

The Weekly Chronicle.

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

Weekly Clubbing Rates.
 Chronicle and Oregonian..... \$2 25
 Chronicle and Examiner..... 2 25
 Chronicle and Inter Ocean..... 1.85
 Chronicle and Tribune..... 1 75
 Chronicle and N. Y. World..... 2 00

WHO THE "BOSS" REALLY IS.

The Oregonian, in yesterday's issue, published an editorial which was in the main a strong protest against the evils of bossism, which every observer will agree have grown to an alarming extent. But the Oregonian has reached that stage of prejudice where it can but rarely comment upon any subject without bringing in a slur upon John H. Mitchell, which, in many cases, is entirely uncalled for and unfair.

In the article referred to, after summing up the situation in Pennsylvania and New York, the Oregonian asks, "What does Quay, or Platt or Mitchell care for the gold standard, except as it may be employed as a battery under which he may march to the senate and distribute the spoils of office among his craven followers?"

As regards Quay or Platt, THE CHRONICLE has no concern; nor has it any regarding Mr. Mitchell, except as he is a prominent figure in the politics of this state, and as such, especially under the circumstances at present existing, comes in for a good deal of newspaper comment. THE CHRONICLE is not a Mitchell paper, nor is it devoted to the political interests of any one man or set of men, but it does like to see fair play, and thinks that the time has come when Mr. Mitchell should be allowed the same treatment as other men are, and not made the especial and constant target for the venom-dipped shafts of the Oregonian, representing, as it does, Mr. Mitchell's bitterest enemies.

The Oregonian talks of bossism, and then brings in Mitchell's name as a sample of such men. Whatever may be said of Mr. Mitchell, he can never be charged with being a political boss. He has aspired to a seat in the United States senate, and used all his endeavors—as far as we know, honorably—to secure an election. He has been honored by the people of Oregon and has served his constituents abler, perhaps, than any senator ever chosen from Oregon. At the last attempted session of the legislature Mr Mitchell said time and again that he was willing to withdraw if such action would in any way simplify the situation. Mr. Mitchell is not a boss, and the Oregonian by calling him one does not establish the fact.

Who then is the "boss" of Oregon? It is the master of the Oregonian—the man who can swing that journal to the right or left; the wrecker of party harmony in Oregon, and a man altogether unlovely politically in the eyes of the people—Joseph Simon. He is the man who planned and carried into effect the last legislative hold-up. He is the man who is preventing an extra session of the legislature because he fears that should it meet, Mr. Mitchell might be elected a senator. He is the "boss"—along with Platt and Quay.

The Oregonian talks about these bosses parading under the gold standard simply as a subterfuge to secure spoils for "craven followers"—Joe Simon again—the high-minded statesman who consorted with Populists and free silverites of all description at Salem last winter and betrayed the sacred trust of leadership. Simon, if he had wings, would chase a silver cloud or golden sunbeam, without regard to the ratio of gold to silver, if by so doing it would bring him political advantage. And Simon, according to the Oregonian, is little less than a god.

As we have often said, the Oregonian is an able paper, and when it divorces itself from local politics has few equals; but when discussing matters of local concern it can show more prejudice, unfairness and venom

to the square inch than any journal in our observation, and that is why the people dislike the Oregonian. It does not know how to be fair.

TRUMPHE OF PROTECTION.

The culminating triumph of the system of protective tariffs applied to American industries is that it has taught the old world that low wages do not of necessity insure low cost of production. It is simple truth that the manufacturer of iron and steel goods in the United States pays from thirty to eighty, or even one hundred, per cent more for his labor than his European rival, and that, though he has to haul his raw material ten times as far from the mine to the furnace and shop, he produces a better article at a lower cost. In its beginning protection increased the cost of some articles to the American consumer, but this was a short stage of commercial existence. Protection stimulated output, and stimulation of output involved fierce competition for possession of the home market, and that resulted in low prices.

At last, says the Inter Ocean, the American output has exceeded all possible demands of the home market, and foreign trade has become a necessity. To the astonishment of Europe it is proved that goods made by men who earn from \$1.50 to \$4 per day can be sold as cheaply as those produced at a labor cost of from \$1 to \$3. America is teaching Europe a lesson in sociology.

The low-paid laborer of Europe often is a tool rather than a mechanic. He works as he was taught to work by his father. He improves upon nothing; he discovers nothing. He eats, he sleeps, he works; he does not think. The better paid artisan of America is better educated, more ambitious, and infinitely more inventive. He is paid far more than the European, and he lives upon a far more liberal scale, but he produces far more and of better quality, although he works fewer hours in each day.

The European plan has worked to the degradation of the workman; the American method has worked to his betterment. Thus we now are able to produce pig iron at from \$2 to \$3 per ton less cost than rules in England, and this saving pays ocean freight and leaves a margin of profit on foreign sales. We are selling steel rails to London, and covering the roads of Europe with American bicycles, and are putting American sewing machines into European shops and houses. We are furnishing Japan, China, Australia and British Africa with steam warships, locomotives, electrical appliances and all materials of railway plants.

It is, paradoxical as it may seem, to the high wages that our protective system fostered that our success in foreign trade is due. Competition for possession of the largest and most profitable home market of the world stimulated invention, and the intelligent ambition of our artisans made them specialists and inventors. Protection insured us a home market, and commercial activity in that wide area has strengthened the arms of our commerce and manufactures till they have become able to reach out for and to grasp a large and increasing share of the trade of the world.

THE DE LOME INCIDENT.

Either by the acceptance of disgraced De Lome's resignation, or by his recall, it matters not much which, he was summarily ousted from the honorable and onerous position which he has proven himself unfit to fill. It was a bad faux pas for so experienced a diplomat to make, even in a private letter. No true gentleman and diplomat could have so far forgotten his position and the respect he owed to the chief magistrate of this great government.

The United States will not lay De Lome's fault at the door of the government at Madrid, and the incident need not necessarily cause any official rupture between the two governments, though it is likely to increase the hostile sentiment among the people of both countries. The intelligent people of the United States do not hate the Spaniards as individuals, but they despise the Spanish government, and reprobate its atroc-

ities in Cuba, and sincerely desire the liberation of that island; hence would not deplore any incident that would bring on hostilities. But the De Lome incident, of itself, is no additional occasion for war with Spain.—Tribune.

THE "BOSS" AGAIN.

The Oregonian having charged Mr. Mitchell with most of the offenses in the category, has discovered a new one, and accuses him of being the political boss of Oregon, equal in turpitude to Quay, Platt, Croker, or any other man who may happen to be in popular disfavor just at present. It is useless to waste words in showing what petty motives of jealousy actuate the Oregonian in this instance; and it is equally useless to call attention to the unfairness of the charge.

In the same article wherein Mr. Mitchell is charged with being the unsavory "boss," Joe Simon, the little man who says nothing, but does a whole lot, is pictured as a clean minded individual, who never knew anything about politics and has had nothing to do with the machinery of the Republican party in Oregon. Simon, according to the Oregonian, is a simple-minded little boy, who never put up a job or packed a primary, and to whom the devious ways of politics are as a sealed book.

All this is rot, and the Oregonian knows, or if it doesn't it ought to know, that such stuff will never be swallowed by fair-minded Republicans. It will take more sophistry than even the Oregonian possesses to convince the people that it was not Joe Simon and his fawning followers who made the coalition with Jonathan Bourne and the Populist last winter, which made the hold-up at Salem possible. THE CHRONICLE does not care to attack Mr. Simon, because his political reputation is known to the people of Oregon, so that the words of the Oregonian will fall of their own weight; nor does THE CHRONICLE care to be continually defending Mr. Mitchell, because he is able to stand upon his own merits. But the ravings of the Oregonian are too amusing to be passed unnoticed.

Bosses are never popular, and Mr. Mitchell's popularity in this state is sufficient to prove that he does not belong to the kind of men called bosses. Fancy Joseph Simon and John H. Mitchell running against each other for an office in the popular vote, and the result would clearly show that the people do not regard Mr. Mitchell in the colors the Oregonian paints him.

But enough of this. The Oregonian's latest attack on Mr. Mitchell simply shows to what extremities that paper is driven for ammunition in its jealous warfare against this gentleman.

The gradual increase of the receipts from the Dingley tariff seems to justify its friends in their predictions that it will soon produce sufficient revenue for the uses of the government. The customs returns for January were \$14,300,000 in round figures. This indicates an increase over the December returns of \$2,600,000, and is exactly \$3,000,000 more than the receipts of January, 1897. Beginning with August, the first full month of the Dingley tariff, there has been an increase every month. This increase amounted to \$900,000 in September, to \$1,800,000 in October, to \$100,000 in November and \$1,900,000 in December. The receipts for the early days of February indicated a decidedly upward tendency, so that a considerable surplus is expected at the end of the present month.

Mr. F. A. Seufert has achieved fame through his refusal to join with the fusionists. The action of the Democrats in cleaving into the Populists will turn many men away from their party, as it seems to have done with Mr. Seufert. The fight is squarely on between free silver and sound money, and it is not difficult for each voter to determine where he belongs.

You can't cure consumption but you can avoid it and cure any other form of throat or lung trouble by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. It cures quickly. That's what you want. Snipes-Kinersly Drug Co.

RULER OF THE NAVY.

Secretary Herbert Has Powers Which Cannot Be Gainsaid.

"There is one man in the United States who has more power than the president and all the federal courts combined," said a naval officer recently. "The secretary of the navy is the man. His power over officers of the navy is autocratic. He can without the aid of a court fine an officer all the way from four hundred to four thousand a year, according to his rank, and simply to it the whim of the secretary. Unlike officers of the army, officers in the navy are not paid a uniform and fixed compensation. In the army the salary of an officer is fixed by law, and no one, not even the president, can deduct a cent from that pay without a court-martial. In the navy there are three regular grades of pay. In the case of a rear admiral, which is the highest rank in the navy, the pay at sea is six thousand dollars. On shore duty this is reduced to five thousand dollars, while if the officer is on leave of absence or 'waiting orders' this is reduced to four thousand dollars.

"Now suppose a rear admiral is ordered to the command of the fleet in the North Atlantic. The secretary of the navy proposes to visit the fleet. He is received on board the flagship with all the honors due his station, and the admiral does his best in the way of entertainment. Suppose again, when the secretary sits down to dine at the admiral's table he finds that a cheap brand of American wine is served instead of his accustomed Chateau Yquem. The secretary determines to resent this indignity. He goes ashore and decides to relieve an admiral who knows nothing of the first principles of hospitality. He issues an order detaching the admiral and placing him on waiting orders. Then on the following day he determines to punish him still further. He calls in the chief of the bureau of navigation and directs that Admiral Howline be given an indefinite furlough. That means that instead of drawing six thousand dollars a year as he was yesterday, the late admiral of the North Atlantic finds his income suddenly reduced to two thousand dollars, and all because he has offended the ruler of the navy in some slight matter.

"Cannot the admiral appeal? Certainly not. There is none to whom he can cry out. The president has no power to review the decisions of the secretary of the navy in matters of this kind. This is an extreme case, of course, but it would not be difficult to point out where lieutenants have had their pay cut from two thousand six hundred dollars to nine hundred dollars by a secretary who had a grudge."

INDUSTRY AND COMMERCE.

Melon mice are ruining crops in the neighborhood of Newport, Ky.

Farmers in Douglas county, Kan., are educating their horses to eat potatoes which they can feed at 11 cents, while corn stands for 17 cents.

An immense pumping engine at the mines of Friedensville, Pa., raises 17,500 gallons of water at each revolution of the huge fly-wheel.

Not all western cherries in eastern markets come from California. Oregon shippers sent two car loads east within a week from Salem and Portland.

England's oak is now made in Germany. The great roof-beams of Winchester cathedral are being renewed, and the wood used is Stettin oak, cut in 42 1/2 foot lengths, the other dimensions being 14 by 18 inches.

The recent exposition of the Royal Dublin Agricultural society demonstrated that while our farm machinery equals that of the British in strength, it is of much lighter build. Our consul at Dublin suggests that on this account our machinery is at a disadvantage, as the Irish farmer prefers heavier looking implements.

SHE WAS ECONOMICAL.

But After Testing the Result Her Husband Was Unappreciative.

With one of those good intentions with which the infernal regions are said to be paved, an economic uptown housewife recently dyed her hubby's shabby hat. The operation was performed, says the Philadelphia Record, with a toothbrush and a package of patent dye, unknown to the owner of the headgear, who put his hat on before it was dry and sallied forth to his Chestnut street office. On drying the Derby turned a beautiful bronze, attracting no little attention as its ignorant and blissful wearer passed through the principal streets. Before he reached the office he was caught in a shower, and when he afterward saw himself in a mirror his countenance was decorated like that of an Indian chieftain in war paint. The dye wasn't fast black—indeed, it wasn't even black, and to the prejudiced eye of the unhappy husband it seemed to have been composed of green, pink, blue, purple and yellow. The lecture he delivered on "false economy" when he reached home would have done credit to Mrs. Caudle.

The Cuban "Trocha."

The "trocha" to which frequent reference is made in Cuban dispatches describing the movements of Gen. Weyler is a fortified line extending across the island from Mariel on the northern coast to Majana on the southern. The purpose of the Spanish commanders, in constructing and fortifying this line, was to cut off the western province of Pinar del Rio from the rest of the island, and thus to prevent the retreat of the forces of the Cuban leader Maceo, who is operating in that province. Mariel, the northern terminus of the line, is about 25 miles west of Havana; and at two points, Guanajay, which is six miles south of Mariel, and Artemisa, which is four miles north of Majana, there is direct railway connection with Havana. West of the "trocha" there is a fairly open country for a few miles, but beyond is the mountainous region in which Maceo's forces have their camps.—Youth's Companion.

LIKE A MIRACLE
How a Locomotor Ataxia Sufferer Was Cured.

From the Evening News, Detroit, Mich.

James Crockett, a sturdy old Scotchman, living in Detroit, Mich., at 88 Montcalm Street, was asked about his wonderful cure. "First," he said, "I must tell you something of my life before my almost fatal sickness. I was born in Scotland in 1832, and came to this country in 1848. I am a marine engineer by trade. In 1873 I was in the employ of the Detroit and Cleveland Navigation Co., and for fifteen years I was chief engineer on one of their big passenger steamers. My first boat was the R. N. Rice, which was burned at the docks. Then I was transferred to the Rubie, which was chartered to make the run between Detroit and Cleveland.

"I brought out the new steamer 'City of the Rapids,' and for years acted as her chief engineer. It is a great responsibility, the position of chief engineer on those big passenger palaces. Thousands of lives are held in the keeping of the engineer. The anxiety causes a great nervous strain, and the strictest attention is necessary. Not for a moment must he lose his watchfulness.

"For fifteen years I carefully watched the big engines and boilers without a single accident, and only noticed that I was getting nervous. Suddenly without warning I was taken sick, and in less than a week I was prostrated. I had the best of physicians. I grew gradually worse, and at the council of doctors, they said I had nervous prostration, and had destroyed my whole nervous system and would never be able to be up again. They said I had worn myself out by the long nervous strain caused by watching and worrying about the machinery. For three long years I was unable to move from my bed without assistance. The doctor said I had locomotor ataxia, and would never be able to walk again.

"The pains and suffering I experienced during those years are almost indescribable.

My wife used to put eight or ten hot water bags around me to stop the pain. Those that came to see me bid me good-bye when they left me, and I was given up. The doctors said nothing more could be done for me. "We tried every known remedy, and my wife kept reading the articles about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People to me. Finally she said they only cost 80 cents, and she wanted to know if I would try them. To please her I consented, and the first box gave me relief. I continued to use them for about two years before I could get strength enough to walk. It came slow but sure, but what I am to-day is due wholly to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"I am nearly seventy-five years old to-day, and there is not a man in the whole city that can kick higher or walk further than I can to-day. If any one has locomotor ataxia that reads this, let them come and see me to-day. Can you tell me a man to-day in this big city that can do better than that?" Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People made me what I am to-day. I only wish I could persuade others to do as I did, and take them before it is too late." (Signed) "JAMES CROCKETT."

Before me, a Notary Public, personally appeared James Crockett, who signed and swore to the above statement as being true in every particular.
 ROBERT E. HULL, JR., Notary Public, Wayne County, Mich.
 Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold in boxes (never in loose form) by the dozen or hundred, and the pills are mentioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Salem, N. Y.

A Special Feature

Of The Chronicle office is the

Job Printing Department.

We have better facilities for doing artistic work in this line than any office in Eastern Oregon, and this branch of our business is in the hands of expert workmen.

We Challenge Comparison

both as to high grade work and reasonable prices.

Chronicle Pub. Co.

Grandall & Burget

DEALERS IN

All kinds of

Funeral Supplies

Robes, Burial Shoes, Etc.

UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS

The Dalles, Or.

PIONEER BAKERY.

I have re-opened this well-known Bakery, and am now prepared to supply everybody with Bread, Pies and Cakes. Also all kinds of Staple and Fancy Groceries.

GEORGE RUCH, Pioneer Grocer

has the best Dress Goods

who has the best Shoes

has the opportunity to be found in a first-class Dry Goods Store.

C. F. STEPHENS.