

The Weekly Chronicle.

COUNTY OFFICIALS.
 County Judge..... Robt. Mays
 Sheriff..... R. J. Delver
 Clerk..... A. M. Keisay
 Treasurer..... C. L. Phillips
 Commissioners..... J. S. Blowers
 D. S. Kinsey
 Assessor..... W. H. Whipple
 Surveyor..... J. R. Reitz
 Superintendent of Public Schools..... C. L. Gilbert
 Coroner..... W. H. Butts

STATE OFFICIALS.
 Governor..... W. P. Lund
 Secretary of State..... H. R. Kincaid
 Treasurer..... Philip Metchen
 Supt. of Public Instruction..... G. M. Lewis
 Attorney-General..... C. M. Johnson
 Senators..... J. W. McBride
 F. H. Mitchell
 Congressmen..... W. R. Ellis
 State Printer..... W. H. Leeds

ARE WE UNGRATEFUL?

The pension list grows steadily, and the indications are that another class will be provided for at the coming session of congress that will add \$40,000,000 more to the amount of money the country must pay. THE CHRONICLE editor believes in the pension system, but not the one in vogue. We believe that every old soldier who lost limb or health in the service of the country should be cared for. We believe the pension list should be a roll of honor, and that it should be a source of pride to him who received a portion of a grateful people's bounty. The list is no longer such. Able-bodied men, with abundant property and a Klondike of good health are on the list. Men who pursue their occupations in competition with their fellowmen, who hold lucrative offices, and who are abundantly able to take care of themselves and their families, are on the list, and they should be there no longer.

We need pension legislation looking to its reduction rather than to its extension. There are men who were good soldiers and who are in need, who are not, but should be, on the pension list, but every able-bodied man should come off of it. Every man with a competence should come off of it. Every fraud, and there are thousands of them, should come off of it.

The human mind cannot grasp and measure a statement made in figures, for 140,000,000 rolls off the tongue just as quickly as 140,000. Let us put \$140,000,000, the amount paid yearly for pensions, into something tangible that the mind can grasp, and so measure the extent of the nation's gratitude. One hundred and forty million dollars, with wheat at 75 cents a bushel, would mean 186,666,667 bushels of wheat. One hundred bushels of wheat weigh three tons. Eighteen tons make an average carload, and eighteen tons are 600 bushels. The average car is forty feet long. Now if 186,000,000 bushels of wheat, representing the pension payments, were placed in freight cars, 600 bushels to the car, the cars forty feet in length, it would make a solid train 2357 miles long, enough to reach from Chicago to Portland and leave a few miles for good measure. With \$40,000,000 more added it would lengthen the train 500 miles. With beef cattle valued at \$25 each, and allowing ten feet for each one, it would make a drove of cattle, standing three abreast, that would reach from San Francisco to New York, or in single file would reach from San Francisco to Berlin. With \$40,000,000 more added, the herd would reach a trifle more than half way around the earth. With hay at \$7 per ton, and allowing 500 cubic feet to the ton, it would make a pyramid a mile square at its base and a mile high. With cordwood at \$2 per cord, \$140,000,000 would represent a small bit of wood-pile that piled four feet high, the wood being four feet long, would reach four times around the earth. With lumber at \$10 a thousand, it would make a board 2,657,515 miles long, or a board walk around the earth 100 feet wide. At \$20,000 a mile, it would build two railroads from New York to San Francisco. It would build seventy war vessels, costing \$2,000,000 each, and these big fellows placed in a line so they touched would reach nearly five miles. It would construct the Nicaragua canal and would run a country newspaper 100,000 years.

The injunction issued by Judge Jackson against the striking miners is not what the first newspaper reports indicated. According to these

the injunction was to prevent the striking miners assembling or talking to those who were at work. The full text of the injunction, printed in the dispatches yesterday, puts a different light upon it. The first injunction would have been monstrous, but as issued it is all right. The injunction is simply to prevent the striking miners from assembling on the property of the company that seeks to enjoin them, and to prevent them interfering with the company's employees while on their way to or from their work, the employees living on the company's ground. No fault can be found with this, for the company has a right to say who shall and who shall not enter upon its premises. The strikers themselves recognize this and have obeyed the commands of the sheriff. The motion for a permanent injunction is set down for hearing at the United States courtroom at Wheeling, Virginia, on September 20th. In the meanwhile the temporary injunction has been granted to take effect upon the filing of a proper bond.

INJUNCTION AGAIN.

The strike situation has assumed a serious phase, since the mine-owners have undertaken to try to restrain the miners from assembling near their properties by getting out injunctions. The strike has been a remarkable one in that it has been free from violence and bloodshed. The miners have kept within the law, and have used nothing stronger than argument to persuade their fellow-miners to join in the strike. Of this right the companies are now trying to deprive them. It should not succeed, and if the temporary injunction is made permanent there is going to be trouble.

The right of free speech, the right to assemble peaceably, the right to organize for mutual benefit and protection, rests upon the decision, and there are more than the coal-miners interested in it. The corporations and the trusts are getting too large for a republican form of government, and are seemingly determined to do away with the laws of the country and the rights and liberties of the people.

It will be a sorry day for them when they can get courts venal enough to carry out their behests, for the day they do a revolution will begin that will sweep them out of existence, and they will be fortunate indeed if their property is not confiscated and the lives of their officers declared forfeit. Gold-madness, as we see it illustrated in the rush to the Klondike, is as measles to smallpox compared to blood-madness, and from present indications, this country will be lucky if it escapes an attack of it before the century closes.

MR. BECKER'S GENIUS.

Mr. Becker of Albany, Oregon, is on his way to the Klondike, leaving on the Elder yesterday. There is nothing remarkable in the fact that Mr. Becker has gone Klondike crazy, along with a large contingent unrestrained by the walls of the asylum building; but Mr. Becker had an original idea, which he has undertaken to put in practice. He read of the dizzy heights and perpendicular climb of Chilcoot pass, and at once began to investigate the matter with a view to overcoming its difficulties. His versatile mind at once suggested the much-abused goat as the animal par excellence for the job. He reasoned that the goat as a climber can't be beaten, and consequently that he ought to be able to stand the climb of Chilcoot pass. The Boer blasts that sweep over the Chilcoot would toy vainly with the flowing whiskers of those old timers; and what more appropriate animal to face the Arctic circle than these descendants of old Capricornus, into which the sun itself enters at the winter solstice.

And so Mr. Becker sailed away for Nature's cold storage vault, on the Elder, carrying with him ten Billys and Nannys, each provided with a pretty little pack saddle. Each animal is expected to carry fifty pounds of freight and to live on ice, moss, or any old thing. Of course it is only an experiment, but Mr. Becker deserves to succeed, and

we hope he will. When he gets into Dawson City with his novel pack train he can at least lay claim to having brought some specimens of Oregon's best butter.

"AND MEN BELOW."

Billy Bell, who belongs to that class known as squaw-men, stabbed and mortally wounded his squaw at Port Blakeley Saturday, and the following day committed suicide by hanging himself to the bed-post in his cabin.

Since the beginning of time woman, lovely woman, has had much to answer for. From the golden-haired Gunevere to the raven-locked Cleopatra, from the fair-skinned Helen of Troy to the acute brunette of Billy Bell's household—alike they have caused trouble, bloodshed and death. The human heart is a strange and complex bit of machinery, and what it does, or will do, neither science nor sense may demonstrate. One would never suspect, for instance, that a white man would become so enamored of a Puget sound squaw that he would commit suicide because, as Bill Nye puts it, "she was too good to be true." It is hard to believe this possible, if one has ever seen one of these "squaws." They are not beauties. Most of them have a forehead like the mold-board of a breaking plow, and a form possessing all the grace and roundness of a twenty-gallon beer keg. They are dumpy, dirty and suggestive of the spring run of salmon late in the fall. Yet such is the power of femininity that Billy Bell felt that without the particular specimen of the genus that he had captured, life would be an utter blank, and so he sent her over to the happy fishing grounds (that tribe doesn't hunt) by jabbing a rusty butcher knife into her anatomy, and followed her into the beyond by the clothes line route.

Probably the worst feature of the Klondike craze is that some of the bedlamites can't loosen their safety valves, except in alleged poetry. A sensible public can look on undismayed as the crowd surges towards the gang planks of the steamers. It can read the Aladdin-like tales of suddenly-acquired wealth and never bat an envious eye; but poetry, Gad zooks! has it come to this? The quivering air of August, with the mercury up to 106, fairly shivers at some of these doggerel verses. Perhaps the worst producer of the kind that has appeared in print is that of J. B. Chapman, M. D., that appears in the Seattle P. I. After reading it one involuntarily wishes the doctor a speedy voyage and a long stay, and hopes that he may take his poem with him to Alaska and practice on it. Some of the lines in the thing would start a thaw in January.

Stewart of Nevada says it is useless to longer advocate free coinage of silver. Stewart is like the applicant for the country school, who in response to the question as to whether he taught that the world was round or flat, replied that he could teach it either way. He has always been a trickster and a trimmer, caring nothing for principles, and having an eye single for Stewart's advancement. He is a brainy fellow, and had his talents not taken him into the profession of the law and politics, he would have made an equal success in some other of the criminal lines. He sees that the silver issue is dead, and that in order to hold his position he must trim ship and take another tack. He is bold and prefers to lead rather than to follow, and this alone accounts for his sudden change of front.

We notice among those booked for passage on the Elder, now on her way to Alaska, the name of C. H. Hell. Of course it is only surmise on our part as to his fate in the Klondike, but we venture the assertion that before he gets there he can drop the middle letter of his name without changing the nature of the scenery that will be most familiar to him.

Prince Henry of Orleans and the Count of Turin fought a duel with swords near Paris Sunday, and the former got the worst of it, being prodded in the right breast and in his royal abdomen, but he will recover.

cover. His opponent received a light cut on the back of his hand. The fight lasted twenty-five minutes. That illustrates the difference between old country methods and the rapid manner of doing things in the wild, wild West. The arrangements for the duel have occupied four men, not counting the principals, for three weeks, and then when the combatants finally entered the ring it took twenty-six minutes to get a result. In a mining camp the preliminaries would have been arranged in two seconds, and without any, and the corpse would have been carried out and all hands ginned up before the twenty-six minutes had elapsed. Western methods are sometimes hurried, but the results are enormous.

The weather bulletin gives a general report of the temperature in "Eastern Oregon" and says the highest was 98 on Sunday, etc. Eastern Oregon is a very large country, hence the report as to the temperature must depend upon the portion of Eastern Oregon where it was taken. At The Dalles the thermometer Sunday stood at 3 o'clock at exactly 100. At Pendleton a few days before, we are told it was 106. It is an impossibility to give the temperature of Eastern Oregon at a given time, for it will vary at least twenty degrees.

Congressman Ellis was at the Perkins hotel, Portland, Saturday and Sunday, and it is said that he was the busiest man in Oregon, and the hotel seemingly the most popular one in the city. The delegation of those desiring to devote their services to Uncle Samuel was there in force, and the bell boys received tips for carrying cards up to Congressman Ellis' room until they thought they had a small section of the Klondike. And yet they received no satisfaction, for until the balance of the Oregon congressional delegation arrives no recommendations will be made.

The Crook County Journal reaches us this week with all the brands and car-marks of Hugh Gourlay's versatile genius on its pages. No smoother pencil than his puts black lines representing thought on white paper, and Crook county is to be congratulated upon securing his services.

Among other questions asked applicants for certificates to teach were three or four concerning Cuba, some of which would bother a statesman. The series reads: "Where is Cuba?" "What people live there?" "What is their religion and government?" The last is a stumper.

ALMOST A DROWNING.

Neddy Briggs and Bert Varney Have a Close Call.

Yesterday afternoon Ray Filloon very fortunately teased his father, Mr. John Filloon, to take him swimming. Mr. Filloon at first objected, but the day being hot and the boy anxious to learn to swim his father finally consented, and went with him about 6 o'clock to the slough by the river. When they arrived, there were two boys there, Neddy Briggs and Bert Varney, who were already in the water. Mr. Filloon sat on the bank while Ray went in. The water is not deep except for a short distance, but for a few rods was beyond the little fellows depth. Bert, who cannot swim, managed to get into this deeper water and at once sank. Neddy, who is just learning to swim, at once went bravely to his assistance and of course Bert grabbed him. Mr. Filloon, who supposed both boys could swim, and consequently thought they were "fooling," soon saw that they were drowning and at once plunged in without even taking off his hat, and catching them, with a few vigorous strokes brought them out.

Neither had strangled, and in a little while were all right. Had Mr. Filloon not been there, two little piles of clothing on the bank would alone have told the story last night. Neddy Briggs showed a brave heart in going to his companion's aid, for he risked his life in doing so, and had he not done so, probably the Varney boy would have gone down and have been beyond aid before Mr. Filloon could have reached him. It was an accident with a happy termination, and should serve as a caution to parents to look after their boys when they go swimming, at least until they learn to swim.

There is nothing so thoroughly appreciated by the ladies during the hot weather as a delicious dish of genuine ice cream. The Elite candy factory serves just that kind. Also soda, ice cream soda and milk shake. a5-1f
 We sell Hoecake soap.—Pease & Mays. a3-2m

GEORGE WALDRON LIKED DOGS

And H. M. Beall and Others Catered to His Desires.

One of the best known men in Eastern Oregon was George Waldron, formerly of this city. He was "hail fellow, well met" and everybody knew and liked him.

Among his many fads Waldron was a great dog fancier, that is he fancied every dog he saw and owned a collection that might be classed as canine curios. He wasn't particular about how he got his dogs either, no more particular than the paid dog catcher of the cities to whose nets every cur regardless of degree or kind was a dog, and represented so much money. George owned a ranch up near the mouth of the Deschutes, and to this he sent his dogs for safe keeping when the title was not warranted. One day George swiped a fine hunting dog belonging to a friend of his and sent him out to the ranch. He didn't really need him, for he was possessed of dozens of dogs then. His friend, whose dog he had taken, determined to get even, so he conferred with some others whose dogs had disappeared and H. M. Beall put up a job for Waldron's benefit.

First a dozen big packing cases or dry goods boxes were secured, and a sum of money having been contributed, the small boys of The Dalles were told that two-bits would be paid them for every dog delivered at the O. S. N. warehouse, where Beall held forth, and the more ornery the dog the better. Stirred by the sudden boom in dog stock, there was soon a steady stream of small boys lining up at the warehouse, with one end of a piece of baling rope in their hands and a dog at the other end. The boxes had been provided with slats, and as fast as the money could be paid over, Beall slid the curs into the boxes. 'By night there were nine dry goods boxes filled with dogs, and for once there wasn't a stray dog in town. The slats were securely nailed on the boxes, and developments awaited. As it happened, Waldron had a lot of supplies coming up on the boat, and was entirely out at the ranch, so the next day after the dogs were boxed he sent one of his men with a four-horse team after his freight. The man came down and finding nothing in sight but nine big dry goods boxes of dogs, he loaded them into the wagon and the next day arrived at the Waldron ranch with the finest assortment of mongrel canines ever gathered in Eastern Oregon. The boxes were unloaded, the slats knocked off, and the way those imprisoned curs fled for their lives over the gadsome bunchgrass hills, was a sight never to be forgotten.

It is said that they never returned to civilization, but took up with the coyotes giving those sneaking animals a strain of blood that increased their meanness as well as their numbers. But Waldron soured on dogs then and there.

A Cultus Indian.

George Aleck, the Indian youth and all around hard case, who recently posed here as the husband of his third wife, though not yet twenty years old, will probably now do service for the state at Salem and cease for awhile his troubling other people.

Upon the occasion of his marriage here a few weeks ago, a second-hand store in the East End was robbed of a lot of pistols. George was suspected of being the criminal and was arrested, but owing to lack of evidence was discharged. While locked up, his wife's relatives got her away from him, and he has since been unable to get her back. Saturday he was over at White Salmon and there yielding to his propensities, he assaulted an old half-blind squaw. In struggling with her he lost his pistol, and she having clawed him into leaving her, found it and took it to Deputy Sheriff Olinger of Hood River. Olinger thinking it might be one of the pistols stolen here, sent it up to Deputy Sheriff Kelley, and the storekeeper identified it as being one stolen from him.

A dispatch was sent to Hood River to arrest George, and if he had not left before the dispatch was received, he is by this time in custody.

Quarterly Examination.

Following is the result of the third quarterly examination for teachers' certificates, which began Aug. 11th and closed Aug. 13th:
 There were nine applicants for county certificates and seven were successful, as follows: First grade—Lizzie Nichols, Boyd; Nellie Hudson, Dufur. Second grade—Timothy Miller, Cascade Locks. Third grade—Frances H. Fouts, Cora Stanton, Nona C. Rowe, The Dalles; Nettie Kemp, Hood River. Matinee Driver received a second grade certificate without examination, she having secured the required standing in August 1896, and having had the required experience in teaching. Nancy P. Cooper of The Dalles was recommended by the board for state life diploma and J. M. Carroll of Mosier for state certificate.

NOTICE.

All persons having claims against The Dalles National Bank, of The Dalles, Oregon, must present the same to H. S. Wilson, receiver, with the legal proof thereof, within three months from the date hereof, or they may be disallowed. Washington, D. C., June 5, 1897.
 JAMES H. ECKELS,
 Comptroller.

DAN MALONEY SHOT.

Jack Frahl of Camas Prairie, Washington, the Shooter.

A few minutes before 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon the sharp report of a pistol fired three times in succession, attracted the attention of those in that part of the city between Washington and Union and back to Third, and in a few moments the report was circulated that Dan Maloney had been shot. This proved to be true, the shooting being done by a young man named Jack Frahl, who resides at Camas Prairie, Wash.

There are several stories concerning the cause of the trouble, one being that it started over a horse race last 4th of July. Whatever the start was, those who saw the trouble say that Dan struck Frahl in the mouth, when the latter pulled his pistol and fired three times. One bullet found mark about three inches below the left nipple.

Frahl ran up the street to the corner of Second and Court after the shooting where Constable Hill approached him, when Frahl commanded him to halt unless he was an officer. Dick Gorman, who was looking out of the window from Judge Bennett's office, called to him that Hill was an officer, whereupon Frahl threw down his gun and surrendered.

DIED.

At Hood River, Monday, August 16th, of consumption, Mrs. J. A. McKellar.

Mrs. McKellar was born in Pennsylvania, moving to Nebraska in 1880, and to The Dalles in 1893, and has resided here since that time. She leaves four daughters, who were with her at the time of her death, and two sons in the East. The funeral took place at Hood River today, the interment being in Idlewild cemetery.

Remarkable Cure of Chronic Diarrhoea.

In 1862, when I served my country as a private in Company A, 167th Pennsylvania Volunteers, I contracted chronic diarrhoea. I have since had great deal of trouble ever since. I have tried a dozen different medicines and several prominent doctors without any permanent relief. Not long ago a friend sent me a sample bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and after that I bought and took a 50 cent bottle; and now I can say that I am entirely cured. I cannot be thankful enough to you for this great Remedy, and recommend it to all suffering veterans. If in doubt write to me. Yours gratefully, Henry Steinberger, Allentown, Pa. Sold by Blakeley & Houghton.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy always affords prompt relief. For sale by Blakeley & Houghton.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo O. Sold by druggists, price 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best. 12

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of Elias W. Davis, late of Wasco County, and now deceased. All persons having claims against said estate or against the estate of Corum and Davis of Wapinitia, Oregon, of which said firm said deceased, was a partner, will present the same, duly verified, to me at The Dalles, Oregon, or to my attorney, Dufur & McNew, of Dalles City, Wasco County, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.
 Dated at Dalles City, Oregon, this 22nd day of May, 1897.
 E. F. LAUGHLIN,
 Administrator of the estate of Elias W. Davis, deceased. m26-6-1

Notice.

OFFICE OF COMPTROLLER OF CURRENCY, WASHINGTON, D. C., June 5, 1897.
 Notice is hereby given to all persons who may have claims against "The Dalles National Bank" of the city of The Dalles, Oregon, that the same must be presented to H. S. Wilson, receiver, with the legal proof thereof, within three months from this date, or they may be disallowed.
 JAMES H. ECKELS,
 Comptroller.

For Catarrh, Hay-Fever, Cold in Head.

ELY'S CREAM BALM is a positive cure. Apply into the nostrils. It is quickly absorbed. 50 cents at Druggists or by mail a sample free by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 66 Warren St., New York City.