

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 gold standard and the trusts.

The farmers can't get men enough to harvest their crops. The railroads can't get cars enough to carry the freight.

If this is ruin, the American people would like to be ruined every year.—New York Sun.

There is grief and mourning and 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.

"Behold a republic," said Bryan in his notification speech, "resting securely upon the foundation stones quarried by revolutionary patriots from the mountains of eternal truth."

The republican candidate for governor of Minnesota, a steamboat captain, has boiled down the Bryanite platform and presents this as the residue: "Pull down the flag. Rip the credit of the country up the back."

The Bryanites are still grumbling because the betting fraternity do not offer bigger odds than five to one on McKinley, says the Globe-Democrat.

as they are in 1900. The Bryanites who were howling about the value of the bets as an election indicator in 1896, when the odds against Bryan were only small, ought to be impressed by the figures this year.

People who talk of this country backing out of free silver if it proves dangerous, demonstrate their ignorance of the question. It would be a case of damage once done could not be undone.

Speaking of how the red shirts look after the consent of the governed in North Carolina, the Hartford Times says: "They rotten-egg the speakers, cackle like geese in concert and put out the lights."

According to the Astoria News, they were still packing salmon on the Washington side of the river as late as last Thursday.

An American officer writes from the Philippines: "To leave here now would mean the death of every Filipino in the islands who has dared to be friendly to the Americans."

"The republican candidate for governor of Minnesota, a steamboat captain, has boiled down the Bryanite platform and presents this as the residue: "Pull down the flag. Rip the credit of the country up the back."

Mayor Van Wyck's ice trust dividends, according to his own sworn statement, amount to \$35,000 annually. It was his brother "Gus," who is also a heavy stockholder, that 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 be expended so that it may find its way into American pockets?

The democratic orators are being instructed to use the soft pedal on the 16 to 1 plank of the Kansas City platform. Thus do they apply the scuttle policy to their own declaration of principles.

There is a marked resumption of the Democratic sympathy for the Porto Ricans. As a sympathetic organization the democratic is a marked success — immediately preceding an election.

VERY NEAR TO TREASON.

Among the ten thousand words of Mr. Bryan's painfully wrought essay on the theme that "republics can have no subjects," these only are deserving of serious consideration, says the New York Sun:

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;

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 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.

When Mr. Bryan pronounced these words, did it occur to him that he might be giving at that very moment the signal for the death of hundreds or thousands of our soldiers in the Philippines?

The United States government is engaged in stamping out the embers of rebellion in Luzon; and our men there are doing their duty under the 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.

And now the man who will be president of the United States if the democracy wins this election sends to the insurgents his message of hope and stimulus. "Keep up your fight," he says to Aguinaldo's Tagals.

The London Daily Mail now admits that "New York is the pivot of the world's money market," and the other great English newspapers are considerably worked up over the fact that millions of American money is being invested in the British war loan and other securities, and thus 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?"

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 Carolina red shirts upon the disfranchisement of the negro voters of that state.

A red shirt orator in North Carolina said that the object of the recent election 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 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

One of the City's Own

I.

THERE were ructions in the counting-house of Tatterson & Dewhurst. One or two junior clerks had received a more or less well-deserved "wiggling," 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 voice: "Mr. Redbolt is to go to the governor at once."

There was a mischievous grin on the young gentleman's face, as if he knew what was coming, and most of the others, delighted 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 somebody, 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 private 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 malicious 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.

The ball was opened by Mr. Dewhurst unfolding a cantankerous complaint from an unimportant customer. It was the merest trifle, and quite unworthy of the occasion. Nevertheless, Joe Redbolt was by no means surprised at the tone adopted.

"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.

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

"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 eyes.

"You are, sir," said Redbolt, respectfully. "I acted under your instructions."

This appeared to give the unworthy little tyrant his opportunity. "You are more than half impermanent!" 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?"

"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.

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 believed 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 generous.

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.

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 hit 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 mustn'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 good-morning."

With a mighty effort of self-restraint Joe pulled himself 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 mind 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 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 city 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 warm-hearted 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 feverishly 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 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 had he been so awkward and brusque

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—from 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 an officer.

It was not the time for mock modesty. With her arms round his neck and tear-stained cheeks pressed to 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 on, and the City's Own were en route for the front.—Black and White.

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