BACKS. As druggists, only \$5.