

# The Weekly Chronicle.

**COUNTY OFFICIALS.**

|                                       |                |
|---------------------------------------|----------------|
| County Judge.....                     | Robt. Mays     |
| Sheriff.....                          | A. M. Selvey   |
| Clerk.....                            | C. L. Phillips |
| Treasurer.....                        | D. S. Kinsey   |
| Commissioners.....                    | W. H. Whipple  |
| Assessor.....                         | E. B. Hill     |
| Surveyor.....                         | C. L. Gilbert  |
| Superintendent of Public Schools..... | W. H. Butts    |
| Crowder.....                          |                |

**STATE OFFICIALS.**

|                                  |                 |
|----------------------------------|-----------------|
| Governor.....                    | W. P. Lord      |
| Secretary of State.....          | H. R. Kincaid   |
| Treasurer.....                   | Phillip Metcham |
| Supt. of Public Instruction..... | G. M. Irwin     |
| Attorney-General.....            | C. M. Ideman    |
| Comptroller.....                 | G. W. McBride   |
| State Printer.....               | J. H. Mitchell  |
|                                  | B. Hermann      |
|                                  | 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   |

FRIDAY, AUGUST 13, 1897.

## SOME WILD DAY-DREAMS.

Surely the Clondyke excitement has developed many kinds and degrees of madness. No scheme is too visionary to attract apparently sensible men; no idea too wild to catch and hold innumerable followers; no dream of the tenderfoot, who does not know a Hungarian raffle from a sluice fork, so fairy-like that it will not unloosen the purse strings that have been tied in a double hard knot for years. Gold is the mighty magician that dazzles the eyes and blunts the vision of its victims, while it lures them on to the fields of everlasting ice.

The rudderless minds of the insane asylums could not evolve wilder or more senseless theories than those resulting from the deliberations of gold-mad men. A warp of fancy and a woof of dreams, woven by the delirious fingers of the ecstatic into a cloth of the field of gold, furnishes the material from which these visionaries make the garments for their moonings. Aladdin has rubbed his ring, the earth has opened, and in the far-away Clondyke every icicle has become a diamond, every snowball a pearl, every pebble a golden nugget; beans and sow-belly at long range become an epicurean feast, and 72 below zero is glamoured into the spicy breezes of Cathay. Mosquitoes and gnats are no longer torments, but become Nature's soothing emollients and aids to slumber. Work, hardship and suffering are a best girl, a hammock and peaches and cream. A hundred-pound pack on the back up the icy sides of Chickat pass is synonymous with basking down grade of a summer evening. Love's young dream is as prosy as digging potatoes compared to it.

It is really too bad that the awakening shall come. Aladdin will lose his lamp, the fairy and airy palaces will vanish, the dreams will fade, the visions pale before the sunshine of returning reason.

The election in Ohio comes off in October and promises to be the most hotly contested one ever held in the state. The Democracy have it in for Hanna, and as the legislature is to be elected that chooses his successor, everything that can be done to accomplish his defeat will be tried. In talking with a prominent politician who lives in Ohio, but is now visiting the coast, he expressed the above views, and added that the coal-miners' strike would be of great assistance to the Democrats, and might throw the victory to them, as Hanna is largely interested in coal mines.

The term of United States Marshal Grady expires by limitation early in September, and it is therefore probable his successor will be named within the next two weeks. Should the president not appoint, Justice Field will have the naming of the temporary marshal. Justice Field will also have the naming of a successor to United States Attorney Murphy should the president fail to appoint, and as his term also expires in September, those on the anxious seat are liable to soon have their doubts settled.

Any old thing is good enough to get to Alaska on. The old steamer Eliza Anderson that was built so long ago that most steamboat people had forgotten her, has been equipped for the Alaska trade, and is to go to the mouth of the Yukon at that. She

was in the honyard for a dozen years, and lay at the bottom of the Sound for a year or two, a sunken wreck; but she is good enough for the gold-seekers.

## THE SHAME OF IT.

C. C. Garrett writes to the Spokesman Review concerning Mrs. M. J. Delaney, who started to Oregon in 1844 with her parents, both of whom died on the way. With her brothers and sisters she reached the Whitman station, and the whole lot were taken care of by him. She was captured at the Whitman massacre by the Indians and ransomed by the Hudson Bay Co. She is now poverty-stricken and crippled with rheumatism and resides at Farmington.

The story awakens sympathy and pity, not for her poverty nor for her crippled condition, for those things are of the common lot. The sting of the story lies in its tail, the concluding sentence being: "Does it not seem a shame that she must now, in her crippled old age, eat the bread of charity and become a burden on her children, who are barely able to care for their own families." There lies, for her, the bitterness, that in her old age the hands that toiled until they could toil no more for her children, and that gave royalty, must receive the begrudged gift of food from those who reaped the harvest of her bounty; that the lips that pressed the mother's kiss upon the baby lips must ask that baby grown to manhood for alms. Truly it is a shame; but the shame lies with those who think their mother a burden and permit her condition to become so grievous that the public is called upon to assist her.

While comfortably quartered on the deck of an ocean steamer, the refreshing breezes that gather inspiration as they sweep the silvery surface of Puget sound, cooling his extensive brow and toying with his sorrel locks, Joaquin Miller writes beautifully of the pleasures of Clondyke mining. He grows enthusiastic, eloquent and poetical as he describes the natural advantages offered by Northern Alaska—a run over the Chilcoot, a float down the Yukon. Viewed from this position the Clondyke appears perfectly enchanting to the old poet. He is going to stroll over alone from Dyea, taking everything (including provisions) perfectly easy, and will jot down his experience each day for his syndicate articles. The letters descriptive of the journey in will no doubt be rosy-hued and romantic. The prose part will probably show up in the letters descriptive of the sojourn at the diggings and the journey out. If there is one thing more than another calculated to convince a man that "life is real, life is earnest," and put a saw-tooth edge on his poetic nature, we should imagine a winter in Clondyke on a dog meat diet to be the thing. It will be interesting to contrast the literary productions of Joaquin Miller with those of Joaquin Miller.—Pendleton Tribune.

The expected has happened at Dyea, and 3000 gold-seekers are encamped there waiting to get their goods packed over the mountains. That this was certain to be the case was plain to everyone who had not a coal oil can full of gold dust in each eye. Given 1600 pounds of stuff to be conveyed thirty-one miles by each person, the only means of transportation being a pack train of Indians, supplemented by the owner of the freight, and it is not difficult to reach the conclusion that the job is a big one. Not half so difficult, as to get the goods over the mountain. The result is as expected, many already discouraged are selling their outfits for anything they can get, and returning to civilization to do what they should have done at first, wait until spring. And still the rush continues as fast as rotten and long-ago condemned old hulks can be resurrected to carry the maddening crowd, and it will continue all winter if transportation to Dyea is provided.

The editor of the Eugene Guard confesses to not being farmer enough to know whether thirty-four grains of wheat in one head is a good yield or not. This confession is decidedly

startling, but indicates that the profession is advancing, and leads one to hope that the time may come when the agricultural editor will cease his long dissertations about "The Best Way to Curry Hens," and his labored researches along the suggestive lines. "Plant Food Considered in Relation to Its Effect Upon Angora Goats." There are just a few things "we editors" don't know any old thing about, and one of the few is teaching a farmer how to farm.

## A USELESS DENIAL.

The Alaska Commercial Company takes the trouble to deny a rumor that it had instructed its agents at St. Michaels and the commanders of its vessels to bring stranded miners and prospectors, who may find their way to St. Michaels, back to civilization, as a matter of charity. The company emphatically says that it has no intention of wasting any philanthropy upon fool-hardy adventurers. No person who knows anything of the method of these legalized pirates of Behring sea, ever suspected them of knowing what philanthropy means. Its members are "out for the stuff," and don't care how they get it. Protected by the government in the monopoly of killing seals, they refuse, and have refused for years to pay one cent on their contract with the government, while demanding a flotilla of warships to keep Canadians and others off the high seas.

It would not be difficult to believe that this company would make a poor devil of a stow-away miner walk the plank to save the price of his feed if it were not afraid the criminal law might not be stretched far enough to protect them. They would use a stomach pump on a baby for half a gill of its mother's milk, if they could sell the milk, or dig up their grandmother's shin bones and sell them for shot-gun barrels, if they were straight enough. It is time, high time, that the government bring these pelagic plunderers up to law, and make them "knuckle down."

Major A. D. Reynolds of Tennessee, by close application to business for thirty years, accumulated a fortune of \$525,000. He also accumulated old age, but he got his religion, which had hung fire during all these thirty years, in a lump sum. Then the major concluded that the business he was following, that of manufacturing tobacco, was not in accord with the religious belief that he had accepted, and so the good major concluded to retire from the sinful business. It would seem but a natural sequence that he should have destroyed the wicked plant, but he didn't, he sold it for \$30,000. Sold it to another wicked and sinful mortal who wanted to go plunging through a sinful career. The major of course was not his "brother's keeper." His own poor old withered and tobacco-soaked soul was all he could look after—and more, and so he added \$30,000, the price of his salvation, to his \$525,000, the result of his sin, and goes prancing to his reward.

We don't believe in the use of the "K" in spelling Clondyke, nor do we think the "i" preferable to the "y" in Klondyke. The "i" might be all right provided it began with a "C," and was spelled Clondike; but as the department clerks at Washington know all about Indian names, and everything else pertaining to the Pacific coast, and as they have decided on K-l-o-n-d-i-k-e, Klondike, the latter will have to go. After all it doesn't matter much how it is spelled, for the worst spell in connection with it will be that the fellows on their way there will have.

Silver having struck the down grade, everything and everybody seems to delight in giving it a kick. Mexico still clings to it, but must perforce soon let go and go to the gold standard. It is at least probable that in the near future silver will no longer be classed as a precious metal, and even now it is approaching the ratio of 1 to 16 as compared with copper. There is, indeed, nothing to maintain it as a precious metal when it is demonetized by the world. In the fine arts a limited

quantity will be used, but even for purposes of plate and table service it will be no longer used when its cheapness makes it common. Crystal and porcelain are prettier and much better adapted to such uses. As a money metal, except as subsidiary coins, its days are over, and there seems to be no other purpose under the sun for which its properties qualify it.

The Cubans seem in a fair way of getting their independence without the aid of Uncle Sam. This is indeed gratifying to Cuban sympathizers in this country, for we are well acquainted with Uncle Sammel, and know that if Cuba does not get her independence without his assistance, she will never get it at all. He is a sympathetic old codger, the fountain of whose tears is ever ready to slop over. He can weep over the misfortunes of the down-trodden, even though his own foot is upon them, and he can say, "It is really too bad, don't you know," while the moisture gathers behind his specs, until one would think the old hypocrite had some feeling in him. He may have, but it is never expressed in a tangible shape. He is never sorry "a dollar's worth," not even if measured by a silver dollar.

A rich strike is reported from Trinity county, California, that makes even the Klondike tales grow tame. The Graves brothers drove a tunnel twenty-five feet into an iron ledge, taking out considerable gold, but at that distance a pocket was struck from which \$42,000 worth of gold was taken in four days, one piece being 3 feet long, 2 feet wide and 5 inches thick. Besides this, it is supposed there is another \$100,000 worth of gold in the pocket, and the ledge itself will yield from \$300 to \$500 to the ton.

The action of the Canadian government in taxing gold miners of the Yukon twenty per cent of their products has caused a storm of protests from British Columbians. We are pleased to note that our neighbors across the border are actuated by a desire to see fair play, but we fear the Canadian government will pay little heed to their protests. The Canadian government is "set in its ways."

A woman's Clondyke syndicate expedition has been organized in New York City. Mrs. Helen Varick Boswell is president, and among the patronesses are Mrs. Jennie June Crowley, Mrs. Laura Wear, Walter, Chicago, and other ladies from the leading cities. It would not be a bad thing if the ladies should spend a winter in Alaska and get some of their surplus names frost-bitten.

A Mrs. Wilson, who resides at Birmingham, Vermont, has her bedstead covered with postage stamps. The stamps are glued to the bedstead and then covered with a coat of varnish. Covering a bedstead with postage stamps, it strikes us, is about the most dangerous thing a lone, lorn woman could do.

Captain Thomas, of the steamer Mexico, now sunk in 500 feet of water, was asked in Seattle if he could find the rock on which she struck, and this, too, in spite of the fact that he already had found it—in the dark.

## SMILES.

Editor—That is a most ridiculous blunder you made, Jaggerson, in old Solidmann's obituary. You say, "He leaves an only widow." Reporter—Well, what's wrong with that? Most of the millionaires who've died seem to have left more than one.—Puck.

"What's the matter now?" asked the leading actor as the manager tore a letter to shreds and stamped his feet. "Matter? That performance of yours is so infernally bad that this person demands that his name be stricken from the free list!"—Detroit Free Press.

"You have all sorts of pie, I see by a sign in the window," said the factious customer, as he went into a bakery and addressed one of the young women who stood behind the counter. "Yes, sir. What kind do you want?" "I will take a magpie, if you please." At this remark another young woman snickered, but the other girl turned to her promptly, and said: "Here, Bertha! You're wanted."—Harper's Bazar.

A good gentle Jersey milk cow for sale cheap. Call on J. A. Warner, White Salmon, Wash. all-dawit

## CONCERNING DOCTORS.

Some Idle Thoughts About a Disagreeable Profession.

Doctors are a queer lot anyhow. They have a way about them different from the ways of other men, in fact on some occasions "ways not of this world." As a general proposition they are a good lot of fellows, socially at least, and you can't help liking them. In good health, humanity is disposed to look upon them as humbugs of greater or less degree, and to doubt their ability to diagnose diseases and tell a fellow what ails his diaphragm by looking at his tongue, or pressing a finger on his pulse, but in sickness this is changed. The doctor whom you have been accustomed to meeting in a social way becomes another person. He is an autocrat whose will is law and whose law is hard, and yet you are glad to see him, and feel better for his kindly presence.

True, the first thing he does is to find out what you like to eat and make you stop eating it; what you like to drink and put upon it his mighty taboo. Do you smoke? Smoking is the worst thing you can possibly do. Cigars are banished, and the faithful old pipe, strong in its friendship, is forbidden the house on pain of death. Do you like vegetables? Vegetable food distends the stomach, produces cholera morbus, inflames the stomach and is the forerunner of appendicitis and a hundred other new fashioned diseases. Do you like meat? Meat possesses too much carbon and not enough starch; your system has too much iron, you must take at once to a vegetable diet. Can you swallow pills? No? Then you must take your medicine in the shape of a bolus as big as a horse chestnut and as bitter as quassia chips can make it. If pills are your favorite feed in sickness, they must be powdered so that you get the full benefit of the doubly distilled and infinitely concentrated nastiness. If you want to get out doors and get a breath of air and a glimpse of sunshine, you must lie on your back and gaze at the ceiling. If your bed is a source of comfort and rest, you must get up and leave it.

And so through the long list, these mild-eyed, smooth-voiced knights practice their negative acts upon you, and yet sickness would be terrible without them, and death almost impossible. Yet suffering humanity gets even on them, for the sick man, who is on to his job manages to need their services at the witching hour of 2 a. m., on the nastiest night of the year, demands their immediate attention just when dinner is ready and some genial friend is on hand to share it, and stands them off for services rendered with a calm and imperturbable spirit, that approaches to the dignity of an art. Nobody wants a doctor, except when their running gears get out of fix, but when they do want him, like the fellow in Texas wanted the six-shooter, "they want him awful bad."

## THE EASY PART FIRST.

Doctor Siddall and Party Making It All Right on the Steamer.

STEAMER GEO. W. ELDER, Aug. 2, '97.

EDITOR CHRONICLE:

Our voyage so far has been exceptionally pleasant, excepting on the bar we had no rough water. I did not get sick until we had been out about three hours and I was not sick then when I kept still, but when I ate some breakfast I concluded the fish had not had any, so I cheerfully gave it up to them. One old fish winked at me and told me to eat another breakfast.

We rounded Cape Flattery at 8 o'clock in the evening, and were only on the deep sea twelve hours. It was perfectly calm all day. The straits and channels we are in now, and will be in the rest of the way, are as smooth as the Columbia river. The gulf of Georgia is as smooth as a mirror. We have been amusing ourselves all day watching the whales, which appear by the hundred. The scenery is beautiful, only excelled by that of the Columbia between The Dalles and Portland.

Aug. 3.—There was nothing of important interest today. The weather is delightful. There are three ladies on board who are going to Klondike. The trip down the Yukon is not dangerous. There has been a contract for a monthly mail all winter.

Aug. 4.—We passed the most beautiful scenery last night that I have ever seen. There were numerous glaciers, which seemingly reached the clouds.

Aug. 5.—We expect to arrive at Juneau this evening. In this latitude it does not get dark until 10 o'clock and gets light at 3. We have passed hundreds of icebergs this afternoon, and the country in general looks as if winter is coming.

Juneau, Aug. 5.—We landed here at 10 o'clock at night and it is light enough to read by daylight. Tomorrow we will spend most of the day here. This place is about the size of The Dalles and is very picturesque. We expect a great jam in getting over, Chilcoot pass, as there are about 3000 people waiting to get through, but we will make it all right. We are going to visit the largest gold mine in the world in the morning.

JOHN PARBOTT.

## The Wheat Trade.

Wheat is arriving in straggling lots, the largest receipts being from Eastern Oregon. Trade continues inactive. Most of the farmers are too busy threshing and securing crops to pay much at-

tention to selling. Some hauling to stations is going on, but to date the amount delivered at interior warehouses is small. The past week has been a most exciting one in the wheat trade, and all speculative centers throughout Europe and America were shaken up. The great boom in Eastern markets was reflected to a certain degree in our own interior markets, and sharp advances were telegraphed from the Valley and east of the Cascades. Speculators become imbued with the idea that wheat must be obtained at almost any cost, and a sharp competition between buyers carried prices above the real shipping value. A large amount of Walla Walla wheat is said to have been secured on a basis of 85¢ per bushel here, which is probably 6¢ above its value in the market today. In the Valley, the excitement was not so pronounced, and purchases were made on a safer basis than in Eastern Oregon and Washington. Many farmers took advantage of the boom to part with at least a portion of their holdings, and have done exceedingly well; while many others held out for 1c to 2c higher, and have been left out of the short boom. Today's nearest export values, based on English selling prices and freight rates, are 75¢ for Walla Walla, 82¢ for binestem, and 82¢ for Valley, per bushel.—Portland Commercial Review.

## Prospecting in Alaska.

The main coast of Alaska, to the northwest of Sitka, has never been prospected until this year. A number of men have gone out with the intention of making a general examination of the formation. For years past good specimens of ore have been obtained from this district, but as a trip necessitated the outfitting of a good boat, it has been rather beyond the means of the average prospector. We may, however, get some information about this coast before the season is over which may throw considerable light upon its possibilities as a mining area. There has been some gold found in the ruby sand about Yakutat bay, but no important quartz discovery has yet been made.

## Gin for Africa.

The latest figures for gin and imports into barbarian Africa have a dizzy look. In 1894 Gambia received 22,368 gallons, Sierra Leon 242,686, the Gold Coast 1,302,699, Lagos 1,863,631, the Niger coast protectorate 2,609,158. The countries that supply the stuff are, of course, the same countries that send the missionaries, Great Britain, the United States, Germany, France and Holland.

## Mrs. Gosser Dead.

Mrs. Christina Gosser died in this city this morning. She leaves, beside her husband, four sons and three daughters. The family, all expect George, who located here in 1884, came to The Dalles from Quincy, Illinois in 1891.

"I have made all the arrangements for your divorce," said the lawyer. "Shall I secure it at once?" "No," replied the sensational actress, after some reflection. "Not yet. My press agent is on his vacation."—Washington Star.

## MISS GUILFORD'S VOW.

Said She Wouldn't Speak for Fifty Years, and Now She Can't Talk. The people in the southern part of Hancock county, Me., are deeply interested in a peculiar malady which afflicts Miss Experience Guilford, an aged woman of East Bluehill, who has not uttered a word or any audible sound for 50 years. The original reason for Miss Guilford's speechlessness was anger because she could not marry the man of her choice. When she was 19 years old she fell in love with William Simpson, the village schoolmaster. They were to be married on June 13, 1847. One of Miss Guilford's rejected suitors told tales about the schoolmaster, and Miss Guilford's parents stopped the wedding. Miss Guilford thereupon said:

"I swear I will not speak a word, though I live for 50 years, unless I marry this man."

She kept her pledge. Her parents died, and she went to live with her married brother. When he died she made her home with a sister, and after the sister's death she went to a camp in the woods and kept house for a brother, with whom she is now living. All this time she performed her share of the household work and did not show any regret for having made the vow. When the 50 years of silence expired she was visited by a large number of relatives and friends, who went to the camp for the purpose of being present when she was at liberty to speak. Soon after the midday meal Miss Guilford dressed herself in the garments which she had not worn for half a century. At two o'clock she stood up before the people, smiled and opened her mouth to speak; but, though she tried hard and got red in the face in trying, she could not utter a sound. Her vocal muscles had become atrophied from long disuse and refused to work.

When Miss Guilford found that she could not speak she sent to Bangor for a physician and took to her bed. The doctor gave no hope of recovery, but suggested that she be sent to a Boston hospital for treatment. As soon as Miss Guilford gets strong enough to take the journey she will make another effort to regain her speech. Her father left her a good sum of money at his death, which has been growing every year in a savings bank, so she is well able to obtain the treatment she requires.—N. Y. Sun.

## Vaccination and Voting.

In Norway persons who have not been vaccinated are not allowed to vote at any election.—Chicago Chronicle.