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HE FOUGHT WITH WRIGHT.

A New York dispatch says Colonel Lawrence Kip is seriously ill at his home in that city, says the Spokesman-Review. Presumably this is the army officer who fought under General Wright in the campaign against the hostile Spokane, Palouse and Cœur d'Alene Indians more than forty years ago. He was Lieutenant Lawrence Kip then, and after the Indians had been thoroughly chastised, he wrote a "Journal of the Expedition Against the Northern Indians in the Summer of 1858."

In his preface the author complained that "it is the tendency in this country to decry the services of the army and of its officers; and yet most of the latter spend the greater part of their lives on the frontiers and in the Indian country. Weeks at a time are passed in scouting against the treacherous foes, enduring every hardship, and daily risking life itself to open the way for the pioneer and settler."

From which it appears that the army had its troubles in 1859, as well as in 1899; that "anti-imperialists" were fearful then, as now, of the growth of a "military despotism," and if they had been given their way, the settlers would have been left to fight unaided the cause of civilization against savage foes. In that event, the city of Spokane would not have risen, because telegraph and railroad lines could not have been built and operated without the aid of the army, and the country north of Snake river would have remained an Indian domain.

Early in 1858, hostile tribes north of the Snake entered into a confederacy to prevent white men in the Willamette valley and the Walla Walla country from crossing the Snake river. That stream, they said, must be the dividing line, and war would be waged against white men who attempted to cross it. Colonel Steptoe marched out of Walla Walla in May, to dispute that contention, but his force encountered, near Steptoe butte in Whitman county, a hostile force which threatened the destruction of his little command. The white soldiers fought a stiff battle, suffered severe losses, and retreated under cover of night.

This reverse aroused the war department, troops were rallied from all parts of the Pacific coast, and a large force under General Wright marched through the hostile country, striking and defeating the red warriors near Medical Lake, pursuing them into the Spokane valley, striking and defeating them again near the site of the present Spokane army post, and pursued them through the Spokane valley to Lake Cœur d'Alene.

The result of that severe lesson was a lasting treaty of peace. The great Palouse country was opened to stock men, and after them came the farmer settlers. The rest of the story is told in the smiling landscape of the Inland Empire, in lines of steel running to all parts of the Union, in towns and cities, school houses and churches, farms, orchards and gardens.

These and other benefits we owe, in some part, to the soldiers who followed Wright through the Spokane valley more than forty years ago. Some day, in the not distant future, when the hurly-burly of town-building shall have in part subsided, it will be the duty of Spokane to erect, in a conspicuous spot, a fitting monument to the soldiers who swept through this valley in the summer of 1858.

CLOSING SLOT MACHINES.

Cincinnati, one of the few cities where the slot machines have been tolerated, is closing them out. This action had long been promised by the police, but the machines were under political protection, and on

one pretext and another action was deferred. During the recent Ohio campaign many facts concerning political deals were exposed, and public indignation has grown so emphatic that the mayor and the police department are apparently in earnest. A week ago the chief of police issued the following instructions to his men:

"You must suppress the slot machines in Cincinnati. If you fail to do so I will hold you personally responsible and you must answer before the police commissioners for your dereliction. Every proprietor should be given ample time to comply with the law."

The Times-Star was influential in bringing about the issuance of the chief's order. It published telegrams from mayors of many other cities, in which they told, without exception, of the manner in which they had suppressed the slot machines in their cities, and had not much difficulty in doing so at that.

Now the iniquitous devices are closed in Spokane, says the Review, no one, apart from the immediate beneficiaries, desires their restoration. Not a corporal's guard of business men could be found to petition for their operation. The evil here had grown to proportions shocking to the moral sense of the community and alarming to far-seeing business men. The council and the mayor performed a most meritorious action when they suppressed the abomination.

DEGRADATION OF MUSIC.

Europe has been given an impression of American taste for music which is not at all complimentary to the refinement and culture of the nation. Dan Godfrey brought a brass band across the Atlantic and played to large audiences. On his return to London with his pockets stuffed with American gold he moralized in this fashion:

"We played lots of good music, but what Americans really want is some catchy tune with a swing. We would give 'Georgia Camp Meeting,' or a 'Rag Time Cake Walk' and they would nearly tear down the place."

Dan Godfrey spoke the truth about the audiences to which he catered, but he failed to catch the true spirit of the musical tastes of those who really understand that art. To the uncultured ear the cake walks, rag-time melodies and cheap waltz tunes are a pleasure, occasionally because they are simple melodies, easily learned and whistled on every corner. More often the words of the song have caught the fancy of the gallery. These rag-time melodies and songs have begun to degrade and blunt the sensibilities of the people, and the theatrical profession to a large degree is responsible for that degradation. First the minstrel men learned that gallery gods shouted with delight at the tale, to an orchestral accompaniment, of the unspeakable woman who dismissed her masculine companion because he ran short of funds. The farce comedians began to take up the evil and introduce specialties like "I'm Sorry, Mr. Johnson, but I've Got to Turn You Down." Even the light opera organizations make features of words set to evanescent ditties in which are described the tribulations of people whose existence is not talked of in polite society.

The same words one hears musically spoken in the family circles of people who know better and have higher aspirations would not be tolerated if expressed in prose. Once heard in the theater the children and their grown-up relations think they are free to repeat them.

There is no lack of good music, no lack of noble sentiments expressed in verse and song. For five hundred years genius after genius have given their lives to composing grand music and their works have been perpetuated. The musician may purchase the nobler compositions for the same trifle that is asked for the grosser combination of notes and words. Students of music, with the same application, may learn Beethoven, Mozart and Chopin compositions as easily and far more understandingly than they can master the disgusting ideas of "Why Don't You Get a Lady of Your Own?" because the masters wrote simple sonatas as well as diffi-

cult oratorios. The fault of American music, particularly that admired by the uncultured, lies in the education given by the theater, the bands and in the home circle. It is claimed for the United States that children are now-a-days given as good an education as the children of Germany, France, Poland, Russia, Italy and England, yet the Old World children imbibe from infancy love for all that is good and pure in musical compositions. In those nations there is veneration for the masters among the humblest of the population. The ragged boy on the streets of Rome knows the operas and masses of his famous musical countrymen; the German child learns to understand and appreciate the beauties of Beethoven, Liszt and a score of noted masters. And so it is with other peoples on the continent. They hear little else from childhood to the grave, are never tainted with the flood of trashy ditties which infest America today.

What would benefit the United States today is a music censor, with power to expurgate indecent allusions from songs, to suppress ballads and songs full of false notes and jarring chords. Not only would such a person elevate the morals of communities all over the land, but he would advance his country in the estimation of well-bred people all over the world.

Dan Godfrey's audiences, however, can not have been composed of the educated musical people of America. Among that class, which does not necessarily include only the wealthy and those favored of higher secular education, there exists the same refinement for the really good things in music that one finds in musical audiences of Germany, France and England. This class is a power for higher education, for purer thoughts and deeds, for better manhood and womanhood. It aids the young man and young woman with musical aspirations, cheers the circle of artists who aspire to make America a power in realms of music and song. If it is once properly recognized by the now uncultured ear the flashy song and degrading ditty will soon pass into obscurity.—Spokesman-Review.

THIS IS WISE.

Thomas Thompson, deputy state veterinarian, receives instructions from Wm. McLellan, state veterinarian, to enforce the rules recently adopted by the state animal commission with reference to the importation of hogs from other states. Mr. Thompson is instructed to attend to all shipments passing through Pendleton, and make thorough inspection of every animal. Shipment of hogs for propagation come under the provisions of the rules, while hogs intended to be killed at once upon arrival at a packing house need not be detained for quarantine inspection. The railroad companies carrying the hogs are required to notify the deputy veterinarian when shipments pass through this city.—Pendleton East Oregonian.

This is wise. The commission is making every reasonable effort to keep the hog cholera out of Oregon. It was not here in the early days before the railroads were built.

A bill to provide for a territorial government for Hawaii will be introduced in congress at the beginning of the session. It is time that something was done to provide a satisfactory civil regime for Hawaii. Porto Rico, too, should be dealt with at the earliest possible moment. There is a disposition on the part of most Americans to accede to the request of the Porto Ricans for a form of government which will make a close approach to that of our territories. The Porto Ricans welcomed the United States troops during the war of 1898, and they have conducted themselves so discreetly since annexation that they give evidence that they will make excellent Americans in time.

Buffalo reports that its voting machines were a complete success, preventing frauds and completing the entire count within an hour after the polls closed. The Goebel law is a different sort of machine.

Subscribe for THE CHRONICLE.

NO SUCH WORD AS DIE

And Yet We Read Our Obituary Sent Back From the Other Side—From the Branch Line.

We have heard of one or two instances in which persons on the verge of the grave have been permitted to read their own obituary, and had at least the satisfaction of knowing how many bouquets were placed on their bier and how much their friends would have appreciated them had they passed in their checks. But we confess this is the first time we have known of a case where the "corpse" was in perfectly good health, with no thought of turning up its toes, perusing a long death notice in its honor. However, such is the privilege of The Dalles at present, and through the columns of the Walla Walla Statesman we are privileged to read a biography of our former greatness under the caption of "A Doomed City."

If it had not been so long a time since that once lively berg had passed away, we should be led to believe it was but throwing at us the floral tributes in evidence at its own obsequies. We judge, however, they had none to spare, since Walla Walla could never claim one-half the prestige or advantages which The Dalles now possesses, and will possess less when the "branch" is made ready with which to whip it, for it will soon not even be on the main line. And yet in eloquent terms, and with tear-"bleared" eyes the editor of the Statesman comes forward and cries "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears! I come not to praise The Dalles, but to bury it. Its glory has departed never to return, and in the future it will be known as a way station without business and with but a meagre population."

Ye gods! it doth amaze us how every small town in Eastern Oregon seems concerned regarding The Dalles and eternally publishing notices of its funeral. Why bless you, the "corpse" isn't dead yet," and while we realize that "misery loves company" we cannot accommodate you. Moreover, we will just say that The Dalles will stride about like a huge Colossus, while many of the petty towns which are stabbing it will walk under its legs and peep about to find themselves dishonorable graves. A pretty lively corpse we must confess, when more business is today done in The Dalles than in three or four places of the calibre of those that are trying to bury it.

We acknowledge that, like Walla Walla, we do not control the trade that we possessed in the early days spoken of by that paper, when the vast territory now comprising the states of Idaho, Montana and a portion of Eastern Oregon made this a trading post; but what of the trade that once was Walla Walla's? What of the flour that was once shipped from there, let alone other staples? But then that place succumbed so long since that even its memory is blotted out.

We do not deny that we have left undone those things that we should have done, and that we have been threatened, but it's nothing but "chicken-pox." It isn't even virulent, and yet our people have already resorted to vaccination, and it's taking too. If a not far distant period will be seen the effects of this preventive in a railroad reaching into the interior which will be a monument erected not over the "doomed city," but as a guide to lead all to where the Mecca may be found. Even though such a move were not made, The Dalles would not be a dead city by any manner of means. From the very nature of things it could not be a corpse, and will never shake hands with Walla Walla on the other shore.

Therefore, while we stand gazing over the gulf which separates us and see the beckoning hands stretched forth, we must decline the honor, for in the bright lexicon of The Dalles there is no such word as "die."

Bounty on Scapels.

And now the county clerk and his deputy, as well as the sheriff and his deputy, are offering a bounty on scapels. They are becoming savage and nothing less than the scapels of two men who called upon them this morning will answer the purpose.

It has never been thought necessary to explain that a coyote scapel must be brought minus the remainder of the animal to be eligible to receive a bounty. So this morning two men took advantage of the situation and walked into the clerk's office leading a live coyote and demanded a \$2 bounty. Kelsay looked somewhat disconcerted and explained that they could not pay bounties on live animals, while Bolton attempted to look himself in the safe.

Having been given a tip, the sheriff and his deputy walked in to see the fun, just as one of the men said "Fork out your bounty or I'll let him loose," at the same time cutting the ropes and giving him his freedom. The two latter visitors were right in the arena and started to play passy wants a corner, while the clerk and deputy each reached in their pockets for the \$2. Apparently taking in the situation and concluding the whole crowd were chicken hearted, the coyote was just preparing to carry away his prey, when the men captured him and concluded they didn't want the bounty.

The officers are somewhat quieted this afternoon, but have pasted a sign on the door which will no doubt keep coyotes out in the future.

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Garden Tools, Deep Well Pumps, Rubber and Cotton Hose, Winchester and Marlin Rifles, latest models, Fishing Tackle, Bicycles and Sundries, Smith & Wesson and Colt's Revolvers, Blacksmith's Tools, Bar Iron and Steel, Blacksmith's Coal, Wagon Maker's Supplies, Wrought Iron Pipe and Fittings, Barb Wire and Nails.

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Report of Grand Jury.

Following is the final report of the grand jury for the November, 1899, term of circuit court, filed November 16:

We, the grand jury, herein submit the following final report:

We have returned into court three true bills of indictment, and have examined some other matters which we have not deemed of sufficient importance to report; We have examined the county clerk's, sheriff's and treasurer's offices, and the books, records and papers therein, and find said offices well and correctly kept, so far as we are able to judge. We have also examined the county jail, and find the same in good condition. We have visited and examined the county poor farm and find the same well taken care of, and the inmates well satisfied with the treatment they received by the county court.

J. W. MOORE, Foreman.

Circuit Court.

Court proceedings are about at an end for the November term. Saturday afternoon the jury brought in a verdict of guilty in the case of State vs. Joseph Ganteman, charged with uttering a forged check, and Tuesday at 9 o'clock is the time set for passing sentence. This morning Moore & Gavin, attorneys for the defendant, filed a motion for a new trial.

SCIRE IN EQUITY.

H. A. Simon vs. W. H. H. Simon; default. Assignment F. Vogt; report of assignee filed and approved.

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Shows the state of your feelings and the state of your health as well. Impure blood makes itself apparent in a pale and sallow complexion, Pimples and Skin Eruptions. If you are feeling weak and worn out and do not have a healthy appearance you should try Acker's Blood Elixir. It cures all blood diseases where cheap Sarsaparillas and so called purifiers fail; knowing this we sell every bottle on a positive guarantee. Bliskey & Houghton, druggists.

Stray Horse.

Strayed from my place near Kingsley, one Clyde bay horse; star in forehead; weight about 1250 pounds; branded something like an H on left side. Will give \$10 to any one bringing him to Kingsley, or \$5 for information concerning his whereabouts. 15-1mw CHARLES FRALRY.

All persons wishing to take children, either boys or girls, for legal adoption or on indenture, should write to W. T. Gardner, superintendent of the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society of Oregon, at Portland, who can procure for them desirable children of all ages. All applications must be filed in advance.

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