

The Weekly Chronicle.

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TRUSTS AND THE PEOPLE.

"The large trusts and combinations already formed and being formed by aggregations of capital are considered hurtful to the masses and the common people," says the Rev. Sam P. Jones in the Manufacturers' Record. "This is a theory. Theoretically, a thing may be so, and practically it may be very untrue. When we speak of trusts and combines we think of the Standard oil trust, the sugar trust, and the tobacco trust, etc. When the Standard oil trust was formed I was paying forty cents a gallon for kerosene oil; I am getting it now for ten cents a gallon. I was paying 12 1/2 cents for sugar several years ago, but when the combinations set in we got it at 5 1/2. When the whiskey trust was organized I was in hopes it would put up whiskey where the poor devils couldn't get it, but they have seemed to cheapen that down to where they can pay the government \$1.15 a gallon revenue on it and yet sell it for \$1.27 1/2, which demonstrates that they are making it and letting the public have it at about 12 1/2 cents a gallon.

"There is no doubt about the aggregation of wealth, with brains controlling it, that they can manufacture any article cheaper than it is or has been manufactured on a small scale. The great railroad combinations, many think, will eat us up blood rare. Occasionally I get on a little jerk-water road that is not in the combination, and I want to double my accident policies and be satisfied with a 15-mile-an-hour gait and console myself with the idea that I can ride all day for a dollar, but when I get on the Pennsylvania or Vanderbilt system of roads, with their schedules forty miles an hour, vestibule trains, with parlor cars, sleeping cars, dining cars, I have a hotel on wheels carrying me toward my destination, and all this for about two cents a mile. Give up the road that is in the combine to carry me where I am going.

"Public sentiment is the safeguard which is thrown around all aggregations of wealth and all combinations of interest. The Standard oil, the railroad combinations, the sugar trust are as sensitive to public sentiment as the snow-bank to the rays of the sun. Trusts and combines will not hurt the public, but stockholders and bondholders may suffer later on, when these great bulky institutions become unwieldy and fall with their own weight. Fifty thousand men in the United States, perhaps not more, are interested in the great trusts of the country. Those 50,000 men know that there are 70,000,000 of other people in America, and their wisdom teaches them where boundary lines are, over which they cannot go without peril to themselves and disaster to their business. No combination now says 'damn the public,' but they have their weather-cocks out on every prominent cupola watching how the wind blows.

"The successful man or combination means the downfall of other men and other combinations. One preaching to 5,000, twenty preachers around him consider 75 a full house, and 100 a perfect jam; one physician making \$10,000 a year, and forty little doctors in the neighborhood not making their grub. A Wana-maker selling \$5,000,000 a year means many little merchants applying for clerkships in his store. It is the survival of the fittest, it may be. When God made this world He made mountains towering into the clouds and valleys below the level of the sea; He made lakes and oceans; He spread out the prairies of the west and piled up the mountains around the little valleys along the ranges of the Rockies and the Alleghenies. In the ocean's waters we find whales and some very small fishes, and when the whales come along the little fish have to hide out.

"I am an expansionist, and I believe that one of the causes of the stringency and shrinkage of values in this country is because we have not gone out over the seas with our products as we should have done. While there is a demand for our products of the farm and manufactory of this country there will always be plenty of money; but when wheat and corn and cotton and all kinds of manufactures are a drag on the market, and no demand for them, then we have stringency and hard times. But when the highways over the seas shall be laden with our products into foreign countries, and the gold is brought back in the ships, then we shall flourish perennially. A negro and an old mule can make corn and cotton; a fellow with a \$200 sawmill can make lumber; but only aggregations of wealth can build ships and open markets in foreign lands."

The Constitution, an itinerant democratic journal published at Walla Walla, calls on the Chronicle for "a few explanations" about Spokane bank clearances. No explanations are needed. Here they are for the first six months of 1896, the last year of democratic rule, and the first half of 1900, with William McKinley in the White House:

| | | |
|----------|-------------|-------------|
| | 1896. | 1900. |
| January | \$1,063,849 | \$3,017,104 |
| February | 1,059,429 | 4,455,312 |
| March | 1,738,590 | 5,621,579 |
| April | 1,812,911 | 4,344,928 |
| May | 1,948,264 | 4,501,262 |
| June | 2,929,192 | 1,776,211 |

Want any more figures down in Walla Walla? If you do, compare the record of bank deposits in your own town today with that of July, 1896—and do your own explaining.—Spokane Chronicle.

THE CHRONICLE wonders if the parents and guardians of The Dalles young people of both sexes, who go on Sunday excursions to Bonneville, really dream of the orgies that some of them participate in. If this paper told the half of what comes to its ears of these Sunday carousals it would make every self-respecting person in The Dalles blush for shame. Suffice it to say that it is the sober judgment of persons who have reluctantly witnessed some of these drunken and beastly exhibitions that strangers who have also witnessed them must think The Dalles is a community of drunkards and worse.

Our esteemed Bryanite contemporary says "the nomination of Bryan and Stevenson gives general satisfaction to the democrats, populists and silver republicans of this vicinity." The reference to silver republicans will do for foreign consumption but if the immortal soul of our esteemed contemporary were at stake it could not name three Bryanite free silver republicans in all Wasco county.

We have had many ridiculous things in American politics but nothing quite so absolutely ridiculous as a set of able-bodied American citizens working themselves into a frenzy over an imaginary spook that they have dubbed imperialism, and with which they think to scare sensible people into voting for the most absolute political dictator American politics has known since the days of Andrew Jackson.

A patent boiler-plate editorial squib going the rounds of the Bryanite press says: "Bryan and a republican or McKinley and an empire. Which shall it be?" That isn't the alternative THE CHRONICLE figures out. We would put it: "Bryan and free soup, free silver, free trade and free riot, or McKinley and the best times the country has ever known."

Within a short time Governor Geer will be required to name the school book commission provided for in the Daily law passed by the last legislature. The appointments will be one of the most important official acts the governor will be called upon to discharge during his term of office.

The Colfax Gazette thinks that "if democratic deserters were shot, the party would have to lay in a great supply of guns and ammunition this year."

"Talk about imperialism," a disgusted democrat said at Kansas City on the closing day of the convention, "that fellow at Lincoln sits with his legs crossed and needs only a crown

to be the emperor of the democratic party. Two-thirds of the convention were opposed to the platform as we adopted it. Eighty per cent of the leaders believed that it was unwise. But that fellow had us. He had received two nominations, one from the populists and one from the silver republicans. He said he wouldn't take the democratic nomination if we didn't put the silver plank in as he wanted it. He would have refused, I have no doubt, and would have accepted these other nominations. Then where would our democratic organization have been? There was no help for us. We had to do at his dictation what eighty per cent of our leaders believed was unwise. If that wasn't a case of imperialism, what was it?"

Don M. Dickinson, who was a post-master-general under Cleveland, is out against Bryan and in favor of McKinley. Dickinson takes the view of Bryan which is taken by most of the honest money men of the country, democrats as well as republicans. He declares he would not trust Bryan on any sort of a platform. Bryan, he says, would be a repudiator even if he stood on a platform which favored the gold standard and denounced repudiation. Dickinson predicts that "Bryan will not get within 2,000,000 as many votes as he got in 1896. The republicans, however, are not counting on any such drop as this in Bryan's vote. The republicans believe Bryan will be very far in the rear in the voting, but they do not expect to see his canvass entirely collapse. Cleveland, Dickinson, Carlisle, Fairchild, Buckner, Palmer and the great body of the honest money element of the democracy will cast straight republican ballots on November 6.

"The Philippines are ours and American authority must be supreme throughout the archipelago. There will be amnesty broad and liberal, but no abandonment of our rights, no abandonment of our duty. There must be no scuttling policy. No outside interference blocks the way to peace and a stable government. Obstructionists are here, not elsewhere. They may postpone but they cannot defeat the realization of the high purpose of this nation to restore order to the islands and establish a just and generous government."—President McKinley.

"In time of peace prepare for war." That was the "militarism" of the man whom Americans justly honor as the father of his country.

PERTINENT PRESS COMMENT.

Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, Senator Lind say, of Kentucky, ex-Governor Waller, of Connecticut, ex-Controller Eckles, and other prominent and life-long democrats find themselves unable to support Mr. Bryan for the presidency on the fishing in deep pools of sin; you need a "sinker." The sinker on the line of prayer is love. Love will lead the line down into the heart and the hook will take hold. When fishing in the muddy water of this world it is necessary that we use a "float," good judgment, to keep the hook off the bottom and out of the mud and sand. The wise man said, "Lean not unto thine own understanding." The bible is the bait box. I mean no irreverence. Is the bible not full of passages with which we may bait the hook. "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." But we must dig for the bait; "Search the scriptures; they are they which testify of me."

The fishing tackle is now complete. There are five things the fisherman tries to conceal—himself, the line, the hook, float and sinker; the bait is the only thing he tries to get the fish to see. This is a fact we christians should learn. We must hide ourselves behind the cross; self must be hidden in Christ. Did you ever hear the cry "Where is my fishing tackle?" Then there will be searching around the house from the garret to the cellar. Brother, sister, where do you keep the fishing tackle? Can you find it when you wish to use it? Keep the tackle where you can easily find it, and do not let the bait get stale; but keep it fresh.

When we fish we must go where the fish are. You are a poor fisherman if you do your fishing around the church pew. They are the "alack-a-lad" christians that fish around the church pew. You must go out in the highway and by way, to the business house, the workshop, the office; there is where you will find the sinner fish. Mountain stream fishing is done with deight; climbing rocks, crawling over trees and through

It Saved His Leg. P. A. Danforth, of LaGrande, Ga., suffered intensely for six months with a frightful running sore on his leg, but writes that Bucklen's Arnica Salve wholly cured it in ten days. For Ulcers, Wounds, Burns, Bolls, Pain or Piles it's the best salve in the world. Cure guaranteed. Only 25c. Sold by Blakeley & Houghton druggists.

A good second-hand threshing machine for sale at L. Lane's blacksmith shop, on Third street. j4-d&wlm

Why pay \$1.75 per gallon for inferior paints when you can buy James E. Patton's sun proof paints for \$1.50 per gallon, guaranteed for 5 years. Clark & Falk, agents. m17

LESSONS FROM NATURE.

A Dalles Pastor Turns His Summer Vacation Into Profitable Meditations for the Guidance of His Flock.

Monday's Daily.

Rev. Ulysses F. Hawk, pastor of the First Methodist church of this city, took for his subject on Sunday morning "Fishers of Men." His text was "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men;" Matt. iv:19. He said in part:

It is my purpose to try to take your minds away from this warm room this morning to some cool mountain stream and ask you to study with me the science of trout fishing. In my text Christ invites some plain fishermen to leave their fishing industry and follow him and he will teach them to be fishers of men. There are many people who cannot follow Christ because of their imperfect lives. They have no trouble physically. They have strong bodies and good minds, but they are dead in trespasses and in sins. Christ never speaks to dead people saying "follow me," but to the living. Christ cannot use "sick-a-bed" christians. The church has often tried to put them to work, but it is a mistake; they disappoint in every instance. They need medicine first; the fever of indifference must be removed first by a good dose of divine grace. Then they will be able to follow grace.

We are not only to follow Christ; but he says "and I will make you fishers of men." It was three years and a half after Peter had been converted until he was fully prepared to follow Christ acceptably; until he was filled with the spirit; but it need not be so with us. "Received ye the holy spirit when ye believed?" If not you must have him before you can do any acceptable fishing. We need not wait until after we are converted to see if God intends using us in his service. The words come to us the moment we look upon him, "Come, follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."

Let us for a short time study the science of fishing. First, the fisherman will dress suitably for his occupation. He will not wear a showy attire that he may look attractive. No, it is his business to entirely keep himself out of sight. The jeweled hand might be the first thing noticeable and frighten the fish away, spoiling the catch. So Christ's fishermen must keep self out of sight; they must stand behind the cross of Christ while they are fishing. The necessity for hiding self often renders a cloudy day the best time for fishing; days when the Lord has hid himself behind some cloud of sorrow, when we can say with the poet:

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens! Lord with me abide!
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can fill the temple's power?
Who, like myself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

A good line is needed, long enough to reach the fish; but not too long. The line is an emblem of prayer. Must it be too long? No; but it must be woven by the spirit, and it must be strong with faith. If it lack the spirit and faith, it will break at the first using. The line must be thrown where the fish are. How often is the line of prayer misdirected, and the hook found to sink to the bottom of the stream and is being covered by the sand. Did you ever think how big a fish you can catch with a small hook? It is not so much the size of the hook as the quality. The strong small hook is the best. You are fishing in deep pools of sin; you need a "sinker." The sinker on the line of prayer is love. Love will lead the line down into the heart and the hook will take hold. When fishing in the muddy water of this world it is necessary that we use a "float," good judgment, to keep the hook off the bottom and out of the mud and sand. The wise man said, "Lean not unto thine own understanding." The bible is the bait box. I mean no irreverence. Is the bible not full of passages with which we may bait the hook. "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." But we must dig for the bait; "Search the scriptures; they are they which testify of me."

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CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA
Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*. The Kind You Have Always Bought In Use For Over 30 Years. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 27 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

the thick brush. What cares the fisherman for such difficulties? He is catching fish and the basket is being filled. This is the condition of the faithful fisherman. Hardships, he knows them not. He has "a right spirit within." He is catching fish for his master. My brother, bait the hook quickly; do not spend the time holding the hook and bait; the opportunities are getting less every day. Throw the line skillfully. Do not get the line caught in the branches of the overhanging trees. It is not skillful fishing to begin to talk theology or the church; Christ must be our theme; Christ is our salvation. It is our business to help men to see Him in all his goodness and greatness, and then they will serve him and crown Him Lord of all.

Who Hath Woe?

Man who is married to a woman during house-cleaning time is of a few days and full of carpet tacks. A cloud obscures his vision and great globe of dark brown gloom possesseth his soul. He riseth up betimes and sniffeth the morning air with a heavy heart and obscured nose. He snatcheth a few pancakes from the griddle and rusheth to his labors depressed in spirit and saturated with dyspepsia. He returneth at noon and falleth over a mop. The dull sickening thud of belaroped carpet is heard in the land. The queen of the house hold crowneth herself with a dirty towel and a fierce look. She resembleth an angel. Her sceptre is a broom. The carpet fuz clingeth to the salvage of her nose. Large quantities of real estate settleth among the dimples of her swan-like neck. Her eyes glareth with the fury of great enterprise. She maketh her spouse to eat dinner from the ironing board in the kitchen, which resteth on two chairs. He findeth a cake of soap beside his plate and a portion of the scalp of the scrubbing brush in the butter. At night he returneth to his home with a timid halting step. He feareth the worst. The swish of the peach limb is still heard as it poundeth a fifty-dollar carpet into shreds. He drinketh a little cold tea from a tin enp, and prepareth for bed. A live carpet tack buryeth its fangs in his foot. He yelleth in agony, and bumps the ceiling in a vain and futile effort to jump through the roof. He lieth down on his couch and wetteth his pillow with his tears. The family dog howleth beneath his window like the wail of a damned soul and no one in the house sleepeth. The fetid fragrance of bedding specific smelleth to heaven and the aroma of new-laid wool balls sifteth through the cover of the clothes chest. Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath redness of eyes and a stopped up nose? He who monkeyeth with house cleaning. Who marseth his thumb? Who polluteth his lips with blasphemy? Who imperilleth his immortal soul? He who farrysteth at home to tack down carpets.—Ex.

Dissolution Notice.

The copartnership business heretofore conducted at 175 Second street, under the firm name and style of Blakeley & Houghton, is this day dissolved by mutual consent, F. L. Houghton retiring from said firm. The business will be conducted in the future by Geo. C. Blakeley, at the old stand. F. L. Houghton will collect all accounts and pay all liabilities of said firm. The Dalles, Oregon, July 2, 1900. GEO. C. BLAKELEY, F. L. HOUGHTON.

THE JUDGE'S DOUBLE ENTRY.

A Style of Bookkeeping the Absent-Minded Bridegroom Learned from Hotel Registers.

Judge James Fitzgerald, of the New York supreme court, is an excellent example of what perseverance and singleness of purpose will accomplish, says the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post. The judge, who is about 40 years old, supported not only himself but helped his family while serving as a cash boy in a store, and at night he attended Cooper Union. Later he read law at night and managed to be admitted to the bar at the same age that most young men begin practice. The judge has had more than fair sailing through, since he became a lawyer. He is a powerful man physically, ruddy, and as active as a lynx. To his native Irish wit is added a power of speech that nearly approached eloquence. He soon took a prominent part in politics, and was for years a member of the legislature.

Several years ago he was appointed an additional assistant district attorney at the comfortable salary of \$7,500 a year. Before taking office he married and went on a prolonged wedding trip. When he returned a month's pay was due him, and he went to the office for it. During his honeymoon he had traveled over a good part of his country, and as his funds were low he went direct from the train to the office. "Here is your money, counselor," said the pay clerk, deferentially, after his kind. "All right," replied Mr. Fitzgerald, pocketing the roll of bills. "Sign the pay roll, please," continued the clerk. "Of course," responded the bridegroom, and, absentmindedly, he wrote as follows: "James Fitzgerald and wife." And the entry is on the city books to this day.

Not at Home.

Visitor—Is your father at home?
Little Daughter—What is your name, please?
"Just tell him it is his old friend, Bill."
"Then he isn't in. I heard him tell mamma if any bills came he wasn't at home."—Stray Stories.

Wapinitia School Report.

Following is the report of the term of school taught in District No. 45, and which closed July 13th:

| NAMES | DEPOSIT | SCHOOL-MENT | SCHOLARSHIP |
|-------------------|---------|-------------|-------------|
| Claude Davis | 100 | 97 | 95 |
| Rose Delco | 100 | 95 | 90 |
| Lena Doyne | 95 | 95 | 95 |
| Ollie Delco | 98 | 94 | 94 |
| Annie Delco | 100 | 97 | 97 |
| Gertrude Laughlin | 100 | 98 | 98 |
| Fred Laughlin | 100 | 98 | 98 |
| Wayne Lewis | 100 | 96 | 96 |
| Win McD Lewis | 97 | 96 | 96 |
| Day Smith | 100 | 94 | 94 |
| R-herb Tapp | 100 | 97 | 97 |
| Vincent Tapp | 97 | 95 | 95 |
| George Ward | 100 | 98 | 98 |
| Etta Ward | 100 | 98 | 98 |

Names on the roll of honor, Wayne F. Lewis. Most improvement in student. Etta Ward, Excellent in scholarship. Robert Tapp.

MARY W. LEWIS, Teacher.

Wanted. A position to do general house work. Inquire at Mrs. Bauer's residence on Ninth street, opposite old Lutheran church. jly20-22

Tropical and home grown fruits, choice vegetables, also that chicken for your Sunday dinner. Call up 278. 11-12k