

The Weekly Chronicle

NOTICE. All eastern foreign advertisements are referred to our representative, Mr. E. Kats, 230 234 Temple Court, New York City.

STATE OFFICIALS. Governor W. P. Lord, Secretary of State W. H. Phillips, Treasurer Phillip Metcalf, Supl. of Public Instruction G. M. Irwin, Attorney-General C. M. Ideaman, State Engineer W. McBrine, State Auditor J. B. H. H. Lee, State Printer W. H. Lee.

COUNTY OFFICIALS. County Judge T. J. Driver, Sheriff T. J. Driver, Clerk A. M. Kelsey, Treasurer A. S. Blowers, Commissioners D. S. Kinsey, Assessor W. H. Whipple, Surveyor J. B. H. H. Lee, Superintendent of Public Schools C. L. Gilbert, Coroner W. H. Butts.

A REMARKABLE ADDRESS.

Vice-President Hobart, in assuming his duties as presiding officer of the senate, addressed that body in a manner decidedly new to it. There were some unpalatable truths told in anything but a pleasing manner. However the address requires no comment, and we print it below in full as being not only worthy of perusal, but something that will do to ponder over.

Vice-President Hobart said: "Senators, My predecessor, on taking this chair four years ago, characterized you as 'the most august legislative assembly on earth.' He himself would now doubtless give words to withdraw that phrase. At any rate, it is my duty, sent here as I am by the direct vote of the people, to tell you that you are nothing of the kind. No other legislative body in a free country is so much despised, and at the same time dreaded, as you are. Abroad you are pointed to as a horrible example of a once great assembly degenerate. At home you are considered a standing and deadly obstacle to political and financial reform, a threat to business, an enemy of peace—in short, the one great danger point in our body politic on which the eyes of our alarmed citizens are fixed. It is my solemn duty to notify you that you must set your house in order lest the popular wrath find some way either to mend or end you. Another four years like the last, of steady affront to the best sentiment of the nation, of aid and comfort given to agitators and incendiaries, of shameless trifling with the country's good name, and as shameless speculating in the stock markets, of dull, insensate opposition to all political progress and political purity, will fill up the cup of your iniquity. Beware lest an outraged people press it to your own lips.

"But it is my duty also to be specific as to the nature of the chief evil in which you are engaged, and as to the remedy which I propose to apply. You have deliberately put yourself in the power of the worst men in your body. A senator strong in prejudices or self-interest, with front and lungs of brass, is able to withstand and defy all the rest. You have justified and tolerated this outrage on the ground of the dignity of the senate; on the ground of the courtesy due a fellow-senator. But what you have really done is to make the dignity of the senate a hissing and a byword; to make the courtesy due senators something lower than the honor which exists among thieves. "As far as is in my power I propose to put an end to this monstrous abuse. It will be necessary for me to enforce your rules; but there are also certain general parliamentary rules essential to the civilized dispatch of public business, which I shall likewise enforce. One of these is the duty of a presiding officer to make a debater speak to the question. When the Indian appropriation bill is before the senate I shall call any senator to order who proceeds to discuss a war with Spain. I shall not allow a four hours' rehearsal of the crime of '73 to be made under the guise of disciplining the bill for regulating the congressional library. Not shall I permit the laxity of the senate rules to defeat the end of all rules—the bringing the question to a vote. When talk becomes evidently and defiantly obstructive, I shall ask the support of a majority of the senate in putting the question. "By co operating with me in these

simple and imperative reforms, Senators, you will do much to save the session from wreck, the country from peril, and yourselves from yet deeper ignominy. What is the pleasure of the senate?"

A FATAL PRECEDENT.

A special session of congress meets today at noon. The eyes of all Oregonians are centered upon Washington, not so much on account of such legislation as may be enacted, but with a deep interest in the action of the senate in the matter of the seating of Henry W. Corbett as senator from this state.

The dispatches indicate that he, as well as that Kentucky appointee, will not be seated. That the senate will hold that the refusal of the legislature to organize for the purpose of avoiding the election of a senator, will be held the same as if it had organized and refused to elect. This is the only safe course open to it. Any other means anarchy, pure and simple. The establishing of the precedent that a legislature refusing to organize permits the governor to appoint a senator to fill the vacancy would be a fatal blow at our political fabric. It would be an assertion that the minority, and not the majority, should rule. It would make it possible for eleven men in the state senate of this state, at any session, to prevent the organization of the senate, to take the election of a senator away from the legislature, to which the constitution has given it, and place the power in the hands of the governor. When this is done, the gates are open, and who is there shall say where the end shall be?

Much as the party needs the senator from Oregon; much as Oregon needs her full representation in congress, she had better be deprived of both senators than that this attack upon our institutions should succeed. We are not dealing in the mica-splitting technicalities of the law "that doth distinguish and divide, a hair twixt south and southwest side," but with the solid material facts of the situation. Neither do we deal with Mr. Corbett's fitness for the place. No matter how able he may be; no matter how valuable his services may be, he comes too high at the price of a violated constitution, an overthrowing of the principle that the majority rules, and the usurpation of legislative powers by the executive.

Should Mr. Corbett, or any other senator appointed as he was, be seated, a blow will have been struck at our political fabric that will cause it to totter. If Mr. Corbett were not moved by motives of self-aggrandizement, he would know this, and if he had a spark of patriotism, would refuse to aid in the nefarious plan to overthrow the principles that underlie our Republican form of government.

FAMILIAR WITH HER FACE.

The old poem says of vice, "We first endure, then pity, then embrace." It strikes us that this is the ladder down which the great, the only Oregonian, the dictator of morals and guide for public conscience, is slowly descending. While its editorial page contains nearly every day a dissertation on "New Journalism," "Aids to Conscience," or "Morals Furnished While You Wait," its back page is meagrely marked with the evidence of that disease it so much dreads. Does not its last page today contain all the pros and cons of the Carson City prize fight? Does it not show the figures of the sluggets with plain and dotted lines, so that the closest comparison of the two principals can be made? Does it not show the respectable Jim and the lissomous Bob with their "dukes" up as they appear in the grand carnival of fistio argument? Does it not give in detail the history of the hold contestants and the list of their battles? Does it not print the rules of the fight and the intensely interesting and dramatic debate between that gret managerial wonder, Dan Stuart, and the arbitrator and referee, Siler? Does it not tell of Brady and Bat Masterson, of Julian, the Marquis of Queensbury and all the other great men? Alas! It does. Asa Fisk, San Francisco's noted Shylock, is dead. He lived to a ripe

old age, dying full of years, possessed of great wealth, and without a friend. Money was his god, and death took aim from it. His heart was closed to every generous impulse, his hand locked against every plea of charity. Possessed of inordinate greed, his sole pleasure consisted in grasping the pounds of flesh hacked from the bosoms of his fellowmen, were sweet morsels to his lips. His insatiate greed is ended, his worthless carcass carried off to rot in the graveyard, where even a self-respecting worm will hesitate long before tackling so unpalatable a feast.

AS HE SEES IT.

Mr. Wallace McCamant is in Washington looking after Senator Corbett's fight for a seat in the senate. Mr. McCamant is a clever, young gentleman, but his intellect needs broadening, deepening, lengthening and straightening before it will reach the full measure of its capacity as he sees and feels it. He looks at the senatorial situation from the standpoint of self-interest only, and before the venerable gentleman who desires a seat in the senate, the ecstatic vision of the United States district attorneyship for Oregon, with smiling features and beckoning hands, looms up ever present, to dim the sight and warp the judgment of one Wallace McCamant. He sees only the flowery official pathways his feet will tread should Corbett be seated; and the vision of a violated constitution, the people robbed of their rights, the precedent that the factious minority shall rule established, and a blow struck at the United States senate that will probably annihilate it, he puts behind him. His opinion on the senatorial situation is conclusive evidence of his utter unfitness for the position of district attorney, for it shows he is willing that the rights of the people shall be trampled under foot that Wallace McCamant may obtain office.

Oregon needs both her senators, and while we do not doubt that Mr. Corbett would represent her interests to the best of his ability, she cannot afford to establish the precedent. As surely as the sun rises if she does her act will come back some time to her shame and her sorrow. She needs her senators, and the nation needs them, but she needs them only when they enter at the door, and not when they make burlesque entry through the windows. She needs her senators, but not at the price she must pay for Corbett. She needs them not unless they are elected by and with the consent of the people, according to law, and in compliance with the terms of the constitution. She needs them not when they are the result of an unholy alliance of Portland bossism, harlequin Democracy and cat's-paw Populists, banded together to defeat the will of the people.

Mr. McCamant would like the district attorneyship, and we have no objection to his having it; but Oregon can get along without either senator or district attorney, and will do so rather than have her rights trampled in the filthy wallow made by Simon, Bourne, U'Ren, the Oregonian, and all that porcine drove.

Saturday we published in our editorial columns, an article taken from the Nation, a paper published at Washington, which was claimed to be Vice-President Hobart's address to the senate on taking his seat as its presiding officer. We regret exceedingly to say that the language was not his, and he did not say anything of the kind. That is where he missed the opportunity of his life, for while he did not say the things credited to him, he should have done so, for they are words of wisdom and gems of truth.

While The Dalles has passed through a period of business depression worse than any before experienced, the outlook is quite cheerful, and when the roads once get in condition it is expected that business of all kinds will start in with a rush. Durand, he of organ fame in Portland a few years ago, has been arrested and brought back to Oregon for trial on charges of forgery. He stoutly denies having forged any of the notes which passed through his

hands, and insists that they were made by the parties by whom they are purported to have been made, and asserts that he has been charged with forgery by them in order to clear themselves of any liability on the notes. His trial promises to throw considerable light on a very mysterious matter.

Brave little Greece that dares tell the murderous Turk that his brutalities must cease, and who, if left alone would put a stop to the murder of people charged with no more serious crime than that of being Christian, will undoubtedly have to succumb to the pressure brought to bear upon her. It is a picture that may well arouse the wonder of the civilized world, that of the crowned Leads of Europe, standing by the degenerate Turk, and becoming accomplices in his bloody massacres.

Tomorrow the Nevada Corbett contest will be settled. From present indications the fight is not going to be attended by the crowd that was expected. Dan Stuart yesterday thought that not more than 3,500 would be inside the pavilion when the exhibit was opened. The other Corbett contest will probably hang on longer.

We rise to remark that the lecture field in Oregon is a fine one with the proper subject, and suggest that Rev. I. D. Driver could fill every hall in Oregon, if he would deliver a discourse on what he knows about the Salem fiasco. Driver knows, and he knows how to tell what he knows.

It was with pleasure we noted yesterday that the diamond drill to be used in prospecting our coal fields is on its way here. We have great faith in the opinion that there is good paying veins of coal lying underneath The Dalles, and hope to see that opinion verified during the coming summer.

Observation leads us to believe that those who cry loudest against the "new journalism" are those who read the literature so-called, with the greatest avidity, and the newspapers that kick against it hardest are those who would adopt that style of journalism if they could.

Even money is being placed on Corbett and Fitzsimmons, which leads us to believe the talent are weakening on Corbett, and are fast coming to the conclusion that he is going to be beaten.

"Perpetrating a ruse on truth" is what a prominent statesman called a round-about method of bribery. After all it sounds better that way, and there is a great deal in a name.

An Evidence of Spring.

Flower-bedecked and fragrant, light-tripping spring skips from hill to hill like a lambkin. Coming from the far south, melting the lingering snow drifts from the hill tops, calling into life each tiny blade of grass and sprinkling hill and dale with the purple and gold of iris and buttercup. Budding the shoots of the willow, shooting the buds of peach and cherry and lime into life instead of death. As the cones northward, nature leaps forth to meet her, joyous and happy as a lover to meet his "first and only." Her feet touch the soil and all the flowers come forth in a thousand tints, and the air is laden with perfumes distilled in Paradise. Around her the glad songs of birds break forth in joyous song, and the musical tinkling of the true poetry below gives evidence that the dainty, be-garlanded and fickle damsel is, if not here, at least due.

My name is Cal Douglas, and you see I have a very pain. But I laid out Jim Fisher. With a gun in The Dalles. There is Thompson and Story. Both honored and respected by men. I was saved from the pen. I was about to forget. My name is Bert Thurston. The trust one yet. I was fished. Although it did me no harm, I thought it worth it. I am on Thompson's sheep farm. I have often said. I did get fifty dollars worth of blood from his head. At the time of this writing. My mind is spent. Laying stock about my house. Without a red cent. Many long, hot days. From more till dark. I will have to work in different ways. To pay them for to kill my heart. Now listen, kind friends. They don't be accused. Don't fight in The Dalles. With the buttend of a six-shooter.

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RESENTED THE SLIGHT. Seven delegates, holding the Convention of Woodmen's Circle.

Seven delegates, representing the Pacific jurisdiction of nine states in the Sovereign camp of the Woodmen's Circle, the ladies' auxiliary of the Woodmen of the World, bolted the convention and effected a new organization adopting a constitution and by-laws and electing supreme officers. The break was occasioned by the Sovereign camp ignoring the women of the West in making up the list of committees and officers.

The bolters were Mrs. Eden Southwick, of Salem, Or.; Mrs. Inez Filloon, of The Dalles, Or.; Mrs. Carrie C. Van Orsdell, of Pendleton, Or.; Mrs. Annie Hawkins, of Albany, Or.; Mrs. C. A. Grimshaw, of Denver, Colo.; Mrs. W. M. Doherty, of Pueblo, Colo.; and Mrs. J. E. Wright, of Leadville, Colo.

This is the way the Corvallis Gazette sums up the house of Davis: "Alas, poor Davis! His house cannot adjourn. Without a quorum it can but adjourn from day to day, and a quorum will never come."

Some members adopted a resolution to dissolve, but what of that? There was no quorum and the adoption of the resolution was illegal. The Davis house cannot adjourn.

Davis has gone home, haunted by the consciousness that his house has not adjourned. In his waking hours, voices whisper, "No quorum, no quorum" and in his dreams there runs the refrain, "Bayer, Barkley, Bourne, Bridges, Bilyeu," and so on down the list of those who would and those who would not. He awakens from uneasy slumbers to hear the night shriek, "you can't adjourn, adjourn, adjourn."

Other houses may come and may go, but the Davis house goes on forever. It may resolve to dissolve, it may scatter to the uttermost parts of the earth, it may hide its hapless head from the gaze of man, but still the mighty truth rings on, "The Davis house cannot adjourn."

There is no escape for Davis. Though he fly to Cuba and follow the fortunes of her struggling patriots, the gurgling wounds of every Spaniard slain will moan, "You can't adjourn." Though swift to far-off Crete he flies, and helps its noble cause, yet every Turk will curse at him and cry, "you never can adjourn."

The song will haunt him to his last sad hour and on the slab, erected where he sleeps, this tribute will appear: "Here lieth one whom Heaven nor Hell can hold. For mighty Truth proclaims him still on Earth. Yes, when this rotting sphere itself grows cold, To know naught more of human we or myth, His spirit still is doomed to linger on, The last and only evidence of man. Alas! you the spirit this most wretched pawn? His house has not adjourned nor ever can. Do stay! A Neat Halt!"

Mr. Baldwin has had his hall thoroughly overhauled, painted and cleaned, and it will be used for the first time since the skating rink closed, tomorrow night, the occasion being the ball in honor of good St. Patrick. He has also had the scenery replaced, and the stage is so constructed that it can, soon be put in place. The hall will hardly be recognized by those who patronized it during the skating season, and the best way to get acquainted with it is to attend the ball tomorrow night and see for yourselves.

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**The Shasta Route** Southern Pacific Comp'y. Trains leave and are due to arrive at Portland.

LEAVE	FROM FEB. 10, 1897.	ARRIVE
8:30 P.M.	OVERLAND EXPRESS, Salem, Roseburg, Ashland, Seaside, Medford, Eugene, Corvallis, Astoria, Cannon Beach, Seaside, Cannon Beach, New Orleans and East.	9:30 A.M.
8:30 A.M.	Rainbow and way stations.	9:40 P.M.
Daily except Sundays.	Via Woodburn for Mt. Angel, Silverton, West Seaside, Seaside, Springfield and Seaside.	except Sundays.
9:00 P.M.	Salem and way stations.	10:15 A.M.
7:30 A.M.	Corvallis and way stations.	8:20 P.M.
11:45 P.M.	Way stations.	8:25 P.M.

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