THE DALLES WEEKLY CHRONICLE, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1900.

The Weekly Chronicle.

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MORE RUIN.

According to the Bryanite wailers, the United States is impoverished and on the way to be ruined by the backing out of free silver if it proves gold standard and the trusts. Half dangerous. demonstate their ignorthe British war loan has just been ance of the question. It would be a taken by this impoverished and case of damage once done could not ruined country, which would have be undone. When a person loses gobbled the whole of it if it could money through carelessness, or otherhave got it. This impoverished and wise, it may be recovered or the loss ruined country has so much money be made good in some way. When to invest that even in the present a person, however, loses credit by Cuba. unparalleled expansion of business, cheating, it is not easy to get it back. it can't find ways enough at home of Probably the only way is to go to a salting down its profits. It has new land and start all over again. money to lend to England, as it had Nations, however, cannot do that. suon he drawing interest from all from the scorn and contempt of other over the world.

The farmers can't get men enough to harvest their crops. The railroads can't get cars enough to carry the freight. The savings banks are so swamped with deposits that they don't know where to invest them. Yet the Bryan spouters of lamentation are sure that the country is being impoverished and ruined by the gold standard and trusts and is about to be wrecked totally by imperialism. If this is ruin, the American people would like to be ruined every year .- New York Sun.

There is grief and mourning and pendence. lamentation in the camp of Bryanism over the announcement that Mark Hanna is not going to send any trust money out West wherewith to buy Bryanite votes. The Baker City Republican thinks the chances are strongly in favor of the worshippers of Bryan getting up indignation meetings or going on a strike and refusing to be Bryanites any more. Mark is treating them as if they were not worth buying. The San Fran cisco Examiner credits Mark with saying that the Pacific coast will get no money because it has had more than its share of McKinley prosperity. in his notification speech, "resting the grave. "But what has prosperity to do with securely upon the foundation stones Bryanites?" asks the Republican, quarried by revolutionary patriots president of the United States if the "It is Mark Hanna's barrel they from the mountains of eternal truth." want. To think the Examiner Just so. Behold it paying out 100. to the insurgents his message of hope should dash all their hopes to the cent dollars now as always through. and stimulus. "Keep up your fight," ground in that way is enough to out its history, and unagine how it make them go off and join the Boxers. Mark Hanna's barrel! all their hopes cling fondly to that. That gone, the Bryanites have nothang more to live for. Now many of them will wish that they had gone to Cape Nome or Paris and got stranded, for perhaps the government would then be induced to furnish grub. Ob, Mark! to think a cold winter is coming on and you have decided not to buy Bryanites! The way they will howl imperialism and 'steen to 1 from this time on will outvie the hungry yells of ten million -coyotes."

VERY NEAR TO TREASON. as they are in 1900. The Bryanites

ago presaged a majority of 95

against him in the electoral college,

what size of a republican majority

do the immensely greater odds this

People who talk of this country

Speaking of how the red shirts

favor of bestowing the sovereignly

man and the declaration of inde-

According to the Astoria News,

they were still packing salmon on

the Washington side of the river as

late as last Thursday. And the

News, filled with burning zeal for

the "preservation of the fishing in-

dustry," (as they all are down that

way) mildly excuses the violators of

the law on the Oregon side by saying

legal fishing, should have been dis-

"Behold a republic," said Bryan

missed."

year portend.

civilized nations.

who were howling about the value of Among the ten thousand words of the bets as an election indicator in Mr. Bryan's painfully wrought essay 1896, when the odds against Bryan on the theme that "republics can were only small, ought to be imhave no subjects," these only are depressed by the figures this year. If serving of serious consideration, says the narrow margin against Bryan the New York Sun: among the pool sellers of tour years

If elected I shall convene congress in extraordinary session as soon as I am inaugurated, and recommend an immediate declaration of the nation's purpose, first, to establish a stable form of government in the Philippine islands, just as we are now establishing a stable form of government in the island of Cuba; second, to give independence to the Filiptnos, just as we have promised to give independence to the Cubans; third, to protect the Filipinos from outside interference while they work out their destiny, just as we have protected the republics of Central and South America, and are, by the Monroe doctrine, pledged to protect

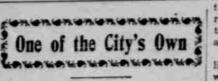
This is definite enough as a statement of intentions and a pledge of action in case Mr. Bryan is elected president. He will convene congress money to lend to Russia; and it may There is no way for them to hide in extraordinary session and use all the power that a president can 'exert to induce congress to withdraw the flag of the United States from the Philippine islands.

look after the consent of the gov-When Mr. Bryan pronounced these erned in North Carolina, the Hartford words, did it occur to him; that he Times says: "They rotten-egg the might be giving at that very moment speakers, cackle like geese in concert the signal for the death of hundreds and put out the lights. If this or thousands of our soldiers in the doesn't work they mount their horses Philippines? and ride through the crowds, firing

The United States government is off their weapons wildly." These engaged in stamping out the embers festive Bryanites, however, are in of rebellion in Luzon; and our men there are doing their duty under the of the Philippines upon the Tagal bandits in the name of freedom of flag.

The insurrection in Luzon has found its mainstay in the encouragement, to continued resistance which the utterances of certain American citizens here at home have afforded to its leaders. Most of Aguinaldo's sympathizers have been persons without official responsibility, like Atkinson and Garrison and Winslow. A few, like Pettigrew, hold federal office without exerting much influence on American opinion. But the "It was meet that the cases against utterances of even these irresponsithe Oregon canners, arrested for il- bles and light weights have served, as Lawton testified just before his own death, to speed the bullets that have sent our officers and privates to

And now the man who will be democracy wins this election sends he says to Aguinaldo's Tagals. "Keep on shooting down the men who wear the United States uniform. If I am elected you will have won." In the maze of his theoretical argumentation and in the confusion of the Philippines: "To leave here his rhetorical detail, did William J. now would mean the death of every Bryan really understand how near Filipino in the islands who has dared he was to treason? Did he foresee to be friendly to the Americans." the one direct, practical, murderous But what care democrats for these effect of his promise to the rebels in friendly Filipmos? They're only arms against the United States gov-



T. THERE were ructions in the counting-house of Tatterson & Dew-One or two junior clerks had received a more or less well-deserved "wigging," and there was a general feeling of worse to follow.

At last a small office boy entered the clerk's office and said in a shrill rosce: "Mr. Redbolt is to go to the gov-

ernor at once. There was a mischievous grin on the

oung gentleman's face, as if he knew what was coming, and most of the others, desighted at their own escape, chuckled, like many people do when some one else is in trouble. Joe Redbolt turned just a shade

paler when his name was called out, as if he, too, anticipated serious trouble, but he set his lips and stiffened his back, like a man who is going to make the best of a bad job. "Good-by, Reddie, dear!" said some-

body, with an unpleasant sneer. "If the governor gives you a rise, don't forget to stand drinks " "Reddie looks worried!" murmured

the cashier. "Perhaps she has refused him after

all," remarked another. A moment later he was in the pri-

vate office. Young Mr. Dewhurst, who had managed the business since the death of his father, gave him a furtive look as he entered, and then turned hurriedly to a bundle of correspondence by his side and selected a letter with an air of mallejous satisfaction.

The two men formed an odd contrast. They were of about the same age-28 or perhaps 30-but it required no great insight to perceive the difference in their characters. Redbolt was tall, straight-built and frank-looking; his principal was small, insignificant and obviously one of nature's sneaks.

One could imagine Redbolt being foolish, but never cowardly; one could imagine Mr. Dewhurst being sly, but never generous

The interview was unusual: there seemed to be something in the background about which neither man spoke. Mr. Dewhurst was clearly master of the situation, and resolved to use his power; his managing clerk looked self-reliant, but perfectly respectful and polite.

The ball was opened by Mr. Dewhurst unfolding a cantankerous complaint from an unimportant customer. t was the merest trifle, and quite unworthy of the occasion. Nevertheless, Joe Redbolt was by no means surprised at the tone adopted. For some time past the smallest opportunities had been seized for fault-finding, and he knew by instinct that the climax had been reached.

"How do you account for this blunder?" said Mr. Dewhurst suspiciously.

His clerk gave a simple, straightforward explanation, which, to a reasonable man, would have been sufficient. But Mr. Dewhurst was not in a reanable humor.

"It appears to me, then, that you are not in any way to blame, Mr. Redbolt?" he said cynically. "I think not."

that Dewhurst's inherent jealousy had ripened into positive rancor-for that there was a member of the fair sex at the bottom of it is almost obvious. The innocent cause of the trouble, little dreaming of the mischief she was creating, had thoroughly enjoyed the rivalry of the two men, as every daughter of Eve is bound to do, and she had not made it quite clear which of them was to be favored, which is certainly a woman's privilege.

But Joe Redbolt was generally be lieved to be the lucky man, and Dewhurst had vented his unmanly spite in a thousand annoyances in the office.

However, in love, as in war, it is the unexpected that often happens Joe Redbolt proposed, and was refused point blank.

Now most men, when they see a dangerous rival put out of court, bury their animosity and even become gen-But this was not the case with Fred

Dewhurst. Petty annoyances developed rapidly into daily insults, until the morning, as we have seen, he had found an excuse to cut his former school fellow adrift.

IT Joe Redbolt picked up the pile of coins, counted them deliberately and put them in his pocket.

"Now, Fred Dewhurst," he said huskily, "we are no longer master and man, so that I can say what I think. Dewhurst looked rather alarmed,

and drew a small silver bell nearer to his side.

"Oh, don't be frightened!" said Joe, with a smile of astonishment. "I'm not going to thrash you! It wouldn't be fair to ait a man your size!"

Mr. Dewhurst tried to sneer, but only looked mightily relieved. "I want to tell you what I think of

you," said Joe. "Go on!" said Dewhurst, with a grin. "Seeing that you've had the worst of it all through, I suppose I

musn't mind a few spiteful words!" "I want to tell you you're the meanest cad I've met, and if that poor girl marries you I'm sorry for her!

"In fact, you're so sorry," said Dewhurst, "that you'd even marry her yourself! Capital! And, now you've said enough, I'll wish you goodmorning."

With a mighty effort of selfrestraint Joe pulled him elf together, and, resisting the impulse to knock

him down, swung out of the room. He had lost everything-the girl he loved and the means of earning his living. He was alone in the world, with no prospect but that of commencing life again in some counting house, and-then suddenly he remembered. Only two nights before he had attended drill at the headquarters of his volunteer corps. The men had been asked which of them wished to join the C. I. V. for the front. He thought of the glow that had burnt through his veins, how he had longed to offer himself, and had only been prevented by his feeling of obligation to his old friend's business. Now

he was free! That settled it. Old England was in need of help from men such as he. He was as sound as a bell in wind and limb; he had done his turn at volunteering and could shoot more than a little.

Within half an hour his name was entered as one of those who were ready for service at the front, and he

in the way he had asked her? He had given her no chance to say "Yes" And it was only last night she had learned what had happened-trun Dewhurst's own lips-and she had cried all night at the mischief she had done, and would he forgive her? And did he care for her a little bit? "Take your seats, there," roared as officer.

It was not the time for mock mod. With her arms round his neck caly. tear-stained cheeks pressed to and his, she promised to wait for him, "God bless you!" he whispered.

"And God bring you back to me!" she answered.

And then, with cheers and whistles, and the band playing "God Save the Queen," and men shouting and laughing and crying, the train moved out, and the City's Own were en route for the front .- Black and White,

'Meet us on the Midway"

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land Elks, surpassing in mee-tude and grandeur arythic-the kind ever attempted of Pacific Coast.

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The Great Parade of the Elks and other order. The Italian Park and Fountain. The Magnif-cent Triumphal Arch and Grand Midway filld with wonderful attractions. Mining, Merca-tile, Agricultural, Horticulture and other is-dustrial exhibits. The Woman's Pavillon, de-signed by women, built by women and dee-raled by women for the exhibit of women's industrial work. The Grain Pahee, built de Oregon and Washington grains and grasses.

MUSIC, FUN AND GAVETY. NIGHT TURNED INTO DAY.

Portiand from all parts of the Pacific North-



Astorians have a delightful way of manifesting their zeal for the preservation of the salmon industry. When "a thousand" boats continued to fish in violation of the law after the season had closed and the cannerymen, in equal violation of the law, continued to receive the fish. a few cannerymen were placed under arrest and fined four dollars each. "The cannerymen," we are told, "feit justified in operating as long as the canneries on the Washington side of the river were allowed to operate," and the prosecuting attorney evidently took the same view, for he moved that the cases be dismissed on the payment of costs. So the cannerymen at last concluded to close down, but as late as the middle of the week apparently anybody that wanted to fish was doing so without molestation.

The Bryanites are still grumbling because the betting fraternity do not offer bigger odds than five to one on McKinley, says the Globe-Democrat. Bryan were never so great in 1896 election.

would look with a Jeremy Diddler grin trying to palm off 45 cents for a dollar, says the Globe Democrat.

An American officer writes from niggers, and democrats never liked ernment and flag? niggers, nohow.

full of chaff."

Mayor Van Wyck's ice trust div. idends, according to his own sworn statement, amount to \$35,000 annually. It was his brother "Gus," who drafted the anti-trust plank of the Kansas City platform.

The American producers pay \$200,000,000 annually to foreign ship owners. Is there a single sound reason why this amount should not way into American pockets?

The democratic orators are being instructed to use the soft pedal on plaiform. Thus do they apply the scuttle policy to their own declaration of principles.

There is a marked resumption of Later on in the campaign perhaps the Democratic sympathy for the the margin on McKinley will go up Porto Ricans. As a sympathetic orto six or eight to one. The canvase ganization the democratic is a marked is young yet. The odds against success - immediately preceding an

The London Daily Mail now ad-"The republican candidate for mits that "New York is the pivot of governor of Minnesota, a steamboat the world's money market," and the captain, has boiled down the Bryan- other great English newspapers are ite platform and presents this as the considerably worked up over the residue : "Pull down the flag. Rip fact that millions of American money the credit of the country up the is being invested in the British war back. Get a bugaboo and call it loan and other securities, and thus imperialism. Then stuff the people leads our friend, Stewart, of the Fossil Journal, to remark: "Where O

where is Rothchild, who under the accursed gold standard was to own us body, soul and breeches within four years? Has he lost his nip? is also a heavy stockholders, that Ab, Weary Willie, surely your erratic, mendacious, prophetic, loquacious chickens are en route to roost,"

It will be recalled that Mr. Bryan wired his congratulations to the late Mr. Goebel upon his "election" to the Kentucky governorship. He should hasten to felicitate the North be expended so that it may find its Carolina red shirts upon the disfranchisement of the negro voters of that state.

A red shirt orator in North Carothe 16 to 1 plank of the Kansas City lina said that the object of the recent electon was "to bury the fifteenth amendment in the dust." The

idiot's grandfather was a voter and he will therefore retain his ballot, says the Globe-Democrat.

Why pay \$1.75 per gailon 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

"You never make a mistake?" "Not very often." "Who is to blame, then?"

There was a moment's silence, and the two men looked into one another's

"You are, sir," said Redbolt, respectfully. "I acted under your in-structions."

This appeared to give the unworthy little tyrant his opportunity. "You are more than half impertinent!" he said roughly.

"I give you my word I didn't intend to be so," said Redbolt, with perfect good temper.

"Perhaps not, but I'm tired of it. You forget your proper position, and have crossed my will in several ways." Mr. Redbolt colored rather painfully, and his principal continued, with a smile of spiteful triumph:

"You understand what I allude to?" The clerk bowed slightly. Then I think you had better look

about for another situation." "Shall we calculate the month from last Monday?" inquired Joe Redbolt,

in a perfectly even, matter-of-fact voice "Eh, yes," said Mr. Dewhurst. "But I won't ask you to continue your work

here. With that he pushed across the table a little pile of coins, which had been counted out already, clearly showing that he intended from the first to make use of the opportunity. For the first time Joe Redbolt looked angry. It was adding insult to in-

jury to send him away adrift at a moment's notice, as if he had disgraced himself. It was the more outrageous because

he was a distant connection of the Dewhursts by blood. The two young men had been for a short time at school together. They had entered the firm together, and Redbolt had worked his way up by sheer ability, under old Mr. Dewhurst's eye, to a responsible position.

Naturally, they knew the same people, and to some extent visited the same houses, and it was in this way had he been so awkward and brusque

was ordered to go before the doctor That gentleman laughed at him. "If we get 1,400 men as fit as you

are," he said, "we shall do well!"

Having successfully passed all the tests, and been duly enrolled as one of the eity of London imperial volunteer corps, he felt slightly easier in his mind.

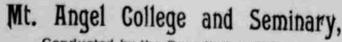
At last the final moment came. He had attended the service at St. Paul and sung the national anthem until he was hoarse. He had been slapped on the back by hundreds of warmhearted but heavy-burdened citizens. He had even fought his way successfully through a mob of enthusiastic patriots all the way from Bunhill Row to Nine Elms, where he was one of the first to arrive.

There stood the train waiting to take them to Southampton. There, too, stood the long-suffering band, and every minute groups of breathless, excited men in khaki, who had also fought their way through the crowd, rushed onto the platform.

Of course it was all over. There was nothing to be done but get into the train and say good-by to old London for months-perhaps forever. Once more a gloomy sense of loneliness came upon him. Everybody else had a chum or a relative to see him off. And then-an angel came from heaven? Not quite! But an earthly angel appeared, in the shape of a slight form in a long black cloak, who was pushing her way feverishiy through the crowd, eagerly scanning the faces of the "gentlemen in khaki."

Then their eyes met, and in a minute he was clasping in his arms the girl who had refused him a month before and in whose presence he had always been so shy that he had never dared to press her hand.

How had it happened? There seemed no need-and certainly no time-for explanations. Why had he accepted her foolish "No" when she never meant him to? She always thought he would speak to her again. Why



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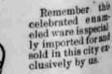
this city where th

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A little higherit

Ware is sold.





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stew, roas without imparting finvor 4 previo cooke will last

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