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The Dalles Daily Chronicle.

THE DALLES · · · · OREGON. Entered at the Postoffice at The Dalles, Oregon as second-class matter.

STATE OFFICIALS.

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Supt. of Public Instruction	E.B. McE
Senators	J. N. Dolpl
Congressman	J. H. Mite B. Herm
State Printer	Frank B

COUNTY OFFICIALS.
County Judge
Commissioners
Assessor John E. Barn Surveyor E. F. Sh Superintendent of Public Schools Troy Shell
CoronerWilliam Mich

NOW FOR THE HOUSE.

The portage railroad bill passed the senate yesterday, and bids fair to pass the house. It will require vigilant watching however, and earnest work. The press of Eastern Oregon are unanimous in the demand for an open river and the legislator who has the hardidood to stand against this pressure will find himself in office for the last time. The question has assumed a political phase to this extent, that the man or party that votes against the bill will seek in vain for political friends in Eastern Oregon. We state this not as a threat but as a fact which the circumstances bear out. Every board of trade. every city government, every Farmers' Alliance meeting, east of the Cascades, has expressed itself in favor of this measure. Republicans, Farmers' Alliance, and democrats meet on one common ground in a common cause, for the good of all. There is no politics in the price off a bushel of wheat, no party lines in discriminating and unjust freight rates, no political axes to grind in the demand for an open river. The money to put on a line of boats will be forthcoming in twenty-four hours after the governor traces his delicate and longed for signature at the bottom of the portage railroad bill, and ninety days will not pass before the boats are running. Easte r Oregon expresses its gratitude to the senate, and stands ready to take the house to its bosom, when it has done its duty and given us an uncontrolled and uncontrollable outlet to the sea.

BRIBERY ON TAP.

The legislature of Washington has plenty of work to occupy the balance of the session in examining the acts of its members in the recent senatorial election. Assemblyman Frame openly charges that he was offered \$5,000, and would have gotten \$5,000 to cast his vote for Squire, and gives the name of the parties that attempted to bribe him. Senator Long says he knows two senators who were bribed to vote for Squire, and that one of them had a check for \$2,000 for doing so, but becoming frightened tore it up, and another senator recovered the pieces and now has them to be produced at the proper time. There can be no doubt in the light of proved fatal to himself, as the panther these statements but that bribery has was within twenty feet of him when he been on tap in Olympia and that a number of the law-makers imbibed freely from the barrel. An investigation is going on and it is to be hoped that its managers will escape the temptations which caused the examination to be made. Bribery has been so apparently general that the public will be exceedingly suspicious of any verdict other than "guilty as charged." If the unbribed legislators have any sense of shame left they will memorialize congress to submit an amendment to the constitution to the people providing for electing the United States senators by the people. Such a memorial would come with peculiar grace from the Washington. legislature, and would carry deep rooted conviction if presented by the honorable senator recently returned by that body to his seat in the senate. Watson C. Squire, United State senator from Washington, asking congress to submit an amendment to the constitution which would prevent his ever again returning to that body, would he doing a small measure of your would be doing a small measure of pen-ance peculiarly fitted to his case. President Oakes stated upon the forfeiture of the Northern Pacific grant from Wallula that the value of the lands confirmed to the company by this action was \$1,000,000,000. One would suppose that this amount would satisfy even the deglutive capacity of a railroad corporation, but the dispatches announce that that company are desirious of possessing a little more land and are making an effort to claim the odd sections of the Puyallup reservation. Its attorney General McNaught deprecates the idea that the company wants the land, but says that both Secretaries Vilas and Noble insist that it belongs to them and they must take it, and it would be impolite to refuse.

INGALLS RETIRES.

The Honorable John J. Ingalls, United States senator from the great state of Kansas, was not able to succeed himself but will retire next March to give place to his successor the farmers' alliance candidate, Mr. Pfeffer. Mr. Ingalls election to the senate was an accident, resulting from the action of a "bribed legislator" named York who accepted a bribe from Pomeroy for the purpose of exposing him, which he dtd. York was the example, the precedent which Metcalfe followed in the case of Calkins recently, but York had the knowledge that the majority of the Kansas legislators had Pomeroy's money in their pockets, and when he denounced him none were bold enough to vote for him. In the demoralization that followed Ingalls was nominated and elected. He is a brainy, brilliant man, armed like a hornet with a

butcher knife and a gill of aqua fortis, and made himself felt, as well a heard, especially by the democracy. It will be many years before Kansas sends his equal to the senate, for which the democracy and Senator Vorhees are vehemently glad. He would have retired from office much more gracefully and with much more honor had he not tried to truckle to his enemies, the farmers' alliance whom he should have known and understood better, than to have tried to placate. They boasted that their ambition was to down Ingalls and he should have realized that he was beaten, and went down with flying kiss is better nor a conflagration. colors.

The legislature of Idaho is wrestling with a resolution looking to the amelioration of the condition of the Jews in able is entirely ignored.

Stalked by a Panther. Ralph Flynn, a rancher living at

Wayne, on the Seattle, Lake Shore and Eastern railway, hus had a dangerous encounter with a panther and narrowly escaped the claws of the beast.

Flynn started hunting early one morning, taking with him a Winchester rifle of the latest patent, which he had just bought and had not learned to handle with skill. He was looking principally for deer, and had gone about five miles through a deep thicket when he came suddenly upon the partially devoured carcass of a sheep, which had evidently fallen a prey to a panther. Remembering reports of sheep having been killed by wild animals in his neighborhood, Flynn hastened on, nerving himself for a tussle with a congar or some equally fierce beast. With the assurance that his gun was prepared he cautiously eyed every nook as he passed, occasionally seeing fresh tracks of varmints.

Flynn traveled on about two miles in this manner without success, and gave up the chase on that line. He had just turned to retrace his steps when his eye caught what seemed to be a dog's head peering at him over a log. A second look proved to Flynn that it was a panther instead of a dog. Taking deliberate aim, Flynn rested his rifle against a tree and fired at the animal's head. The ball only stunned the brute, which, with a crazy leap, made toward Flynn. The latter's delay in reloading on account of the new patent nearly

Love Laughs at Zero I blew across the Brooklyn bridge one night and wondered at my own temer-

ity. In those breezy spaces it was as cold as man's ingratitude. It seemed to me as if my spine were the tube of a thermometer, and that the pith and marrow thereof was a very frozen mercury. I marked time at the double quick, let me tell you, in an attempt to get away from my chills, and decided that aerial promenades were far more seasonable in June than in December.

In the dark recesses of the New York pier I beheld them sitting in a corner. She was very dear to him apparently, for he held her closer than a flapjack to an ungreased griddle, and I surmised that masculine propinquity was very much to her taste also from the way she cuddled and snuggled and rubbed her red lips against his mustaches. The wind curled and swirled around them, but did not appear to touch them, and they were so warm and comfortable in their corner that they almost seemed to radiate the heat, and I was tempted to stop and warm my hands at them.

"I never see the like," said the gray coated defender of the bridge, stamping his feet to keep them warm. "It don't make no odds how bad the night, they're always here from 8 to 12. They seem so pleased and comfortable like that I hain't the heart to tell them to move on. In fagt, it kinder seems to take the chill off to watch 'em. But how they keep so warm is a mys-terry to me. Ah, love, love, yer as queer as Boston beans. There's no fathomin' ye. A hug and a

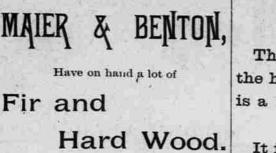
How the Conductor Settled It.

Everybody is familiar with the spectacle of two women in a street car endeavoring to pay one another's fare, but it remained for an energetic Brooklyn con-Russia. In the meanwhile the Mormon ductor the other day to take the matter question which is too handy to be profit- in his own hands and straighten out the snarl. As usual, when the two were seated each plunged for her purse, which receptacles were brought out with mutual protests. No. 1 got out her coin, a dime, saying complacently, "It's all ready, my dear." But No. 2 had a quarter which she "really wanted changed." So it went on while the conductor stood before them waiting for some decision. None came and he grew impatient. He counted out some change in each hand. "Let me have your dime, please," he said to No. 1, and she obediently handed it over. Then he put out his hand to No. 2, who gave him her quarter, not understanding what was coming. Then quickly to No. 1 he handed a nickel, and to No. 2 twenty cents in change before either of the women discovered his intention, and walked off to the platform muttering something that probably would not look well in print.-New York Times.

> very True. Miss Monroe (of Pittsburg)-The bare thought of the fair being a failure makes me shiver.

Miss Beacon Streete (of Boston)-Yes, the nude in perspective of non-success certainly chilling .- Pittsburg Bulletin.

S. L. YOUNG. (Successor to E. BECK.)



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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.

D. W. EDWARDS,

The democratic wing of the senate is apparently victorious in the fight on the election bill. It is not knocked out but it has been made to yield its coign of vantage, and give place to the apportionment bill. It is not probable that it can be again brought up in time to pass, or for that matter that it can be passed. Senator Hearst's death might make it possible but this is a consequential speculation not worth considering. The bill is temporarily, at least out of the way, and other much needed legislation will have a chance.

shot it dead between the eyes. The brute was between Flynn and the sheep's carcass, and had followed him by its keen scent for two miles.

It measured nine feet from tip to tip, and its hide is now a trophy highly prized by Flynn.-Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

From Society to Socialism. Speaking of ministers reminds me of a little story I heard recently. Hugh O. Pentecost, who started out as a Baptist preacher, broke away from his church, ran for mayor of Newark, N. J., and is now editor of Twentieth Century. He married a very prominent society girl of Hartford, Conn., about ten years ago. Their wedding was a very swell affair. Afterward Mr. Pentecost accepted a pulpit in Brooklyn at a salary of \$10,000 a year. Everything seemed bright for the young couple. The wife was handsome and popular, the preacher was eloquent. earnest and successful.

A few nights ago some old friends of Mrs. Pentecost, who had known her in the days when she shone as a society belle, went to hear her husband address a crowd of workingmen on the east side. Imagine their astonishment when Mrs. Pentecost came out on the stage and, attired in a most striking garb, sang to the assemblage a revolutionary song. She has been a most loyal wife. She has sup-ported her husband in every step he has taken, and has been of great service to him in his rather peculiar career. Considering her former life as a society woman, her present career as a singer of socialistic songs is picturesque.-New York Cor. Kansas City Journal.

Instead of wintering at Corfu, as was her original intention, it is very likely that the empress of Austria will go to the West Indies in a few weeks, in which case she will probably cruise on this side of the Atlantic during the greater portion of next year. The empress has conceived a wish to visit Cuba, Jamaica and Mexico.

One of the three daughters of John D. Rockefeller, while a student at Vassar, had a handsome allowance in the way of money from home. Instead of spending this on rich gowns and apartments she paid for two years the tuition and expenses of a girl from the country who was not able to pay them herself.

For lovers of condiments and highly spiced dishes it is a simple thing to work up a French dressing into an entirely different article by adding a pinch of celery sauce, a dish of curry, or horse-radish, a few drops of caper or Worcestershire sauce and a spoonful of French mustard.



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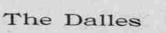
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