

The Weekly Chronicle.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF WASCO COUNTY.
 Entered at the Postoffice at The Dalles, Oregon as second-class matter.
 SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
 BY MAIL, POSTAGE PREPAID, IN ADVANCE.
 One year \$1.50
 Six months .75
 Three months .50
 Advertising rates reasonable, and made known on application.
 Address all communications to "THE CHRONICLE," The Dalles, Oregon.
 The Daily and Weekly Chronicle may be found on sale at I. C. Nickelsen's store, Telephone No. 1.

The Jones Currency Bill.
 WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—Democratic leaders of the house are devoting themselves assiduously to framing a bill upon which they can agree, and which can secure a majority in the senate, for the reorganization of the currency. It is understood their deliberations are based upon the Jones bill. Jones has perfected the measure, but adheres to his original determination not to introduce it unless he can be reasonably assured in advance of its passage. He and the supporters of the bill are today trying to ascertain just what support can be obtained, and in doing this are to a certain extent, canvassing the republican side of the senate as well as the democratic.

Powder Magazine Near Tacoma.
 TACOMA, Jan. 17.—The terrible explosion at Butte has greatly alarmed the people of Swansia, a small town on the outskirts of this city, where the powder magazine of the Judson Company, of San Francisco, is located. For months the people have been endeavoring to have the magazine removed, but without success. Their concern has now reached such a pitch that they have threatened to remove it themselves unless the company does. Notice was sent to President Lukens, of the company, at San Francisco, warning him to have the magazine removed. A portion of the dynamite at Butte was taken from Swansia.

A Secret.
 If all the ladies knew the simple secret that a bad complexion is due to a disordered liver, there would be fewer sal-low 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 & Kinnerly, Drug Co.

Railroad Grants in California.
 WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—Camenitti today introduced a bill in the house to provide for the examination and classification, by commissioners appointed by the president, of certain mineral lands in the land grants of the Central Pacific railroad and various other roads in California, and to reject, cancel and disallow claims and filings by these companies on any unpatented lands which may be classified as mineral.

Hotel Robbers Arrested.
 BAKER CITY, Or., Jan. 17.—J. D. Hart, Charles Rafert and "Kid" Gingles were arrested last night on warrants charging them with the Hotel Warshauer robbery, committed November 28. The first two named were arrested shortly after the robbery, and discharged on account of insufficient evidence. The officers feel confident the guilt of all the parties can now be proven. Examination will be held tomorrow.

"Sugar" Defendants Must Plead.
 WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—All the demurrers offered by the defendants to the indictments against President Havmeyer and Secretary Searies, of the American Sugar refinery Company; Broker Seymour and correspondents J. J. Edwards and J. O. Shriver, were overruled today by Judge Cole, in the criminal court, and the defendants were required to plead to the indictments.

Three Miners Killed.
 SPOKANE, Jan. 17.—A snowslide 10 miles from Kalso, B. C., killed three miners, Moore, McMillan and Charles Mitchell, owners of the Eureka mine, who were on their way to the mine from Kalso. Two miners working on the Silverton mine, in the slide's path, are missing.

As a Knox county man and his wife were passing the schoolhouse, a flying snowball hit the wife of his bosom in the neck. He was enraged, and justly, and turning to the schoolboys, shaking his fist in anger, he cried: "It's lucky for you, you rascals, that you didn't hit me!"

Female Help Wanted.
 Any Lady can make \$18 weekly working for us quietly at home. Position permanent, and if you can only spare two hours per day, don't fail to investigate. Reply with stamped envelope, Womens Mutual Benefit Co., Box 2, Joliet, Ill. jan19-1t

Strayed.
 Bay horse, black trimmings, star in forehead, white streak in one eye, slightly Roman nose; weight about 1050, and about 6 years old. Address j19-1t J. H. FRAZY, Tucker, Or. Advertise in THE CHRONICLE.

LEAVES NO MONUMENT.

The Vanishing American Indian Has Done Nothing to Benefit Mankind.
 A recent brief announcement, unnoticed by many, had an important bearing on the "Indian question," or on the duration of that question, says the Kansas City Star. It was, seemingly, that the last mounted soldier of the United States army had been ordered out of the Indian Territory, something that had never before happened. Ever since the white man landed on the shores of what are now the United States a white man with a gun has been watching the Indian. The first semblance of an army was raised to fight Indians; almost the first structure raised on the shore was a fort for protection against Indians; so, for two hundred years and more as the Indian has fallen back, the soldier and the fort have moved with him. Then the white man moved around to the western ocean and the western shore, to Oregon and California, and began to push the Indian to the eastward, fort and soldier and settler altogether pressing on. Now the Indians moved back from the Atlantic and Pacific to the great central plains seem surrounded, and now comes the order to take off the guard. "He can neither fight nor fly" is the idea of this order. "He must be a 'good Indian' now. The troopers can unsaddle and take a long rest from now on." Does not this really look as if we were approaching the last hour of the last Indian?

In truth, the original "real" Indian, absolutely unchanged by contact with the white man, has gone now except in the far deserts and mountain fastnesses. In 1848, Francis Parkman tells us in the "Oregon Trail," he saw Indians who had not emerged from the "stone age," and used implements and weapons such as may have been used by people before Noah's flood. But could such Indians be found now? Certainly not in the region where Mr. Parkman found them. Elderly people who visit the "Wild West" show make mild complaint that the Indians who do the best they can to look "natural" do not look like the Indians of forty years ago. That Indian has, somehow, "passed on."

This much is certain, that the "last Indian" will be, in every sense of the word, the "last." He will leave nothing behind him to mark the place he occupied in the world—no history; neither monument. Books there will be and museums and "collections," but none by him. Should an Indian become so learned and accomplished as to write a history he would become a white man. Many white men have followed him, studied him. Learned men from foreign countries have journeyed here for such purposes, but who of all of them has learned the secret of the Indian's heart? To do that it would be necessary to become for the time an Indian—to "put yourself in his place;" and what white man has ever done that? The Indian has no record, or it is as if whispered to the winds or committed to the leaves that fall or to the water that runs away. The Indian rears, while he is an Indian, no habitation that endures; when it is gone there is nothing but a ring on the ground that the rain washes away. He throws up no highway; his narrow path through the grass lasts no longer than the buffalo's road to ford in the stream. So there must come a time when, leaving no trace behind, he shall pass out of this world, when the "last Indian" shall go—like the mist.

A COURT BALL.

Brilliance of the Scene as Depicted by an American Visitor.
 Never shall I forget the sight which greeted me as we entered, writes Winifred Grant, in Home and Country. A long walk between two lines of people led to the further end of the room, where I saw a slender man, in the uniform of the Austrian hussars, and a sweet-faced lady in a court costume that fairly blazed with jewels, surrounded by ladies and gentlemen in waiting, all gorgeously attired. The brilliancy of the countless crystal gas lights from the huge chandeliers, the superb uniforms, wealth of sparkling jewels on all sides, and the magnificent gowns, all completed a picture of dazzling beauty, never to be forgotten. I was dimly aware of the fact that the countess had again given our names to some official, who repeated them to the master of ceremonies, handing him the cards. Not visiting cards, mind you, but huge things with our names so clearly written as to defy mistake. We had dropped our trains on entering the room, and they were immediately spread out to their full width and length by ushers with long wands. Then we slowly marched up the room, and after our names had been announced to their majesties, we each stepped forward and courtesied, or bowed, almost to the floor. Then we backed away, keeping our faces toward the royal party, until we reached the end of the room, where we stopped to breathe for a minute. I had been presented, and lived, and was grateful. Presently there was a movement in the lines of guests, and at the same moment a hidden orchestra began a majestic polonaise. The guests moved towards the sides of the room, leaving the center cleared, and, headed by two ushers with staves, the royal party slowly marched around the ballroom and then retired. His majesty's ball had been formally opened.

An Ancient Hunting Ground.
 There is still a deal of good hunting on the Delaware peninsula, although the region has been steadily shot over by a sporting population for the last two hundred and fifty years. Delaware has stringent game protective laws, and in the lowest county of the state there are great swamps that still harbor a considerable variety of game. The same is true of several of the Maryland eastern shore counties, and the two Virginia counties have probably as good aquatic hunting as is to be found anywhere on the Atlantic coast short of a few almost inaccessible points north and south.

THE SPARROW AND THE CLOCK.

A Strange Story Told at the Paris Polytechnic School.
 A French paper tells the following strange story of a sparrow and the clock at the Polytechnic school of Paris:
 In 1819 the Swedish scientist, Berzelius, during his stay in Paris, went to the school to make some experiments in physics and chemistry before the pupils. To show the necessity of air in the respiration of animals he placed a sparrow under the receiver of the air pump and created a vacuum.

At the moment when the bird was about to die for want of oxygen, the cry of "Merce! Merce!" echoed from all sides of the amphitheater. Berzelius acquiesced in the decision of his humane audience and released the bird, which flew at once out of the hall. After that day a strange thing happened and kept on happening. Every Wednesday and Sunday, at the moment when the great hand of the clock was within one minute of ten, and would in sixty seconds mark the fatal hour of leaving the playground and entering school, an obstacle seemed to stop it, and the astonished doorkeeper noticed that this last minute had an inconceivable length.

The fact was noted again and again, and a watch was set to discover the cause. Then it was ascertained that the happy delay was caused by a sparrow which, at the precise second, had lighted on the hand of the clock. Of course it was Berzelius' sparrow!
 Now comes the sad and unnecessary part of the story. The doorkeeper one day covered the hands with some sticky substance, caught the grateful bird and put it to death. The school gave it a superb funeral and it was buried in a corner of the great court. That day the clock, which had evidently been a party to the conspiracy, received the name of Berzelius.

HOME LIFE IN PARIS.

The Typical Household Is Redolent of Domesticity.
 Life in Paris means what it does in all large cities; the good and the bad. The casual tourist sees, as a rule, only one side. As a race, the French are a merry-making people; their very natures seek and crave enjoyment. But their amusements are, therefore, not necessarily of an order below the ken of respectability. It has been my pleasure to see something of French domestic life, says a New York lady, and to hear more of it from sources away from prejudice. The affection which exists between the French father and his daughter is beautiful and almost spiritual. Home and family means as much to him as it does to the resident of any other city under the sun.

The French mother is not only a cook par excellence, but a perfect type of housekeeper. By nature she is quick, and she accomplishes much more with less exertion than does her English sister. The education of her children is as a gospel to her. Her religious faith is strong, and she instills it into her children at the domestic board and at bedtime. The parents live out of doors, but it is rare, indeed, that you see children on the streets of Paris after reasonable hours. They are taught to find their chief amusement in the home; and everything is done by the French father and mother to see that the home is attractive to their children. One of the most beautiful sights in the world is to see a well-regulated French family, where you will find the atmosphere redolent with domesticity.

THE PRICE OF A WIFE.

Savages Place a Varying Value Upon Their Chosen Helpmates.
 In the earliest times of purchase a woman was bartered for useful goods or for services rendered to her father. In the latter way Jacob purchased Rachel and her sister Leah. This was a Hebraic marriage, where a man, as in Genesis, leaves his father and his mother and cleaves unto his wife and they become one flesh or kin—the woman's. The price of a bride in British Columbia and Vancouver island varies from twenty to forty pounds sterling's worth of articles. In Oregon an Indian gives for a wife horses, blankets or buffalo robes; in California, shell money or horses; in Africa, cattle. A poor Damara will sell a daughter for one cow; a richer Kaffir expects from three to thirty. With the Banyai, if nothing be given, her family claim her children. In Uganda, where no marriage recently existed, she may be obtained for half a dozen needles, or a coat, or a pair of shoes. An ordinary price is a box of percussion caps. In other parts, a goat or a couple of buckskins will buy a girl. Passing to Asia, we find her price is sometimes five to fifty rubles, or at others, a cartload of wood or hay. A princess may be purchased for three thousand rubles. In Tartary, a woman can be obtained for a few pounds of butter, or when a rich man gives twenty small oxen a poor man may succeed with a pig. In Fiji, her equivalent is a whale's tooth or a musket. These, and similar prices elsewhere, are eloquent testimony to the little value a savage sets on his wife.

He Had a Bite.
 Mr. Jones keeps a toy shop, and among other various things, sells fishing rods, writes "Blackshirt" in the Algiers Democrat. For the purpose of advertising them he has a large rod hanging outside, with an artificial fish at the end of it. Late one night, when most people were in bed, a man who was rather the worse for his night's enjoyment happened to see this fish. He looked at it, and then went cautiously up to the door and knocked gently. Jones did not hear this, but after the man had knocked a little louder he appeared at the window up above. "Who's there?" said Jones. "Don't make a noise," said the man, in a whisper, "but come down as quietly as you can." At this request Jones, who had recently been robbed, thought there must be something the matter. So he he dressed and came down as quietly as possible. "What is the matter?" he asked. "Sh!" said the man. "Pull your line in quick; you've got a bite."

"If I had your voice," said the ventriloquist, apostrophizing the donkey whose braying in a neighboring alley had waked him out of a sound sleep at 3 A. M., "I'd throw it back at you, you long-eared beast!"—Chicago Tribune.

"There's a train of thought passing through my head at this moment," said the lecturer. "I thought you talked as if you had wheels in your head," murmured the dissatisfied listener.—Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. Pelt—Did she catch a nobleman? Mrs. Hyde—Oh, no. Mrs. Pelt—Ah, one of the landed gentry? Mrs. Hyde—I presume so. At least, he was after she "landed" him.—Detroit Free Press.

"Who is the author of the phrase, 'make haste slowly'?" "I don't know. It was probably somebody who was engineering a contract to build a new post-office."—Washington Star.

As between the government supporting him or laboring for himself, give the Indian his pick and he will never take to the shovel.—Philadelphia Times.

Mother—Why, Marie, what's the matter? Marie (sobbing)—Nothing—mother—only—my—bloomers—bag—at—the—knees.—Exchange.

Tammany's arithmetic, as brought down to date: Addition, division and silence; subtraction, investigation, incarceration.—Chicago Tribune.

Sparrow—How nice and warm this telephone wire is! Swallow—Yes; there must be a prizefight or a football game somewhere.—Pack.

She—I'm sorry I married you. He—You ought to be. You cut some nice girl out of a mighty nice husband.—Life.

A NEW Undertaking Establishment.



PRINZ & NITSCHKE
 DEALERS IN
Furniture and Carpets.

We have added to our business a complete Undertaking Establishment, and as we are in no way connected with the Undertakers' Trust, our prices will be low accordingly.

Wasco Warehouse Co.,

Receives Goods on Storage, and Forwards same to their destination.

Receives Consignments For Sale on Commission.

Rates Reasonable!

MARK GOODS
W. W. Co.
 THE DALLES, OR.

A. A. Brown,

Keeps a full assortment of
Staple and Fancy Groceries,
 and Provisions.
 which he offers at Low Figures

SPECIAL :: PRICES
 to Cash Buyers.

Highest Cash Prices for Eggs and other Produce.

170 SECOND STREET.

The Columbia Packing Co.,

PACKERS OF
Pork and Beef

MANUFACTURERS OF
Fine Lard and Sausages.

Curers of **★ BRAND**

Hams and Bacon,
 Dried Beef, Etc.

A WINTER'S ENTERTAINMENT.

GREAT VALUE WEEKLY NEWS
 FOR LITTLE MONEY. OF THE WORLD FOR A TRIFLE.

New York Weekly Tribune,

a twenty-page journal, is the leading Republican family paper of the United States. It is a NATIONAL FAMILY PAPER, and gives all the general news of the United States. It gives the events of foreign lands in a nutshell. Its AGRICULTURAL department has no superior in the country. Its MARKET REPORTS are recognized authority. Separate departments for THE FAMILY CIRCLE, OUR YOUNG FOLKS, and SCIENCE AND MECHANICS. Its HOME AND SOCIETY columns command the admiration of the wives and daughters. It general political news, editorials and discussions are comprehensive, brilliant and exhaustive.

A SPECIAL CONTRACT enables us to offer this splendid journal and THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE for

ONE YEAR FOR ONLY \$1.75,

Cash in Advance.
 (The regular subscription for the two papers is \$2.50.)
 SUBSCRIPTIONS MAY BEGIN AT ANY TIME.

Address all orders to **CHRONICLE PUBLISHING CO.**

Write your name and address on a postal card, send it to George W. Best, Room 2, Tribune Building, New York City, and a sample copy of THE NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE will be mailed to you.

IF YOU WANT
 Government, State, or Dalles Military Road Lands,
 CALL ON:

THOMAS A. HUDSON,
 Successor to Thornbury & Hudson,
 83 Washington St., THE DALLES, OR.

If you want information concerning Government lands, or the laws relating thereto, you can consult him free of charge. He has made a specialty of this business, and has practiced before the United States Land Office for over ten years.

He is Agent for the Eastern Oregon Land Company, and can sell you Grazing, or Unimproved Agricultural Lands in any quantity desired, and will send a Pamphlet describing these lands to anyone applying to him for it.

He is Agent for sale of lots in THOMPSON'S ADDITION to The Dalles. This Addition is laid off in acre lots, and destined to be the principal residence part of the city. Only 20 minutes' walk from Courthouse; 10 minutes from R. R. Depot.

Settlers Located on Government Lands.
 If you want to Borrow Money, on Long or Short time, he can accommodate you.
 Writes Fire, Life, and Accident Insurance.

If you cannot call, write, and your letters will be promptly answered.

Go to C. E. Bayard's or T. A. Hudson's Office and get your Land Papers made out for Fifty Cents.

Land Office Business a Specialty.
 Ten years' experience.

Offices on Washington Street, between Second and Third.

E. J. COLLINS & CO. will occupy
 this space. Keep your eyes open.

TERMS STRICTLY CASH.

THE DALLES LUMBERING CO.
 INCORPORATED 1888.

No. 67 WASHINGTON STREET. THE DALLES.
 Wholesale and Retail Dealers and Manufacturers of
 Building Material and Dimension Timber, Doors, Windows, Moldings, House Furnishings, Etc
 Special Attention given to the Manufacture of Fruit and Fish Boxes and Packing Cases.
 Factory and Lumber Yard at Old Ft. Dalles.

DRY Pine, Fir, Oak and Slab WOOD Delivered to any part of the city,