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The Weekly Chronicle.

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A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

Through all its years of blundering stupidity the Democratic party never made a greater mistake than in declaring for free silver as it did at the Portland convention. The course of the Republicans in nominating Ellis, a free silver man, had given to the Democrats an opportunity such as seldom comes. The majority of voters in the Second district is opposed to the financial views held by Mr. Ellis, and had it not been for the factional fight in Multnomah county, he would have polled but few votes in the convention. His nomination was due to circumstances extraordinary in their nature, and which overturned all calculations previously made.

Had the Democrats noted the feeling existing in Republican ranks at the triumph of the free silver candidate, and come to the front with a sound money platform, honest in statement and belief, it is by no means sure but that enough sound money Republicans would have voted for the Democratic candidate to have insured his election. But blindness prevailed, and the Democrats fell into the ditch, leaving their opponents upon the brink. Their action has destroyed any hope of success in the coming campaign, and, wrapped up in the free silver delusion, they will suffer a repetition of former defeats.

From a Republican standpoint, in the light of party advantage, the action of the Democrats is all that could be desired. Viewing the situation from higher ground, it is disappointing that a body of intelligent men should declare their belief in a policy which by history and reason is proved to be ruinous.

The Republican party can well feel thankful for the magnanimity of their opponents. It would have been embarrassing in the extreme had the Democrats declared for sound money and nominated a candidate with views in accordance with such a platform. But now the two candidates are alike in their beliefs upon the coinage question, while the Republican nominee has the advantage which his tariff views afford him.

While the Republican state platform does not in so many words declare in favor of the gold standard, it is far from expressing favor for the free coinage of silver. The platform as adopted will meet with general approval, though had the action of the New York convention been followed, and a similar plank adopted, the party would be less open to the charge of equivocation. However, outside of states represented by the senators who held up the tariff bill, the sentiment of Republican leaders is in favor of sound money, and this is obtainable only by refusing to coin silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. The Republican party is against the free coinage of silver, and when restored to power

will place our coinage on a firm basis. We think that, outside of a small number who are needlessly alarmed because everyone does not believe as they do, the Republican platform will commend itself.

THE ORACLE A FAKE.

"Colonel" J. G. Day, who just now is in extreme disfavor with the people of Eastern Oregon, took part in a spiritualistic exhibition last week in Portland. During the evening questions were asked and "Colonel" Day, the hero of the Cascade Locks, propounded this to the medium: "Will I rejoice when the locks are open?" The answer came, "You will, with everybody else."

No other evidence is needed that the medium is a fake, for an answer further from the truth could not be given. "Colonel" Day will not rejoice when the locks are open. In the first place, it doesn't look as if the locks are to be open, and so Mr. Day will have no occasion to rejoice; and secondly, the opening of the locks, if it ever should come, will be an event which will bring sorrow to the Colonel, since it will take away a perennial source of income to Mr. Day and his stalwart sons. Will a man rejoice when he is out of a job, and a good one too? Well, hardly. Soft snaps like the Days possess are not to be found every day, and when a man has once his grip fastened upon one, he doesn't rejoice when compelled to let go. But, Colonel, you are safe for a good while yet, and you and the locks can grow old together.

In this connection we can say that, as stated upon the local page, there seems to be another disappointment in store for an exasperated people. It is given out that Captain Fisk, of the board of engineers, has stated that the \$20,000 appropriation, from which we hoped so much, is not available for building the walls in the inner lock, and is merely for the use and accommodation of the Days. This statement has every appearance of the truth, but steps have been taken to confirm it. We would not be surprised if it is so. We believe the engineers and the Days capable of going to almost any extent in thwarting the wishes of the people. Our delegation in congress may have been deceived as we have been.

Until the reputed statement of Capt. Fisk is verified further comment should be withheld; but this much we are free to say, that the history of the Cascade locks has been a story of perfidy, broken promises, and utter disregard of the people's interests. From start to finish it is a dismal tale, and the culmination can only be termed a damnable outrage.

THE SPIRIT OF COMPROMISE.

The recent Republican convention in Portland was in many respects a memorable one. Aside from the intense feeling displayed by the disputants for seats in the convention, the meeting had an historical interest that impressed deeply those who were familiar with the events of the past thirty years. Some of the scenes approached the dramatic, especially when the white-haired statesman, Ex-Atty.-General Williams, at the request of both disputing factions, arose to state the

truth as he saw it to be. Dramatic all would call it who heard the man, who not only in state, but in national affairs, had received a full measure of honor, point out the course which it was safe and wise for the convention to follow.

After serving the nation as senator, as a member of the president's cabinet, and as one of the High Joint Commission, which aided in settling the most serious international question that has arisen between this and a foreign country since the war—Judge Williams came into the convention to say what should be done, and, as if justifying their faith, the members of the convention did what was told them.

Through all of Judge Williams' speeches and acts could be detected the spirit of compromise—not the base surrendering of any moral right, but the disposition to meet half way, to give and take—allowing to both sides the merits that were theirs. Judge Williams' whole career has been an exposition of the value of compromise as a working theory. Whether we admit it or not, it is the only working theory where "many men of many minds" all meet together to decide upon a course of action and there can possibly be but one. Sometimes this theory does not seem applicable to all phases of a subject. Shall we send our army by land or water? A half and half project applied to transportation would result in sending them into a swamp; applied to the troops, half of them taking the one route, the remainder of them coming, perhaps not so quickly, by the other, avoiding some of the difficulties of the first, are able to save the day for the victorious general.

We are not forgetful of the position of the stump orator who said to his would-be constituents, "I assure you, my friends, you will always find me steering a straight middle course between right and wrong." This is not the true spirit of compromise; rather does it mean straight hitting whenever it can be done; when common sense says it cannot, then do the next best thing possible.

Away back in the 50s Judge Williams delivered his views on this subject of compromise in a lecture on that title, which he delivered in several of the valley towns. He worked under this flag in the Reconstruction period, at a time when any other course would simply have let loose the dogs of war again, when the remnant that has now grown to such a lusty manhood would have otherwise been still further torn and wasted.

If this spirit taken in its true interpretation—not meaning the compromise of good with evil, but the accommodation that would adjust the edges, which otherwise would not come together—could be extended to the incidents of every-day life and made a part of each man's code of action, how much more smoothly the affairs of life would glide.

The recent political convulsions in the Republican party in Multnomah county have settled, for a time at least, any question of one-man power, which has proven so disastrous, both to good government and party organization. Joe Simon has been beaten in a contest, the warmth of which has never been surpassed in the political history of Oregon.

Simon has been an unattractive figure in the political world. The species of bossism which he represents is inimical to republican institutions, and the fact that his hold upon the political affairs of Portland has been broken is a cause of satisfaction. The men who have secured the advantage should guard against the boss evil. If they set one man up on a pedestal and allow him the power which the modern political dictator covets, they will encounter the same uprising which has overtaken Simon. People are getting tired of cabals, cliques and combinations, and the day is surely coming when municipal government will be a matter of public concern, and not private manipulation.

The politicians of the country are combining against McKinley, which will make him all the more the popular candidate. The people want a reenactment of the protective policy under which the country has prospered, and McKinley stands foremost in connection with such a policy. For this reason he is the logical candidate, and unless all signs fail, will secure the prize. In every state there is a strong sentiment for McKinley, which will find expression at the St. Louis convention despite the efforts of the politicians to control it.

St. Paul's Church.

At St. Paul's Sunday the same music was rendered as on the Sunday previous, with the exception of the Easter anthem. Mr. Goss' sermon was from the 21st chapter of St. John, 4th verse. "But when the morning was now come, Jesus stood on the shore, but the disciples knew not that it was Jesus." The rector gave a beautiful description of that scene, likening it to this present life of darkness and doubt (that seems to some but a dream), which will end at the awakening on that great morning when Jesus will be standing on the eternal shore, ready to welcome those who have been his faithful followers. Mr. Goss drew some beautiful word-pictures, and his hearers could not but be benefited by his words of love and encouragement.

Sunday School was also started, and will hereafter be held each Sunday morning at a quarter to ten o'clock. It was a great satisfaction to the rector and to all that there was such a large attendance at the Sunday School, after so long a season without one.

Fire Alarm System.

The committee on fire and water of the city council have decided they will put in a complete fire alarm system, if the citizens take steps to procure the chemical engine. The engine will cost \$1,425. A fire alarm system is a system of dividing the city into wards or districts, so that the locality of a fire may be indicated by the strokes of the fire bell. If the Dalles were subdivided into say fifteen districts, each would contain but a small space, and the fire could be easily located. The bell would strike once, then a pause, then five strokes, indicating the number 15, if that was the district in which was the fire. The corner houses surrounding an alarm box are usually selected as the places for depositing keys, so that but little time is lost in sounding an alarm. Mr. Jud Fish informs a reporter that he is in correspondence with the chemical engine company on the price and expects a satisfactory answer daily.

Call It a Craze.

AN ALARMING STATEMENT CONCERNING WOMEN.

HOW BAD HABITS ARE FORMED.

The New York Tribune says: "The habit of taking 'headache powders' is increasing to an alarming extent among a great number of women throughout the country. These powders as their name indicates, are claimed by the manufacturers to be a positive and speedy cure for any form of headache. In many cases their chief ingredient is morphine, opium, cocaine or some other equally injurious drug having a tendency to deaden pain. The habit of taking them is easily formed, but almost impossible to shake off. Women usually begin taking them to relieve a raging headache and soon resort to the powder to alleviate any little pain or ache they may be subjected to, and finally like the morphine or opium fiend, get into the habit of taking them regularly, imagining that they are in pain if they happen to miss their regular dose."

In nine cases out of ten, the trouble is in the stomach and liver. Take a simple laxative and liver tonic and remove the offending matter which deranges the stomach and causes the headache. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are composed entirely of the purest, concentrated, vegetable extracts. One Pellet is a dose; sugar-coated; easily swallowed; once used, always in favor. They positively cure sick headache and remove the disposition to it.

Mr. E. VARGASON, of Otter Lake, Lake Superior, Mich., writes: "I not infrequently have an attack of the headache. It usually comes on in the forenoon. At my dinner I eat my regular meal, and take one or two of Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets immediately after, and in the course of an hour my headache is cured, and no bad effects. I feel better every way for having taken them—not worse, as is usual after taking other kinds of pills. Pleasant Pellets are worth more than their weight in gold, if for nothing else than to cure headache."



NERVOUSNESS Is the Wail of the Nerves for Food.

People with Weak, Flabby Nerves are the Ones who Suffer. They may be Relieved by Building up their Nerves with a Nourishing Nerve Food.

An Interesting Interview with A Prominent Physician and a Case in Point Cited.

From the Journal, Kirksville, Mo.

"What is this modern disease called nervous prostration?"

If this question had been asked a physician in our grandfathers' time, he could not have answered it. The disease was not known then. It is new, and is a product of our American hustle and worry. Stated in brief, nervous prostration is a complete collapse of the nervous system. It is brought on by overwork, worry or disease, and the patient can only be cured by rest and a proper feeding of the nerves.

Notice the dragged-out appearance of the average mother. She can scarcely drag herself around; her nerves and strength have been overtaxed; she has no reserve force. She keeps up, but it is at the expense of her nervous system. Finally she is overcome; she can work no more, her nerves are exhausted; the cares and worries of her life have gotten the better of her, and it will require weeks and months to recover.

Thoughtless people say: "How foolish to work so hard and how foolish to worry." That is very well, but how many thousands of mothers there are who have burdens enough for a score, and whose poor, weak little bodies endure uncomplainingly all the burdens until finally they have to stop, and it is a question if they have not waited too long.

In cases of this kind there is a food within the reach of all, and it is always effective. It is the weakened nerves that bread and beef are to the muscular system. It supplies them all the properties necessary to build them up, strengthen them and restore them to a vigorous, healthy condition. This new food is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If space permitted, we could fill pages of this paper with the heartfelt testimonials of thousands who have found in these pills their salvation. We only give one, but later others will be published, and will be read with much interest by anyone suffering with weakened nerves as a result of the season or otherwise.

No more deplorable condition of the human body can be conceived than that of nervous prostration, when every nerve in the system seems to vie with the others to irritate you miserable, when even the sunshine irritates you, when the happy prattle of the child distracts the loving parent, when life is haunted by a constant foreboding, when the light of life seems to turn to a smoking, smouldering flame of torture—that's part of nervous prostration, just a phase of this many-sided disease. As his grasp upon you strengthens you lose, perhaps, the power to walk, to talk, to think, even the power to love. Death would be welcome, but alas! it comes not until the cup of suffering is full to overflowing. Such has been the experience of Mr. Henry Gehrke, whose story is best told in his own words.

To show the results of this nerve food on a special case, to prove the points above made, our reporter made the following interview:

Henry Gehrke is a thrifty and prosperous German farmer living four miles south of Bullion, in this (Adair) county, Mo. Mr. Gehrke has a valuable farm and he has been a resident of the county for years. He is very well-known hereabouts and well respected wherever he is known. Last week a reporter of the Journal stopped at Mr. Gehrke's and while there became much interested in Mrs. Gehrke's account of the benefit she had not long since experienced from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. She said she wanted everybody to know what a great medicine these pills are, but as so many people are praising them now-a-days, she modestly doubted whether her testimony could add anything to what others had al-

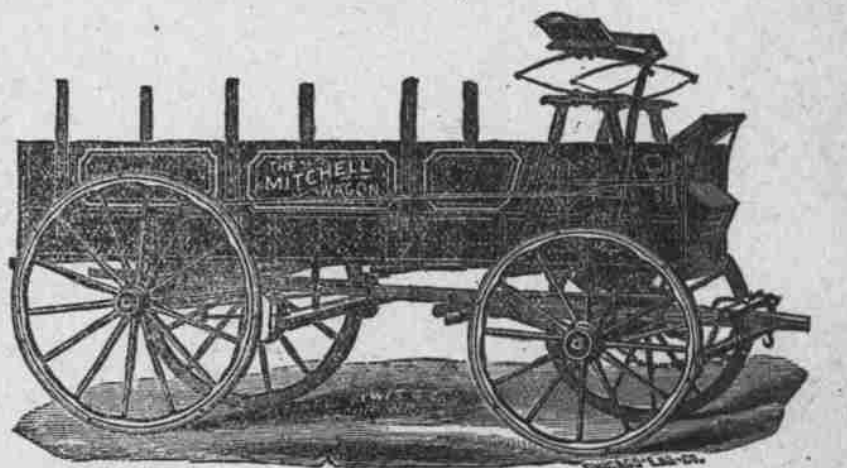
ready said of them. Her only reason for talking for publication about Pink Pills was that the people of Adair and neighboring counties might be convinced, if any doubted, that oft-published testimonials concerning Pink Pills were genuine statements from the lips of persons who have been benefited by the use of them. Speaking of her own interesting experience, Mrs. Gehrke said:

"A little over a year ago I was completely broken down. I had been taking medicine from a doctor but grew worse and worse until I could scarcely go about at all. The least exertion or the mere bending of my body would cause me to feel smothering spells, and the suffering was terrible. I thought it was caused by my heart. When everything else had failed to relieve me and I had given up all hopes of ever being anything but a helpless invalid, I chanced to read some testimonials in the Farm, Field and Fireside, also in the Chicago Inter-Ocean and the suffering of the people who made the statements was so nearly like the suffering I had endured that when I read that they were so greatly benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, I did not hesitate to go at once and purchase two boxes. I took them according to directions and before the first box was used I felt a good bit better. Really the first dose convinced me that it was a great remedy. Before the two boxes were used up I sent my husband after three more boxes, so I would not be without them. When I had used these three boxes I felt like a different woman and thought I was almost cured."

"Since that time I have been taking them whenever I began to feel badly. When I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, I weighed only 113 pounds and after I had been using the medicine for about six months I weighed 122 pounds. I have had a good appetite ever since I commenced taking Pink Pills and instead of moping along, picking such food as I could eat even with an effort, I eat anything that comes on the table. I am not the invalid I was. I do not have to be waited upon now as if I was a helpless child, but I work all the time, doing the housework and ironing and working in the garden without that dreadful feeling which comes over a person when they are afraid they are going to have one of those spells that I used to have."

"Work don't hurt any more. I honestly believe that had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would now be in my grave. I still have what the doctor calls bilious colic but the Pink Pills have made me much better and the spells are not so frequent and are nothing like as painful as before I began to use them. I would not be without the Pink Pills for that disease alone under any circumstances to say nothing of the other diseases for which they are especially recommended. I take pleasure in telling my neighbors the benefits I have received from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and know of several who have taken my advice and have been greatly benefited by them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, scintilla, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of a gripper, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female, and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. They are never sold in bulk or by the 100 by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.



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