

The Dalles Daily Chronicle.

THE DALLES - OREGON.

STATE OFFICIALS.
 Governor..... S. Penneyer
 Secretary of State..... G. W. McBride
 Treasurer..... Phillip Metcaban
 Supt. of Public Instruction..... E. B. McElroy
 Senators..... J. N. Dolph
 J. H. Mitchell
 Congressman..... R. Hermann
 State Printer..... Frank Baker

COUNTY OFFICIALS.
 Sheriff..... D. L. Cates
 Clerk..... J. B. Crossen
 Treasurer..... Geo. Ruch
 Commissioners..... H. A. Levens
 Assessor..... Frank Kincaid
 Surveyor..... John E. Barnett
 Superintendent of Public Schools..... E. F. Sharp
 Coroner..... Troy Shelley
 William Mitchell

A POLITICAL FARMER.

The Hon. T. T. Geer airs his views on the Oregon farmer, in the New Year edition of the *Oregonian*, to the great edification of T. T. Geer, and the belittlement of the Oregon farmer. He grows at the farmer for growing, and then anathematizes growers on general principals. The trouble with the Hon. T. T. Geer is that his head has swelled on him and his hat pinches. He feels big all over. If he could get a new hat made over the rotunda of the capitol at Washington, a pair of shoes with the San Francisco dry dock for lasts, and a pair of pants made to fit the forks of the Santiam, he might find room for himself. In the remarkable article of which he has been delivered, among other things he says: "With his natural and acquired advantages, the future Oregon farmer, will be a man whose independence and intelligence will not be out-ranked by men of any profession whatever. Indeed, we get glimpses of him now, in the more progressive farmer of the present." It will be readily seen that the Hon. T. T. Geer has not a very high opinion of the farmer in general, but pausing long enough in his tirade against the farmer, to indulge between sentences in a little introspection, he catches a glimpse of an intelligent farmer, who is far in advance of his times, knows all about running the government, has the tariff on one end of his tongue and the Bible on the other, knows the past, is daddy to the present and grandfather of the future, and withal is a living image of the Hon. T. T. Geer. This exponent of egotism rattles off the prices our farmers obtain, "Wheat 65 cents a bushel; hogs 5 cents a pound, gross; potatoes 75 cents a bushel," and so on to the end of the chapter. The gentleman finds his prices in Portland, not where the products leave the farmers hands. Here wheat is 50 cents a bushel potatoes 50 cents a bushel and hogs from 3 1/2 to 4 cents. Quite a difference, but Mr. Geer's article would not sound so well, nor the sentences fill out with that sonorous rotundity, so dear and so harmonious to such writers as Mr. Geer, who can set down and in terse English, albeit garbled facts, prove to the satisfaction of themselves, at least, that the American farmer is the happiest and most blessed of men. That he is rolling in wealth, or ought to be; living a life of luxurious ease, and sleeping the deep and dreamless sleep of childhood, unhaunted by visions of debt and mortgage, of interest, taxes and the sheriff; of drouth, fogs, storms, the devil, T. T. Geer or any other unavoidable calamity. The picture is well painted, but is not true to nature. Notwithstanding the statements of Mr. Geer, the farmers are the hardest worked and poorest paid, considering the money invested, of any class of people in America. And in the face of Mr. Geer's assertions, we state without a particle of fear of contradiction by facts, that the farmers of the Inland Empire are charged heavier transportation rates, than those of any other section of America. We assert that the farmer's products are rated by the railroads not for what would bring a fair return to them, but for what they will stand, and not drive the farmer from his land. The farmers of Eastern Oregon are not that indefinite article known as mossbacks, never have been, and never will be mossbacks, for the simple reason that it is not among the possibilities. When the railroad company collects its freight bills, the farmer has to hustle too lively to allow the moss to grow on him. In this respect he is a rolling stone, and work as he may, he gets no fatter financially, than the hen who wears the feathers and flesh off her breast, hatching a brood of chickens—for the pot. Mr. Geer looks to the future for "intelligent farmers," but we can assure him that those of the present day are intelligent enough to understand that Mr. Geer's success as a farmer, is due to the fact that his principal crop is of a political nature. He has just reaped his harvest and feels "sassy."

PORTLAND AND THE OREGONIAN.

The New Year edition of the *Oregonian* grows on one. It can't be skimmed because before you know it you have struck something that interests and then astonishes you. You find for instance, that 10,000 men are engaged in manufacturing industries, enough almost to account for all enumerated in the recent census, and yet you have always thought Portland was pre-eminently a mercantile as distinguished from a manufacturing city. You find her manufactures for the year are valued at \$27,000,000, an increase of \$6,625,622 over 1889. You find that Portland has the largest flouring mill on the coast with a capacity of 1000 barrels a day. You find that she made in 1890, \$800,-

000 worth of lumber more than in 1889, \$500,000 more cured meats; \$675,000 more furniture, and so on to the end of the chapter. More than all, you find yourself lost in following the maze of figures, which indicate the growth of the city, and you involuntarily remark, truly great is Portland, and equally great the big paper that has aided so materially in building her up.

The Washington *STAR* says, a new silver dollar is to be created by the pan-American monetary conference which meets at Washington soon. It will circulate throughout all the republics of the new world, and will resemble the United States silver dollar, with a portrait of Columbus in place of the Goddess of Liberty. It is high time the weary old damsel be taken off the dollar. For lo these many years she has backed the legend "In God we trust" until trusts have become so numerous that she is forced out of business. Besides the likeness of Columbus is peculiarly appropriate on the gold old silver dollar, since like him, its last days have been spent in chains. The silver legislation of the past twenty years has been of such a character, that the Goddess of Liberty would have resigned her portion long ago if she could, and the motto "In God we trust" would have fittingly represented the faith the weary citizen had in the congress of the United States.

The Union Pacific management state that their company has paid its proportion of the wages and expenses of grading the new line from Portland to the Sound, and that the money due the laborers in Portland, is due and owing from the Great Northern. This is simply subterfuge. If the companies were in partnership in constructing the line, either is responsible for the bills. As a matter of fact the men did not know, were not supposed to know, what combinations of capital were behind the work, and they should be paid, and that too, by the Union Pacific. It can settle its business with the Great Northern afterwards. In the meanwhile, it is working a hardship on men ill able to bear the delay, and it is throwing on Portland a burthen that taxes her generosity heavily.

The latest news under the sun is the proposition to build an immense tannery at North Dalles, one of the largest in the United States. Whether the promoters of the North Dalles enterprise make any money out of it or not is a matter of little concern to the average citizen, they are, however, making taxable property for Klickitat county and our people will therefore not be disposed to throw any obstacle in their way of success.—*Golden-dale Sentinel*.

The Mother Bear Came Back for Revenge.

One day while proceeding up a canyon in the Raton mountains a large silvertip bear and her cub leaped out and made a rush up the sloping side of the valley. There were three in our party, and every Winchester began to talk very earnestly and excitedly. The cub tumbled dead the first fire. I call him a cub, but the truth is he was more than half as large as his mother and weighed 240 pounds. The old lady did not show any injury, and the moment the young one tumbled she turned and came back square in the teeth of the rifles, and seizing her dead cub in her mouth as a cat does a kitten raised it fairly clear of the ground and cantered up the hill—no easy matter, as aside from the 240 pounds of hump and dragging weight she had to force her anxious, loving way through oak brush which in many instances might have detained a steer. She got fairly away albeit we fired several shots after the cub fell.

We had just reloaded the magazines of our Winchesters and were communing as to taking the trail of the old bear, which showed wide and clear in broken bushes and disturbed oak leaves and pine needles, when looking up we beheld our game coming back straight for us. She meant business, too. Her red and steaming tongue lolled out of her half open mouth, and her eyes, partially closed in rage, would have seemed quizzical in expression were it not for the ferocity which leaped and flashed in their depths, like sheet lightning behind some cloud screen. She came straight to us, and we settled her troubles at the first fire. We found the cub up on the divide. She had carried it at least sixty rods, with two bullet holes in her shaggy hide, as we found when we skinned her.—*Kansas City Star*.

Frightened to Death.

C. W. Dunham, a prominent Kensing-ton man, died from the effects of an accident which happened to him Saturday morning while working at his occupation as a butcher. Mr. Dunham was dressing a hog, and as he drew the body toward him a knife, which lay unnoticed upon the bench, was thrust into his groin, cutting an artery. Dr. Gillin, of Berlin, was sent for, and when he arrived it was found that surgical aid was necessary, and Drs. Lyon and Comings, of New Britain, were summoned. The flow of blood was checked, the wound was dressed and the patient left in a comfortable condition.

During the night Mr. Dunham awoke, and, thinking he was bleeding again, sent for Dr. Gillin, but when the doctor arrived Mr. Dunham had passed away. This led the doctor to believe that another artery must have been cut, so an examination was held this afternoon, and as no trace of arterial blood was found upon the bandage it was certain that the man had not bled to death, and the only theory given is that, as the patient was very weak from loss of blood, the sudden thought that he was bleeding to death caused a shock which stopped the pulsations of the heart, or, in other words, the man was frightened to death.—*Hartford Courant*.

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REMOVAL.

H. Glenn has removed his office and the office of the Electric Light Co. to 72 Washington St.

THE DALLES.

The Gate City of the Inland Empire is situated at the head of navigation on the Middle Columbia, and is a thriving, prosperous city.
ITS TERRITORY.

It is the supply city for an extensive and rich agricultural and grazing country, its trade reaching as far south as Summer Lake, a distance of over two hundred miles.
THE LARGEST WOOL MARKET.

The rich grazing country along the eastern slope of the the Cascades furnishes pasture for thousands of sheep, the wool from which finds market here.
 The Dalles is the largest original wool shipping point in America, about 5,000,000 pounds being shipped this year.

THE VINEYARD OF OREGON.
 The country near The Dalles produces splendid crops of cereals, and its fruits cannot be excelled. It is the vineyard of Oregon, its grapes equalling California's best, and its other fruits, apples, pears, prunes, cherries etc., are unsurpassed.

ITS PRODUCTS.
 The salmon fisheries are the finest on the Columbia, yielding this year a revenue of \$1,500,000 which can and will be more than doubled in the near future.
 The products of the beautiful Klickital valley find market here, and the country south and east has this year filled the warehouses, and all available storage places to overflowing with their products.

ITS WEALTH
 It is the richest city of its size on the coast, and its money is scattered over and is being used to develop more farming country than is tributary to any other city in Eastern Oregon.

Its situation is unsurpassed! Its climate, delightful! Its possibilities incalculable! Its resources unlimited! And on these corner stones she stands.

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