

The Weekly Chronicle.

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

STATE OFFICIALS. Governor, W. P. Lord; Secretary of State, H. B. Kincaid; Treasurer, Phillip Metchan; Sup't. of Public Instruction, G. M. Irwin; Attorney-General, C. M. Ideman; Senators, G. W. McBeide, H. Mitchell, J. B. Hermann, W. E. Ellis; Congressmen, W. H. Leeds; State Printer, W. H. Leeds.

Weekly Clubbing Rates. Chronicle and Oregonian, \$2 25; Chronicle and Examiner, 2 25; Chronicle and Tribune, 1 75; Chronicle and N. Y. World, 2 00.

IT IS ALWAYS EARNED.

There are several points of view from which the Clondyke excitement may be viewed, and almost any of the estimates made by those now on the ground will show that however rich the ground may be, history will repeat itself. It is a proposition capable and easy of demonstration that the gold product of the world has cost more in hard labor than it would have taken to have earned all of it working at miners' wages, or even less. This was so in California, where all the elements and circumstances combined to make it the gold miners' paradise.

Let us examine the Clondyke situation from the estimates made by the enthusiastic ones there. One writes: "The Clondyke next year will produce \$50,000,000, and there will be 40,000 people here."

Another says: "The Clondyke will produce next year \$10,000,000, and there will be 20,000 people here." The same writers tell us it will take, at the lowest calculation, \$750 to get into the Clondyke with a year's provisions. Now for the first estimate, 40,000 people paying \$750 each to get into the Clondyke, would part with just \$30,000,000. That is what it would cost them to get there and stay one year. Conceding that they will get the \$50,000,000, this would leave \$20,000,000 profit for a year's work, hardship and exposure for 40,000 men, which, if it were divided equally, would amount to \$500 apiece. Now take the other proposition of 20,000 people and \$10,000,000. The cost of getting 20,000 people in with their provisions would be \$15,000,000, resulting in a dead loss of \$5,000,000.

The worst feature of these calculations is that they are true. The hope of sudden wealth, the faith of each that he will be the lucky one, lures thousands to their undoing. Such mining rushes are simply gambling, and, like most gambling games, the outsiders—the players—lose. The dealers, the transportation companies, etc., have a sure thing, and win.

We only hear of the fellows who come home with a stake, and the poor devils who survive the hardships of the trip and come home, as they did from Fraser river, with a deep-seated prejudice against claims as a steady diet, have not much to say, and have not much said about them.

Whatever may be said in defense of that peculiar southern pastime known as lynching, there is a line beyond which even its most rabid advocates should not go. The dispatches yesterday announced the hanging of Eph Brinkley by a mob "on suspicion." No evidence could be found connecting him with the crime, but as he had a bad reputation, the crowd just hanged him on general principles. We are glad this practice is not in vogue in Oregon, or some of its papers—exchanges of course—would have to enlarge to contain all the obituary notices.

The Carnegie and Bethlehem companies refuse to furnish armor for the United States warships at the price fixed by congress, namely \$300 per ton. The reason they give is that the price was too low. This, if true, would be sufficient excuse, that is if the price was too low to allow a legitimate profit, but this is not the

case. The price is too low to suit them, because they have been for years charging the government more than double what their products were worth. It is known that these companies have been gladly selling thousands of tons of armor to Russia for \$240 per ton, and making money. The government needing the armor should set a price on the works and confiscate them for its own use. This is its undoubted right, and the correct remedy.

THE FUR-SEAL FARGE.

It would be amusing, if it were not disgusting, to study the actions of the United States government over the fur seals of Behring Sea. It is a source of perpetual turmoil between this government and England, and on one or two occasions has almost led to war. The whole cry is, "We must protect the seals or they will become extinct." The truth is, the government has protected the seals by turning them over to the tender mercies of a corporation, the corporation paying, or rather agreeing to pay, a stated sum for the privilege of exterminating them. No American citizen is allowed to kill a seal, that is none except the employees of this company.

It is bad enough that this state of affairs exists; but when on top of it the company refuses, and has refused and neglected to pay the nominal sum charged it ever since 1892, while at the same time it is urging the government, and successfully, too, to quarrel with England over the seals, the whole affair becomes nauseating.

The best thing that can be done is to let the seals go, let everybody have a chance at them, and let them be exterminated and the everlasting subject of dispute along with them. It costs the government more to police, unsuccessfully, the Behring Sea than all the furs are worth. Let England once understand that we will stand in and assist in exterminating the seals, and she will be too willing to assist in protecting them. London is the only place where the skins are dressed, and the only place where any money is made out of the industry, except that made by the legalized pirates of the North sea, the Alaska Commercial Company.

The race for the Clondyke is like the uprising of a great army of volunteers. There is the same casting off of comfort on the part of those that go, the same trial of patient waiting for loving ones left behind. And it is by such hardship and such tribulation that men and women are made. It is not even necessary that we should live if the price of existence is to be discontent with our lot and a constant grumble at fate. Better that a man should struggle with the cold and hunger of an Arctic winter than to embitter his own and others' lives with ceaseless complaining. Better that a community should be lifted out of a rut of gloom and repining even by tragedies such as are in store in the Yukon's wilds, than that it should forever languish in inaction and bitter self accusation. Someone has blessed the Clondyke because some new Bret Harte will celebrate its comedy and tragedy. But the real blessing lies in the fact that it will make men, who are the source of all literature; that it will by something lead us back to nature, and that life will through it be poured into the veins of sluggish communities everywhere.—Oregonian.

The big rush for the Clondyke for this season will soon be over, for in two weeks more it will be too late to start with any certainty of reaching the end of the journey. It is probable that Juneau will be crowded all winter by the impatient ones, who will get that far and spend the winter there for the purpose of getting an early start. It is beyond question that every claim on the Clondyke was located before the news of the strike reached the outside world, hence those now rushing wildly after sudden wealth will have to find it on creeks not yet prospected. The country is as large as the whole of the United States east of the Mississippi, and it will take years to prospect it. The gold has been there some thousands of years,

and it is not at all likely that any of it will run away this winter, and those who go in in the spring will have just as good chances as those who let their greed blind their judgment and endure the rigors of an Alaskan winter.

A DEFUNCT POLITICIAN.

The Oregonian is responsible for the statement that Penoyer is looking around for a candidate for governor, and has his eye—both of them, in fact—on Harrison R. Kincaid as the man best qualified to fill the bill. Penoyer is cunning and thinks the Democracy will take up with any free silver man. He is mistaken. Democracy has some principle left—not much, perhaps, but enough to prevent it going to Kincaid. Besides, the governor should recollect that he is not considered a democrat. He made his bed with the populists, and while there has been considerable kicking that resulted in the governor being kicked from under the covers, he only struck the floor. Democracy grew weary of him several years ago, and when he fired honest John Myers from his position as chief of Portland's police, he burned his ships behind him. It is a safe proposition that whoever Penoyer may desire for governor or any other office, the Oregon democrats will promptly repudiate. The wonder is that he does not endorse his man Friday, Napoleon Davis.

Canada has a very rigid alien law, and fears are expressed that she may apply it to keep Americans out of the Clondyke. The fear is not well founded. In the first place it would be almost impossible to enforce the law in that far off region; and in the second, the United States has too favorable an opportunity to retaliate. There are hundreds of thousands of Canadians in this country who have every privilege a citizen has except that of voting, and some of them take even that. A drastic law shutting out citizens of the United States from the Clondyke or the gold fields in Canadian Alaska would be met with a law here that would do more injury to Canada than all the gold in the far-off Clondyke could balance. In a fight, while one fellow is getting plenty the other generally gets a bite or two. Canada will not interfere with the opening of the new gold fields by the people of the world.

One of the amusing features of the Clondyke strike is the claim of W. J. Arkell to the whole region, because three years ago he and some other fellow made a map of the country, and the other chap staked out some claims on the Clondyke. Afterwards this same man went down to Africa to make a map of a part of that country, and presumably claim all he could draw a picture of. When one draws a mental picture of the brawny-bearded fellows on the Clondyke, who after infinite toil and hardship have secured their little claims and are working them, and that other picture of a fellow with a lead pencil and a map, at present in New York City, it does not take long to realize how ethereal the chances are of his getting any of it. On the Clondyke miners' laws prevail. There are no high-priced attorneys, no vernal judges, and if Arkell will go up there to try his rights, he will get discouraged.

The Fossil Journal, after some very flattering comments on an editorial in THE CHRONICLE concerning the wheat crop, expresses the opinion that we have over-estimated Sherman county's crop by 500,000 bushels and underestimated Gilliam's yield by about as much. We accept just half of Bro. Stewart's amendment as a fair compromise, and gladly note that Gilliam will have 1,500,000 bushels, but we cannot cut anything off the Sherman estimate.

At Lexington, Ky., recently, Jacob Harris killed Thomas H. Merritt, following him and shooting him deliberately. The cause of the shooting was that Harris had seen his wife go to the park with Merritt, and following saw them seated upon a bench kissing each other. As they left the park Harris in a frenzy of jealousy followed and shot Merritt. He was examined before Judge Falconer, who discharged him. This action of

the judge has caused much comment in Lexington, most of the people sustaining his course, but naturally enough Col. W. C. Breckinridge attacks the judge's position bitterly. Breckinridge is probably moved by personal motives, some things being still fresh in his mind as well as in the minds of the people.

Japan refuses to recede from her position concerning the annexation of Hawaii, and insists upon her protest against it being heeded. Her action will not weigh much, for the United States is compelled to take the islands or permit Japan or some other nation to do so. Japan is peppy and may declare war, but she will have some of the snap taken out of her if she does. It is to be hoped that while she is about it Spain may join her, and thus bring the Cuban question to a settlement. The result would be that we would acquire Cuba, and it might possibly happen that the Spaniards would bombard New York. This would be as gratifying to the balance of the country as the acquisition of the islands. The only way New Yorkers, that is, the city fellows, will ever get any Americanism into their systems is to have it shot in; and the sooner this is done the better.

The editor of the Dufur Dispatch needs a larger field. He thinks there is no better field than The Dalles for a live eight-page daily, containing the Associated Press dispatches. All we have to say, Brother Turner, is that the field is open and the insignificant local newspapers will put you on the back to the best of their poor ability if you will get in and furnish us that kind of a newspaper. By the way, why not give the plan a trial in Dufur.

The fellows who go to the Clondyke this fall may be glad to eat their dogs before spring, and if provisions get scarce there won't be much of the dog except the bark. If the worst comes to the worst they can do like the bears. When they stop moving they can suck their paws.

The New York World has a map of Alaska, showing the Clondyke, and around this section is a dotted line or circle, labeled "gold fields." How the artist knew just where "to draw that line" and limit the gold fields is a mystery. The Portland Mining Exchange should secure his valuable services at once to assist it in developing the country.

L. L. Hawkins of Portland, called for some unknown reason colonel, has been up to Hillsboro in a wagon. He amused himself with a delicate bit of humor by asking people the way to the Clondyke. The "kernel" always was a joker, and in some instances, as old Nevada people will remember, carried his jokes too far.

The Corvallis Gazette has issued a very handsome eight-page paper, descriptive of Benton county. It is a splendid number, its illustrations being models, almost equal to photographs, and the literary work is as clean and attractive as its illustrations.

McClure's Magazine for August.

The August McClure's is issued as a special Midsummer Fiction Number, and without ignoring serious interests, it justifies its title in an imminent and most entertaining degree. A complete novel-ette by Rudyard Kipling, dealing with school life in England and army life in India, and obviously written straight and hot from the author's own personal experience, would alone, especially with its admirable illustrations, make the number distinguished. But there are four or five short stories—stories by Conan Doyle, Robert Barr, John Kendrick Bangs, and others, each more or less novel and enticing in incident and interest, and most of them also attractively illustrated.

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ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

Archbishop Gross Blesses and Lays the Corner-Stone.

The laying of the corner-stone of St. Peter's church, which took place Sunday afternoon, was a notable event. The Dalles band furnished music for the occasion, and a very large number of people were present. His Grace, Most Rev. Archbishop Gross conducted the services, blessing and laying the corner-stone, assisted by Rev. Placidus Fuerst and Rev. Scheil of Tillamook. The ceremonies were very interesting and impressive, but the one thing which held the attention of all was the historical paper prepared and read by Rev. Bronsgeest, it being a history of the local church since 1846. Unfortunately this sketch was placed in the corner-stone without a copy being kept.

The following is a list of documents and articles deposited in the stone: Name of the reigning pope. Name of the archbishop of the province of Oregon. Name of the rector of St. Peter's church. Name of the superior of St. Mary's Academy. Name of the president of the United States. Name of the governor of Oregon. Names of the county and city officers. Name of the building committee. Name of the architect. Names of the contractors. List of names of contributors and amounts received from each. Names of church choir. Names of juvenile choir. Names of the members of The Dalles concert band, who played at the ceremony. Names of The Dalles Dramatic Club of 1890. Documents—Public act by Archbishop Wm. H. Gross. Historical report of The Dalles mission since 1846, by Rev. A. Bronsgeest. Financial report by H. Herbring. Pictures: Sacred Heart, portraits of Pope Leo XIII, Archbishop Gross, Archbishop Chas. J. Seghers, Rev. A. Bronsgeest.

Names of newspapers and periodicals: Catholic Sentinel of Portland, St. Joseph's Blatt of Mount Angel, The Monitor and Volksfreund of San Francisco, The Review by Arthur Press, Church Progress of St. Louis, Reminiscences of Rev. L. Verhaag, Morning Oregonian, THE CHRONICLE and Times-Mountaineer.

Bear Caught With a Milk Can.

W. D. C. Spike, auditor of Pierce county, who was out camping on Dead Man's island the other day, went out to join his folks, who were blackberrying, carrying with him an iron-clad milk can. Hearing screams in the woods a little ahead of him, he broke into a run, and found a big she bear in a rage, because the berry-pickers had encroached upon her dominions, and just ready to grasp one of the ladies with her long paw. With a yell that would have scared a panther Spike jumped over an intervening log and made for the bear with his milk can. Mrs. Bruin at once turned to receive him, knocked the can off and breathed in the face of her assailant. It looked as if Mr. Spike was going to take part in a first-class bear fight, but just then he got hold of his can, which had a rather large mouth, and, by a quick and decided jam, managed to ram it down over the head and ears of the surprised bear, and it wouldn't come off. The frightened spectators now roared with laughter at the antics of Mrs. Bruin, until a gun was brought and she was made meat for the campers' dinner.

To Eternal Fitness.

Bicycle accidents on Belmont are constant, and some of them are amusing beyond description. Edward Hanson, who lives at East Twenty-Eighth, relates an amusing accident which occurred the other evening. He has some cows, and he sent a boy across Belmont street with one. The animal walked rather slowly in spite of the efforts of the boy, who saw a scorcher bearing down on her a short distance east. The rider had his head down and was riding at the rate of about 10 miles an hour. When within a yard or so of the cow he raised his head and saw her, but it was then too late to stop or turn to one side, and he dashed against the side of the animal. The shock nearly knocked the cow down, but the rider went on the cow's back and the wheel under. The animal gave a bellow and with a wild plunge lifted the scorcher off her back and dashed across the street, while the wheelman picked himself up somewhat dazed, but not much hurt. His wheel was somewhat damaged.—Telegram.

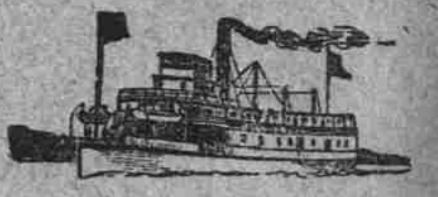
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TIME CARD.

No. 4, to Spokane and Great Northern arrives at 6 p. m., leaves at 6:08 p. m. No. 2, to Pendleton, Baker City and Union Pacific, arrives at 1:35 a. m., departs at 1:20 a. m. No. 3, from Spokane and Great Northern, arrives at 8:30 a. m., departs at 8:25 a. m. No. 1, from Baker City and Union Pacific, arrives at 8:35 a. m., departs at 4:00 a. m. Nov. 26 and 24, moving east of The Dalles, will carry passengers. No. 29 arrives at 6:30 p. m., departs at 12:45 p. m. Passengers for Hopping will take train leaving here at 6:00 p. m.

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