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HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF.

England had her commissariat scandal during the Crimean war. Some of the facts are recited in Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times."  
 "The winter (1854-55) was gloomy at home as well as abroad. The news constantly arriving from the Crimea told only of devastation caused by foes far more formidable than the Russians—sickness, bad weather, bad management. \* \* \* On shore the sufferings of the army were unspeakable. The tents were torn from their pegs and blown away. \* \* \* The hospitals for the sick and wounded at Scutari were in a wretchedly disorganized condition. \* \* \* In some instances medical stores were left to decay at Varna, or were found lying useless in the holds of vessels in Balaklava bay, which were needed for the wounded at Scutari. \* \* \* Great consignments of boots arrived, and were found to be all for the left foot. Mules for the conveyance of stores were contracted for and delivered, but delivered so that they came into the hands of the Russians, and not of us. Shameful frauds were perpetrated in the instance of some of the contracts for preserved meats. "One man's preserved meat," exclaimed Punch with bitter humor, "is another man's poison."  
 The similarity of the Crimean scandal to the scandal of our recent Cuban campaign is striking. In both wars the commissary departments were inefficient, and troops suffered from hunger and exposure. In both instances, hospital supplies were near at hand in ships, while the sick and wounded suffered for want of them. And then, as now, rascally meat contractors were in a conspiracy to poison the defenders of the flag.

THE PROCLAMATION.

The proclamation which the Philippine commissioners have addressed to the Filipino people is a noble state paper. It breathes a spirit of truth, sincerity, magnanimity and firmness. Its statements of facts can not be challenged, and its logic is unanswerable.  
 "And why these hostilities?" it asks. "What do the best Filipinos desire? Can it be more than the United States is ready to give? They are patriots and want liberty, it is said. The commission emphatically asserts that the United States is not only willing but anxious to establish in the Philippine islands an enlightened system of government, under which the Philippine people may enjoy the largest measure of home rule and ample liberty consistent with the supreme ends of government and compatible with those obligations which the United States has assumed toward the civilized nations of the world."

It may be said in reply that the Filipinos want theoretical independence, but that is mere dreaming, and would substitute the shadow for the substance of liberty. Theoretical independence and complete sovereignty are by nature denied to the Filipino people. They lack the progress, the knowledge, the training and the conceptions which are the price of complete national sovereignty. And they lack the power to maintain it.

Under the benign protection of the United States there will come to the Philippines progress, education, enlightenment, protection in civil and property rights, home rule, freedom of conscience and religion, diminishing burdens of taxation, and increasing prosperity. Who can doubt it? Under the autocratic rule of Aguinaldo would come confusion, tyranny, appeal to foreign intervention, and probably the partition of the islands between opposing powers. Who can doubt that? What crotchet has entered the minds of men who go on insisting that injustice and

tyranny stalk under the stars and stripes, and that the adventurous and barbaric banner of Aguinaldo is the true emblem of human liberty?—Spokesman-Review.

PROSPERITY FOR FARMERS.

In the campaign of 1896 the farmers were given especial attention by the managers of the silver party. All who tilled the soil were assured that low prices were the direct result of the treatment of silver and that values must inevitably continue to droop, until the government consented to coin at the old ratio all the silver that could be carried to the mints. This view of the case was backed up by an avalanche of silver literature, to say nothing of an earthquake of silver gabble. Farmers know now that the prices of their products advance without the slightest regard to silver, and that the Popocrat purpose in 1896 was to overwhelm them with financial fallacies and deception. In that year the value of domestic animals was certainly low and demagogues charged the fact upon their great catchall, the alleged crime against silver. A chance is now presented to consider the subject freed from political absurdities.

The annual report of the department of agriculture states that the value of horses in the United States has increased \$32,000,000 within a year, an average increase of more than 10 per cent. This has taken place in spite of the talk of a coming horseless era. Cattle, other than milk cows, increased 10 per cent in value. Milk cows were worth \$39,500,000 more at the end of the year than at the beginning. Sheep, which could hardly be given away under the last Democratic tariff, increased in value \$14,000,000, and in number 1,460,000. Mules also increased in value. The total increase in a year in the value of domestic animals is placed at \$108,355,482, a gain of 5.74 per cent. The party that promised prosperity, and was taken at its word, has abundantly fulfilled the pledge, but the measure of its good deeds and beneficial influences is still piling up.

SAME OLD STORY.

Oregon farmers are given to gambling with their wheat to such an extent that unless they have more luck than judgment they will lose the surplus they made in 1897, says the Telegram.  
 Wheat has been quietly slumping for some time, yet there is not an Oregon farmer who could not have sold all his holdings for fifty cents. But all held for a recuperated market, which now is not in sight. By their cupidity the farmers of this state have lost a colossal sum of money in the aggregate.

But it is merely a repetition of history. Twenty years ago, during the great mining stock boom in San Francisco, the speculator fared the same as the Oregon farmer of today. If he could reap a profit of \$1000 on a \$100 investment he usually held out for another thousand which rarely ever materialized. The result was when the backbone was broken of the boom of several years' duration, all the small fry speculators were bankrupt. A similar fate may overtake the Oregon farmers, unless they exercise better business judgment.

THE MACS COME OUT STRONG.

The following very complimentary editorial, in which Oregon's senator receives a share of the laurels, is clipped from the Washington Post:  
 There are four Macs in the senate—McBride, McEnery, McLaurin, and McMillan. Two are Democrats and two Republicans. But they all voted for the treaty, and two of them—McEnery and McLaurin—secured its ratification. Our citizens of Scotch descent are very solid members of society. They seldom get left in any important matter in which progress, prosperity and patriotism are involved. It is a pretty safe thing to bet on the Scotchman. He makes it his business to keep on the winning side, and it is due him to say that, canny though he may be in ordinary things, he is willing to risk a little, sometimes much, where

his feelings and convictions are concerned. He is a good, solid stand-by in the hour of need. Hoot, mo!

The advance in wages in cotton mills is merely a reaction of the improved condition of the country. The prosperity which has been promised for so many years seems to have materialized at last. The advancement of wages in the cotton industry comes at a time when nearly all the industries of the country are responding to the larger employment of labor. The woolen industry seems practically alone, for the depression that has been dissipated in other industries still clings to this industry. It would not be unreasonable to assume that the woolen industry can long remain an exception to other industries; there are already indications which point to a revival of trade in woolen goods. Still it may be some time before the industry finds steady and increased employment which will permit of any increase in wages. The country, however, is headed toward a long period of prosperity, from which labor will benefit as much as, if not more than, capital.

WHERE IS THE PETITION?

It is Time It Were Circulated—Let Someone Volunteer To Do So.

The rumor that a petition regarding the early closing of the stores during the heated term would soon be circulated, does not seem to be other than a rumor, as we have failed to run across the petition as yet. Of course there is yet time to bring the matter to a focus; but such subjects cannot be settled in a few days, and in some places it has taken more than a few months, although the final settlement has come, as every thinking community is waking up to its importance.

It seems to be the consensus of opinion in The Dalles that nothing can be done in that line until the months of July and August, and as we believe no more thoughtful, kind-hearted business men can be found anywhere than in our own city, their opinions should, therefore, have great weight in the consideration of the question, and must of necessity do so. There are now three months to intervene before its consummation, while already the clerks, bookkeepers and all who are compelled to be shut up in the stores during the lovely evenings we are even now having, begin to long to enjoy the hours wherein can be found the most enjoyment of the whole day. We clip the following from last evening's Telegram which touches on the same subject:

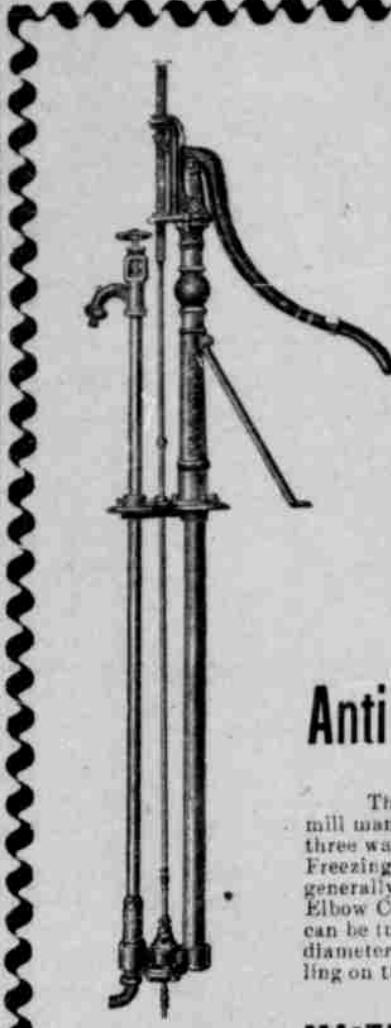
"The Portland Woman's Club is sounding the business men with a view of having them close stores every Saturday afternoon in July and August. Regular committees have been out and interviewed many of the business men on the subject. Many of the business men do not feel like they could close Saturday afternoons, as that is the busiest part of the week. However, those that feel that way are willing to do as much as possible to lessen the hardships of the working girls by closing at 6 o'clock every evening. At least many of them so expressed themselves to a reporter. All admit that it is pretty hard to keep girls working from 8 o'clock in the morning until 10 at night. They say they are compelled to do so in order to meet the competition of the other fellow who does keep open."

Advertised Letters.

Following is the list of letters remaining in the postoffice at The Dalles unclaimed for April 7, 1899. Persons calling for the same will give date on which they were advertised:  
 Barnet, C R  
 Cooper, J T  
 Fisher, G B  
 Garinger, Frank  
 Hamilton, Jas  
 Hand, J H  
 Hansen, N B  
 Henry, Win  
 Johnson, Annie  
 Keeny, Karl K  
 Lovelace, Beauford  
 Miller, J S  
 Martin, A W  
 Nigrling, Franc  
 Patterson, Geo E  
 Schraeder, C E  
 Schmaniceer, Carrie  
 Swanson, Roney  
 Wright, Annie  
 Werkel, Roy  
 Clendening, May  
 Day, Frank  
 Drazier, T H  
 Gandy, Henry  
 Hansen, Lucy  
 Hansen, Julius  
 Harrison, Addie  
 Hanson N P  
 Jones, J A  
 Kope, Herman  
 Morjiz, Tenn  
 Marton, G W  
 Milyan, R  
 Nelson, J O  
 Roberts, W D  
 Stanton, Myra  
 Sawyer, F E  
 Williams, Mr W S  
 Weckwert, Frank  
 H. H. RIDDELL, P. M.

The Markets.

Hay and grain—Wheat hay, \$1.2  
 Oats, \$24. Barley, (rolled) \$21. Bran and shorts, \$17.  
 Potatoes—\$1 a sack.  
 Cabbage—25 cent a pound.  
 Cauliflower—50 cents a dozen.  
 Onions—\$1.75 a sack.  
 Carrots, beets, turnips and parsnips—\$1 a sack.  
 Eggs—Oregon, 12 1/2 cts.  
 Butter—Creamery, 52 1/2; dairy, 30 and 35 cents.  
 Chickens, \$4.50 a dozen.  
 Bunch vegetables—onions, radishes, turnips, 1 cts, 25 cents a dozen.  
 Asparagus—6 cents a pound.  
 Rhubarb—5 cents a pound.



Aermotor Windmills.

We have lately taken the agency for the Aermotor Windmill, and carry a stock on hand. We also carry a complete stock of Deep and Shallow Well Pumps, as well as Pitcher Spout and Spray Pumps. See us before buying elsewhere.

THE DEMMING Anti Freezing Windmill Force Pumps.

This pump has been perfected to meet the requirements of the principal Windmill manufacturers in the United States, for a better Windmill Force Pump, with a three way valve, than had heretofore been produced. It has become the leading Anti Freezing three way pump, and is accepted by Windmill manufacturers and dealers generally, as the best three way Windmill Force Pump on the market. The Union Elbow Coupling for connecting to the underground discharge pipe is of Brass and can be turned to suit the direction of the pipe. The air chamber pipe is two inches in diameter, which insures ease of operation and a steady flow of water. The Hose Coupling on the spout also adds to the convenience of this pump.

MAIER & BENTON, Sole agents for Wasco County, The Dalles, Or.

GREENHORN'S OPINION.

Concerning the Blue Jay, the Embalmed Beef and Other Matters.

THE GREENHORN, March 29, '99.

Spring commenced here a few days ago, according to the almanac and some other signs and tokens, but it doesn't look much like it. Just outside our parlor window the snow lies seven or eight feet deep and the thermometer is down in the twenties. If spring is really here, old winter is still lingering on her lap so heavily that he has mashed her out of sight. It is astonishing how lifeless the woods become where the winter lasts for seven or eight months, and the spring is late and autumn early. A big saucy blue jay or two, and a stray mountain magpie now and then, constitute the sole living creatures, if I except a little blue-gray snow bird, that has the temerity or lack of sense to stay here. The snow bird, I really believe, the same fool that in the summer time we call mosquitoes, only it has grown a crop of feathers for the winter, and has, like "Poor Uncle Ned," "hung up its fiddle and its bow," likewise its mandolin. The blue jay stays, I think, for no other reason than that it thinks it may be able to steal something, and the magpie remains so that he will not miss the chance to rob the blue jay if the latter steals anything. They are for all the world like a miner and a mine "promoter." I have watched the blue jay flutter down when our table cloth was shaken, or when the cook would throw out scraps, and just as sure as the top-knotted idiot found something to make a meal of, he would set up a squall that could be heard a quarter of a mile, and instead of enjoying his find he would hop around and squawk: "Meat! Meat! and it wouldn't be half a jiffy before from the big white fir tree near the house you would hear the magpie laugh Ha! Ha! and in the other half of the same jiffy he would be in possession of the plunder and the blue jay would be kicking himself with his blind feet. And then at the next chance the blamed fool would do it over again. I have tried to find some excuse for the jay bird's actions—to discover some reason why he made such a perennial and continuous fool of himself, and I have been unable to satisfy myself beyond a reasonable doubt. At present I incline to the opinion that it is because his mother cuts his hair "pompadour," and so he can't help himself. This conclusion is fortified by the fact that the magpie wears his hair "close-cropped." He doesn't look so pretty that way, but he eats the meat while the jay with the mule-roach cut dances a two step on the snow to appease his hunger and warm his toes.

This is to be a great year for the Greenhorn (I mean the camp.) Many mining properties will change hands and much development work will be done. That is, of course, supposing that the snow will go off before next winter sets in. At present it does not look as though this would happen. In spite of the snow, however, we have been able to keep some political matters in sight, among them the commission appointed to investigate General Miles, and, incidentally, the beef furnished the soldiers in Cuba. The commission have found there was something in the beef question, also in the beef, and Secretary Alger has gone down to Cuba. It is to be hoped that he will get nothing but some of that same beef mixture to eat, while on his visit. It is also to be hoped that the commission will return to Washington before the people put into visible form the wish that it be

treated to the embalming process. It certainly needs it, for the way it has conducted its proceedings smells as rank as the ranking officer who presides over it. About the biggest piece of what Josh Billings called "dampoodleism" was the notifying the beef canners and packers that the commission would investigate their plants on a certain day. This showed wisdom equal to a detective who notified suspected parties that on a certain day he would search their houses for stolen goods. What the country wants now is for the commission to report, then for the judiciary to move, and put every greedy, murderous scoundrel who furnished the vile stuff to the government where they belong—and that is where the spring comes earlier and the climate is warmer than this.

Don't it seem strange that some people can only learn by personal experiences? Is it not equally strange that the pages of history convey no lesson to the class noted as the "Great American Hog?" Hog, did I say? Why to compare the gluttonous instincts of a hog to the grasping, selfish and inordinate greed of such so-called human beings as would sell disease—loaded meat to the government for the use of soldiers fighting for the cause of humanity; to compare a hog to such as these would be to insult the most ornery razor-back that ever out run a nigger in Georgia. I am not a pessimist, nor am I an anarchist, but the story of the boys in Cuba, furnished beef not fit for an Indian's dog, makes me feel that the law is not sufficient, and that the Arkansas way of dealing with the race problem is the way to tackle these swindlers of the government, and murderers of our soldiers. It is the only method, too, for the law will not touch them—they have too much money. They, and such as they, will cause anarchy some day. And then there will be a spilling of some aristocratic lymph, and the opening of some arteries that will let the money gained by dishonest methods flow out of the family circulation. Such things have happened, will happen again and yet again, because the law never has been enforced against this class—and never will be. It will clear the atmosphere for a little while, but only that. The hanging of a murderer does not prevent others committing murder, but it stops that particular one. The proof is plain that rotten meat, meat treated with death bearing chemicals was furnished the soldiers, deliberately and with full knowledge of its deadly character. It is plainly shown by whom the canned disease and embalmed death was furnished. Has any one heard of any steps being taken toward the punishment of the murderers? Well, hardly. I may be wrong—if so, it is because I live a mile above most people—and because I am

A GREENHORN.

As the season of the year when pneumonia, la grippe, sore throat, colds, catarrh, bronchitis and lung troubles are to be guarded against, nothing "is a fine substitute," will "answer the purpose," or is "just as good" as One Minute Cough Cure. This is the one infallible remedy for all lung, throat or bronchial troubles. Invest vigorously upon having it if "something else" is offered you. Snipes-Kinney Drug Co.

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