

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... Supt. of Public Instruction... Attorney-General... Senators... Congressmen... State Printer...

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

CONDITIONS IN THE SOUTH.

Mr. H. W. Scott, of the Oregonian, has recently traveled through the South, and the editorial columns of his paper are now reflecting what he saw in this favored land. A recent article is as follows: "It is a fact that in our southern states, or most of them, there is a steady, quiet and general prosperity..."

A local in this issue notes the effect of a "giant" that got loose. It is almost impossible for the mind to realize the tremendous force of a body of water shot from a nozzle. With 900 feet pressure, equal to about 400 pounds to the square inch, the striking force of a stream of water is simply astounding...

Armor DeCosmos is dead, passing in his checks July 5th at Victoria. He crossed the plains in 1858, packing the name of John Smith with him. In California he had his name changed by the legislature to the broad and suggestive title "A lover of the world..."

The New York Journal of Commerce has recently shown from the reports of the United States mint that between 1873 and 1896 there has been an increase in the world's supply of money as follows: Silver coin, \$2,498,000,000; gold coin, \$1,580,000,000, and the Journal alleges that this "is the most stupendous inflation of metallic money in the history of currency..."

John E. Curtis, living in Deering, Me., a town few people outside of the state of Maine ever heard of, accumulated a fortune of \$2,000,000, nearly all of which he bequeathed to

charitable purposes. Among the beneficiaries may be mentioned widows, aged men and aged women, hospitals, free public libraries and benevolent fraternal societies. Whatever may be said about the methods of obtaining it, there has never been a time in the history of the world when so large a proportion of the accumulated wealth of the rich went finally into the hands of the poor as now. Religious institutions may not receive as much as in former ages, but charitable institutions get a great deal more.

SHADES AND GRADES.

Mrs. Bradbury is repentant. A week ago she was seeing the world through a telescope held for her by a Mr. Ward, and everything seemed large, attractive, beautiful. Today she has put her optics to the big end of the glass and the view is different. She thinks now she was hypnotized. Possibly she was. So was Psyche to her undoing; so Cleopatra; so Cressid; so I; so Phryne; so the innumerable throng of lesser beauties who have tuned their waxen ears to vibrate responsive to the voices of the flatterers.

Paradise was lost because Eve was not deaf; Troy fell because Helen turned not her head away from Paris; Egypt put the snake to her arm after first letting its venom strike her brain; "Good Queen Bess" had her Raleigh; Anna of Austria her Buckingham; Mary of Scotland lost both heart and head on Rizzio's account. But why prolong the list? Elizabeth may be hypnotized; Peggy is simply betrayed; Mrs. Bradbury, with a husband worth a million dollars, is Sven-gallied; Mrs. Somebodyelse, whose husband hasn't \$500, makes a fool of herself. There are grades and shades of evil that in these modern days needs, demands the services of an expert in nomenclature. The peccajello of the mistress is the crime of the maid; the mebristry of the master the plain drunk of the servant; the hilarity of the young blood with coin, the vice of the other young fellow without it.

What is hypnotism? The deadening of some of the faculties, the accentuating of others. That was what happened to Mrs. Bradbury, but it is what happened a hundred thousand times since Paradise, will happen again and yet again and again, as the world exists. So it matters not much whether it is called hypnotism or some other term.

Tuesday evening at Portland Governor Lord made the presentation speech, and with a wave of the hand designating the punch bowl and other vessels that comprised the silver service for the battleship Oregon, he got rid of the white elephant in a graceful and happy manner. His speech will not go echoing through the halls of time as a model for future ages to emulate, but as long as he succeeded in getting rid of the silver set, nobody is going to criticize too harshly his speech. Where the Dickens he resurrected all the platitudes is of course a profound mystery. Gazing at his classic countenance one could hardly believe that he had found them by himself, but he may have done so. The rivers ramifying the state, the harbors filled with ships and things, caught the good governor's fancy, and the pretty words that expressed nothing trickled over his under lip like maple syrup out of a hot can. Oregon feels justly proud of her governor. She recognizes his peculiar fitness for almost anything, and if any of our neighboring states have anything they desire to have given away, cheerfully and freely commends him for the job.

Mr. Astor, grandson of old John Jacob, who made a fortune dealing in furs, caused Astoria to be on the map and Washington Irving to write the interesting story of its settlement, is mad. No less a personage than the queen of England has slighted him, or rather his paper. The amusing part of the affair is the openly-expressed chagrin which Mr. Astor indulges in. He should come over to this side of the pond, quit monkeying with royalty, and run a good, solid American paper, as we do.

At the close of last year there were 20,390 miles of railroad open to

traffic in India—an increase during the year of 713 miles. The great centers of what early in the century was designated as heathendom—Madras, Calcutta, Delhi, Lahore, Peshwar and Bombay—are united by a vast railway system, feeders of which extend to the hills and tap the most productive sections of the empire. Traffic is the greatest of missionary agencies, and by bringing the remote parts of the earth in touch with each other, it lessens distinctions of belief and nullifies the effect of its differences.

SOME OBSERVATIONS.

It is constantly argued and perpetually asserted by priests and parsons that the world's progress is in the main due to the highly civilized influences of Christianity, and while this may be so, the revelations made plain by the Victorian jubilee celebration do not help to sustain the asserted arguments. It will be remembered that about 400 warships, principally English, took part in the celebration. Queen Victoria is commonly hailed as a most Christian-like ruler over a most decidedly Christian people. The divine inception of Christianity finds its source of origin in the teachings of the "Prince of Peace." It was he who advocated and was the greatest exponent of peace that the world has ever seen, and according to his teachings, warships and guns and munitions of war are indicative of brutality and unre-generated sin. But be that as it may, to me it is quite plain that there is a vast difference between the teachings of the "Prince of Peace" and the applied hypocrisy of individuals and nations that are masquerading under this cloak of goodness, theoretically and otherwise. It is true, however, as fact can make it that about 400 warships did participate in the jubilee, and thereby hangs this interesting puzzle: If it took 1897 years of Christian civilization to bring about the formidable array of aggressiveness witnessed in this jubilee, what may be expected at the end of another 1897 years?

Let the priests and parsons ponder over this part of the queen's jubilee program and see if they can find anything that is in the least edifying to themselves or consistent with the doctrines taught by the "Prince of Peace."—Tomahawk.

RAINBOW CHASING.

A dispatch to the Tribune from London says that the special envoys of the United States to negotiate with European powers for a settlement of the silver question on an international basis, have awakened a keen interest in the French government, which has promised to lend its diplomatic support to the cause.

This does the will-o-the-wisp lead the envoys on from one feast to another, always tantalizingly out of reach (not the dinners) and always about to be grasped. That old term of "rainbow chasing" fits it better than any other. Envoys will be treated with the most distinguished consideration, and will get home this fall with a choice collection of promises and a cap full of wind.

Noting the almost total annihilation of circular and poster advertising in Philadelphia, the Times of that city says that the people no longer look at the glaring things on the walls and board fences, will not accept the printed "dodgers" thrust at them on the street, and as a rule refuse to look at the printed or even engraved circular sent through the mails. The only announcements that seem to hold their own and retain popular favor are those that appear in the magazines and newspapers, especially of the higher grade, that enter households. Even in this the old "slap-dash" idea has been abandoned, and they are so thorough and made so entertaining that they are read almost as extensively as the news columns.—Telegram.

The Spaniard talks saucily of meeting the hated Yankee on the sacred soil of Cuba, and insinuates that if this government don't beware, Weyer will whale somebody. With 60,000 more soldiers required to maintain peace in one little province, the fire-eater's words become ridiculous. If Spain must really

have something to waste its surplus energy on, we suggest that it take a shyp at the turbaned Turk. There is a chsp with a clip on his shoulder as big as a Bryan dollar, and he is ach-ing to have someone touch it, too.

Miss Constance Mackenzie, who is said to be "a prominent educator," was married at Philadelphia July 1st to John S. Durban, a Negro. If the act is the sequence to her ideas of education, the country is to be congratulated that she now quits educating other people's children, and can confine her attention to swatting a little black pckeninnny or two of her own. In the segregation of the races alone lies their power to maintain themselves. A Negro should have too much pride to marry a white woman who would consent to marry him.

The Louisville Courier-Journal asks itself if this is "an age of small men," and concludes that while there is an abundance of great men, the ablest and best men are, as a rule, engaged in industrial, commercial development, either directly or as the advisers of those employed, or in science or education. "Our great men," says the Courier-Journal, "are employed in dominating the powers of nature, exploring the fields of science, extending the arts of peace, or educating the young, while small men wrangle and riot in our halls of legislation."

Nashville has a curiosity in the shape of a baby, a colored baby three weeks old, who talks like sixty and reasons like a Webster. The baby commenced talking when only a week old, and has kept at it steadily when not nursing. It is a girl baby—of course.

SIAM SAPPHIRE MINES.

Value of Their Product Is in the Quantity Not Quality. The Pailin mines are spread over an area six miles by two, and consist of 13 mining villages, the chief of which are Baw Tuka and Baw Dineo. These two are more than four miles apart, but they are joined by an excellent road cut through the forest and well drained. Sapphires, says the London Times, are found all over this district; the whole countryside is riddled with holes sunk in the red soil down to the sapphire layer. Formerly the stones were found quite near the surface, but those places have long since been exhausted, although the Burmese still continue to turn over the old heaps in the firm conviction that precious stones grow. Now the stones are found at a depth of from 15 to 25 feet, in a reddish, gravelly layer of varying thickness up to 18 inches. The pit sunk is usually some five feet in diameter and either square or circular. Soil is raised in bamboo baskets, attached to the end of a balanced lever, and when the sapphire layer is reached the stratum is carried to the nearest water and washed carefully for stones. Not more than one shaft in three pays for its working expenses, but when the sapphire layer is struck the profits may be large indeed. It is all a question of luck. To dig and work out one shaft occupies two or three men one month. Two or three Burmese generally go into partnership and hire Laos miners to work for them and sink the shaft at the rate of two ticals (two shillings eight pence) per 18 inches. Occasionally sapphires of considerable value reward the miner, but the sapphires of Pailin are of more commercial value because of their quantity than because of their intrinsic excellence.

A NEW RECORD.

Deepest Spot in the Ocean Nearly Six Miles. For 20 years or more the deepest spot in the ocean has been supposed to be to the northeast of Japan, says the New York Journal. There the bottom lies 4,655 fathoms down, or more than five miles beneath the surface of the waves.

In the latest hydrographer's report of admiralty surveys, made by the British government, this ocean record, which has stood so long, is beaten, for there is official information of a deeper sounding than has hitherto been made. The deepest spot in the ocean, so far as known at present, has been found to be in the neighborhood of the Friendly and Kermadec islands, in the Southern Pacific. Here the maximum depth is 5,155 fathoms, or close upon six miles. The observation, made by the officers on board the British ship Penguin, is all the more interesting for the fact that it bears out the result of previous researches, showing curiously enough as it does that the deepest parts of the sea are not far from land.

Deep-sea sounding has come of late years an exact science in itself. One curious feature of it, and one which is little known, is that the "leads" used have to be constructed with especial strength in order to withstand the enormous pressure of the mass of water which bears down upon them when they lie upon the bottom. So great is this pressure that the sounding apparatus in ordinary use would be crushed.

By existing arrangements with the publishers of the Weekly Oregonian, we are enabled to club that excellent paper with the Twice-a-Week CHRONICLE at the low rate of \$2.25 per year. Now is the time to send in your names.

CHEAP BICYCLES.

A French Invention Which Sells for a Quarter.

It is Hardly Up to Our American Machine, However—It Is Thought It May Affect the Price of Bicycles the World Over.

A business has just been started in Paris which may affect the price of bicycles all over the world. It undoubtedly will, if the claims made by the champions of the new undertaking prove true. Cheap bicycles, so cheap that the mention of the sum takes one's breath away, are to be the product of this new business or factory.

Wooden bicycles were offered for sale in Paris some time ago at the unheard-of price of 20 sous each. Henri de Parville, scientific editor of the Journal des Debats, was musing over this strange fact, when one day he received a letter informing him that a very useful bicycle could be made for two sous, which are equivalent to a couple of cents of American money. A bicycle for a couple of cents! Just think of it! A few days later Paul Clerc, the writer of the letter, showed M. de Parville his two-cent bicycle. It was simply composed of a couple of pieces of wood taken from an old box and two cents' worth of iron.

It was, in other words, a rough specimen of the primitive velocipede, as invented by Baron de Drais in 1818. The component parts of this machine were a rough wooden framework and two wooden wheels of equal size.

M. Clerc's idea is to place on the market machines fashioned after this old model, but with all feasible and inexpensive improvements. The machines will have neither pedals nor intricate mechanism of any kind. They will be composed simply of a wooden framework, two wooden wheels and a saddle. They will be known, not as bicycles, but as celerets.

It is not expected that the celerets will supersede the regular bicycles, but it is considered certain that thousands who cannot afford to buy bicycles will buy celerets. A first-class bicycle costs \$100 or more; a first-class celeret can be bought for one dollar or two dollars, and one of an inferior grade can be purchased as low as 25 cents. Nay, there is no reason why a handy man or boy should not make a celeret for himself, in which case the only outlay necessary would be a couple of cents for iron.

And in regard to the utility of the celeret Baron de Drais said many years ago: "On a good road my machine can travel at the rate of two leagues, and even four leagues, an hour, and when going down hill its speed is greater than that of a galloping horse." Perhaps the baron bragged. The celeret may not go quite as fast as he claims. Still, it can be made to go fast, and with little effort. The rider is really "walking," while in a sitting posture, and is far less likely to become fatigued than if he were running in the ordinary manner. Progress is made by touching the ground alternately with the right and left foot. The machine, once set in motion in this manner, goes along steadily; and the speed at times is so great that the rider has no need to propel himself with his feet.

"Put pneumatic tires and other modern improvements on a celeret," says M. Clerc, "and there is no reason why it should not go almost as fast as a bicycle."

He also says confidently that a man can travel a long distance on a celeret and feel hardly the least fatigue at the end of his journey. He accounts for this fact on the ground that none of the energy spent on propelling the machine is wasted, and that the amount of energy required to travel a long journey is much less than might be expected. M. Clerc sees clearly that it will be no easy task to make the celerets popular. When their prototypes, the draisennes, were invented, at the beginning of the century, the few persons who ventured to use them in France were unmercifully caricatured. In England the machines became more popular, but there, too, their riders were ridiculed. We all know how long it has taken the modern bicycle to win its present high position. M. Clerc, however, is confident of success.

"According to him," says the Journal des Debats, "thousands can derive benefit from a machine like this, which costs almost nothing, which travels as fast as a trotting horse, and which can be ridden by anyone without the slightest danger of falling off. How many young people would use it for amusement and health, and also for the purpose of learning how to ride the regular bicycle? Workingmen could ride to their business on celerets, children could go to school on them, peasants could ride to market on them, and even business men could use them to save time. So light could they be made that riders could easily carry them under their arms, if necessary."

Analyzed thoroughly, then, M. Clerc's idea is philanthropic. He wants to furnish workingmen and the poor generally, who cannot afford to buy bicycles, with machines that for all practical purposes will prove quite as serviceable to them as any bicycle.—N. Y. Herald.

Don Juan Mine Sold.

Yesterday Chas. A. Smith, of Denver, purchased the Don Juan mine, one of the most promising gold producers in the Bonanza district, says the Baker City Democrat.

This property has been a steady yielder for some time past, a three-stamp mill producing about \$1000 a week. This mine has been operated by Messrs. Kelley & Allen, the recent owners, who yesterday disposed of the mine, the purchase price being \$30,000.

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

Baseball Girls.

At McMinnville the 4th of July program had something new, it being a game of baseball between nine girls and nine old men, the former winning. The names of the players are: Girls—Mary Weston, Stella Kinnam, Ollie Mulligan, Carrie Mulligan, Flossie Blair, Ruby Gilbaugh, Alma Jellison, Ada Wilson, Rosa Gan Buskirk. Old men—D. A. Judy, C. Smith, J. L. Ladd, J. W. Briedwell, R. W. Phillips, T. J. Jellison, Mahood, C. R. Jack, A. Dorin.

This Is Your Opportunity.

On receipt of ten cents, cash or stamps, a generous sample will be mailed of the most popular Catarrh and Hay Fever Cure (Ely's Cream Balm) sufficient to demonstrate the great merits of the remedy.

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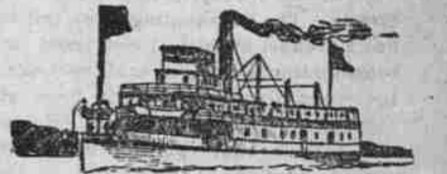
Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mont., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement, "It is a positive cure for catarrh if used as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Presb. Church, Helena, Mont.

Ely's Cream Balm is the acknowledged cure for catarrh and contains no mercury nor any injurious drug. Price, 50 cents.

Firemen's Excursion to Multnomah Falls, Sunday, July 11th. Str. Regulator. Tickets, \$1.00.

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TIME CARD.

No. 4, to Spokane and Great Northern arrives at 6 p. m., leaves at 6:30 p. m. No. 2, to Pendleton, Baker City and Union Pacific, arrives at 1:15 a. m., departs at 1:30 a. m. No. 3, from Spokane and Great Northern, arrives at 8:30 a. m., departs at 8:45 a. m. No. 1, from Baker City and Union Pacific, arrives at 8:30 a. m., departs at 4:30 a. m. Nos. 23 and 24, moving east of The Dalles, will carry passengers. No. 23 arrives at 6:30 p. m., departs at 12:45 p. m. Passengers for Heppner will take train leaving here at 6:35 p. m.