

The Weekly Chronicle.

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A BIT OF HOME-LIFE.

Some of the pleasantest bits of reading vouchsafed to the great American public are the glimpses of the real home life of our great men, when some bright writer lifts the curtain and lets us see them as they are in the bosoms of their families, the world forgetting and, in mind at least, "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife." Who has not enjoyed the pictures of the home-life of Lincoln, of Holmes, of Garfield, of Jackson, of thousands of others of our truly great, when one might visit with them, as it were, and see them in their tenderest moods.

We are driven to this idle musing by that touching scene from the home-life of the Hon. Robert Fitzsimmons, at present of Carson City, Nevada, as depicted in the dispatches yesterday. The bit of delicious home-life, where Bob, with his greatness all cast to one side, discusses his aspirations and his objects as every man should, with the partner of his joys and sorrows, is enough to almost bring tears to one's eyes at the mere contemplation of the description. The deep womanly and wifely interest of Mrs. Fitz. in the grand moral contest in which her husband is engaged, or is about to be engaged, touches a tender and responsive chord in every manly breast. Knowing as she does—as she tells him—that there were very many people in the East who "were Corbett," she shows her wifely interest and girlish tenderness by expressing her doubts as to her judgment in "putting her money on him." Such rare tact, such delicate discrimination between her duty to her husband and her duty to her purse, such cool judgment that on the eve of battle compels the arranging of her financial forces to snatch victory even from defeat, mark her as a paragon of her sex and fit companion of the noble knight who comes from the antipodes to win in the gladiatorial arena the green bays that adorn the brow of the victor, and make humanity immortal.

And, then, who can avoid the thrill of admiration as his noble ribs, his eyes beaming with affection and his lips tremulous with emotion, cocks his hat on one side and says: "I'm goin' to win this fight. See! You kin judge from dat whether you ought to git your money up. See! But if I lose, don't ask me to pay your debts, because if I don't win I'll have troubles of my own. You must travel on your own trolley. I just want to tell you that Corbett will lick me like Hall and Creedon did. He'll do it that way and no other. See!"

But the picture becomes soul-harrowing, and why prolong its contemplation? Why from the guileless breasts of these innocents pluck the secrets of their hearts to hold them up to the cold gaze of an unlovely and uncharitable world. Let us draw the curtain and shut out the ravishing vision, content to know that the fist Bob, as he exercises his legs for the coming foot race, occasionally hums those beautiful lines

I could not love thee, dear, so much, Loved I not honor more.

THEIR FIRST EFFORT.

Our Populist friends may well feel proud of their work in the legislature as they contemplate it in the quiet of their enforced retirement. It was only last May that the air was quivering with their warcries. Only ten short months since the bankers,

the gold men, the corporations, the railroad magnates were so many incarnadine rags to their taurine gazes. Only ten months since they depicted the liberties of the people as in danger, the country going to the ever-lasting bow-wows, the laboring man being kicked from sheol to breakfast by the bloated bond-holders, and blue-ruin and all the calamities of the seven phials of wrath of the apocalypse treading on one another's heels as they swept over the agricultural classes. Their diatribes were really harrowing. But they had a panacea for all earthly troubles, a balm for all political bruises, a salve for financial sores, a cure-all for each and every public complaint. This universal system regulator and salvation for sore eyes was labeled Populism.

Now let us say right here that for the honest, conscientious Populist we have the utmost respect; the same respect we have for any man who is honest in his convictions; but for the representatives chosen by them, the blatant U'Rens and other discordant noises who floated to the top according to the laws of gravitation, we have the utmost contempt. They went to the legislature for the avowed purpose of applying their cure-all to the political diseases, and before they struck the state house they were swallowed by Joe Simon as a trout takes in a June bug. One snap of that mouth and they were gone. They defeated Mitchell at Simon's behest, and got Corbett instead. They alone made this possible.

Corbett is all right from a Republican view, for he will vote for Republican measures, but how does he strike our Populist brethren? Corbett is a millionaire, a banker, a railroad director and a rabid gold man. The Populist salve didn't work. Perhaps it was like Colonel Sellers' eye water, a magnificent article, but lacking just the one ingredient that would work a cure.

J. N. DOLPH.

The death of Senator Dolph has caused deep regret to every loyal citizen of Oregon; nor will it cease with our borders, for he had achieved a national reputation and earned the respect of the people, regardless of political opinions or differences. By steady application he mastered his chosen profession, climbing steadily upwards until his feet rested on the uppermost round. In politics he pursued the same course, and won his way to the top by merit alone, for he had none of those graces that go so far towards winning and holding friends. His friendships were formed along the line in which his successes were achieved. They were of slow growth, but once formed were firm and lasting.

Oregon has lost an honored citizen, an honest and conscientious servant, whose labors in behalf of the state have accomplished much more for her than most of us yet realize. As time passes we will come to realize more and more the true value of his services, and to more fully appreciate the sturdy ruggedness of his character, a ruggedness that caused him to be thought cold, haughty and repellent, but which only concealed a kindly and generous heart.

It is on the principle that "a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind" that the European powers are taking the position they do in the affair between Turkey and Greece. The crowned heads are naturally uneasy as they see the power of royalty slipping slowly but surely away from one of them, the degenerate Turk. On the ruins of monarchial France has grown the grand republic, and one such example in Europe is, for the kings, sufficient. They do not fear the growth of Greece, but they do fear the destruction of monarchism. They fear the growth of the doctrine of political freedom and of Republican principles. This is what causes their prompt action in defence of the Turk. It is self-preservation that moves them.

It is amusing to read in the dispatches that the local officers are using every effort to keep disreputable persons out of Carson City, and in the same dispatch that "a large number of prominent pugilists are expected next week." It is said that

Mitchell will challenge the winner for himself and several others. So will Masher the Mighty and Choyanski the Choice. Goddard the Good will also have his say, and if reports are true, when the fight is over there will be an oratorical contest that will outclass the fistic battle. Lofty themes will be discussed with all the fierce argument of hard coin, and when Pugilistic coin talks, it talks most plebeianly loud.

A RARE TRANSACTION.

The action of George Schneider in connection with the failure of the National Bank of Illinois is of so remarkably peculiar a nature as to deserve comment and publicity. He was known as the father of the bank, having been connected with it for years. He had retired two or three years ago, but was still nominally its president, the vice-president performing his duties. The latter wrecked the bank. Although not legally bound, Schneider felt that he was morally so. He turned over to the bank \$200,000 of his own money so that every dollar could be paid in full. Some of his relatives had borrowed money from the bank on the strength of their relationship to him. He took up these notes, amounting to more than \$200,000 more. He then notified the directors that if there were any claims for which he could in the most remote way be considered responsible, he stood ready to pay them; but it was conceded there were none.

It is an idyllic picture of a very wealthy man looking at a vast financial transaction from the simple Aca-dian view of it. It is a rare picture that may well find a place on the walls of the public memory to stir to life the hope that humanity is not utterly degenerate.

NEWSPAPER WAR.

The Oregonian has stirred the Salem Statesman to its depths by the assertion that Salem was a filthy town, with bad water, foul alleys and disease-breeding combinations, or words to that effect. The Statesman has a right to lose its temper and to pass the lie direct to the big contemporary. A paper that won't stand up and fight for its own town has no excuse for existing. That is what it is for. The Statesman admits Salem has plenty of mud, but insists that mud "in the winter time" is the normal condition of the Willamette valley, and even of Portland. That is one reason the constitution provides for the meeting of the legislature during the winter season. It takes lots of mud to run it, especially when a senator is to be elected.

The Statesman sees in the attack of the Oregonian the entering wedge of an attempt to remove the state capital. While we hardly think the Oregonian meant more than one of its nasty flings, and was not serious in its remarks, we concede that it will bear watching, and it would not be at all surprising to see it advocating that measure.

DESERVES PROMOTION.

According to the Pendleton Tribune, the chairman of the board of school directors of district 69, in Umatilla county, is filling entirely too humble a position in the political arena. He deserves to be promoted, not by steps, but at one fell swoop, to the head of some of the great party organizations, being perhaps best equipped for the position of grand sachein of Tammany. At the recent school election he presided. He ruled that no woman in the precinct except his own wife was eligible to vote, closed the polls early in the day, in spite of the protests of the voters, denied many the right to vote for frivolous reasons, and declared the man of his choice elected director, although the ballot box—the chairman's hat—had been upset, the ballots spilled upon the floor and not counted. The beauty of the scheme was that he made it work; that was where the "success succeeded."

The "Oceanic," now under contract for construction, is to be the most magnificent steamship conceived by the genius of man. It will be over 700 feet long, almost a moving island on the face of the ocean. It will afford palatial accommodations

for nearly as many people as there are in our little city. A morning and evening paper will be published for the amusement and pleasure of this cosmopolitan aggregation of modern civilization. The Great Eastern will be totally eclipsed, both as to size and furnishings.

Still another sign that humanity is advancing all along the line comes from Iowa, where a federal judge recently, in charging a jury in a liquor case, told them that they need not hesitate over the lack of proof that the whiskey furnished in this case was an intoxicating liquor. He said: "This court is not a drivelling idiot, and it presumes the jurors are not. It presumes that each and everyone of you know what whiskey is, what beer is, and what a whiskey cocktail is, and that all are intoxicating. This court takes judicial knowledge of the fact that these drinks are intoxicating, and if you do not know it, it now instructs you that they are." If the example of this judge should prove contagious, the first thing we know the courts will be trying cases on their merits, instead of on a fierce array of technicalities and soul-harrowing suppositious propositions with wooden-legged premises and halting conclusions. "The world do move."

The dispatches from Cuba today state that Spain has changed her policy regarding that unfortunate island, and has ordered Weyler to treat with the insurgents, even going so far as to authorize him to sell the island to them. This would be good news, if true; but who can believe it? It is said that Weyler has gone to meet Gomez in order to make some arrangements with him; but it strikes us the story needs considerable salt to make it palatable. One trouble with the Cuban dispatches is that no reliance can be placed upon any of them, and certainly none on this.

A story comes from the East that a big boa constrictor swallowed one of a pair of baby lions. The cubs were named McKinley and Bryan, and the snake, while of vast capacity in the swallowing way, drew the line at Bryan. There is something in a name after all.

The ancients who named the month of March were up to date, at least up to that date when they named it after the God of War, Mars. It is blustering, bluffing, quarrelsome and disagreeable, possessing all the characteristics of its namesake.

The United States senate adjourned Wednesday afternoon. That's where it had the advantage of the Oregon senate, that just faded out like a piece of blue calico.

In five days more the big fight at Carson will come off. The great windmills will face one another and return blow for blow.

Beaumont and Fletcher said: "Calamity is man's true touchstone," and yet most men dislike being touched.

Buckien's Arnica salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Blakeley and Houghton, drugists.

<THE>

NEW YORK WORLD

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The Secretaries. There are but few persons who do not at some time during the year desire to know who the heads of the departments are. For the benefit of those who re-print the list, with the advice to clip it for your scrap book. Secretary of the state, John Sherman of Ohio. Secretary of the treasury, Lyman J. Gage of Illinois. Secretary of war, Russell A. Alger of Michigan. Attorney-general, Joseph McKenna of California. Postmaster-general, James A. Gary of Maryland. Secretary of the navy, John D. Long of Massachusetts. Secretary of the interior, Cornelius N. Bliss of New York. Secretary of agriculture, James A. Wilson of Iowa. Cash in Your Checks. All county warrants registered prior to Oct. 1st, 1897, will be paid at my office. Interest ceases after March 6, 1897. C. L. PHILLIPS, County Treasurer.

Something to Depend On. Mr. James Jones, of the drug firm of Jones & Son, Cowden, Ill., in speaking of Dr. King's New Discovery, says that last winter his wife was attacked with LaGrippe, and her case grew so serious that physicians at Cowden and Pana could do nothing for her. It seemed to develop into Hasty Consumption. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in store, and selling lots of it, he took a bottle home, and to the surprise of all she began to get better from the first dose, and half dozen dollar bottles cured her sound and well. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is guaranteed to do this good work. Try it. Free trial bottles at Blakeley & Houghton's Drug Store. (5) For Sale or Trade. A desirable ranch of 160 acres, within four miles of Dalles City, with one span mares, harness, wagons, plows and other property. Fine fruit land and abundance of water. Will trade for Dalles City property. Inquire of A. S. MAC ALLISTER, Real Estate and Insurance Agent. CHRONICLE office, The Dalles, Or.

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