

The Weekly Chronicle.

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PROFIT FROM EXPERIENCE.

Portland business men are making what seems a determined effort to regain the trade which once was her's, but has since been directed to other places. A few years ago of whatever business was done between Alaska and the Northwest, Portland had the lion's share; but now Seattle is clearly in the lead in this northern trade. Lately where one steamer went from Portland a dozen or more left Seattle, and the result in the wholesale business of the two cities soon became apparent. The advantage Portland once possessed in this regard has been transferred to Seattle, and to regain it will be an uphill struggle. It remains to be seen whether the task can be accomplished.

In previous years Portland had a superiority in situation, wealth and population, which it seemed would always keep it in the lead of the Northwest cities, and so far it has done so. But the gap has been wonderfully shortened by the energy and ambition of the citizens of Seattle, and there are not wanting those who think that the queen city of the Sound will in a few years be the metropolis of Oregon and Washington. It will be harder for Portland to regain her lost supremacy than to have retained it when she once had it.

This is a condition in which we do not want to see The Dalles placed. As regards the trade of Eastern Oregon, it has come to us heretofore without an effort. All roads have led to The Dalles, and without offering any greater inducements than reasonable dealing and low prices, our merchants have done a profitable business. But we cannot expect this to continue always, unless we make special efforts to cement our trade relations with the interior. We must see to it that the roads leading from the town are kept in the best of repair, and that new thoroughfares be built wherever there is need. But it is also the part of wisdom not to depend altogether upon the country trade for our sustenance, but to seek to enhance our commercial prosperity by the establishment of manufacturing industries.

The subject is a threadbare one, but its importance becomes more apparent every day.

Is The Dalles going to take a step forward or slip a peg backwards this year? Remain stationary it cannot. Cities, like people, must either improve or deteriorate. Constant vigilance is the price of progress. Forethought must be used which will picture future conditions, and plans laid for meeting them. No one need think the conditions in Oregon will be, during the next ten years, what they were during the last decade. Competition is keener, our position is less isolated, and we must struggle even to maintain the prestige we now possess. The Dalles should make great strides during the next three years; but we never can do it unless an energetic move is made to establish industries here which will support pay rolls and consume the natural products of the country. Such a move has become a necessity, and it should be the proud duty of every citizen to assist in its consummation. The press of The Dalles has long pointed out this need, and if constant rubbing will wear away the stone, then some day success will crown the effort.

Walla Walla county is setting a

good example in the matter of reducing taxes, which every other county in Oregon and Washington would do well to follow. The rate of assessment in Walla Walla has been reduced nearly a mill, and while this is not a noticeably large reduction, still it is a showing on the right side of the ledger. Taxes are too high everywhere, and have become a drain on all legitimate business. The need for reform in this direction is a pressing one, and the opportunities for improvement are various.

THE FARMERS' GOOD FORTUNE.

The October trade estimates of wheat yield are substantially agreed. A month or two ago the two generally regarded as entitled to most confidence were about 30,000,000 bushels apart; now one reckons a yield of 580,000,000 and the other 589,000,000 bushels, though the two statements differ as to acreage and yield per acre. Both exceed the official estimate by more than 120,000,000 bushels, and the course of the market sufficiently proves how little confidence is given to estimates based on erroneous accounts of acreage carried forward for years past by the department, which it has not yet reconstructed. Were there supposed to be any possibility that the yield of wheat would prove less than 480,000,000 bushels the price would not be lagging below \$1 a bushel, for all estimates of foreign needs are supported by an export demand which continues unusually large for the season.

In the fiscal year 1892-'93 the exports of wheat and flour were 192,000,000 bushels, of which 51,000,000 bushels went out in the first quarter. This year the exports in the first quarter have been over 52,000,000 bushels, and foreign advices indicate a shortage 100,000,000 bushels greater than usual. In the last four years the exports from this country have averaged slightly over 145,000,000 bushels, and were slightly more than that quantity last year, so that the increase in foreign deficit would imply a need of 245,000,000 bushels from this country unless foreign consumption should be restricted, or the crops to come in after January 1st should exceed expectations.

The markets not only discard the official estimates, but evidently incline to accept the highest figures as probable, because the price has been depressed by realizing of great speculative pools, and yet has not fallen at any time below about 93 cents. When it is considered that no such price has been realized in September or October since 1891, when the foreign demand took over 225,000,000 bushels from the only crop which has ever exceeded the current estimates for this year, it must be accepted as the judgment of the market that the yield has been large enough to provide about as great a surplus for export as was shipped in 1892. If that quantity, 192,000,000 bushels, should be found to suffice with some decrease in foreign consumption, the crop would have to be 584,000,000 bushels to meet the demand without further reducing stocks remaining at the end of the crop year, which were the lowest July 1st for the last six years. Any prospect of material reduction in the stock carried over would tend almost irresistibly to higher prices than have yet been realized this year.

Thus the general opinion, as well as the information of the crop reporters entitled to most confidence, seems to be that the yield of 1897 will be found not far from 590,000,000 bushels, affording enough, and yet little more than enough, to supply over 190,000,000 bushels for foreign needs without material reduction of stocks in reserve. But the question which remains, and which will greatly influence the course of the markets hereafter, is whether the needs of foreign countries can be met with no greater supplies from the United States. If estimates of foreign trade journals and experts and of foreign governments are approximately correct, a larger quantity will be required, even if there should come from Argentina and other countries after January over 50,000,000 bushels more than such countries have furnished in recent years. That their crops promise

better than those of last year is evident, but whether they will be able to supply as large a quantity as that named for export must remain a matter of doubt until after the new year has begun. Meanwhile the activity of the export demand will be likely to influence the course of American markets strongly, and for that reason the demand may be as far concealed and also deferred as possible, in order to avoid lifting the price until engagements for foreign use have been largely made.

For American farmers, in any case, the outlook is highly encouraging, though it may not warrant them in trying to keep back from market too large a share of their grain until after January 1st.

DEPEW ON VANDERBILT.

A statue of Commodore Vanderbilt was unveiled yesterday at the Vanderbilt university at Nashville, and Chauncey M. Depew, who might have had the highest public honors if he had "hitched his chariot to a star" instead of marketing his genius to rich men and great corporations, was orator of the occasion. Vanderbilt's achievements were correctly epitomized in a single sentence of Mr. Depew's address: "At sixteen, borrowing a hundred dollars from his mother, he began the battle of life, and he died the richest man in the world, with the reputation of having made more money than was ever accumulated in a single life." That is to say, he was the greatest and most successful property hog the world has ever known.

With admirable frankness Mr. Depew sets forth the methods by which Vanderbilt rolled up his great fortune: "For sixty-six years Commodore Vanderbilt was in perpetual warfare." That is, in the warfare of crushing his competitors. "He neither asked nor gave quarters. He ultimately remained master of the field."

Mr. Depew has left nothing wanting in his efforts to set forth Vanderbilt's character and achievements. He even tells what might have been if the hard old fighter had been less greedy and more considerate and tender hearted: "Ordinarily his career would have been to work on until he could have taken a little farm himself, run in debt for it and labor half his life in the effort to pay off the mortgage." That was the common lot of the sub-stratum of society, according to Mr. Depew, upon which Vanderbilt erected his great fortune.

Mr. Depew then gives us a view of Vanderbilt's controlling motives: "He delighted in money-making, but like all masterful men, he loved power. * * * It was equally dangerous to follow or fight him on account of the rapidity with which he changed his policy. 'Wall Street owes me a million a year,' I heard him say, and until the last he collected that, and in some years many millions."

Mr. Depew has sketched Vanderbilt's real character with a fidelity that is almost brutal: "The needy and they who were unable to breast the waves of adversity or make their way in the world appealed to him. He never answered them. * * * He possessed neither sympathy nor sentiment."

If this were all that could be said of Commodore Vanderbilt, his memory would indeed be by a sorry thing to honor with a stately monument. But Mr. Depew, who knew him well, and whose candor in analyzing his bad qualities with the good, justifies the belief that he has not drawn a false line in this character sketch, credits him with the qualities of public spirit, sterling integrity, fidelity to his associates and rugged patriotism. These are fine traits, but in the character of Vanderbilt they were eclipsed by his overshadowing greed for money and power, and Mr. Depew makes no claim to the contrary. The Vanderbilt millions can buy a monument for the old commodore, but Mr. Depew has made it plain that they cannot buy him to stand before the young men and women of the country and draw a false character sketch of the crafty old money-getter.—Spokane Review.

Additional reports from the European countries confirm the first

surmises of a shortage in the wheat crop. Russia will be a small exporter this year. Late reports from Argentine Republic tells of damage done by drouths and frost. This injury may be only partial, however. Accounts from India are quite favorable both as to the crops harvested or to be harvested this fall, and as regards the selling of the grain to be gathered in the spring. But as India has no surplus on hand, there will be a larger demand for home consumption. Altogether, the prospect of wheat remaining at the present figures or better seems very good.

The steamship companies and the newspapers have begun the spring campaign for Klondike. More oil cans full of gold have been discovered, and men have been heard of who have taken out the precious metal as fast as it could be dug. All this, however, will little avail the hungry miners at Hattow City. No picture of human happening was ever painted where the light was of prettier tint or the dark lines of blacker setting than the scene of wealth and hardship at Klondike.

There may be a diversity of opinions as to the government creating a new territory out of Alaska, but all will agree that if such action takes place, the appropriate name of the territory would be Lincoln. As the mists of passion fade away, the character of the great war president stands out in clearer light, and his wonderful sagacity and undying patriotism make his a name for the American people to conjure with in the years to come.

The farmers of Eastern Oregon are in an enviable position. Very many of them are paying off the mortgages which for years have been troubling them, and not a few will see a surplus left them when their crop is all sold. The ordeal through which the farmers have passed the last four years has been a severe one, but those who have met it with a determination not to go in debt at all hazards are the ones who have weathered it the most successfully.

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75 cents. No. 2-8.

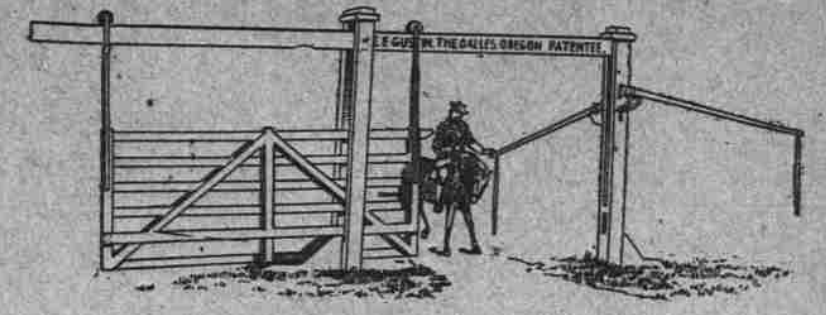
A LEARNED HERMIT.

Wise Country Folk Are Much Interested in Him. In the edge of Wise county, Va., not far from Pound Gap, lives one of the most scholarly men in the south. He is a hermit, living in a mountain cabin, with no companion save his dogs, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Forty years ago Henry Lewis was a leading society man of Baltimore, but the girl whom he loved proved false. He fled to the old world, hoping to drown his love amid the gay scenes of Paris, London and Rome. Later he went to Egypt, passed through Asia and returned to America the day after Fort Sumter was fired upon. He joined the confederate army and served with distinction to the close of the war. After the war Lewis bought his mountain cabin and has been living the life of a recluse ever since. He has a fine library, of which he makes good use. Once a month he goes to the neighboring village and buys his supplies. He is a fine linguist and is well versed in geology, mineralogy, ornithology, but never talks upon these subjects unless requested to do so by those who visit him. Lewis is nearing 70 and is growing feebler every day and it can't be long before he passes away. It is the opinion of the country folk that Lewis is only an assumed name and that on his deathbed he will reveal his identity.

Consumption in Goats.

It has heretofore been supposed that the goat is practically proof against tubercular disease, but Bulling, a German physician, recently records a case of elementary tuberculosis in which both lungs were adherent, and a considerable portion of the lungs was filled with tubercular masses. The goat was six years of age, and was daily driven to town, where it furnished milk for invalids, a class of persons who are most susceptible to tuberculosis. It is evident that goat's milk requires sterilizing as much as cow's milk.—Good Health.

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THE VIRTUE MINE ACCIDENT

Coroners Jury Decided Maddox' Death Was Accidental.

Further particulars of the explosion of dynamite in the Virtue mine, in Baker county, last Saturday, when James P. Maddox was killed, are to the effect that James Mackintosh's leg was broken. Mr. Maddox was not instantly killed by the explosion, as is explained by the miner who went with him to the giant powder magazine, Joseph T. Higgins and James P. Maddox, the accident's victims, went to the magazine in which there was from twenty-five to one hundred pounds of explosive, and were there for the purpose of getting powder and making primers. Maddox' candle was put on a shelf and he was cutting some fuse, when the candle, which was in an improvised wire stick, fell and the blaze instantly ignited the powder. Both Maddox and Higgins tried at first to put out the blazing candle, and as they could not do so, the latter picked up a box of giant powder and ran twenty feet with it. Higgins ran on in the dark and heard at first two light explosions, at if caused by two sticks of powder. After he heard the first blast he ran about 200 feet, when he was knocked down by a terrific explosion and crawled on his hands and knees to the station, where he remained with his head covered with his jacket to keep from smothering from the gas, until he was rescued by Messrs. Comstock and Henney. Mr. Henney states that he heard the explosion while he was at work in the mine and went directly to the scene with Mr. Comstock, finding the unfortunate Maddox about 200 feet from the magazine. Maddox, who was covered with rubbish from the explosion, was carried to the surface by the above men and others, and lived for about one hour from the time he was found. His death was caused by frightful injuries and bruises on the back of his head, neck and back, and did not recover consciousness.

The coroner's jury decided that Maddox' death was caused purely by accident.

Yesterday's Races.

The prettiest race that has ever been seen on a Dalles track was the one between Island Lass, Pathmount and Deceiver. In the first heat Pathmount won, but had nothing to spare, as Deceiver was close by the brown stallion's side when they passed under the wire. The second heat was very close from beginning to end, but after the last quarter pole was passed, Deceiver worked ahead and came out a half neck length in the lead. The next two heats were taken by Pathmount, which entitled him to first money and the honor of having lowered the track record 2 1/2 seconds. Deceiver took second prize.

The three-eighth mile dash, between New Moon, Harry N. and Suretta, was not so interesting as the other races. New Moon was left by twenty yards on the start, and gained very little during the race. Harry N. won the \$100 purse, with Suretta second, the time being 38 1/2.

A great deal of interest was taken in the pony race, which was a three-eighth mile dash between Little Pete, Princess, Cricket and Silver Dick. Cricket took the lead, with Silver Dick second, and everyone saw at a glance that one of those two had the race. Up to the one-eighth mile post Cricket held her own; but as they turned on the home stretch the larger and faster pony began gaining, and beat by his own length. This ended the races for the day.

At the Fair Today.

The crowd at the grounds today was larger than on any preceding day, and a great deal of interest was taken in the races. Pools sold readily on the trotting and pacing race, which was between Meteor, Allen S. and Leland W. The first heat was doubtful for a time, but Schilling's Leland W. broke and ran almost the last half mile. This left the contest between Meteor and Allen S., and the former won by his own length in 1:38 1/2. The second heat was closer than the first, and Leland W.,

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