

The Weekly Chronicle.

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

STATE OFFICIALS. Governor..... W. P. Lord Secretary of State..... H. R. Kincaid Treasurer..... Phillip Metchen Supt. of Public Instruction..... G. M. Irwin Attorney-General..... C. M. Ideman G. W. McBride Senators..... J. H. Mitchell J. B. Hermann W. R. 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

THE RICHEST ORE.

The ore sent down from the Stewart river and recently tested at the Selby smelting works in this city, says the San Francisco Call, was richer than any auriferous rock that is known to have been produced by the most famous of the old Alaskan mines. Four hundred pounds of it yielded \$731.25 in gold, or at the rate of \$3,656 25 per ton. This, of course, was selected rock, but with it came the announcement that there is a vast abundance in that region of low-grade ore. Supposing the ore to be no better than that which is making the Treadwell's owners rich, the \$3 kind, and the future of the Stewart river country ought to be assured, providing fuel for smelters and labor for production are not too dear.

The Stewart river is one of the many streams, like the Pelly, the Big Salmon, the Hootalinqua and the Klondike, that flow into the Yukon from the east. It is highly significant of the probable source of the placer gold that all these rivers form on the watershed of mountains that are set down on the maps either as the Rockies or the Coast range, and which seem to be formed by a physical union of the two systems. These mountains, which are treasure-houses in the United States, Mexico and South America, may easily reach their richest phase of gold formation in the far North. Why not? At any rate, whatever gold they contain has lain undisturbed since the beginning of recorded time. Neither King Solomon's miners, who searched for the yellow metal in South Africa, nor the Mound Builders, Aztecs and Incas of other still-exploited regions, have ever meddled with the gold deposits of the far North. What treasure was put there stayed there, and it remains to await the pioneer pick and blast.

After the Yukon affluents have been all filed upon, if not before, there is certain to be a careful quest of the mountain chains for good rock. It is there where capital will most exploit itself and where we may look, if at all, for the permanent centers of Northwestern prosperity beyond the American border. Within Alaska less is known, though the presence of nuggets on the west-side Yukon creeks indicates that the detached ranges there are by no means barren of good ore. But on the basis of discoveries so far made, the Northwest territory has the call.

The death of Admiral John L. Worden, which occurred in Washington Monday, brings to mind a romantic and thrilling incident of the late civil war. It was Admiral Worden who commanded the Monitor in her famous fight with the Confederate ram Merrimac in Hampton Roads March 9, 1862. No single occurrence of the war thrilled the people as did the outcome of this singular contest. Every schoolboy knows the story, how the creation of Ericsson's brain withstood the terrific onslaughts of the Confederate Merrimac and saved the capitol from impending danger. Worden was one of the fourteen heroes who made the United States navy great by their achievements, none of which were greater in point of interest than the victory of the little Monitor on that memorable March day. The art of naval construction was changed from that time on, and the Monitor type became a recognized feature in all naval construction. The doughty

little vessel, which Worden commanded, found its resting place beneath the ocean's waves, and by the death of its brave commander passes away an interesting figure in the great conflict. Sheridan's ride, Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, Farragut at New Orleans, were among the thrilling incidents of the war, but none surpassed in interest the achievement of the hero just now gone to rest. He served his country well, and the nation honored him.

CHARLES A. DANA.

The death of Charles A. Dana removes one of the ablest journalists of the day. He was an advanced representative of the journalists now two generations past, and has wielded a powerful and healthful influence in moulding public sentiment for more than half a century. Entering the office of the New York Tribune in 1847, he became a willing co-worker with Horace Greeley and valiantly supported the measures which led to the formation of the Republican party. After fifteen years of service on the Tribune, he retired and was appointed assistant secretary of war, under Secretary Stanton which he held until after the surrender of General Lee. During the war he rendered efficient and valuable services to the department, in his tours of inspection of the condition of the army and its movements under the various commanders. His reports were highly appreciated by the department and had much influence with the president and Secretary Stanton. He early recognized General Grant's abilities as a military commander and rendered him his strong support, which, no doubt, did much to direct the attention of the president and his war secretary to him as the proper commander-in-chief of the armies in the field.

After the close of the war Mr. Dana resumed his journalistic career and after a short editorial service in Chicago he returned to New York and in 1867 organized the stock company which now owns the New York Sun, and on the 29th day of January the first number, under his editorial management, was given to the public. Ever since then, until death called him from his labors, he was actively engaged in the management of that great newspaper.

Mr. Dana had great literary abilities, but it is through the New York Sun that he is noted and best known to the present generation. In the conduct of his great journal he was the sole responsible editor and controlling manager. He infused into its columns his marked individuality. His sterling integrity to principles, he never forsook; and hence the Sun never descended to the use of the sensational journalism which is so discredit to the papers of the day. Honest government, whether national or municipal, found in Charles A. Dana a conscientious and firm advocate for the right. A giant in intellect, he infused his own personality into his advocacy of reforms, as well as in his political policies. On national matters he was intensely American, and was ever a defender of the oppressed. The press has lost one of its greatest and brightest members, and the public an honest and clean journalist, whose chair will be difficult to fill.—Walla Walla Union.

It is becoming every day more evident that if the friends of good government in New York wish to down Tammany, either Low or Tracy must be withdrawn in the candidacy for mayor. As the Citizens' Union ticket, upon which Low is making his canvas, was the first in the field, and as it is clearly shown Tracy is the weakest candidate, his is the name which should be withdrawn. The moral fiber of New York's citizens is undergoing a test, and the effect of the forthcoming election will be felt outside the locality to which it particularly pertains.

The Spaniards, it is said, have adopted a new policy, and will seek to win the Cubans by bribing their leaders. It is too late in the fight for such a plan to succeed. The Cubans are too near success to sell out for paltry dollars, and besides they may have read the story of Benedict Arnold and how miserably his treachery paid him.

The reported disagreement in the Leutger trial illustrates again the maxim that the state needs twelve jurors, while the defense requires but one. A disagreement as to the outcome is to be regretted. A verdict one way or the other would be far more satisfactory to the public mind and obviate the necessity of another expensive trial. Leutger and Durrant would be a strong card in a traveling aggregation.

A DANGEROUS PORTENT.

Not since the days of the memorable Tweed ring in New York City have the citizens of that place been called upon to participate in a municipal campaign which promised more momentous results than does the contest now being waged for the mayoralty. The forces of corruption are united against the adherents of good government, as they have been on former occasions, but a new element has entered into the situation, which promises, unless nipped in the bud, to grow into an alarming portent. Henry George, the well-known socialistic leader, is waging an aggressive fight, and is being enthusiastically supported by the discontented dreamers and agitators of all ranks and conditions. The worst elements of our political life are supporting George, and he in return is promising to the rabble all the objects which, in their perverted judgment, they have long desired. George is a socialist in an extreme sense, and though heretofore a man of seeming honesty of purpose, he has degenerated into a low type of demagogue. In an address made a night or two ago he made use of this remarkable language:

For the republic now I care nothing; but it is to the republic that is coming that I bow down to worship. Not a republic of tramps and millionaires; not a republic where one man has the power of a czar; not to this republic, but to the one which is yet to come, a republic of God, a Christian republic in the true sense of the word.

What this means the dullest can understand. It is the statement of a mind too visionary to deal with the practical affairs of a world such as this. It raises the question seriously whether a great portion of the American people are capable of self government. The country has long suffered from political corruption, and now it must do battle against the wild theories of irresponsible dreamers.

Tammany's rule in New York is bad enough, but the election of George would be far worse for the substantial interests of the city. As far as the local interests of New York's citizens are concerned, the defeat of George is as necessary as the overthrow of Bryan. If Low cannot be elected, as seems doubtful now, at least George should be defeated, and that would leave the spoils with Tammany, a condition to which New York people are long accustomed.

Everything points to a mighty rush to Alaska in the spring. The interest has not died out, nor does it lie very dormant. The stories of hardship told by returning miners have not dampened the ardor of the gold-seekers, and the discoveries of new claims along Copper creek have intensified the fever. From all over the United States parties are planning to leave for Klondike and the adjacent fields, and the movement of last fall will be eclipsed by the rush in the spring. Portland is acting wisely in preparing for the trade that will surely be conducted with the Northwest. Seattle has the bulge so far, but the very satisfactory traffic arrangements which Portland has secured places it in a position to be a considerable factor in this new business. With the great harvest and high prices and the stimulation all lines of trade have from the Klondike excitement, the country promises to be in the midst of prosperity, which even the Bryanites will have to admit to be real.

WANTED.

Upright and faithful gentleman or ladies to travel for responsible established house in Oregon. Monthly \$85 and expenses. Position steady. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Dept. H., Chicago. 05-15

SKAGUAY.

The Account of One of Our Townsmen Who Recently Returned.

Mr. W. S. Chipp, who left Seattle for Skaguay on August 14th, arrived in this city last night on the boat, and this morning favored the reporter with a full account of that place as he found it while there.

He says of all those who went to Skaguay, between ten and fifteen per cent only succeeded in crossing the pass and getting to the lakes, and of those not over five per cent have found means of getting down the river, while forty, or probably as high as fifty, per cent of those who landed at Dyea got to the lakes. The reason attributed to this is that the pass is not so difficult to cross, and natives can be hired to carry outfits from the latter more readily than the former. Horses and mules are the principal beasts of burden. A man leading a horse can carry from fifty to seventy-five pounds, while those employed for carrying, can in some cases take as high as 200 pounds. The natives are the best carriers, and can hold out better than anyone else, the reason being that they are short, heavy set, rugged men, and the leaning over with a heavy load does not tire them so much as it would a taller person who is not accustomed to the work.

Amongst the natives of Alaska the men do all the hard manual labor, while the women attend to household duties and do fancy work, at which they are adepts. Their embroidery work is far superior to any done by the natives in this country, and would arouse the envy of many a pretty Dalles dame who prides herself on being proficient with the needle.

About 4500 horses have been shipped to Skaguay, but at present not more than 500 could be found there, the rest having been killed on the pass or dying of starvation. In places ten or twelve dead horses may be seen in a heap along the trail, which will make it very disagreeable next summer, when the warm weather sets in, for persons trying to cross this way. People may be able to get over on the snow during the winter, but next summer it will be next to impossible to cross from Skaguay. A road may be built along the Skaguay river by which way it would be comparatively easy to reach the lakes; but as it would take about \$4000 to build it, it will probably be some time before it will be open.

At present there are some 500 or 600 frame buildings in Skaguay, and as lumber is hard to get, but few of them are finished in a way that would make them comfortable to live in during the winter.

After arriving, numerous persons camped on the tide land, and on September 25th an unusually high tide floated a number of camps, and some met with quite a loss in this way. About the same date the Skaguay river rose very rapidly in consequence of the severe rain storms, and washed out the bridge across the river near the town. Some parties put in a ferry, and until they were forced to come down to a reasonable fare, they made on an average of \$150 per day.

All branches of business are well represented in that place, and in fact some are overdone. Law prohibits selling liquor, but as there are no officers to inflict a penalty, all they can do is to seize the liquor, and since they have the privilege of keeping what they seize, they show a great deal of ardor in searching for it.

Some of the parties who intend going back next spring will club together and build a large cabin, into which they will pile their supplies and leave one man from each party to guard them, the others returning to spend the winter in a more genial climate.

On Sept. 29th there were two feet of snow on the summit, while at Skaguay there was but very little. Since that time, however, nearly all of this melted. Mr. Chipp saw Mr. and Mrs. Butler at Skaguay, and says they have comfortable winter quarters and are getting along nicely. He states that both of them look better than they have for years, and are contented and happy, and seem to have no desire to return.

As to the suffering of those on the other side of the pass during the winter, he says that in nearly every case they will suffer more from the want of the right kind of clothing than from hunger.

It would be well for many who are contemplating going to Klondike, to have a talk with Mr. Chipp, as he may cause them to change their mind about going, giving them some new ideas, and at the same time save them about \$150 by telling them the proper kind of an outfit to buy.

"Sam'l of Posen" has made a half million dollars for M. B. Curtis. It has made more money than any comedy ever written, and, in fact, is the only comedy in which the principle character is a Hebrew, not the grasping, mercenary, unsympathetic Hebrew, such as one usually sees upon the stage, but one such as is seen in real life, of which many a commercial drummer is an example, true to their friends, finding business where none seem to exist, aiding the unfortunate, yet always keeping a sensible eye on their own business interests. Monday night Mr. Curtis and his splendid company will be seen at the Vogt opera house.

Clarke & Falk's pharmacy, in the Vogt block next to postoffice, will open for business tomorrow.

GUSTIN'S NATURAL GRAVITY GATE



Cheapest and Simplest Gate on Record

For Simplicity, Durability, Ease of Operation and Cheapness of Construction, it is unequalled. Can be operated without dismounting. Parties wishing to see large gate in operation can do so by visiting Sunnyside Orchards. State and County rights for sale by

SUNNYSIDE ORCHARDS

E. E. GUSTIN.

THE DALLES, OR.

COLONEL SINNOTT DEAD.

A Well-Known and Estimable Pioneer Citizen Passes Away in Portland.

News came from Portland Thursday morning that Colonel Sinnott was dead. While the announcement caused no surprise to those who had watched his falling condition the past week, yet the feelings of everyone were wrenched with sorrow at the intelligence. Few men had such a hold on the regard and affection of a community as had Colonel Sinnott, and there will be none to whom his death does not come in the manner of a personal bereavement.

For several years his health had not been satisfactory, and some few weeks ago he was taken to St. Vincent's hospital in Portland with the hope that a surgical operation would yield the longed-for results. Everything that medical skill and loving attention could do for him was done, and for a time it seemed as if the outcome would prove favorable, but unlooked-for complications set in, till it became apparent that his work in life would soon be over. At 5 o'clock this morning the end came peacefully. Although for years he had been a constant sufferer, death greeted him kindly, and his last days upon earth were all that his friends could wish for him. Around his bedside were gathered his devoted wife and children, while the sympathy of the community was manifest at every opportunity.

The funeral, it is expected, will take place next Sunday, the remains being brought home for burial. Besides his wife, Mr. Sinnott leaves three children—Mollie, the wife of J. S. Fish, Nicholas and Roger, one child, Kitty, having died several years ago. The death of Colonel Sinnott marks the severance of the past from the present in the history of The Dalles. He was one of the few men who came to this place when it was but a straggling village, and who has remained actively in business from that time on. We regret we have not more data concerning his early life, but the fact of his family being in Portland has prevented access to information that everyone would wish to know.

Colonel Sinnott was nearing the seventieth milestone when death came, and for thirty-six years had been a resident of The Dalles. When not quite 21 he came to America from County Wexford, Ireland, and settled first in Peoria, Ill. Remaining there about three years, he came to the Pacific coast and followed mining for a year or more, being one of those who attended the first excitement in the Salmon river mines. After a year's residence in Portland, he came to The Dalles, and with Daniel Handley, his partner for many years, purchased the Matutilla House, paying \$40 in cash and assuming a debt of \$5000 for the balance of the payment. Together with Mr. Handley he conducted this hotel until the names Handley and Sinnott became famous throughout the Pacific coast. What memories their names call to mind! For thirty years they worked side by side in the closest of friendship, and now they both are gone, and the places that knew them once, mourn their absence.

Colonel Sinnott dead! This announcement will make heavy hearts wherever the wires flash the sad tidings. Many a poor working man, who, when needing friends and seemingly having none till he went to this generous-hearted man and received substantial comfort, will draw his rough coat across his eyes and brush away a tear. Many a heart that has been comforted and cheered by Mr. Sinnott's genial sympathy, will beat the duller today because of the friend that is gone. His kindly presence will be missed, and those who have counted it a pleasure to greet him daily and receive a word of pleasant recognition, will look for him in accustomed places, and not seeing him, will turn away the sadder.

That life can be called the most successful which has brought to itself the warm affection of intimate associates. In this has the career of Colonel Sinnott been well rounded. Generous, broad-minded, with a sympathy as wide as the world itself and reaching out for all its creatures, his was a character men loved

to honor, and the friends who mourn for him today are not limited to years or place. Young and old were his friends, as he was their's, and in the years to come the speaking of his name will recall pleasant memories.

Warm-hearted friend, the day is done. The river of life that carries us all on its ceaseless flow, has borne you to the ultimate harbor, and the long, long journey is finished. Your work is done, and well has the task been accomplished. We that are left pause at the threshold to add our word of sorrow and say the last, lingering farewell. From the shadows of evening you have passed into the sunlight, and the memory you have left is the choicest heritage of your friends.

At the Vogt Monday Night.

Louette Rockwell, Mr. Curtis' leading man in "Sam'l of Posen," which he sees at the Vogt opera house on Monday evening, is well and favorably known in San Francisco, Portland and in other western cities. Last season he became a favorite as the leading baritone of the Columbia Opera Company. He sang in a number of leading theatres all over the country, and his singing was one of the features of the performance. In 1894 he was with the Calhoun Opera Co. He has been with Marie Greenwood and appeared seventeen weeks in the Trivoli and Metropolitan houses in Chicago, scoring a marked success everywhere. Mr. Rockwell is best known to the theatrical world, however, in dramatic roles, being a tragedian of rare talent.

Such characters as Edward A. Davis, the versatile Irish comedian, Miss Evelyn Barr, who takes the part of Rebecca, L. W. Hank and Miss Fillmore, and a number of others who are universally known in the cast as artists in their respective lines, are his assistants.

In going from Portland to Walla Walla this company would be forced to spend a night on the cars, and they can come here and play and take the train at 1 o'clock, so that they will not lose time, otherwise they could not afford to fill an engagement in a town of The Dalles' size.

Accident at Eugene.

Another serious if not fatal accident has befallen a Eugene man. While painting on the roof of the dormitory at the University of Oregon Henry McCrary fell to the ground, a distance of nearly forty-five feet. The accident happened so quickly that other workmen employed with him on the roof are hardly able to give a lucid account of the affair.

A mattress was placed on a wagon and he was removed to his home, in the western part of the city. At this time it is impossible to tell the extent of his injuries as an examination cannot be made until a reaction sets in, and it will probably be morning before the physicians can do anything besides temporarily relieving his suffering. It is apparent, however, that he is injured internally, and it appears also that his shoulder is broken.

This afternoon the injured man is only partially conscious, and the blood flowing from the inside shows that his internal injuries are quite serious.

The Regulator Robbed.

Wednesday night at 8 o'clock some persons got aboard the steamer Regulator, and as there was no one in the rear part on the lower deck, they helped themselves to whatever struck them as being of practical use. Two suits of clothes, a coat and vest and a watch have already been missed, and probably other things have been taken which will be noticed later.

A boat belonging to a fisherman was also stolen, and the supposition is that the robber entered through the hole alongside of the pitman on the starboard side. It is thought that after the articles had been taken the thieves dropped down the river and probably boarded the train below this place. In case they are on the river below here today, Captain Waud will pick them up on his way to Portland and hold them prisoners.

For Sale.

By The Tygh Valley Land and Live Stock Co., some fine Bucks of the Delaine type. Inquire of Oct. 11-31 A. A. BONNY, Tygh Valley.