

The Weekly Chronicle.

NOTICE.

All eastern foreign advertisers are referred to our representative, Mr. E. Katz, 230-234 Temple Court, New York City.

STATE OFFICIALS.

- Governor: W. P. Lord
Secretary of State: H. B. Kincaid
Treasurer: Phillip Melchior

COUNTY OFFICIALS.

- County Judge: Robt. Mays
Sheriff: T. J. Driver
Clerk: A. M. Kelsey

THE TWO MEN.

In a general sense, of course, the present contest is one between opposing parties, principles and policies. The candidates stand respectively for certain things that are to be voted upon, and choice is to be made of one or the other mainly by reason of his identification in this representative capacity with one or the other set of general views and poses.

It is to be said of both of these two men that they have lived clean and upright private lives, and that no breath of scandal has touched either of them through the searching processes of the campaign.

He has more of the bearing of a statesman, and suggests the idea of greater solidity and safety. Bryan is impulsive, emotional, and lacking in discretion and discrimination.

VOTE RIGHT.

With this issue of THE CHRONICLE its campaign labor ceases, and ere again its newsy columns are perused the ballots will have been cast and the next president of the United States will have been elected.

and simple, without discrimination, and by the election of William McKinley, the champion of that theory. It has believed sincerely ever since the issues were made, that business would not get better until the election was over and McKinley elected.

For these reasons it has, to the best of its ability, and at all times, advocated the election of McKinley. The issues are, in its humble opinion, the greatest the country ever faced, and it asks its readers in all sincerity to ponder them well before casting their votes tomorrow.

IT IS ALL DONE.

The election is over, and all that remains is to count the votes and declare the result. It is a good thing for the country that it is over. Business has been unsettled, and 50,000,000 of people for the past two months have had no subject of conversation or matter for thought disconnected from politics.

HARD TO REALIZE.

It seems hardly credible that the day of the opening of the Cascade locks is at last at hand. For twenty-three years hope deferred hath made many a Dalles heart sick, and now that the long nightmare of doubt and uncertainty is ended, it seems impossible to realize it.

When the celebration is over; when the toot of whistles that heretofore have awakened the echoes along the lower river, have come ringing back from the basaltic walls that mark the grand old Columbia;

Now that the election is over and the locks practically opened, let all Oregon and Washington unite in a determined effort to overcome the obstructions to navigation between this point and Celilo.

Just to lay aside politics for a moment, we suggest that Col. Summers, whose alleged picture appears in yesterday's Oregonian, has a clear case of criminal libel against that paper.

The truth about the Republicans who are going to vote for free silver is that they have mostly been in the habit of voting the Democratic ticket.

THE RESULT.

Tomorrow the business men of this nation, who include all the capitalists, merchants, manufacturers, stock raisers, prosperous farmers and skilled mechanics, will at the ballot box oppose the silver mine-owners, the unprosperous of all classes, and those who never had anything, or who have lost what they once had through unwise investments or indolence.

We predict a complete victory for the Republican cause, not because Mr. Hanna has published an estimate of Republican strength, which indicates the utmost of confidence; not because the Republicans appear everywhere to be confident; but because we have the utmost confidence in the wisdom and common sense of the American people.

The time for boasting is past, and we predict McKinley's election because we believe, without a doubt, he will be elected by larger popular majorities than any prediction yet made, and by an electoral vote so large that there will be no controversy after the election, and no second attempt to make the free coinage of silver a national issue.

A CONSERVATIVE ESTIMATE.

The following estimate was handed us this morning. It was made by a cool-headed, conservative Republican, and makes no exaggerated claims:

Table with 3 columns: State, McKinley votes, Bryan votes. Includes entries for Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Utah, Vermont, Washington, Wisconsin, Wyoming.

Mr. Reed states a great practical truth when he says that the riches of the country west of the Mississippi river are worthless without money to develop them; and the money for that purpose must necessarily be borrowed to a large extent.

The big Republican parade in Portland Saturday night was a scorcher. It is estimated that there were at least 10,000 voters in the parade, and it is certain that it was the biggest thing of the kind ever seen in Oregon.

The Ideal Panacea.

James L. Francis, Alderman, Chicago, says: "I regard Dr. King's New Discovery as an Ideal Panacea for coughs, colds and Lung Complaints, having used it in my family for the last five years, to the exclusion of physician's prescriptions or other preparations."



IT'S ALL ONE WAY

McKinley Elected by Overwhelming Majorities.

VERY TIGHT RACE IN NEBRASKA

Maryland, Kentucky, New Jersey and Delaware Captured from the Democracy.

[In order to give our readers the benefit of the election returns we held the weekly edition until Wednesday morning, hence the apparent discrepancy of the vote below being in Tuesday's paper.]

The returns began coming in a scattering way about 6 o'clock, but at 9 they began to thicken and by a curious irony of fate, coming at the rate of about 16 to 1 in favor of the gold standard.

At 10 o'clock the New York Journal, Hearst's paper (dem.) gave Ohio to McKinley by 100,000 and Virginia by 15,000.

At the same hour Kentucky was given to the gold men by 15,000. Maryland figures were tangled, but showed it safe for McKinley.

At 11 o'clock the bulletins showed the result conclusively: Virginia—175 precincts out of 1500 give Bryan 19,068, McKinley 16,061.

Missouri—40 precincts outside of St. Louis give McKinley 4793; Bryan 7044. Iowa—94 precincts give McKinley 86,342; Bryan 10,460.

Indiana—80 precincts give McKinley 8377; Bryan 6984. Montana—50 precincts give McKinley 1827; Bryan 8940.

Connecticut—Bryan carries only 3 out of 111 towns. Kentucky—130 precincts, Louisville, McKinley 23,000; Bryan 14,000. In 24 precincts outside Louisville, McKinley gets 3752; Bryan 5448; and in the 7th congressional district, 47 out of 485 precincts give McKinley 1441; Bryan 1343.

At this hour the New York Tribune gives McKinley 293 electoral votes sure. Michigan—McKinley carries Detroit by 40,000, and the state by 25,000.

Maryland—McKinley carries Baltimore by 15,000. Nebraska—115 precincts give McKinley 3242; Bryan 1889.

At 12:30 the majorities kept crawling steadily up, and the result was beyond any question, the amount of the majorities alone remaining to be counted.

North Dakota became safe, showing 2362 for McKinley against 2199 for Bryan.

Minnesota settled all question with 230 precincts out of 2100, giving McKinley 29,277 against Bryan's 18,691.

Kentucky is claimed by Republicans by 25,000, and with Louisville's vote has 33,000 to back its claim.

Illinois, outside of Cook county, as far as heard from, gave McKinley 86,651; Bryan 57,381. Cook county, as far as counted, had given McKinley 45,000, and would add 20,000 more, giving the state by probably 125,000.

Indiana, with 120 precincts counted, gave McKinley 14,060; Bryan 10,860. Minneapolis gave McKinley 28,826; Bryan 17,039. The state is sure of a large majority.

Ohio—216 precincts, Cincinnati, give McKinley 44,410; Bryan 30,000. Black (rep.) is elected governor of New York by 80,000.

Nebraska, with 154 precincts counted, gave McKinley 17,956; Bryan 17,759. Iowa—168 precincts give McKinley 27,428; Bryan 18,142.

Montana goes 3 to 1 for Bryan. California is safe; 275 precincts outside of San Francisco giving McKinley 12,438; Bryan 10,782.

West Virginia returns show that McKinley will carry the state by 12,000. New York and Pennsylvania give the

Republicans immense majorities. The last bulletin, received at 2:30 a. m., says that Oregon will give McKinley 5000 majority.

Wasco County. The Dalles district, counting Bigelow, Trevitt and East and West Dalles gave McKinley 142; West Hood River added 102; East Hood River gave 4; Cascade Locks gave 10; Columbia 12.

Dufur and Naneene together gave Bryan 16; Eight-mile added 12, and Baldwin 7 more. This leaves McKinley 235, with Antelope, Wamic, Tygh and Wapinitia, Rutledge, Deschutes and Boyd to hear from, and will leave a total majority of from 300 to 350.

GRATE BEFORE DUTY. The Darky thought that the New Yorker was very inconsiderate. A Wall street man tells this story: "I was making the trip from New Orleans to Memphis in April by a Mississippi river steambot. On the first day out from New Orleans I felt the need of the barber's services and learning that the Memphis Belle was tonorially equipped I sought out that office. I found a single barber in charge, a rather pompous, tall person of color with flowing Dunderary whiskers. He was engaged in doing nothing at all with that grace of execution peculiar to the southern darky. I seated myself in his chair and was soon wrapped in thought upon some business I had begun in New Orleans. The barber began his work leisurely, the while carrying on a one-sided flow of talk to which I replied in monosyllables.

"The day was warm and I was almost dozing away under the soft splashes of his brush when another customer entered. He was a nervous, fidgety sort of man and as there were no newspapers in the room he amused himself in looking at a few prints hung on the walls, the attraction of which soon pulled upon him. Then he walked to the door and looked down the deck where a group of roustabouts were engaged in the game of craps. Figaro had by this time completed the iathering of one side of my face and roused me by turning my head around. I intimated that life was short, and I didn't care about passing too much of it in being shaved. He was evidently disgusted with my taciturnity and replied with great dignity, but with no haste either of speech or action; 'Cert'nly, sah, cert'nly.'

"The stranger's curiosity had been aroused by the gambling going on outside, which was as usual accompanied by the 'come sevens' and shrieks of 'craps' which attend that game. 'What game is that, barber?' he demanded of Dunderary. He of the whiskers made one or two artistic plays of his brush over my chin and answered: 'Lah, Gawd, mister, ain't yer ever seen that game? That's craps. Everybody plays it 'round this country.'

"The stranger admitted he had seen it played before in the wharves and streets, but said he had not discovered any mental light from his observations. A running exchange of queries and explanations followed between barber and stranger, during which a not over keen razor had begun its course down my right cheek. Both parties to the colloquy were getting interested and I was getting bored.

"The nervous stranger appeared somewhat obtuse, or, perhaps, the vernacular of the barber was inadequate to convey the full meaning of the technical details of craps. At any rate, he pressed for further information. My face had by that time been cleared of beard as to my chin and part of my cheek. Fifteen minutes had been consumed in the process and my patience was becoming threadbare.

"The barber had exhausted his powers of description and, turning to the stranger, he said: 'Well, sah, ef you really wants to know how to shoot craps I kin show you,' and placing the razor on the shelf he opened a drawer and withdrew a pair of greasy-looking dice. Then he stepped over to a table and began to give a practical exposition of the mysteries of the game. This was too much. 'Here!' I cried, raising myself in the chair. 'Finish up this job before you get to crap shooting.'

"'Certainly, sah,' he replied to me and turning to the stranger he added: 'One minute an' I'll show you.'

"It only took a few minutes to complete his work on me, and as I put on my coat he and the stranger proceeded with the game. As I left the room I could hear him muttering about the 'burry some people is in an' it is still foh days 'fore we get to Memphis.'—N. Y. Sun.

The Wasco Warehouse Co. begs leave to inform Farmers that they have STORAGE ROOM for 200,000 SACKS OF WHEAT and any one wishing to store their wheat and hold for later market can do so on usual terms. Also, they will pay the HIGHEST CASH PRICE for Wheat, Oats, Rye and Barley.

Stands at the Head. Aug. J. Bogel, the leading druggist of Shreveport, La., says: "Dr. King's New Discovery is the only thing that cures my cough, and it is the best seller I have." J. F. Campbell, merchant of Safford, Ariz., writes: "Dr. King's New Discovery is all that is claimed for it; it never fails, and is a sure cure for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds. I cannot say enough for its merits." Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is not an experiment. It has been tried for a quarter of a century, and today stands at the head. It never disappoints. Free trial bottles at Blakeley & Houghton's drug store.

HIS CREDITORS FOUND HIM.

Mr. Jones Had Been Unable to See Them During a Long Search. George Washington Jones, a colored gentleman, was sad, very sad. He was a calumner when he had work to do, says Harper's Round Table, but, as he expresses it:

"Dem dere white trash hab gone into de trade, an' now Ise got no work to do." But this was not what made him sad. "Dis yere life," he said, "am not wuth livin'."

"What's de matter, George?" inquired his friend. "Why, Ise got a little money on dat last job, and Ise went round to settle de bills Ise owed."

"Didn't you attend to it all right?" "Dar's de strange part of it. De butcher he wuz out, an' de grocer he wuz out, an' every one Ise wanted to pay wuz out, an' den what'd I do but lose dat money."

"Well, that was unlucky, and no mistake; but still you showed your good intentions, and no doubt they won't press their claims."

"Press dere claims! Yah, dat's de trouble. When Ise got 'ome found ebery one of dem waitin' to press dere claims, an' as Ise couldn't fix dem, dey done an' fixed me."

LIQUOR FROM GAS BURNERS.

Device of a Portland, Me. Hotel for Evading the Prohibition Law. Everybody who visits Maine has a different story to tell on his return of his experience in getting drinks, says the New York Sun. The champion story is, perhaps, told by a well-known traveling salesman. He says that when he asked for a drink at a Portland hotel, he was shown into a room, which had nothing in it but table, on which were a pitcher of water and several tumblers, and a few chairs.

Over the table was a chandelier, with apparently half a dozen gas burners. When the coals were turned, however, not gas, but liquor came out of the burners, which were horizontal, on the tips being unscrewed. From one burner came whisky; from another, rum; from another, gin. Each burner supply pipe connected with a cask of some one of these liquors in the room above.

The man who tells this story says that the indictment papers against the hotel in question for selling liquor would fill a bushel basket, but none of them will ever be brought to trial; at least, none has been yet. Since adopting this device, the hotel has evaded detection.

THE BIGGEST CAT.

It Is Thirty Inches Long and Weighs Twenty-Four Pounds. Just plain "Tom" is the unpretending name of probably the greatest domestic cat in the world.

Edward Simmons, a fish and oyster dealer of New York, is the proud possessor of "Tom." This giant of cats is 30 inches in length, from his head to the tip of his tail. He is a foot high, and weighed last spring 24 pounds. The recent hot weather has caused him to drop a few pounds of flesh, but has not impaired his health or happiness.

Thomas is black and white, and is rather peculiarly marked. He has two complete rings of white around his tail, which makes him look like first cousin to a raccoon.

Mr. Simmons picked up the cat two years ago while walking along South street. Thomas was but a stray kitten then, so that his pedigree has never been ascertained, and it is not known whether or not heredity has had anything to do with his enormous size.

Fasted Nearly Two Years.

Dr. Tanner's famous fast of 40 days is thrown into the background as a starvation feat by the performances of the big anaconda at the Philadelphia zoological gardens, which was only recently tempted to eat a nice fat rabbit after going hungry for 22 months. It may have been even longer, but the keepers have no record of the creature's doings previous to its captivity, and so can't tell. It is not very unusual for a snake to abstain from food for several months, at the end of which time death generally results; but the anaconda case is distinctly different from any other. Its fast lasted more than twice as long as any in the history of the "zoo," and during the whole of its continuance there was no evidence of ill health. The spell now seems to be entirely broken, and the anaconda calls regularly for its meals.

DOLLY MADISON'S TACT.

How She Managed to Win Everybody's Heart. It was the tact and genuine kindness of Dolly Madison that made her one of the most prominent of American women. Several episodes mentioned in Mrs. Goodwin's "Life of Dolly Madison" are significant of this. At one of her levees, her attention was drawn to a rustic visitor, a youth who was evidently suffering all the torments of embarrassment. He had at last ventured to help himself to a cup of coffee, when Mrs. Madison walked up and addressed him. In the surprise of the moment, he had dropped the saucer and strove to crowd the cup into his pocket. His tactful hostess took no notice of the accident, except to observe that in such a crowd no one could avoid being jostled, and straightway turned the conversation to the boy's family, and ended by sending her regards to his excellent mother, and bidding the servant bring another cup of coffee. On another occasion two old ladies from the country arrived at the white house while the family were still at breakfast. To the surprise of the rural visitors, the woman they had come to see appeared in a stuff dress of dark gray, protected by a large housewife white apron, and with a linen kerchief pinned about her neck. Her simplicity of manner and attire completely swept away their awe, and before departing one of them found courage to ask: "Perhaps you wouldn't mind if I kissed you—just to tell the folks about!"