

The Weekly Chronicle.

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THE BURSTING OF THE BUBBLE.

The Corbett bubble has broken at last. The voices which for nearly a year have been proclaiming the easy triumph of Governor Lord's appointee in securing a seat in the senate now are still, and the newspaper which has heralded his cause in season and out, hides its grief in silence. The dispatches from Washington announce that Senator Burrows of Michigan, a Republican member of the committee on privileges and elections, will oppose the seating of Mr. Corbett, and this will give a majority for an adverse report. Senator Burrows gives as his reason that the decision in the Mantle case—where the governor of Montana made an appointment to fill a senatorial vacancy—is a precedent against the appointment of senators when the legislature has had an opportunity to act, which cannot be set aside.

The action of the senate committee will meet the approval of the people of Oregon. The reason may not be the same technical one, for the objection here to the seating of Corbett is that he does not represent the citizens of Oregon, but stands as the exponent of a political clique which has long been an eyesore in the politics of the state. Personally there can be little said against Mr. Corbett. He is an able, successful business man, and his private life has been inoffensive. It has been a source of regret to many to see him placed in the circumstances which he has been, and he will retire to private meditations blamed only for the company he has kept.

In view of all that has happened, do Simon and the Oregonian think it was worth the while to hold up the legislature merely to give Mr. Corbett the opportunity to spend a year in Washington? However they may feel about it, the people think differently, and when next the Republicans of the state meet in council, these wreckers of harmony may expect scant treatment, but none the less severe.

The new city of New York covers 359 square miles, and has a population estimated variously at 3,200,000 and 3,388,000. London, which ranks first among the cities of the world, has 118 square miles for its 4,231,431 people, and Paris, which now comes third, packs its 2,447,957 into thirty square miles. It thus appears that New York has an opportunity for growth far greater than either of its two greatest rivals; and if the extension of population north to the Bronx and east to Queens, is fostered by wise government and assisted by better facilities of transit, it is urged that it will before many years take the first place. In the United States, Philadelphia and Chicago compete for the second place. According to the census of 1890, Chicago led with 1,099,850, Philadelphia following with 1,046,964.

The latest sensation from Klondike is that Penroyer's brother-in-law has gathered up several hogs-heads of nuggets, and is coming home with millions. With all this money in the family, Penroyer will be able to fuse the Populists and Democrats, or to accomplish any other old thing he may try. Penroyer's luck has become proverbial.

Portland stands in a fair way of securing a woolen mill. Parties from the East, claiming to represent sufficient capital, are negotiating for a suitable site, and the citizens are eager to offer the necessary inducements. With woolen mills to the right and woolen mills to the left, The Dalles is in a peculiar position; but we can have the satisfaction of knowing that this city furnishes the market where the woolen mills in these other places get their supplies.

publicans of Ohio have read him from their midst, and rightly so, while the Democrats will have no use for him when this little brush is over. He may find resting place among the Populists, for there all political outcasts congregate. The career of Bushnell shows that, even in politics, dishonesty sometimes is given its deserts.

BEGGING THE QUESTION.

The Oregonian, in replying to a remark of THE CHRONICLE, complains that "it seems to newspapers like The Chronicle—and there are many of them in Oregon—perfectly incredible and incomprehensible that there should be, or can be, a newspaper entirely independent of men or factions, governing its own actions according, as in its judgment, public ends are to be served; criticizing and opposing men at one time, and commending and supporting them, at another, as issues change or as men's relations to them change."

It does not seem incredible to THE CHRONICLE that there can be newspapers with the utter independence which the Oregonian mentions, but the Oregonian is not among them. No ideal of journalism can be higher than that pictured above, and were the words applicable to the paper which printed them, the encomium would be a gratifying one. But the course of the Oregonian has shown time and again that it is not "independent of men or factions," but absolutely subservient to them. It is this, not the case, why does the Oregonian support the Simon faction now, when it is known that Simon and his followers have broken the peace of the Republican party in Oregon and wrought havoc on the welfare of the state by their hold up of the legislature last winter? If the Oregonian is such a virtuous organ, why does it not rise superior to factions and condemn the methods used by both the Simon and Mitchell men, and say to the Republicans of the state, "Let us settle this fratricidal strife, and since it cannot be adjusted while Multnomah county is a factor, let the rest of the state make the party nominations and leave Multnomah county out until she learns how better to behave herself."

It is useless for the Oregonian to say that Simon is wholly right and Mitchell altogether wrong in this factional fight; it is useless for a Mitchell paper to say the reverse. Both have done things entirely reprehensible while trying to win the political struggle, and though each justified his action, to himself, from the exigencies of the situation, yet when it comes to fair speaking, both factions are much to blame.

If the Oregonian is such a paragon of independence, why does it not condemn this factional spirit and seek to heal the party's wounds. THE CHRONICLE is showing more independence in this one article than the Oregonian has exhibited in the last two years, or longer. And yet it wraps itself in the self-assumed virtue of being independent of all factions. The Oregonian's statements and its actions (if a newspaper has actions) are so inconsistent that fair-minded people place no reliance in neither. Any yet the Oregonian could, if it would, be the greatest power in the state in bringing about the common good.

Bryan is keeping up his determination to talk himself into the presidency. His last set speech was finished at 2 a. m., though the dispatches do not say when he began. It will take more than Bryan's eloquence to convince the people that prosperity is not already here and promising to come in larger quantities.

When, by process of cremation, Durrant's remains are turned to ashes, it is to be hoped the San Francisco newspapers will let them rest in peace. The public has had a surfeit of the morbid details of these famous crimes, though the trial itself will always remain a notable one in legal annals.

The government customs receipts for Wednesday were \$889,024, the heaviest since the new tariff law went into effect. All the Dingley bill needs is a fair chance, and it will

demonstrate to the country the merit of a moderate protective system. Now that the chances of Mr. Corbett being seated have vanished, will Governor Lord call an extra session? or is he afraid Mr. Mitchell would be elected?

What has become of one David B. Hill of New York? Has he, too, joined the procession to Klondike? He has not even been heard to remark, of late, that he is still a Democrat.

Portland is making a record in convicting criminals. Those who seek to argue that juries fail to do their duty will have to seek elsewhere for examples than in Multnomah county just at present.

Ohio is fortunate in the speedy termination of its senatorial election. With six years before him in the senate and the friendliness of the national administration, Senator Hanna will be able to repay some of his political enemies with interest.

NEWS NOTES.

Wednesday's Daily. The Elder arrived from Alaska last night, bringing with her very little gold dust or news.

A report received this morning, states that the Seminole Indians are on the warpath in the Indian territory. It stated further that they have already killed twenty-five people.

The president of the Montana State Bank was killed yesterday by a crank who was out of work. The only reason for the crime, as far as could be learned, was that the bank president refused him employment.

Senator Carter, of the senate committee on territories, and Chairman Cox of the house committee, had a conference yesterday, going over what legislation is necessary for Alaska. It was agreed that nothing should yet be done in the way of giving Alaska a territorial form of government, in view of the different character of the population of that district. It was decided that action should be taken giving more United States commissioners for the district.

Thursday's Daily. Thethree men, Mulligan, Murphy and Kelley, who held up and robbed three men who had broken all the crap games in Bourne, near that place, last week were captured Sunday in a dug-out near Excelsior mill, by Sheriff Kilburn. They were lodged in the Baker City jail.

Latest reports from Havana state that rioting is going on at that place. Great excitement prevails, and the American citizens are thought to be in danger. General Lee has reported the condition of affairs to the president, and it was supposed this morning that a war ship would be sent to Cuba at once.

A telegram was received by Adjutant-General Breck at Washington, from General Merriam, commanding the department of the Columbia at Vancouver barracks, that may have some effect on the policy of the war department in extending relief to the miners of the Klondike. The general reports that passengers on two steamers, which have recently arrived from Alaska, state that the miners will get through the winter in safety.

Friday's Daily. The George W. Elder leaves tonight on another trip to Alaska. She will be loaded to the guards, having 300 passengers and a large amount of freight.

A special report received this morning states that Hanna's opponents are going to contest his rights to a seat in the senate on account of the charge of bribery. Their success is to be seen.

Latest reports from Havana state that all is quiet at that place, and that the rioting is over. Further trouble is expected at any time, and our government is in readiness to send a gunboat there at a moment's notice on the slightest intimation of trouble.

The tornado that descended upon Fort Smith Tuesday night crossed the Arkansas river one-half mile south of Van Buren, and tore a path 200 yards wide through Crawford county, and dealt death and devastation to everything in its path. A score or more of houses were blown down and many persons were hurt.

Pirates have been committing depredations in the French settlements at Haiphong, China, and even in the vicinity of Hong Kong itself. On December 15th, a gang of 800 pirates attacked the suburbs of Haiphong, which is inhabited by Europeans, setting fire to places simultaneously in the four quarters. The desperadoes were fired upon by a party of French marines, and about 30 killed.

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Everybody reads THE CHRONICLE.

ANOTHER GREENHORN LETTER.

GREENHORN, Or., Jan. 9, 1898.

EDITOR CHRONICLE: In my last effusion I think I wound up by talking about rats, or wood-rats, and that makes me think of a story that I have not time to tell. We have a wood-rat in our tunnel that is a bird, so to speak; a daisy, and all that sort of thing. He has a nest (I see the animal by the whiskers) about fifty feet from the mouth of the tunnel; a nest made of the moss that hangs from the little black pipes in graceful festoons, like the chin-whiskers of a billy goat. The nest is cunningly hidden on top of the lagging (the split timbers roofing the tunnel) and there he sleeps by day, for your true wood rat only works on the night shift. Back there in the eternal darkness, in some mysterious way, he knows when the daylight fades away, and he rises up to work. In a short cress-cut we have a powder magazine, where the dynamite is thawed out, and there is the scene of some of his labors. He is a cunning little "cuss," with long grey whiskers, little beady eyes that gleam in the darkness like a toper's nose over a set of false teeth, and a tail like a gigantic caterpillar.

The boys found his nest one day and swiped a part of it to use for tamping. The wood-rat, whom I have named Copernicus, because he works only at night, caught on, and the next morning the boys were surprised to find a whole wad of moss piled up by the powder magazine, and they found the same thing every morning. Soon after, Copernicus began piling chips on the track, chips from the mining timbers, and every morning there were two piles of them, always at the same place. The boys began to get interested in Copernicus, and one evening they left a piece of candle by the magazine just to see what he would do with it. In the morning they found it propped up by three or four pieces of rock and close to Copernicus' chip pile. Then an idea struck the boys that may be Coperny wanted a candle to work by, so that night they left half a block of matches along with a piece of candle. In the morning they found the candle propped up as before, and the matches all broken apart and lying near it. After that Coperny didn't show up for a week, and none of us could imagine what the trouble was; but at the end of that time, as they were quitting work, they saw Copernicus standing on the powder magazine, with a woe-begone expression on his face and tears in his eyes. Even as they gazed Copernicus turned sadly around, cocked his tail over to port, and showed his right hip, hairless and blistered. The little fellow had seen the boys striking matches, and he wore all the hair off his southeast quarter trying to get a light.

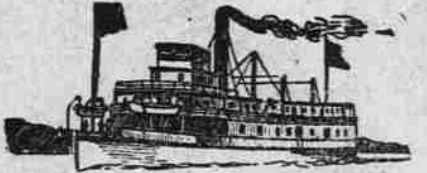
Then the boys made a pair of cute little panties out of a flour sack, with a rubber waistband and a little pocket for matches, and then you ought to have seen that rat. Why, he would climb up a car, reach down after a lucifer, raise his hind leg so as to stretch his trousers, and strike a match secundum artem, or words to that effect, and then he would cut up the queerest you ever saw. If the boys left the car in the tunnel, he always had it filled with rock by morning. And then he got so he would go down to the mill, kindle a fire at the forge and sharpen all the tools. We had to hide all the picks, because the little scamp scorched the handles. But his pursuit of knowledge caused his untimely decease. He bit off more than he could masticate when he got to fooling with the powder. Of course we don't know just what happened, for we can only reason from effect back to cause. A small piece of wood-rat tail and a dilapidated pair of diminutive overalls made of flour-sack, these were found near the face of the tunnel, and half a stick of giant powder, left at the magazine the night before, was missing. Whether Copernicus took it with him, or it took Copernicus, is only conjectural, but I incline to the latter opinion, for Copernicus had an open countenance and seemed honest.

Way up here in the snow, I look back longingly to The Dalles and old Wasco. One has, after all, a pride in his home town, and who would not feel proud of having for a home town the city that sits at the foot of the mountains and the head of navigation. I am more than proud of her when I note the deliberate manner in which her laws are enforced. San Francisco has been nearly three years monkeying with Durrant. Law, there, has become a by-word and Justice is not only blind, but lame of both legs as well. She should take a lesson from The Dalles. There the evil-doer, if he knows when he is well off, hitches the railroad track with an exceedingly hasty hit, or shinneth across the country with both shins, anxious to be elsewhere. The Dalles, alone, of all the cities of the Northwest, is onto her job. She knoweth a good thing when she sees it, and her optics are good. No tricks of the law, no quilllets of technicalities hamper her in her criminal jurisprudence. No sir! When she sends her officers out to arrest a criminal, she sends the coroner along, and there is no appeal from the verdict of a coroner's jury; and that makes me think of another story that I may tell when I am no longer

A GREENHORN.

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