

The Weekly Chronicle.

COUNTY OFFICIALS. County Judge... Sheriff... Clerk... Treasurer... Commissioners... Assessor... Surveyor... Superintendent of Public Schools... Coroner...

STATE OFFICIALS. Governor... Secretary of State... Treasurer... Sup't. of Public Instruction... Attorney-General... Senators... Congressmen... State Printer...

Clubbing Rates. Chronicle and Oregonian... Chronicle and Examiner... Chronicle and Tribune... Chronicle and N. Y. World...

ERRORS IN HISTORY.

There is a great deal of rhetorical fustian in newspaper editorials on the present war between Greece and Turkey. The big daily at Portland, in its disparaging comments on the valor of the modern Greeks, should adhere to facts, and not follow school "histories" in exploiting its knowledge of the famous actions of antiquity.

In its paragraph on the war now raging, the aforesaid daily slashes right and left with perfect recklessness, quoting from compilations of ancient history, instead of going to the fountain head for its facts. It says Xerxes led 1,000,000 Persians into Greece in the third invasion (pray, what was the first invasion?) when the Father of History declares positively that there were 2,641,610 fighting men, 300,000 of whom were Greeks in the service of Persia, besides as many more non-combatants, making a grand total of 5,283,220 men that Xerxes, son of Darius, led to Thermopylae, exclusive of women who made bread, and concubines, and other attendants, besides beasts of burden and Indian dogs, which no one could number.

The big daily also speaks of Leonidas' "deathless 300." Had the editor referred more carefully to his school history he would have found the statement that the 300 all died, including Leonidas himself. That is also the opinion generally received—they all died, and were not "deathless." The fact, however, is that only 298 of the 300 actually fell in the battle, as anyone will find by consulting the only original authority. Furthermore, they were not buried on Mount Olympus, but were entombed in the pass, near the hot gates, where they fell.

There is another glaring fiction of history which the Oregonian editor unwittingly adopts, in common with the great mass of loose writers and declaimers. The battle of Thermopylae is never referred to without the particular statement that there Leonidas and his 300 Spartans died gloriously while defending the liberties of Greece against the Persian millions, the inference being that no other Greeks fought and died there. The truth is, Herodotus, the only contemporary authority, expressly declares that after Leonidas had dismissed all the Grecian troops except his own, knowing defeat was certain, and that he and the Spartans could not honorably desert the post, 700 Thespians and 400 Thebans, from two small cities of Boeotia, stayed with him. The Thespians remained willingly, for they refused to go away and abandon Leonidas and those with him, but remained and died with them; but the Thebans were compelled to stay, as Leonidas distrusted them, and after he was killed those who were alive threw down their arms and surrendered to the Persians. The voluntary sacrifice of the 700 Thespians in behalf of Grecian liberty is seldom alluded to, and is uncelebrated in song, but their conduct was tenfold more glorious than that of the Spartans, who remained and died in obedience to the laws of their country. What school-boy is there who does not know of

Leonidas and his 300 Spartans, but never heard of the 700 Thespians who voluntarily fought and died at Thermopylae? Demophilus was their glorious leader. Although about seven thousand Greeks fought at Thermopylae under Leonidas, a fair deduction from the words of Herodotus shows that four thousand of them were slain in the conflict. So much for the mistakes of histories and encyclopedias, which lead astray so many superficial writers, who in turn mislead myriads of readers.—Salem Statesman.

The teachers' examination, taking place today, naturally suggests the subject of the system under which these examinations are made. At the last quarterly examination two-thirds of the applicants failed to pass, the examination being a very difficult one. In conversation with a prominent educator of the state since that time he suggested that the examinations were being made harder steadily, not to increase the standard of efficiency, but in the interests of the normal schools. The normal graduates do not have to pass the state examination, and many of them could not, yet they are allowed to teach. They have a different examination entirely, and a much easier one than that provided by the state board. The examinations being much easier, those who feel some doubt about passing the regular examination are induced to take a normal course.

THE NEW DIVINITY.

The Greeks have already been whipped to a standstill, and have placed themselves in the hands of the powers, expressing their willingness to abide by whatever terms of peace the latter may accept for them. There was a time when all Europe would have gone to her aid in her fight against the Ishmaelites; but that time is past. There was a time when her soil produced heroes, when valorous deeds were the theme for minstrels singing; but that was long ago. The club of Hercules has rotted; the sword of Theseus rusted to decay; Ajax and Ajax Telamon sleep side by side; Ulysses, the wise, Jason, the bold, exist only in tradition; Achilles no longer vulnerable in the heel, dies ignobly from England's Hector—thrust at his pockets. It is heroic soil; but heroes no longer exist since the battle against the invincible and invisible power of the money king is hopeless.

It seems not so long ago when Richard of the lion heart, gathered his sturdy following of gallant knights and swept down upon the hosts of Islam. The cross and the crescent met, and Jerusalem was taken from the Turk. Those were different days. The Turk was not England's property then; he is now. Bonds know no religion; Debt has no creed; Greed has no faith; Selfishness no sympathy. Religion has been weighed in English scales against English gold, and it was found wanting. What matter the lives of a few thousand or a few hundred thousand Christians against \$800,000,000 in gold? These be days when human life is cheap and gold dear.

The power of the Turk is broken, and the sword of Islam no longer threatens Europe. The dog is chained, and a few thousand Armenians are not considered too much of a feed for him. The glory of Greece has departed. The sense of shame is no longer known in Europe. The gallant people who for hundreds of years beat the Moslem back and saved Europe from Mohammedism, are sacrificed upon the altar of Pounds, Shillings and Pence. These be the modern trinity of England, and devout indeed be the worshippers.

A TIMELY SUGGESTION.

The Dalles is now the head of navigation on the lower Columbia, and is in a position to command a large trade with the country south and east. The question is, "Is she going to let this trade slip from her grasp, or make an attempt to hold it?" She is in a position to hold it, but it will require an effort on her part. To do so she must increase her facilities for reaching the country tributary to her and that from location would

naturally trade here. The railroad from Biggs to Wasco seems to be assured, and that its completion will do some injury to The Dalles is undeniable. It may not be much, but we must not submit to any loss of trade.

It has been suggested that a railroad be built from this city to the free bridge on the Deschutes. This would tap quite a large section of the grain fields of Sherman county, and would also settle the portage railway matter as it could easily be carried to the mouth of the Deschutes. We suggest to the Commercial Club the advisability of examining into the matter, and that speedily. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and eternal energy is the price of success.

For genuine grit and determination a woman can double-discount a man every time, especially if it is in matters matrimonial that these traits of character are called into use. Recently at Atchison a woman was married to her second husband. She asserts that while the ceremony was being performed the ghost of her first husband stood at her side and shook his fist at her so vigorously that she was surprised that others in the room did not hear his bones rattle. And yet, in the presence of this ghastly visitor from the grave, she retained her grip on her husband-to-be's hand and promised to love and comfort him. It was a heroic act. A man, under like circumstances, would have fled shrieking from the second-handed spirit armed with a ghostly broom and a sardonic grin on her lower maxilla. He would have abandoned all ideas of making a second venture. The woman was braver, and as she probably didn't care a cent for the old man while he was still in the flesh, his bony framework had no terrors for her. Indeed, there are some women whose cup of happiness would be filled to overflowing, and who would be only too happy to have the first husband present in his bones at her second wedding.

It is astonishing how prone some people are to reason in a circle and arrive at conclusions satisfactory to themselves—on almost any given proposition. We note an editorial going the rounds showing that this country is soon to have an immense gold surplus because we are every year taking such vast sums of it out of the ground. Therefore, says the philosopher who wrote the editorial, as we cannot eat it or consume it, we must soon accumulate a vast store of it. He does not stop to consider that this country has half a billion dollars in gold, but has produced three billions. Nor does he reflect that citizens of the United States take to Europe and spend in travel, hotel bills and amusements, more gold every year than the whole continent produces. There is no danger of gold becoming so plentiful in this country that we will have to use it for paving our streets or anything of that kind. The production of gold is increasing steadily, and will continue to increase indefinitely, but there will always be plenty of people to take it—at par.

Recently at Tacoma and San Francisco 315 Chinese were refused landing, they claiming they were on their way to Nashville, Tennessee, where they would open a theater. There was no other excuse for their being landed, and the officials very properly refused them. Now the dispatches state that "at the urgent request of the superintendent of the exposition" the secretary has consented to their being landed, but emphatically states that "no more will be permitted to land on this account." It strikes us the secretary has far exceeded his authority, and has himself violated the law just as much as the gang who were engaged in importing them from Victoria. The urgent request of the superintendent of the Nashville exposition is hardly sufficient to outweigh the act of congress. If it is sufficient, why should not the urgent request of the railroad magnates who want cheap labor, or anyone else, be also sufficient?

The southern Democrats who are now favoring protection must have been reading the remarks of John C.

Calhoun on the tariff of 1816, when he said: "When our manufactures are grown to a certain perfection, as they will be under the fostering care of the government, the farmer will find a ready market for his surplus products, and a certain and cheap supply for all his wants; prosperity will diffuse itself through all the country." Calhoun only abandoned this theory when he found that manufacturing industries were not being established in the South, to thus benefit the farmers of that section. Now that manufactures are springing up in the South, the theory of protecting them and thus aiding the agriculturist is again taking possession of the southern mind—Astorian.

A perusal of Tony Noltner's paper, the Dispatch, shows that he is still dumb on the subject of his visit to Washington. One reason of this, perhaps, is that he is drumming for another class of goods. The last heard of Tony he was perambulating Eastern Oregon seeing how many legislators could be depended on to vote against Mitchell, or at least this is the occupation Madame Rumor gives him. It is further stated that if enough votes can be pulled away from Mitchell to make his defeat certain, a special session of the legislature will be called. It is unfortunate that this matter should also be confined to Tony's hat, which is already the receptacle of that other secret, Corbett's chances in Washington. Unbosom yourself, Tony, and tell us all you know.

The sugar trust is in evidence at Washington, with plenty of money to maintain a lively and energetic lobby. The trust want the Hawaiian treaty abrogated, so that its sugar will not come in competition with their product. The circumstances also make them inimical to the annexation of the islands. It remains to be seen whether congress will look after the country's interests by assuming authority over Hawaii, or whether the interest of Havemeyer and his gang is to prevail.

NO DANGER IN GRAPE SEEDS.

Much Dreaded Appendicitis (Not to Be Caused by Them). There is a popular and false notion that appendicitis is caused by a grape seed, an orange seed or some other foreign substance getting into the vermiform appendix. The true cause is the setting up of inflammation and consequent gangrene in the tissue of the appendix, usually due to insufficient circulation of blood in the part itself. In thousands of operations which have taken place—many in time to save the life of the patient, and many too late—there is not one authenticated case of a foreign substance, such as a seed, being found in the appendix. This will be more fully realized when one has in mind that the interior of the appendix is only big enough to admit a medium-sized darning needle. Its great liability to disease is due entirely to its low order of vital resistance. That is, it is an organ which appears to have no actual use in the present machinery of man, but in its earlier stages of man's development it is believed to have been a large pouch that played an important part in the digestive operations of the human system. By ages of disuse it has gradually shrunk to its present dimensions, and is known to science as a vestigial organ, one which is only a remnant of its former self, and possessing but a vestige of its original functions. This becomes clear if some other parts of the body which now seem to have no use are considered. The tonsils are in this class, and also the wisdom teeth, and both are peculiarly subject to disease.—N. Y. Journal.

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A MODERN GEORGE WASHINGTON.



"Poor man! How did you lose the sight of your eye?" "Lookin' for work, mem!"—Pick-Me-Up.

The Three-Year-Olds. Alas, poor infants, what an age of sorrow do you strike! Too big for baby carriages; Too small to ride a bike!—Washington Star.

Forfeited. Mrs. McSwatt—Billiger, when I asked you to get a book for a birthday present for brother John I supposed you would select one that had at least a substantial binding. This one will fall to pieces before he has it six months. Mr. McSwatt—No it won't, Lobbelia. It will last that brother of yours 100 years, in any kind of binding. It's a book on manners.—Chicago Tribune.

In the Heejee Islands. "What did you say the name of this missionary was?" asked King Ktwapta. "Live ever, your highness," said the trembling chief; "he said it was John." "Well, for a change"—King Ktwapta looked lovingly at his toothpick—"let us have a Jackpot-pie."—Town Topics.

His Views on Labor. First Tramp—Do you b'lieve in keepin' out the pauper labor of Europe? Second Tramp—I don't mind the pauper labor, but when it comes to lettin' in paupers what don't work, I'm afraid they'll crowd us fellers into lookin' for a job.—N. Y. World.

His Offense. "The New Woman's club will never hire Tenor, the singer, again." "Why so?" "He was billed to sing four times at their annual dinner, and each time he warbled 'What Is Home Without a Mother.'"—N. Y. Truth.

An Unfeeling Comment. "Willie Washington," said the friend, "is one of those people who tell everything they know." "Yes," replied Miss Cayenne, wearily, "and he doesn't talk very much, either."—Washington Star.

An Ominous Sign. Adviser—So you think that your wife is dead in earnest in her demands? Husband—I certainly do. Adviser—How do you know? Husband—She has become silent.—Up-to-Date.

A Bear in Her Path. "This baby carriage with a canopy top is a good thing," said the early spring nurse girl to the policeman in the park. "Then push it along," grimly ordered the bobby.—Detroit Free Press.

In Literature. "Bridgmore tells me he is writing for one of the magazines." "Well, he is. He writes the names of the post offices on the packages for the mails."—Chicago Tribune.

The Brute. Young Mother (on the train)—Oh, dear, I don't know what to do with you, baby! Kind Bachelor—Shall I open the window for you, madam?—N. Y. Journal.

The merchant who tells you he has something else as good as Hoe Cake so p is a good man—to keep away from. a2-3m

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