

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. Kimssey
.....	W. H. Whipple
Assessor.....	J. B. Holt
Surveyor.....	C. L. Gilbert
Superintendent of Public Schools.....	W. H. Batts
Coroner.....	W. H. Batts

STATE OFFICIALS.	
Governor.....	W. P. Lord
Secretary of State.....	H. R. Kincaid
Treasurer.....	Phillip Metcalf
Sup't. of Public Instruction.....	G. M. Irwin
Attorney-General.....	C. M. Idigman
.....	C. W. McRide
.....	H. M. Mitchell
.....	B. Hermann
.....	W. H. Ellis
State Printer.....	W. H. Ellis

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 LAGGARD LAW.

Kelsay Porter was hanged at Union, in this state, yesterday for the murder of an old man named Benjamin Mache, his wife and son. There was no doubt as to who did the killing, Porter surrendering himself to the sheriff and telling him his story of the crime. Porter claimed that he acted in self-defense, that the son, Ben Mache, had commenced shooting at him, and that he only shot to protect himself. Whether or not there was any truth in this statement, it was evident that when he shot the old people, who were in a sled, their backs were toward him. The case was tried in February, 1896, and Porter found guilty. His attorneys appealed to the supreme court, and the decision of the lower court was sustained.

We of Oregon are prone to give California a rub occasionally on account of her slackness in punishing criminals, and in doing so the Durrant case is most often commented upon. Are we really in any way ahead of our southern neighbor? Durrant has been much in evidence for two years and a half, and the delay in inflicting punishment on him is a cause of public clamor. In his case there has been an abundance of money, and every delay, every device that human ingenuity could conjure up has been brought into play. Yet Durrant's case has not been much longer delayed than Porter's.

Public sentiment about Union seemed to be somewhat in Porter's favor, though why, it would be hard to say, and a strong effort was made to procure a commutation of his sentence through Governor Lord. The latter found no sufficient reason for interfering, and so the law took its course, and as cold-blooded a murderer as even Durrant himself was swung into eternity nearly two years after the commission of the murder.

As at present arranged the committee of Portland's business men now making the tour of the Inland Empire, will stop here Monday afternoon about 3 o'clock. The committee states that no attempt was made to interview The Dalles citizens because it was Sunday. This is all right; being better than no excuse, and we are pleased to state that the committee has changed its plans so that instead of passing through The Dalles Sunday, as was at first intended, their home-coming was put off one day. We are glad of this, and we hope our business men will unite in giving the webfooters a warm welcome, such an one as The Dalles can give if it will. Our interests, or, for that matter, all Oregon's interests, are tied up with those of Portland. She is the state's best girl, and we would all like the tailor-made, bewitching little damsel if she would let us, but we want no flirting. We want her to stand in solid with us, and when she does she will find in Eastern Oregon an ardent swain, who will not only buy her theater tickets, but put up for the oysters and such besides.

Love-scorned young man, take courage. Rejoice and be glad. You may have run big livery bills, paid for a theater or two, bought a few tons of ice cream and exhausted all your most patient and charming artifices in a vain attempt to win the tender regard of your best girl, but despair not. There yet remains to you a recourse that is full of promise.

A New York woman, Mrs. Nack, has given the secret away. She stated to a jury recently that she never loved her hero until he choked her, and declared he choked her into loving him. To insure success in love-making it is only necessary to learn the "Nack" of it.—Pendleton Tribune.

THE HIGH SCHOOL.

The trouble with certain men is that nothing is real to them unless they can see it or have absolute proof of its existence, says the Salt Lake Tribune. Sir Walter Scott, when in the height of his fame, wrote a jeering letter home to Scotland from London, telling of a crank that was trying to impose upon people by saying that he could light the great city by burning something like water. He did not believe in the possibility of illuminating gas. When Prof. Morse stretched a wire around the capitol at Washington and actually demonstrated that he could transmit messages with the quickness of thought, an incredulous congress turned its back upon him and refused an appropriation to enable him to make a demonstration over a longer distance. And congress in those days had among its members some of the brightest intellects.

In the same way there are men in this city, men who have attained their present honorable position by their own exertions, who cannot see any especial benefit to come from maintaining in its efficiency our public schools, the apex of which is the high school. That was the way men talked of the magnetic telegraph. "Suppose it can, do what the visionary inventor says it can, what of it?" When, through the enlightenment of the then postmaster-general, the line was finally stretched from Washington to Baltimore, and when a little later the passengers on the first train from Baltimore, after a certain candidate had been nominated for president, congratulated themselves that they would carry the news to the capital, found on their arrival that the news had been fully distributed through the city hours before their arrival, the first flash of the possibilities of the new invention swept over them. In the same way the public schools supply the lines over which the mind begins to send its messages. Their province is to teach young minds to begin to think and to supply the first rude lines over which those gathering thoughts can find expression. They are the only assurance of which this country has of a future. When the first leaves of the book of knowledge are committed to memory, when by the light which comes through them the possibilities of what there is beyond, and what may be gained by the patient worker, are made clear, a transformation comes to the soul of the child. His self respect is awakened, his ambition aroused.

Again, it is the nature of man to struggle toward some ideal goal. The goal in the thought of the poor child in the lower grades is a diploma from the high school. Take that from him, or degrade its glory in his eyes, and half the incentive to study and to honorably strive will be taken away. On the other hand, exalt the high school still more and his struggle will be still greater, and that struggle will make him a stronger and better man all his life. Degrade the high school, and not only will the children lose their incentives, but at the same time the city will be disgraced and earnest men with families will cease to come here to make homes.

All a fellow has to do to run a newspaper, says an exchange, is to be able to write a poem, discuss the tariff and money question, umpire a baseball game, report a wedding, beat a lawyer, saw wood, describe a fire so that the people will shed their wraps, make one dollar do the work of ten, shine at a circus, address horticultural societies, test whiskey, abuse the liquor habit, measure calico, subscribe to charity, go without meals, attack politicians, defend the national platform, sneer at snobbery, wear diamonds, invent advertisements, overlook scandals, praise babies, delight pumpkin raisers, heal the disgruntled, fight to a finish, publish doctor's resolutions, denounce

a lawyer, set type, mould opinions, sweep the office, speak at prayer meeting and stand in with everybody and everything.

MARRIAGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

One of the charges often brought against the spirit of the age is that marriage in the middle or wealthier circles of society is more beset with conventional obstacles than ever before. Young men with what was formerly considered a reasonable income say they can no longer afford to marry or to engage in courtship, and so they settle down, from necessity, to a bachelor's life. But human nature is a powerful thing, and occasionally a young man and a young woman break through the artificial barriers and get married without regard to them. If both are of good character and suited to each other in age, culture and intelligence, and are not acting from mere impulse, the question of social caste is not one appealing strongly to the general judgment. The natural order of things is that young men and young women should mate. To a certain extent safeguards must be thrown about them, but when the marriage problem becomes merely a matter of family ambition, nature will protest and so will the vast majority of mankind. A false view of marriage and the family can destroy a nation and even a race. Marriage is not intended to be a piece of machinery for family aggrandizement.

Elopements as a rule are not to be commended. It is a grave step to set counter to parental wishes or advice. Parents should be wise through experience, and affectionate consideration is their due. But the parent who desires his daughter to make a grand match as the first object to be gained by marriage is not well grounded in wisdom. The literature of every age cries out against such a view of marriage. Hundreds of the most powerful books and dramas tear it to pieces. If the course of true love seldom runs smooth, yet it usually reaches its destination, and the world applauds the happy ending. Marrying exclusively for wealth or position is a reproach, and is generally mentioned with a prediction that it will not turn out well. The list of social shipwrecks foundering on that rock is a long one in the recollection of every one of mature years.

The granddaughter of Abraham Lincoln has chosen a husband for herself after due deliberation and a persevering effort to gain full parental consent. It is not what the French call a "mesalliance," a word, by the way, not yet turned into American. The young husband is well educated, respectable, and moves in what is considered good American society. He is wealthy compared with Abraham Lincoln in his earlier days. There is no reason why he may not rise in the world or even play a laudable part in it without rising very far. It is true that the bride's grandfather reached one of the highest places in the history of the country, but it was not through social ambitions or alliances. He was always a man of the people, even homespun in his ways, and it is not conceivable that he would have withheld his blessing from the granddaughter who has asserted the right to choose a life partner whom she loves and respects. If any aspirations for a grand marriage and establishment have been destroyed the two persons most concerned are heartily glad of it, and wisely so. As for other sufferers from the event, they have only to look back one generation to find better social ethics and a better example.—Globe-Democrat.

It is stated that the boat railway scheme at this point is to be abandoned and a canal built instead. The people of Eastern Oregon care very little how the obstructions to navigation are overcome, so that the result is accomplished. Here is Portland's opportunity to prove that she is not flirting with us, but is genuinely mashed. Let her get in and urge the opening of the Columbia and "we are her'n."

The Oregonian Monday of last week printed the delinquent tax list of Multnomah county. The list filled about eight pages, and it is

said, the bill therefor amounted to \$7,000. It will, no doubt, cause a feeling of devout thankfulness, at least next Thursday, to the owners of the paper, that those dollars, every one of them, are worth two silver dollars, intrinsically, though not otherwise.

A Spaniard living at Fort Smith, Ark., claims to have seen two Spanish spies. He says they are traveling through the country gathering information regarding American fortifications, which would be valuable in time of war. Valuable to whom? This government knows all about its own fortifications, and Spain will never get near enough to any of them to profit by anything she might know.

The Heppner Times, published by E. M. Shutt, recently of Antelope, is the "baby" newspaper of the state, the first number appearing Thursday. The paper is bright and presents a neat appearance. Shutt is a hustler, and will get the news, if there is any at all to get.

SMOOTH DIPLOMACY.

The Old Man Knew How to Collect a Bill.

Julian is only 14 months old and a fine child, though I say it myself. I had him on my knee in the parlor of our flat when a knock came at the door. I opened it, whereupon a decidedly elderly gentleman pushed his way in. "What a fine boy!" exclaimed the stranger, looking in admiration at Julian. "I can tell it's a boy. He's so sturdy."

I had been inclined to resist his unceremonious pushing of himself in, but he took so much pleasure in Julian and Julian was so delighted by the attention that I hadn't the heart to say anything.

"Six teeth, eh?" continued the paternal and kindly old gentleman. "Two years old, I judge, sir?"

"No, sir," I replied. "It is true he looks fully two years old, but he is only 14 months."

"Impossible," was the reply, in a tone of wonder. Julian meanwhile was crowing and laughing at the stranger and held out his arms. It suddenly dawned on me that I had not asked my visitor his business, but by this time he had Julian in his lap.

"The child actually weighed all of 25 pounds," he declared. "By the way, I came to see you about the gas bill. Actually 25 pounds! Only 14 months old! Ha! ha! little boy."

I had been angry for a week about my gas bill. The company had taken away my meter on account of non-payment of a most outrageous charge, and for some time I had been using candles. My intention was to sue the company.

"Hear him laugh!" cried the venerable old gentleman, who was now dandling Julian on his knee. "Fourteen months old and weighs 25 pound Well, well!"

Julian was in ecstasies.

"Well, now," I said, "I don't think I ought to pay—"

But he was so wrapped up in Julian that he really did not hear me. He brought forth an old wallet and drew my gas bill from it.

"Here, little boy," he cried, "is something for you to play with. I really believe he'll have another tooth through in a week. There isn't another baby in Brooklyn to equal him."

Julian was waving that gas bill in his little fist, and the two made the sweetest picture together—the old gentleman and the child. I had a \$10 bill that I was hoarding to buy a new coat and vest with, and I brought it out with a sigh. The old gentleman accepted it casually.

"Well, well," he said. "I must be going. Twenty-five pounds! Fourteen months old!"

As he walked downstairs he looked back two or three times to wave his hand and cry "By-by" at Julian. He was certainly a superior and well educated old gentleman and I have no doubt he was reduced to the necessity of taking up his present occupation by reverses of fortune, but I wish I had thought of asking him to have my gas meter brought back.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Parlor Decorations.

The present fashion is that of placing plans intended for parlor decoration in fancy baskets. This is neither appropriate nor artistic, and when there is a ribbon bow tied on the basket's handle—as though a milliner's finery could possibly improve nature's favorites—the effect is very much like that of "painting the lily." Nothing is really prettier for this purpose than a tile grown somewhat subdued and mossy with age, for either flowering plants or those of ornamental foliage. If, however, as is sometimes the case with large palms, a commodious receptacle is needed, the most suitable one is a small tub, painted exactly their own shade of green, set on a wicker stand, and similarly painted, or one of dull, unobtrusive metal. Gay-colored, jardiniere detract from the plant which they hold, instead of being for them a foil, as is the plain tile pot.—N. Y. Post.

The three-year-old boy of J. A. Johnson, of Lynn Center, Ill., is subject to attacks of croup. Mr. Johnson says he is sure that the timely use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, during a severe attack, saved his boy's life. He is in the drug business, a member of the firm of Johnson Bros. of that place, and

A Life Saved.

A FOND DAUGHTER WAS NIGH TO DEATH.

Frank B. Trout Tells a Reporter of How His Daughter's Life Was Saved. All Parents Should be Interested in This Narrative.

From the Evening News, Detroit, Mich.

Using as a nucleus for his investigation the rumor that the life of the daughter of Frank B. Trout, well known in Detroit, Mich., real estate circles, had been saved, a reporter called on Mr. Trout at his office, 103 Griswold Avenue. Mr. Trout showed some hesitancy in giving his opinion for publication, but finally said: "Circumstances and a father's love for his child forced me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, but not until the whole medical profession had exhausted their skill. At the age of fourteen we had to take our daughter from school owing to her health. Before this she had been in the best of health, happy and in the best of spirits. She began to fall away and became pale and languid. She was so weak that she would fall down in a faint every time she tried to walk unassisted. The best of physicians attended her, but she continued to grow weaker and seemed to be gradually fading away.

"When she was fifteen she weighed only ninety pounds, and the doctors said it was anemia. Several physicians said she might outgrow it, but that it would no doubt result in consumption. No doctor would help her, and we concluded ourselves, we must lose our child, as she was growing weaker every day.

"We had tried all the well-known remedies, and finally about a year ago I bought a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and took them home. That day I had read of a case about the same as my daughter's, and decided to give them a trial, though I must confess I did not have much faith. Before she had taken all of the first box we noticed a change for the better. She, however, gained strength daily,

they handle a great many patent medicines for throat and lung diseases. He had all these to select from, and skilled physicians to answer to his call, but selected this remedy for use in his own home at a time when his boy's life was in danger, because he knew it to be superior to any other, and famous the country over for its cures of the croup. Mr. Johnson says this is the best selling cough medicine they handle, and that gives splendid satisfaction in all cases. Sold by Blakeley & Houghton.

GAVE HIMSELF UP TO DEATH.

Feelings of a Man Who Fell Into an Abandoned Shaft.

P. D. Smith, an old book man, tells a most interesting story of how it feels to be buried alive, says the Los Angeles Record. For one hour he lay at the bottom of a deserted mine shaft and was only saved by a dog that whined and howled at a neighbor's house. Just after a recent storm Mr. Smith went prospecting in Deer canyon, a branch of the Big Tejuanga, in the San Fernando range. He was removing some timber about the top of an old shaft, when the rotten wood gave way and carried him to the bottom of the shaft. A heavy load of timber and earth followed. Strange to say, he was uninjured and lay free from immediate danger in the dark, damp space left by the boards. Gloomy were the thoughts that filled his mind as he lay there and thoughts of his past life and the friends he would never see again, for the shaft was one which had been covered overhead and lost to the knowledge of the neighborhood for years. Moreover, it was a mile and a half from the nearest house. Once or twice he shouted, but his voice sounded sepulchral as it echoed in muffled way between the overhanging walls and reverberated in his ears. For one hour he lay there in this cramped position, while gloomy thoughts passed in frightful procession through his mind.

Fortunately, his little dog was with him. "Boss" is a particularly intelligent dog, and after the accident to his master went to the nearest house and acted so strangely that Mr. Walton, the owner, followed him to the shaft. There he found and rescued him.

FRUIT AS A MEDICINE.

Acids in Fruit Assist the Action of the Stomach.

Why for ages have people eaten apple sauce with their roast goose and suckling pig? is the conundrum asked by Popular Science Monthly, which then proceeds to elucidate as follows: Simply because the acids and pectones in the fruit assist in digesting the fat so abundant in this kind of food. For the same reason at the end of a heavy dinner we eat our cooked fruits and when we want their digestive action even more developed we take them after dinner in their natural uncooked state as dessert. In the past ages instinct has taught men to do this; to-day science tells them why they did it, and this same science tells us that fruit should be eaten as an aid to digestion of other foods much more than it is now. Cultivated fruits, such as apples, pears, cherries, strawberries, grapes, etc., contain on an analysis very similar proportions of the same ingredients, which are about one per cent. of malle and other acids, and one per cent. of flesh-forming albuminoids, with over 80 per cent. of water.

Digestion depends upon the action of pepsin in the stomach. Fats are digested by these acids and the bile from the liver. Now, the acids and pectones in fruit peculiarly assist the acids of the stomach. Only lately even royalty has been taking lemon juice in tea instead of sugar, and lemon juice has been prescribed largely by physicians to help weak digestion, simply because these acids exist very abundantly in the lemon.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

Came to our place about August 1st, last, a roan cow; brand indistinct. Owner can have same by paying all charges. MOORE BROS. n22 1m Three Mile.

FEMININE FASHIONS.

Fresh Additions to the Summer Outfits.

Trimmed skirts increase in favor as the season advances. Mousseline brillante is a new gauzy textile much used by Raudnitz, Beers and Paquin for draping evening toilets. It has a very silky surface, and is remarkably dainty and beautiful. Most of the new tucked evening gowns of gauzy material have rows of handsome Venetian lace insertion on bodice and skirt. Other toilets are made with Gainsborough fichus of tulle or mousseline de soie crossed over the corsage, passed under the arms, and tied at the back.

Accordion-plaited skirts of black silk grenadine, canvas tulle, black Swiss muslin dotted in silk, fancy French and Russian nets, and similar diaphanous textiles, are made up over gored foundations of brilliant Turkish red or golden-yellow satin. Portions of the bodice and sleeves are likewise plaited and finished with elegant decorations in cut jet.

Gros de Tours is one of the popular silks this summer and has a soft finished corded surface, slightly heavier in quality than taffeta, but less glossy. It is used in the pale tints for evening toilets, and in browns, grays and greens for church, visiting, etc. Some of the grounds are striped with satin in bronze or black, then figured with small leaves or flowers or quaint old-fashioned figures. These patterns make charming fancy waists.

For cool and pretty gowns—qualities that in the eyes of the majority nowadays lose nothing by the additional fact that they are inexpensive—nothing is better than the sheer delicate all-wool delaines trimmed with ribbon in any of the thousand and one ways approved by fashion. No more dainty gowns could be desired at the seashore or in the mountains, for white comfortable and dressy at the same time, they resist dampness and wear as no sort of white or light cotton gown can. Elderly women can suitably wear delaines in dark colors for morning dress. The material is not suitable for afternoon dress. In lighter combinations of color, however, delaine handsomely trimmed with lace or ribbon leaves little to be desired on the score of smartness.—N. Y. Post.

LIST OF DEPUTIES.

To WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: This is to certify that I have appointed the following as my deputies, to serve till March 1, 1898: Zachary Taylor, Antelope. Harry Cook, Ridgeway. D. H. Roberts, The Dalles. J. H. Sherar, Sherar's Bridge. Frank Gattel, Wapinitia.

A. S. ROBERTS, Stock Inspector for Wasco Co., n24 6t Box 507, The Dalles.

See the Chrysanthemums.

The public is invited to come and see the chrysanthemums. They are now in full bloom, and this is the best time to get your plants. The lily, hyacinth, tulip, early and late narcissus and jonquil bulbs are now ready to plant for spring and winter blooming. Now is the time to get pansy plants for early spring blooming. 19-2w Mrs. A. C. STUBBING & SON.

TILLET & GALLIGAN,

WM. TILLET. H. GALLIGAN.

Sole Proprietors of the ELEBRATED XALIMA APPLE.

Hood River Nursery,

TILLET & GALLIGAN, Props. First-class Nursery Stock a Specialty.