

The Dalles Daily Chronicle.

THE DALLES - OREGON.

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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 hardihood to stand against this pressure will find himself in office for the last time.

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.

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 desirous of possessing a little more land and are making an effort to claim the odd sections of the Puyallup reservation.

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 coin 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.

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. Pfeiffer. 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 did. 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.

The legislature of Idaho is wrestling with a resolution looking to the amelioration of the condition of the Jews in Russia. In the meanwhile the Mormon question which is too handy to be profitable is entirely ignored.

Stalked by a Panther.

Ralph Flynn, a rancher living at Wayne, on the Seattle, Lake Shore and Eastern railway, has 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 cougar or some equally fierce beast.

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 proved fatal to himself, as the panther was within twenty feet of him when he shot it dead between the eyes.

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 workmen 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 supported her husband in every step he has taken, and has been of great service to him in his rather peculiar career.

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 horseradish, a few drops of caper or Worcester's sauce and a spoonful of French mustard.

Love Laughs at Zero.

I blew across the Brooklyn bridge one night and wondered at my own temerity. 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 ain't the heart to tell them to move on. In fact, it kinder seems to take the chill off to watch 'em. But how they keep so warm is a mys-tery to me. Ah, love, love, yer as queer as Boston beans. There's no fathom in 'ye. A hug and a kiss is better nor a conflagration."

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 conductor the other day to take the matter 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 protest. 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 is certainly chilling.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

S. L. YOUNG,

(Successor to E. BECK.)



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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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