

The Weekly Chronicle.

NOTICE.

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

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Secretary of State: H. R. Kincaid
Treasurer: Phillip Metcalf
Supt. of Public Instruction: G. M. Irwin
Attorney-General: C. M. Idleman

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- County Judge: Robt. Mays
Sheriff: T. J. Driver
Clerk: A. M. Kelley
Treasurer: C. L. Phillips
Commissioners: J. S. Blowers, D. S. Kinney, W. H. Whipple

CONTROL OF THE SENATE.

It might be well for the Republican contingent which refuses to organize the legislature to consider carefully what the result will be, and to realize to what extent they are playing into the hands of the Populists and Democrats.

The majority of the legislature want Mitchell, and certainly a large majority of the people want him. The only question in the election of a senator is, shall the majority select the man for the position, or shall it permit the minority to do so?

Oregon, after one of the hardest fought political battles it ever experienced, was carried for Republican principles by a bare majority of 2,000. The fruits of that victory are about to be snatched from the party by a few boss-ruled Republicans.

It is not only the interests of the state that are being jeopardized, but those of the nation. If the legislature adjourns without electing a United States senator, the party will not have control of the upper house of congress, and the blame for the state of affairs must rest entirely on Joe Simon and the small Republican contingent of the Oregon legislature that he controls.

A JUDICIAL FEAT.

The hanging of Duestrow at St. Louis yesterday is, or was, in many respects a very strange affair. It is not at all surprising that a cold-blooded murderer should be hanged for his crime, but it is something entirely new under the sun that a man with millions behind him should suffer the death penalty in this country.

Missouri is a great state, and with all her greatness she can point with pride to her judiciary, her governor and her people as being the only combination in America that ever hanged a millionaire.

THE EDITOR'S LOT.

The lot of the editor of a county newspaper is anything but a happy one. The one feature most produc-

tive of annoyance is the communications. A newsy letter from any locality, or a well-written and not too long argument on some proposition, even though it is contrary to the editor's opinions, is always acceptable, and is gladly given space.

One half of such communications are anonymous, and the other half request the editor not to give away the names of the writers. If such communications are printed, the poor devil of an editor is immediately jumped on, and if they are not, the virtuous writers get indignant call the paper a trucking prejudiced affair, and the editor a fool.

SLIGHTLY SPECTACULAR.

An article on our local page gives an account of the killing of two cats by the Rev. W. L. Laufman in the pulpit of his church, the killing being done to illustrate the effect of tobacco. The cats were poisoned with nicotine. We may be, and perhaps are, a trifle old-fashioned, but it strikes us that the killing of inoffensive animals in the pulpits of our churches is slightly out of place.

The same preacher advertised that on the next Sunday he would have the stomach of a drunkard on exhibition to illustrate the effects of alcohol on the human system. It might be better if the force of the lesson were increased by removing the stomach from the drunkard in the presence of the congregation. This might be a little tough on the drunkard, but it would be a splendid illustration for the congregation.

The article in question says "the church was packed." There might be quite a sermon preached on the above text, but it seems to us the text needs no elaborating.

THEY SHOULD MARRY.

The New York Sun is raising the question, "Should old bachelors marry?" Certainly they should, and the sooner the better. The best thing in the world to any man of a soul is a good wife. A man can scarcely be said to begin to live until he has loved and married. Life in old age is full of dreariness in some upper room of a boarding house. It is no use saying "marriage is a lottery." There are millions of good women in the land waiting to make homes of comfort and peace and happiness for the millions of bachelors who are hesitating.

We clipped the above from the Eugene Guard, owned and edited by Ira L. Campbell, erstwhile an intense bachelor, but who about ten days ago slipped his head into the matrimonial halter. Under the circumstances the statement should be given additional weight, for Campbell, when he indorsed the sentiment, spoke by card.

There can no longer be any excuse for some of our bachelors continuing lives of single loneliness.

NOT APT.

The Oregonian today says: It is a severe labor for Oregon to be delivered of Mitchell and Mitchellism. But the state must take the pains of the deliverance. They will soon be over. The period of the gestation of this infamy has been thirty years. The final delivery is not to be effected, of course, without rueful throes. But the state is now to be delivered, at last.

The Oregonian's illustration is not a happy one. Suppose the state is delivered of Mitchell, will it be in better condition with Joe Simon, the Oregonian, Jonathan Bourne and thirteen Populists in his place. What pangs shall accompany the delivery of that litter?

The Oregonian today says "the Benson house will do nothing to bring about organization." This is

perhaps the most persistently stuck-to lie in that paper's vast repertoire. It knows the Benson house has done everything in its power to organize the house, and it knows that it (the Oregonian) has done all it can to prevent organization.

It will be a relief to those who, in order to get the associated press dispatches, are compelled to buy the Oregonian, when the legislature adjourns. The Oregonian, by its persistent lying concerning the legislative hold-up, has lost what little respect the people had for it, and those who, at one time, had faith in its statements, will believe it no more. It has indorsed the action of Joe Simon and his little coterie of traitors, and has assisted in depriving the Republican party of the majority in the United States senate, to which it is entitled. It has done this to satisfy the spleen of its editor. Only that.

THE PARTY DOWNED.

Today completes the forty since the legislature of Oregon met at Salem, but not at the capitol. At midnight the forty days expire, and there is considerable speculation as to what will be done. The joint convention will meet at noon as usual, and probably adjourn over until evening. Then if no election of senator is possible, the Benson house will adjourn permanently, and the senate will of course have to follow suit.

This will end the farce, and will leave the United States senate in the control of those opposed to Republican ideas. It is doubtful if any tariff measure can be passed, and the Republican party, instead of having control of all branches of the government, will be saddled with a senate opposed to them. It seems hard that the fruits of a national victory must be snatched from the party to gratify the spleen of the Oregonian, the avarice of Joe Simon, and the ambition of Jonathan Bourne; but that is what will be accomplished by failure to elect a Republican senator.

The situation requires no extended comment. It speaks for itself. The national Republican party has been downed at the dictation of these three Multnomah county puritans. It's a very small object to produce so grand results, but history only repeats itself. It is well known that a pig caused the adoption of the federal constitution, for if a New Jersey pig had not escaped from its pen and caused its owner to miss voting, a delegate opposed to the constitution would have been elected, and New Jersey would have voted against the constitution; and the hog was not as well known as the Portland drove, either.

A NEW BOAT.

While the nations of the world have been spending fabulous sums in building immense war vessels, an American inventor has been perfecting a torpedo boat that bids fair to revolutionize naval warfare. It is known as the Holland torpedo boat, the first of the type being about to be launched at Baltimore. It is claimed that it will be able to remain under water for three days at a time without inconvenience. It is 85 feet long, cigar shaped, and costs \$150,000. Its armament consists of five torpedoes, each 11 feet long, and it has a speed when submerged of eight miles an hour. It works anywhere from the surface to the depth of fifty feet, and could, of course, go under the largest war vessel, attach torpedoes to her bottom, and blow her up without her presence being suspected.

If the boat is a success, America will, for the second time, revolutionize naval warfare.

The immigration restriction bill, that in nowise restricts, has been passed by congress, and only awaits the signature of the president to become a law. The only thing on earth it will accomplish is to furnish a place for a few more clerks in the customs department.

What the legislature will do between now and midnight is, of course, all guess work. It is probable, though, that failing to get the ob-

structionists in, the house will pass a resolution declaring their seats vacant, and then proceed in joint convention to cast their vote for senator. Mitchell will receive a majority of all votes so cast, and will then transfer the fight to Washington. At midnight, or as soon as the joint convention adjourns, the Benson house will adjourn; and thus will end the session.

Greece has set an example the larger governments of Europe might follow with profit to themselves and benefit to mankind. Little Greece dared to defy the sultan, and defending the people of her religious faith, helped herself to the island of Crete. The powers would perhaps follow her example if each were not afraid the others would get the largest slice of the Turkey. Greece has helped herself, and has shown the balance of the world that it was a very every task to teach the Turk a lesson.

One of Edison's best points is that his inventions come up to his first announcement of them. The incandescent lamp cost him a world of trouble, but he stuck to it until he gave it commercial standing in the world. He states now that he has found a crystal that in connection with the X ray will disclose to the eye of the surgeon the most delicate tissues of the interior of the body. It is safe to say that all he expects will be realized from his new discovery.

Two remarkable things are noted in the dispatches yesterday. One was the successful occupation of the island of Crete by Greek troops, and the tacit approval of the powers. The other was the hanging of Duestrow, the young millionaire who two years ago murdered his wife and child in St. Louis.

"Otis Patterson is back from Salem," says the Heppner Gazette. "From his general appearance, they didn't do a thing to him down there. He complains that the climate is bad and the water worse." We can understand that Otis is familiar with the Salem climate; but who the dickens told him about the water?

A Tacoma lawyer named Thomas sued for \$10,000 for defamation of character, and received judgment for \$500. There is really no telling what will happen when a state goes Populist.

The President's Daily Routine.

Ex-President Harrison has written of "A Day With the President at His Desk" for the March Ladies Home Journal. The article is said to be singularly interesting in the detail with which it describes the wearisome routine of the president. It is said that General Harrison, in this article, has delivered himself with great directness and vigor, relative to the annoyances that are visited upon a chief executive by persistent office-seekers, and he suggests a unique plan by which the president's burdens in that direction could be greatly lightened, and he be enabled to devote more attention to more important matters. A feature of the article that will have a timely interest to those ambitious to serve the country under the incoming administration, describes very fully how the president makes appointments to office. "A Day With the President at His Desk" is unique in being the first time that the daily life of the president has been described by one who filled the exalted office. Articles upon the social and domestic life of the president by General Harrison will follow in successive issues of the Journal.

There have appeared in the columns of this paper for several years the advertisements of Ely's Cream Balm, a remedy for catarrh, cold in the head, and Hay Fever. It is with much pleasure that we can call the particular attention of our readers to the fact that this article stands very high among remedies, and particularly high as a catarrh medicine. Ely Brothers, were informed, have had long experience as druggists and pharmacists, and a remedy coming from such a source should have the confidence of those desiring a reliable preparation. One fact that should inspire confidence of their catarrh cure (Ely's Cream Balm) is that they are willing to have it put to test, and in order that every one may try it they are now offering a generous trial size through the druggists, or will mail it on receipt of 10 cents. The full size is 50 cents per package. You need not hesitate to send to them for the remedy. Their address is 56 Warren street, New York City.

Dalles-More Stage Leaves the Umatilla house 8 a. m. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. DOUGLAS ALLEN, Prop.

FOOTBALL AND BLOOMERS.

College Girls Upset Vermont Propriety—Shocked the Village. One after another the staid old New England institutions have fallen into innocuous desuetude, and now a Vermont female seminary has been invaded by the bloomer and the football. St. Johnsbury, Vt., is eminently respectable.

So it was that the statement that a member of the seminary's contingent had looked seriously upon bloomers and that talk of a football club had really been heard created the same sort of an atmosphere about the town that the finding of an old witch did in the old days of Salem. It was all true, however, both the statement and the look. What is more, a football team was promptly organized and all of the members wore bloomers. Even worse than that, the new organization actually selected a plot of land back of the Fairbanks mansion to practice upon.

Here was absolute defiance of all the social and community ethics that could be compiled in the bluest book that ever St. Johnsbury heard of. It was positively awful. It was almost as bad as if somebody had said that Boston was not classic or that the university at Burlington was incapable of giving a student the very highest education. Gossip grew rife and the football girls laughed at it. They were not old fogies, they said. They knew a thing or two and were not at all ashamed of it. As for the harm in bloomers, where was it? And as to the football and kicks, why, there was nothing indelicate about that. One of the girls whose father lives over at Barre said that just before she came to the school her father told her she was the hardest kicker he had ever heard of. Why, then, should they complain of her kicking a football?

This was the burden of the song of the football girls. There was no song among the townspeople, however; only lamentations and dire forebodings. Despite all this, the girls have continued to play ball in the Fairbanks lot, and, so far as reported, not a single window in the rear portion of the mansion that is the home of the grand parjandrum of St. Johnsbury society has been broken, for the girls are all pretty and they don't kick their football in the direction of aristocracy's joshhouse.

Thus it is that the bloomer, the football and the female seminary form a triumvirate which makes the average Vermonters stand aghast. Knowing all this, there can be realized in a small degree the heroism displayed by the girls who kicked the football around the Fairbanks lot. They formed a regular eleven, and, of course, in a very delicate way, they fought over the ball in regulation fashion. They play football at Vassar and the sport is not unknown at Wellesley and Smith, but none of them can kick that ball any better than the St. Johnsbury girls.—N. Y. Herald.

TINY LITTLE BRAINS.

They Are Scattered Throughout the Human Body. Dr. William A. Hammond, the celebrated neurologist, says the ganglia, which run like little threads of silk throughout the body, are tiny little brains, largely made up of the same kind of gray matter that composes the thinking part of the brain. While the sensitive ganglia send their little tendrils into every portion of the body, there is an especially large amount of them about the heart, and, really, according to Dr. Hammond, the human heart actually thinks on account of it. When we are frightened, the heart almost stops beating. How could it do it, unless it really thought? It would be impossible. The heart brains are the little gray ganglia, and they recognize the emotions of joy, or pain or fright by sending quick throbs and thrills through the heart, which Dr. Hammond calls a secondary brain. It is well known that the ancients believed different organs of the body to be possessed of mental attributes, and this idea has been handed down to us in such expressions as a "brave heart," a "noble heart," a "spleenic nature," and the like.

Crossgrained people are said to have their spleens out of order, and the ancients located anger, resentment and impatience in the spleen. An immense amount of gray matter or tissue runs back of the stomach, and a heavy blow there will kill as quickly as if the brain itself had been struck. Wherever the ganglia congregate is a vital spot, and instead of thinking solely with the gray matter that is within our skulls, we think in every important organ and throughout every prominent function within our bodies. So says Dr. Hammond, and science seems to agree with him.—N. Y. Tribune.

Nest of Clock Springs.

In the Museum of Natural History at Soleure, in Switzerland, there is a bird's nest made entirely of steel. There are a number of clock-making shops at Soleure, and in the yards of these there are often found lying disused or broken springs of clocks. One day a clock-maker noticed in a tree in his yard a bird's nest of peculiar appearance. Examining it, he found that a pair of wag-tails had built a nest entirely of clock springs. It was more than four inches across, and perfectly comfortable for the birds. After the feathered architects had reared their brood, the nest was taken to the museum, where it is preserved as a striking illustration of the skill of birds in turning their surroundings to advantage in building their nests.

The White Feather.

The story runs that, during a war between the backwoods settlers of North America and the natives, a Quaker feasted the enemy and placed a white feather over the door of his house as a sign of amity. The token was respected. Hence the phrase: "Showing the white feather," which has come to mean cowardice.



MOTHERS! MOTHERS!!

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AN IMPROVED WHITE HOUSE.

The Presidential Family to Have Greater Conveniences.

The residence of the president of the United States ought to be worthy of the office. The present white house is equal to all the requirements of such a residence, so far as it goes. It is a simple and dignified building, whose beauty is a constant delight to appreciative persons. It was conceived and carried out by the architect who planned it in the proper spirit, but it is not large enough for the uses to which it is necessarily put. The country and the city of Washington have grown, and the president's house has not grown with them. A large part of it is given up to the business offices of the president, his private secretary, and his clerks, and the president's family are deprived of the use of another large part of the lower floor of the house because it is necessarily on public view most of the time. The family is therefore cramped for proper accommodations, and there are no rooms for the entertainment of guests. Moreover, the house is so badly arranged as to entrances, exits, and hallways that a state reception there is always an uncomfortable and dangerous jam, while many an invited guest, and many officers who attend certain functions under orders, have been made seriously ill because they have been compelled to stand for hours in cold or stormy weather until they could gain admittance through the single door that can be used for the purpose.

The deficiencies of the white house are so thoroughly recognized in Washington that for many years efforts have been making to secure wothier accommodations for the president. Some of these efforts have been in the wrong direction, because they have contemplated other buildings, foreign to the intent and character of the white house, within the same grounds. Other efforts still are attempts of speculators to move the site of the mansion to the hills north of the city.

The white house, with all its charms and memories, should be preserved, and it should remain on its present beautiful and historic site, its fine grounds unencumbered by other structures. In furtherance of this idea, a plan prepared by Mr. Arthur J. Dillon shows conclusively that the white house can be made, not only abundantly spacious, but even improved, while its architectural features will be at the same time preserved.—Harper's Weekly.

FROZEN MUTTON.

Preparation of the New Zealand Product for the Market.

The reason why Argentine mutton generally is of inferior price to that of New Zealand has a three-fold explanation. In the first place New Zealand possesses to-day a mutton-producing breed superior to that known in the Plate. In the second, the New Zealander feeds his stock during the winter time with extra forage, while in the Argentine the sheep are allowed to graze upon the same bare pampa during the dead season. The result of this is that the New Zealander produces an even, well-grown carcass, while there is sent home from the Plate one upon which a hasty covering of fat has been put during the spring months of the year. The difference between the two carcasses will readily be noted by anyone who pays a visit to the cattle market. Thirdly, the freezer in New Zealand freezes the mutton on account of the breeder; and in the Argentine the freezer buys from the breeder. The disadvantage of the latter system, so long as the breeder has no knowledge of the requirements of the market, is apparent. The New Zealand breeder selects his wethers with care, rejecting any which will give an inferior weight, or which are insufficiently fattened for the butcher. He remits them in small droves to the freezing establishments, and takes every care that they shall arrive in perfect order. The Argentine breeder, on the other hand, makes a contract with the representative of the freezer to sell a given number; and the latter binds himself to remove them within a certain date.—N. Y. Ledger.