

The Weekly Chronicle.

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TRUE BASIS OF DAMAGES.

Under the above head the East Oregonian comments as follows:

"Messrs. Seufert Bros. and I. H. Taffe, both of The Dalles, have obtained judgment for \$35,000 and \$18,000 respectively against the government for right of way of the proposed portage at Celilo. Judge Bellinger, of the United States court, before whom these cases were tried, interposes his objection to the verdicts of the juries and has set one of the judgements aside and will probably take action regarding the other with the view of protecting the people against such unreason. The Dalles papers, published in the environment of the beneficiaries of these judgments, complain against Judge Bellinger's action and attack his motives. The Dalles Times-Mountaineer intimates that the 'twelve honest men' composing the juries have a better idea of the extent of the damages than Judge Bellinger. This sounds reasonable, and would appear to be the case; but is it true? Will The Dalles papers, that have taken up the cause of these claimants, please inform the public to what extent the Messrs. Seuferts and Taffe contribute to the support of government? What are the taxable values of their properties, both personal and real estate? Do they pay taxes based on valuation of real estate, to the extent of the sums awarded them as damages for only a small part of their real property? Were the values on which the damages are based creations of industry or enterprise? If they have not contributed to the support of government through the taxation of values which they claim will be diminished by the building of the government portage, or if the values on which the claim for damages was based were never created by industry or enterprise, but are of the forms of wealth bestowed upon man by Mother Nature, which they have monopolized to their enrichment, why should they be entitled to damages in excess of their real injury, or in excess of the destruction, or taking for government uses of their property, the product of their own toil, or other's toil working for them?"

"With these points fully considered, a just claim for damages could be arrived at, and the East Oregonian ventures the assertion that the 'twelve honest men' composing the juries gave no consideration in these important particulars, and Judge Bellinger recognizing both neglect and ignorance in this connection, has taken the action attributed to him and, in doing so, has done his duty faithfully in the interests of the great mass of the people on whom the burden of paying such unjust damages falls."

The editor of the East Oregonian has peculiar views concerning taxation, being an ardent disciple of Henry George and an earnest advocate of the single tax. He discusses the measure of damages, not from the standpoint of things as they are but from that of things as he would like to have them.

We do not care to enter into a discussion of the single tax question, but without looking at the tax roll we will say that the gentlemen named are heavy taxpayers. They pay taxes on their property, but not on the rights and privileges that "run with the land." The damages in these cases are not caused by

either the loss of land, or on improvements "created by industry or enterprise;" but belong to the class which the East Oregonian describes as "favors bestowed by Mother Nature, which they have monopolized to their enrichment"—that is the right of catching fish from the Columbia, of which they had a monopoly, and which the condemnation of their land would deprive them of. The right to catch fish is hardly under our present laws tangible enough property to be taxed, but it is valuable just the same.

We are not defending systems of taxation, but as long as the laws are what they are this kind of property cannot be taxed. It is like a corporation of an "artificial" character, yet it is valuable, even though an incorporeal hereditament. To illustrate our contention: The East Oregonian plant is worth a stated sum, and is no doubt taxed on its value as other property is. That value consists of the worth of its material presses, buildings and accounts, and is the same whether the paper clears \$100 or \$1,000 a month. The earning capacity of the property is not taken into consideration in fixing its value for taxing purposes. So with Seufert's and Taffe's lands.

NEW YORK NEEDS IT.

France seems to be raising some question as to the Monroe doctrine. France owns a small portion of the South American continent, a portion this country certainly does not envy her. But she must understand that she owns now all she ever will. The United States is not a nation greedy for the lands of her neighbors, but, on the contrary, recognizes their rights, and is prepared to assist in maintaining them. As for fearing the powers of Europe, most of the country doesn't care a snap for them. We have no commerce to be destroyed, and no damage could be done us except the bombarding of a few ports.

There is quite a general feeling, too, among the inlanders that would be highly gratified by the bombardment of New York City, especially if the English would do the shooting. The city is but a suburb of London, and is practically a British dependency. If the knocking of their houses about their ears would at the same time jar a little patriotism into them the magnificence of the results would cause the price to be reckoned as trifling. If the French want to do this piece of missionary work for us, it will be appreciated. They may bombard our seaports, and all Europe may assist, but none of them will ever own a foot more land in America than they do now.

The good-roads conventions have done excellent work in agitating the subject of improving our roads. Among the other good things done by these conventions is the interest they have awakened in broad-tired wagons. Why tires should have been made or used so long of the present narrow style, is past all finding out. The broad tire has proven itself, wherever used, so much better that the wonder is the narrow tires are used at all. Down in Nevada, where they have the best natural roads in the world, the big freight wagons have tires five and six inches wide. Any other kind would be out of sight in the hard earth at all times.

The county judge of Jackson county is evidently not infatuated with the railroad commission. In arguing the reasonableness of the tax on the Southern Pacific's property before the state board of equalization Saturday, he spoke of the commission in slighting terms, saying: "The most the commission has done in four years is to order the cutting down of a bull pine tree." It is unfortunate that the judge did not give us further information as to why this piece of vandalism was done. It is to be presumed that the bull-pine was trespassing on the right of way, or doing something else to the injury or inconvenience of the road.

The time is not far distant when the machinery of the world will be moved by electricity, which will be generated cheaply by utilizing the natural water power. Portland is

running its street cars and machinery with the power of the Willamette falls, and it will not be many years before the grand power at Celilo falls will be turning the wheels of industries here.

THE FARMERS' DAY COMING.

Few of us realize the vast work undertaken by the Russian government in the building of the great trans-Asiatic railroad through Siberia, and fewer yet have the remotest idea of the effect the completion of this road will have, not only on Siberia, but on the world. It is quite probable this great road, nearly 4,000 miles long, will be completed with the century. The treaty recently made with China, by which an open harbor the year round has been acquired, will stimulate the building of the road and the consequent settlement of Siberia.

We have all of us been taught to look upon Siberia much as we looked upon the Dakotas, Nebraska and Kansas, as portions of the great American desert, instead of a prolific soil and the possible granary of a nation. Our ideas of Siberia, obtained from the old geographies, were totally false. That in twenty or thirty years from now Siberia will be raising the bread of Europe, is a certainty; and were it equally certain that America would at that time have to seek a market for her breadstuffs abroad, the outlook for our farmer would be gloomy.

But this is not the case. Thirty years from now it will require more intensified farming than we now practice to supply our local markets. We are increasing in population a million a year, and the rate of increase is increasing. Thirty years from now the population will exceed 100,000,000. In other words, we will have gained a population as great, or greater, than that of Germany, France or England. We will have to raise products sufficient to feed all the present population of any one of those countries, in order to feed ourselves. The result of this will be improved conditions for the farmer. We believe the agricultural callings have seen their darkest days, and that the condition of the farmer will steadily improve.

Siberia will feed the world, but it will soon be realized that it is really America for Americans, and that all our products will be consumed at home. Then the land owner, the farmer, will assume that position to which the nobleness of his calling entitles him, and the owners of the soil will be the aristocrats of the country.

BOTH SIDES TALKING.

Attorney-General Olney says, the recognition or refusal thereof of Cuban independence is a matter that belongs to the president, and not to congress. Senator Sherman and other leading senators take issue with him on this, and claim that congress could pass a resolution which the president might veto, but that if it was then passed over his veto, it would become a law, and as such the president would have to see it executed. The whole discussion is buncumb, for neither the president nor congress can recognize the Cuban government, because it does not exist.

The sympathy of the entire country is with the Cubans, simply because they are struggling for freedom. Outside of that, what Spain does with her colonies is none of our business, and the learned law-makers, who are making the old rotunda at Washington tremble with their perorations, are all well aware of it. The United States senate is only aping childishness for fear it will be accused of senility.

Cuba will win her independence if we let her alone, and will probably appreciate the blessings of liberty when she has earned them through heroism and suffering.

Mr. Cramp, the Philadelphia ship-builder, has been examining into the component parts of corn-stalks, and if he may be believed has discovered just whole lots of things. He states that the elements entering into the composition of the corn-stalk could be utilized for the production of

alcohol, cellulose, matting, carpets, paper, smokeless powder, and a food for cattle superior to anything now in the market. Besides these, he says he can enumerate several other things for which the stalks would be valuable, and adds that his discoveries will raise the value of the corn area at least \$5 per acre. This would be good news indeed, if true, but we very much fear Mr. Cramp is articulating through his silk title. The smokeless powder and other things may be all right, but we draw the line at haying superior cattle feed left after all the stalk is used up for something else.

The Cascade Locks edition of the Oregonian, published Saturday, was a very valuable number, containing much information, that is such even to persons residing in the territory described. Those who got copies should forward them to their friends in the East to give them some idea of the vast and productive area "where rolls the Oregon."

Ex-Queen Lilioukalanani left San Francisco Saturday for Boston. Up to date none of the San Francisco papers have been able to discover what the lady is after, but it is asserted that she was to meet her niece. This may be all there is in her visit, but if somewhere a political motive is not discovered, we lose our guess.

The senatorial election is getting ripe, and many longing eyes are fixed on the purpling plum. Who is going to get it is hard to say; but it is pretty safe to predict that if it isn't Mitchell it will be a stubborn fight, and will not be settled until the tail end of the session.

DROWNED IN HOOD RIVER.

Carl Wood and W. W. Edgerman Lost in a Small Boat.

An accident costing two men their lives, happened on Hood river, about eight miles from the town yesterday. The company building the flume and irrigating ditch, is now building a bridge across Hood river for the purpose of bringing the flume across to the west side. This bridge is about eight miles from the mouth of the river, and a couple of miles below the sawmill belonging to Frank Dayenport, where lumber for the flume is being cut.

Monday two men, Carl Wood and a man who went by the name of Deitrick, but whose right name is W. W. Edgerman, got in a small boat at the sawmill intending to go down to the bridge. The current in places runs very swift, and in one of these places the boat struck a big bolder and was literally smashed to pieces. The men were whirled under by the current and in a moment were strangled and beyond helping themselves. Seven or eight men working on the flume ran to their assistance, but the current bore the bodies down faster than they could run. Up to last night the bodies had not been recovered.

Carl Woods parents live in Hood River valley, and he was a brother-in-law of Dick Fisher of Mosier.

Lots of Fun.

Yesterday the courts were kept busy trying to settle matters between Reid and Puch. It seems Puch had received a lot of ladies underwear for the purpose of selling the same within certain territory. According to Reid's story, Puch left the territory assigned to him, and sold the goods, or part of them, forgetting to pay for them as sold, according to contract. Reid telegraphed here and Nightwatchman Wiley arrested Puch. No warrant coming, Sheriff Driver turned him loose, Reid by this come here and had Puch arrested again. Then Puch turned over the goods to Reid, and Reid dismissed the suit. Then Puch had Reid arrested for false imprisonment, but this was dismissed. The parties are having an awfully jolly time, and what they will do next, no man knows.

A Christmas Stocking.

The Salvation army has hit upon a novel substitute for a Christmas tree—a stocking. Their great annual public Christmas affair will be held on the night of the 25th, next Friday. There will be an excellent program rendered, including songs, recitation, etc., and the opening of the aforesaid stocking by Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus, the latter, we believe, has never visited The Dalles.

The members of the army have been very busy preparing to supply the wants of the poor families of the town. The bundles made up for them will be given out that night. Meeting begins at 8 o'clock. Admission 10 cents.

Do not fail to call on Dr. Lannerberg, the eye specialist, and have your eyes examined free of charge. If you suffer with headache or nervousness you undoubtedly have imperfect vision that, if corrected, will benefit you for life. Office in the Vogt block.

THOSE DOGGONED DOGS.

They Hold High-Jinks, and Have Started a Glee Club.

Complaint is made by residents on Third street, in the East End, that all the town dogs gather about the foot of the Rinehart steps, sing dog opera and recite doggarel nearly all night, and every night. One big yaller dog with a basso profundo voice eternally yowls his favorite song, "The Pope he Leads a Merry Life," while a slate-colored mongrel, with a voice like a paper of pins, very appropriately sings "My Bark is On the C." A big black American dog, who is a combination of all kinds and degrees of dogs, has no voice worth mentioning, and so acts as critic and leader of the doggoned band, racing up and down the steps and over the sidewalks, trying to make up in contortion for what he lacks in bark.

We once criticized the then mayor for saying this city had 15,000 dogs too many. We didn't believe him, but will say, by way of excuse, that we did not live here then. We acknowledge our mistake, and concede that in his statement one word was left out. It should have been 15,000 acres of dogs. We like dogs, in any reasonable number, and we like people who like dogs—and take care of them; but a dog without a home is almost as low down as a man under the same conditions. He grows callous, utterly so, and is only fit for soap grease. If you, gentle reader, own a dog, give him a chance to retain his respectability by providing him a place to sleep and make him or her stay off the street at night. If your dog insists on barking at the moon, remember that your neighbor's soul is in jeopardy, and go thou to the kennel of the cur (not the neighbor) and persuade him to silence with a club, or at least do not object if the neighbor performs this christian duty for you.

The city's finances are low, and so are its lights, and we suggest that a tax on dogs would provide a fund, if paid, that would illuminate the whole city, and if unpaid would at least lighten the weight of woeborne impatiently by a long-suffering public, and also decrease the superfluity of dog.

Over the Grade.

A week or ten days ago Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Linton were coming to town riding in a two-horse hack. On a side hill grade on 10-Mile one wheel struck a snow drift, and in a moment the hack was upset and with the horses, was rolling down the hill. Mrs. Linton struck in the snow and rolled over and over for four or five rods. Mr. Linton dropped the lines as he fell, but seeing his wife rolling down the hill, took frantically after her. Fortunately she was not hurt, barring a few scratches on her face. A young man who saw the accident came to Mr. Linton's assistance, and to see if the horses were dead gave one of them a kick. The horse began to struggle, and then away the whole outfit went rolling down the hill. No damage was done except the breaking of a seat and the dashboard, and the young man we have spoken of went to Mr. Linton's house and got another rig for them, in which they continued their journey to this enterprising city.

Martin Marionettes Tonight.

Martin, the magician and ventriloquist, begins a week's engagement at the Vogt tonight. The fact that he is going to remain here a week is a sufficient guaranty that he is not afraid to be judged by his works. He has fifteen Marionette specialty performers and has an entirely new program each night. There is something fascinating about ventriloquism, and the quaint actions of the seemingly animate little marionette figures that is sure to attract not only the young folks but the older as well. This is pre-eminently the show the little folks will enjoy, and will assist in making their Christmas holiday one long to be remembered.

Mr. Martin shows at the Vogt. Doors open at 7:30, performance at 8:30. Admission 25 cents, children 15 cents, reserved seats 35 cents, at Snipes-Kinlerly drugstore.

Off for the Islands.

Fred W. Wilson and Ed Wingate left this morning on the Regulator for Portland, where they will take passage on the Monmouthshire for Honolulu. They were tendered a banquet at the Umattilla House Saturday night, where many of their friends met to bid them good bye. Mr. Wilson was called on for a speech, and his remarks, which were told occupied twenty minutes, were spoken of as being in his happiest vein, which means they were the best such an occasion would permit. If the boys have as good a time as their friends wish them, they will think they are in Paradise and forget to come back.

Coal on the John Day.

Mr. James Small, of the Dayville country, was seen at the Elkhorn, and in speaking of the coal interests of this section of country, said that there was a great quantity of coal on the John Day river. It had not yet been developed to any extent, but it outcropped all over the country. On the farm was an outcropping had been prospected by drill to a depth of 140 feet, the drill penetrating 120 feet of coal. The coal in the last few feet showed a marked improvement in

quality. It is a lignite, and the surface coal seems to lack pressure. Experts who have examined the coal speak very favorably of it, both as to extent and quality. It is Mr. Small's intention to prosecute the drilling to a greater depth this fall.—John Day Sentinel.

LAWYER STEEVES IS ACQUITTED

Jury Came to an Agreement Yesterday Forenoon.

Xenophon N. Steeves is a free man. Yesterday at Hillsboro at 10 o'clock the one juror who hung out for conviction capitulated, and a verdict of acquittal was returned to Judge McBride's court.

For over 24 hours the ballot stood eleven for acquittal and one for conviction. Saturday the jury stood ten for acquittal and two for conviction, but yesterday one of the obstinate jurors gave up and sometime Sunday night the twelfth man voted "not guilty" and the jury went to sleep. Monday morning when the bailiff of the court was called he was informed that an agreement had been reached.

Juror Catchings was indisposed from the long confinement. He became so ill Sunday that he had to be taken to a physician.

The great expense of the trial and the time and care expended in trying the case demanded a verdict one way or another, and when the result was announced in Portland general satisfaction was expressed. The Steeves jury was locked up last Friday evening and up to Sunday night it was generally expected there would be a disagreement.

Steeves returned to Portland yesterday evening. He was the recipient of many congratulations from friends on his acquittal. His friends in Portland have been confident of his acquittal throughout, and have resolutely stood by him during the trial.

The expense of the trial at Hillsboro will be borne by Multnomah county, and will be between \$2500 and \$3000. Had a disagreement resulted, the case would never have been tried again.

THE MARIONETTES TONIGHT.

Professor Martin Proves Himself to be a Genuine Wizard.

The sleight of hand work of Martin, the magician, is very smooth, and very interesting. The audience last night was small, owing principally to the fact that no one knew anything about it, until a late hour last evening, but those present were highly and delightfully entertained.

Some of the tricks are old, of course, but Martin does them so neatly that they seem new. His trick of taking a live pigeon from a tiny box, and after letting it flutter for a minute or two picking it up, and with a gentle stroke or two making it apparently dissolve and fade from sight, was a very pretty one and brought forth a storm of applause. There were dozens of other very pretty illusions, but the feature of the evening that caught the little folks was the marionettes. The tiny figures danced, performed and talked in the most natural manner, and one could hardly realize that they were not veritable Lilliputians, come to entertain the little folks with a vision of fairyland.

While Mr. Martin's exhibition is sure to make an impression on the little folks they will never forget, at the same time it will furnish plenty of amusement for older folks.

Caught in a Belt.


Mr. Lyman Smith, who has been engaged for some time in running a planer at Astoria, met with a serious accident last Friday at that place. He was helping to fix the machinery for grinding the knives of the planer, when he was caught by a belt and whirled round about fifty times before he was extricated from his perilous position. His arm was broken, and the doctors at first thought he was seriously injured internally. Mr. W. J. Smith went to Astoria as soon as word was received by telegram of the accident. He reports his father resting quietly, and the doctors think he will be able to come home in a few days.—Glacier.

From the Old Soil.

Colonel Sinnott has a handsome new cane presented him by Colonel Thompson, of Louisville, Ky. The stick is from a blackthorne in Ireland, from which Col. Sinnott, when a boy, used to pluck the berries. Recently Col. Thompson visited Ireland and the old home where Col. Sinnott's ancestors for 700 years have lived, and cut the bit of blackthorne which he has sent the colonel with the latter's name on a silver plate thereon. The stick is largest at the little end, and Col. Sinnott explains this by saying it is an Irish characteristic, Irishmen being noted for their great heads.

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