

The Dalles Daily Chronicle.

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

STATE OFFICIALS.

Governor.....S. Penoyer
Secretary of State.....G. W. McBride
Treasurer.....Phillip Metcahan
Supt. of Public Instruction.....E. B. McElroy
Judges.....J. N. Dolph
.....J. H. Mitchell
Congressman.....B. Herman
State Printer.....Frank Baker

COUNTY OFFICIALS.

County Judge.....C. N. Thornbury
Sheriff.....B. L. Cates
Clerk.....J. B. Crossen
Treasurer.....Geo. Ruch
Commissioners.....H. A. Levens
.....Frank Kincaid
Assessor.....John E. Barnett
Surveyor.....E. F. Shary
Superintendent of Public Schools.....Troy Shelley
Coroner.....William Mitchell

A MATTER OF JUSTICE.

An agent of the Union Pacific appeared before the committee having the portage railroad bill in charge, and arguing against the passage of the bill, said it was unjust to the Union Pacific to pass such a bill, because it would injure that road's business, it having leased the O. R. & N., lines in good faith; and that it was not now making 5 per cent. on the leased road. It is a sight to make angels weep when Jay Gould lifts his innocent little hands to the legislature of Oregon and pleads for justice. What does he ask, that he may have justice? Since he gobbled up the O. R. & N., there is not a man in his employ whose wages he dare reduce, that he, with his hundreds of millions of dollars, has not compelled to take lower wages. There is not today a white citizen of Oregon employed in caring for his property except the section boss, but the place of every section hand is filled by a Chinaman, simply because a few cents a day could be saved to add to his ill-gotten millions. There is not a farmer in Eastern Oregon who turns the stubborn soil, and labors in the hot sun, but that is systematically plundered of the fruits of his labor except the bare pittance of a living, by exorbitant freight rates; and this man comes before our representatives and asks them to protect him from us! For years, we have been compelled to pay the way freight back from Portland on all eastern shipments. For years, this corporation has levied a tax on our wool shipped east, of forty-five cents a hundred more than is charged for the same freight from Portland! For years, our products have been rated, not for what the service was worth, but for what they would stand without driving the producer out of business! For years, this robbery, for such it is, since our position is taken advantage of to plunder us, has been systematically pursued, and now when the people endeavor to throw off their yoke, and utilize the God-given Columbia, which no corporation can control, if open, this remorseless railroad shark, asks that he be given justice. Oh! that it were in the power of the legislature to grant his request, and meet out to him a full measure of pure justice. He asks our representatives not to deliver us from his grasp! Not to give us an opportunity to help ourselves! Not to allow us to seek the markets of the world unless over his road! Not to allow our products to reach the markets without paying toll to him! Not to permit us to better our condition and be free men! We know not what the legislature will do. We know not how far the folly of men will carry them; but we too ask justice! We ask that our own money be expended in giving us relief from a conscienceless, soulless, grasping corporation, that for ten years has choked the life and spirit out of our industries.

SHE WILL BE FRIENDLESS IN DEED.

In speaking of the division of the state into congressional districts Judge J. C. Moreland said Wednesday to an Oregonian reporter: "I think, for one thing, that is a good provision of the bill which puts Eastern Oregon and Multnomah county into one congressional district, for without any geographical division, this difference is being observed more and more. There is less prejudice against Portland throughout Eastern Oregon than through the valley counties, and the citizens will work together better in that way, I think, than any other." "It is a wrong idea, however, to adopt the June census, as it does injustice to Portland. The government census was badly botched, all of it, but in Portland it was worse than anywhere else. In the main, the committee is a good one and will probably do the right thing." We sincerely hope that the judge is mistaken in saying that the valley counties have a stronger prejudice against Portland than Eastern Oregon has, for if they have she is friendless indeed. Eastern Oregon recognizes the fact that Portland's interests are to a great extent her interests. She realizes that her trade, her business associations, her friendship naturally belong to Portland, and for years she has been trying to force them all upon her. Portland has proven a coy damsel, turning a deaf ear to our wooings and a cold shoulder to our proffered embraces. Only in the character of a mercenary flirt has she given us any attention whatever. Our courtship has been conducted much after that of Jupiter when he sought the unapproachable Danae, or to come to a more modern comparison much like the Portland politician mashes the voters at the primaries. We have for years lavished our wealth upon her, and now that we seek to increase our facilities for

sending her our wealth she meets us with so little encouragement that we are liable to fail. Ever since the O. R. & N. constructed its road Portland has strenuously opposed the opening of the Columbia, and is now if not openly objecting, is damning the project with less than half-hearted assistance. We are indeed sorry that this state of affairs exists, for the welfare of the state demands that sectional feeling be suppressed; but the fact is patent, and Eastern Oregon today is held to Portland but by a slender thread—the hope of a portage railroad—and that broken, friendship ceases. We are proud of our metropolis, and rejoice in her growth and prosperity, both of which are largely due to Eastern Oregon but it she is to continue her ungrateful course by standing in with our enemies, to keep us the subjects of the Union Pacific she will find that she has alienated her best friend. Eastern Oregon is now making its last appeal to her, and if this is rejected she will not have a friend east of the Cascade mountains.

The majority of Portland people interviewed for the Oregonian think the apportionment of the state should be made according to the June census. They think, and rightly, that no advantage should be taken of the fact that Multnomah and Marion counties got a new census and a considerable increase, because it is fair to presume that the balance of the state was also under rated.

Jay Gould asks for justice in order that the steamer Baker may have no opposition on the middle Columbia. As she has been tied up at Crater's point for six weeks and the people on the Washington side of the river left without transportation facilities we regret exceedingly that he cannot get what he asks—justice.

Our sheep owners are charged \$27,000 a year more by Jay Gould for shipping their wool east than it would cost to ship it from Portland. Is this that gentleman's idea of justice?

Jay Gould asking the Oregon legislature for justice, evidently forgets that its jurisdiction is limited. Nothing short of Omnipotence has any business with the equities in his case.

When Jay Gould shuffles off this mortal coil he will get a new De'il.

Snyder and the Wild Cat.

Chauncey Snyder, who resides upon the road leading to the Overlook mountain, for some time past has missed sheep from his flock, and after a light snow which had fallen he saw the tracks of a huge wild cat in the field. By the light of the new moon he lay in wait for the lover of lamb and mutton should he make another nocturnal visit. He had his faithful dog with him, and it was near midnight before the sheep destroyer put in an appearance.

He made straight for a lamb, and Snyder bid his dog to "go for him." Jack, a huge bulldog, with a bound left his master, and soon the cat and dog were in a deadly conflict. The wild cat was a monster, with claws full half an inch in length and as sharp as needles, and when Snyder neared the combatants the snow was crimson with blood. The cat had a decided advantage over the dog when Snyder came to the rescue, but he dared not shoot for fear of killing the faithful animal.

He raised his gun and brought it down with full force upon the wild cat's skull. The animal reeled and seemed staggered, but it was for a moment only. With glaring eyes it sprang upon Snyder's shoulders and sent its teeth deep into the flesh. Jack was up in time and grappled with the brute, and then came a rough and tumble fight in which all three engaged. Snyder rained blow after blow upon the cat's head with his gun barrel until the ferocious beast lay quivering in death.

Both Snyder and his dog had paid dearly for their victory. The former had a deep wound in his shoulder while the latter's flesh was lacerated and torn, and the blood ebbed from a dozen gaping wounds. The animal weighed thirty-four pounds and is the largest of its species ever killed in the Catskills.—Kingston Argus.

From Under the Mistletoe.

Christmas romping has never gone out of vogue, and as it is, after all, an innocent romp, who would want it to? No southern girl would do like the elderly English maiden who wore a wreath of mistletoe on her head, thus inviting a continued series of kissings, but each one is considerate enough to never get under the mistletoe unless her very own sweetheart is near her. The mistletoe is removed after Christmas night, for it represents a frolic only kept up while everybody is present.

The great delight of the establishment is always to get grandpapa or grandmamma under the mistletoe bough, and then to let a procession be formed, each member of which imprints a kiss on the dear faces. These kisses are good, sweet, pure ones, and there is no girl who should be advised against being in the room where the mistletoe is. It is true that Tom may seize a kiss if you happen for a minute to be under the waxy looking berries; it is true that you may incite your mother to kiss Tom as he stands there inviting tribute from you, but this is all honest play to which none but prudes could object.

Get the dear mother to take her place then, and see how the boys, young and old, will strive to kiss the lips that say the kindly words, or to make a rosy blush come on her face as the tender tribute is placed on her forehead by some friend of her girlhood, somebody who reverences the beautiful lips she has had. As long as the mistletoe represents sweet, pure fun, hang it up, and do not let the waxen berries be forgotten.—Ruth Ashmore in Ladies' Home Journal.

HAIRY AND HOOFED.

A Remarkable Human Monstrosity is Born in the State of Minnesota.
The St. Paul Globe gives the following regarding the imp of Satan born to a Minnesota woman, an account of which appeared in a special dispatch to the Leader Sunday morning:
"Of all the hideous malformations ever heard of the five-weeks-old offspring of Charles and Sarah Miller, of McLeod county, Minn., is the most atrocious. Accounts of horrible vagaries of nature have been published, but the awful hindoo of the village of Plato outdoes all previous horrors. The Millers are a young couple. The husband is a shoemaker, doing a fairly good business, and the wife Miller had every reason to be satisfied with the world as they found it until five weeks ago, when Mrs. Miller gave birth to the nondescript creature whose presence has horrified the community, and conferred upon the parents an unenviable reputation. The Catholic residents of the village are in a ferment of excitement as the result of the statement made by Mrs. Miller ament happenings preceding the birth of the monstrosity. Two months ago, three weeks prior to Mrs. Miller's confinement, a Jewish peddler came to the house selling colored oleographs of the crucifixion. He was told to go about his business, but pressed his wares in such a manner that Mrs. Miller became exasperated and declared that she would sooner have the devil in her house than the portrait of her Savior.

The meaning of the preference she had expressed did not dawn on the unfortunate woman until she was brought face to face with the frightful creature to which she has given birth. This child—or, as many persons believe this devil—was born with hair all over its body nearly two inches long. The face and hands even are not exempt, they are similarly coated. The features are absolutely fiendish in expression, and the eyes shine like two little beads from beneath a pair of shaggy brows. It has a tall eighteen inches long. This infant is provided at its birth with a full set of teeth. Two short, sharp horns protrude from the skull, and the claw like hands are furnished with claws like those of an eagle. The feet are exactly like the hoofs of a goat, and the hair covering the body is as coarse as goat's hair, and similar in appearance. The creature could crawl from its birth, and refusing the natural sustenance of a normal child of like age, it left its mother's side, sliding on its hands and knees all over the house, devouring any scraps to be found. This child devil is now five weeks old, and has already shown itself as a ferocious beast. It snaps savagely at the restraining hand, and the facial expression produced by an effort to curb the tendencies of the creature is inexpressibly frightful.

The mother is almost an imbecile as a result of her horrible experience, and the father acts as though crazed. Physicians are pouring into the village in dozens, and people from surrounding counties are arriving constantly, all anxious to see the freak. The authorities threaten to arrest, heavily fine any person known to spread the report; and the condition of the father mentally and physically being extremely precarious indeed. A girl working in the house, whose name is withheld by request, yesterday encountered the five-weeks-old fiend on its way down stairs. She endeavored to carry it back to the room from which it had escaped, when the creature attacked her so fiercely that she was compelled to knock it down with a pitcher she was carrying. It is impossible that the efforts at concealment can prove successful, as the facts have been communicated by local physicians to their co-workers in the cities, and every train brings new additions to the crowd already at Plato. The Catholic religion is predominant there, and the members of that church are firm in the belief that the freak has been sent on the mother for her unholy sentiment."

A gentleman of this city has received a letter from a friend in Minnesota with the above slip stating that it is undoubtedly true, and that intense excitement prevails, the village being visited by hundreds of people.

How to Judge Wool.

The finest and softest wool is always on the shoulders of the sheep. An expert in judging sheep always looks on the shoulders first. A writer of experience in rearing fine woolled sheep and in handling wool communicates the following suggestions for selecting a good woolled sheep. Always assuming that the wool to be selected is really fine, we first examine the shoulders as a part where the finest wool is to be found. This we take as a standard, and compare it with the wool from the ribs, the thigh, the rumps and shoulder parts, and the nearer the wool from the various portions of the animal approaches the standard the better. First we scrutinize the fineness, and if the result is satisfactory we pronounce the fleece, in respect to fineness, very "even." Next, we scrutinize the length of the staple, and if we find that the wool on the ribs, thigh and back approximate reasonably in length to that of our standard, we again declare the fleece, as regards length of staple, "true and even." We next satisfy ourselves as to the density of the fleece, and we do this by closing the hand upon a portion of a rump and loin wool, these points being usually the thinnest and more faulty. If this again gives satisfaction we designate all the wool "even to density." Now, to summarize these separate examinations: If the fleece is nearly of equal length on shoulder and across the loins, we conclude that we have a perfect sheep for producing valuable wool.—Town and Country Journal.

YOU NEED BUT ASK



THE S. B. HEADACHE AND LIVER CURE taken according to directions will keep your Blood, Liver and Kidneys in good order.
THE S. B. COUGH CURE for Colds, Coughs and Grip, in connection with the Headache Cure, is as near perfect as anything known.
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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 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.

For the Best Brands and Purest Quality of Wines and Liquors, go to:—

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Wholesale: Liquor: Dealer,

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THE FARM KNOWN AS THE "MOORE Farm" situated on Three Mile creek about two and one-half miles from The Dalles, will be leased for one or more years at a low rent to any responsible tenant. This farm has upon it a good dwelling house and necessary out buildings, about two acres of orchard, about three hundred acres under cultivation, a large portion of the land will raise a good volunteer wheat crop in 1891 with ordinarily favorable weather. The farm is well watered. For terms and particulars enquire of Mrs. Sarah A. Moore or at the office of Mays, Huntington & Wilson, The Dalles, Or. SARAH A. MOORE, Executrix.

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The most prosperous family is the one that takes advantage of low prices.

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