

The Dalles Daily Chronicle.

THE DALLES OREGON.
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as second-class matter.

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

COUNTY OFFICIALS.
County Judge.....C. N. Thornbury
Sheriff.....D. L. Cates
Clerk.....B. Crossen
Treasurer.....Geo. Ruch
Commissioners.....H. A. Leavins
.....Frank Kiscad
Assessor.....John E. Barnett
Surveyor.....E. F. Sharp
Superintendent of Public Schools.....Troy Shibley
Coroner.....William Mitchell

ECHOES OF THE LEGISLATURE.

The Dalles water bill was begotten by The Dalles common council. Its conception was legitimate and honorable, but during the period of legislative gestation, by some occult process of generation it assumed a new parentage and today it is questionable if its own mother would know it. It has a poly-paternal ancestry, of at least Representative Johnston, Senator Hilton and his honor the mayor. Who else may be responsible for the metamorphosis, the walls of the ex-gubernatorial mansion at Salem alone can tell. The bill was entrusted to the care of Mr. Johnston. It was for convenience in a printed form, and was in due time introduced in the house "by request," as if Mr. Johnston was bound to disown it from the beginning. It was promptly referred, with exquisite propriety, to the committee on public buildings! As well have referred it to the committee on portage railroads. It had no business there; but in the hands of any other committee, outside mayoral influence, it would have been fairly treated, and this was not desired as the sequel shows. After some time the board of trade sent down to Salem, to look after the bill, G. J. Farley and Emile Schanno. Mr. Farley lost no time in finding Mr. Johnston, and enquired after its progress. Mr. Johnston said it was "all right." It had been reported favorably from the committee, and would be called up for final passage in a short time. Mr. Farley asked if any changes had been made in the bill. Mr. Johnston replied "I believe not." Two days afterwards the writer and Mr. Farley went to the clerk of the house and asked to see the bill. We didn't see it! We never saw it! We never will see it! It was gone; and in its place was another, falsely and surreptitiously numbered "237" (for even the title was changed) and written in the well-known hand of a Dalles lady committee clerk, a guest of the ex-gubernatorial mansion, with corrections and emendations remarkably like the chirography of the cashier of the Dalles National bank. We don't say it was his. It might have been Joe Simons'. It might have been Governor Penoyer'. We only say it was like his. That's all. An interview was immediately had with the two members of the building committee, Mr. Botkin and Mr. Myers. They emphatically denied all knowledge of the substitute bill. They only knew, so they said, that Mr. Johnston had, in committee, pulled from his pocket, the bill they had subsequently approved, and said: "This is the bill the people of The Dalles want;" and of course this was quite true, for "Brutus is an honorable man." These gentlemen were asked if Mr. Johnston had shown them a resolution of The Dalles City council, approving the bill and urging its passage, without amendment. They replied, "No." They were asked if Mr. Johnston had shown them a memorial of The Dalles board of trade asking its passage, without amendment. They replied, "No." They were asked if Mr. Johnston had shown them a petition, signed by the representatives of fully three-fourths of all the tax-payers of Dalles City, recommending the passage of the bill without amendment. They replied, "No." And yet, it is no truer that night follows day, than it is true that Mr. Johnston had all these documents in his possession when the bill was in the hands of the committee.

Thus did this representative of the people, whose friends had to lie for him, during the last campaign, by assuring the voters that he was not a "Moody man," when in their hearts some of them knew better, represent the people of The Dalles, who honored him with their suffrages.

We have no pleasure in writing thus, of one whom we are feign to believe to be an honest and honorable man. A happier lot were ours could we commend and praise, instead of disapprove and blame. If our words seem bitter, it is but the bitterness of truth. We have set down nothing in malice, and we shall set down nothing. We have written nothing that we do not know or believe to be true, and we shall write nothing. The people demand to know the truth. They deserve to know the truth. They shall know the truth, and the tale is not yet told.

The Sutlej, a large river in British India, with a descent of 12,000 feet in 180 miles, is the fastest flowing river in the world.

It costs about \$900 a minute to keep the United States government in running order.

Over 3,000,000,000,000 envelopes are manufactured in England annually.

There is one lesson that the people of Eastern Oregon ought to learn for all time, namely, never send a man to represent you in the legislature, who is in any way, however remotely, connected with railroad corporations. He'll sell you out and vote for the railroad just as sure as you send him. Select a man whose great grandmother's grandfather was a railroad stockowner and the result is the same. It runs in the blood, and increases as the generations near the original stock owner, like frequent handlings of wheat over a portage railroad, in "geometrical progression." Last June we selected a man for joint representative of Wasco and Sherman, who owned then and still owns a large warehouse on the line of the Union Pacific. When a question came up in the legislature involving, on the one hand the interests of hundreds of thousands of the farmers and producers of the Inland Empire, and on the other hand, his own, he was true to his lineage, true to himself, true to the railroads, but false and traitorous to his constituents; and those of us who supported him by voice and vote, feel like saying, as an aged democrat once said in our hearing, while apologizing for once in his life having scratched his ticket, "If the Lord forgives us for that offense, we'll never do it again."

The good people of Astoria to the number of nearly two hundred have signed their names to a very flattering address to Representative Welch, thanking him for the valuable services he rendered them during the late session of the legislature. The good people of Wasco, Sherman county, complimented our representatives, Messrs. McCoy and Johnston, by burning them in effigy. We are informed that they stuffed some old clothes with straw and placed powder on the heads of the figures and as the powder exploded in puffs, to each puff was sung the refrain, "That's the way they'll go up, that's the way they'll go down."

Representative Hunsucker has introduced a bill in the Washington legislature which, if it becomes a law, will compel the Union Pacific to not only operate the portage road on the Washington side of the Cascade rapids, but will force them to carry freight from opposition boats, over the portage, at the rate of 45 cents a ton. We devoutly hope the bill may pass. The more ways for competition with the present monopoly, the better for the people.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

Unpleasant Life of the Signal Service Officers on Mount Washington.

Almost everyone is familiar with the duties and the functions of the observers of the signal service, says *Scribner's Magazine*. But on Mount Washington their duties are peculiar. Seven observations must be made daily. The recording-sheet of the anemometer must be changed at noon. Three of the seven observations must be forwarded in telegraphic cipher to the Boston station.

Routine office work—letters received and sent—must have attention between times, and several blank forms must be filled with statistics. The battery and the wire of the telegraph plant must receive careful attention, and the matter of repairs is no inconsiderable one. The station on Mount Washington, is the bleakest, and, with one exception, the coldest in the service. Three to four men, including a cook, are usually there, with one cat and one dog. Life would be very hard to bear there were it not for the click! click! click! of the telegraph instrument, which is the active connecting link with the world—the main-stay and hope of these recluses. And then flirtations with the world's operators is a necessity.

A regular consternation occurs in camp when a storm breaks the wires and connection is lost. In such cases the observers risk their lives in storm and cold in search of the break rather than be without the assurance of safety which the click seems to impart. The men live on as good food as can be. The larder is supplied in September, and the "refrigerator" (the top story of the observatory) is stocked at the same time. Meat and poultry are placed there already frozen, and they do not thaw "during the season."

The water supply comes from the frost-fathers. Care is taken that two or three barrels of these are stored in the back shed always, and a boilerful of lye in a half-melting condition is ever upon the cook stove. A water famine has been known to occur, when, from the oversight of the cook the supply of frost feathers had been allowed to go down, or "poor weather for frost feathers" comes along. A drink of this all-healing feather water can always be found on the stove, icy cold, if the cook attends to his duty.

On Hand.
J. M. Huntington & Co. announce that they are prepared to make out the necessary papers for parties wishing to file on so called railroad land. Applicants should have their papers all ready before going to the land office so as to avoid the rush and save time. Their office is in Opera House Block next to main entrance.

A Boston wig-maker says that the bulk of the hair used in this country for wigs and switches is imported from France and Germany. This hair is less brittle and lasts longer than the hair of New England women.

A prominent physician and old army surgeon in eastern Iowa, was called away from home for a few days; during his absence one of the children contracted a severe cold and his wife bought a bottle of Chamberlin's Cough Remedy for it. They were so much pleased that they afterwards used several bottles at various times. He said, from experience with it, he regarded it as the most reliable preparation in use for colds and that it came the nearest being a specific of any medicine he had ever seen. For sale by Snipes & Kinnersley.

The American saddle is being used by the British mounted infantry.

A Burglar Scare.
In a residence on Fifty-eighth street the other evening a couple of young ladies had a curious adventure. Being alone in the house, they heard the burglar alarm go off with a loud report. One of them called their servant, and receiving no response, she started down to see what was the matter, but was startled to see a savage looking man climbing in at one of the windows, revolver in hand. Although much excited she still summoned courage enough to order him out. He answered, "Don't be afraid, Miss; I'm a detective." She thought this was a ruse and ran to the front door. Here she was suddenly seized around the waist by a man stationed at the door, who exclaimed, "You are my prisoner." At this juncture the first burglar came down stairs and an explanation followed. It appears that the servant, Maggie, had gone out on some errand, and in closing the door behind her had set off the burglar alarm. In trying to open the door she heard the screams of the young lady above; she rushed up the street; the first couple of men she met happened to be detectives; she exclaimed, "Oh, gentlemen, do go in—there is murder being done." The brave detectives went to the rescue, with the results we have seen above.—New York Star.

A Wool and Snow Dietary.
A reasonable yarn comes from Beaver Falls, Pa. Farmer George Wilson, who lives in Franklin township, is the narrator. Three of his sheep were missed during the snow storm the night before Christmas and were not found again for twelve days, when a farm hand discovered them in a hollow, where the snow had drifted to a depth of twenty feet. A hole was shoveled into the drift, and the sheep were found there safe and sound, after their twelve days' fast. One of the strangest things of the whole affair was that they had not a particle of wool on their backs. Their hunger had driven them to eat every roll of wool on each other's backs. They had also eaten such a quantity of snow, which, together with the heat from their bodies, made a veritable chamber or cave. The cave was twenty feet in circumference by five feet high. At last reports the animals were all doing well, though they seem to be things of great interest to the other sheep, which recognize their fellows, but are unable, apparently, to account for their entire absence of wool.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Paper Horseshoes.
It seems not unlikely that a change is imminent in the method of shoeing horses for military work. The German papers are devoting a great deal of attention to the discussion which is now going on in the military world as to the advisability of substituting compressed paper for iron in horseshoes for the German cavalry and artillery. After many experiments under all manner of conditions it has been found that the shoe which appears to be most worthy of adoption is made up of sheets of parchment paper cemented together with a special cement composed of turpentine, Spanish white, lac and boiled linseed oil. The separate pieces are stamped out, cemented and pressed together in a hydraulic press. When dry the shoe thus formed is rasped into the exact form and size required.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Sleigh That Carried Silver.
Dave Crosby has purchased the old sleigh of the Bonanza company. This cutter has probably carried more wealth in his time than any other runnared vehicle in the world. It conveyed in the winter season all the bullion in the company to the assay office, and thence to the place of shipment. It has been in active service as bullion carrier for upward of twenty years. The precious metal it has transported, if coined into money, would carpet with metallic currency a ten acre lot, with a residue sufficient to furnish half a dozen seats in the United States Senate.—Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.

How Some Reporters Work.
We started in to get out our first edition a week ago yesterday, and the following are the hours kept by one man on the paper:
From 12 noon Thursday to 7 a. m. Friday.
From 12 noon Friday to 11:30 p. m. Saturday.
From 10:30 a. m. Sunday to 7 a. m. Monday.
From 12 noon Monday to 7 a. m. Tuesday.
From 11:30 a. m. Tuesday to 5 a. m. Wednesday.
From 11:45 a. m. Wednesday to 5:30 a. m. Thursday.

Total number of hours at work for the week amount to 129 hours 45 minutes. Average, 18 hours 33 minutes a day.—Newburyport Standard.

A Farmer's Predicament.
A western Nebraska farmer, having no corn to feed them, loaded up a wagon box full of shoats and took them to Broken Bow to sell. No one would take them, and he turned them loose. The marshal told him he would arrest him unless he took them out of town. He then drove home and was going to kill them when some one told him that he might be arrested for cruelty to animals. He hardly knows what to do.—St. Joseph News.

Walter M. Leman, a veteran actor, who had played before Gen. Jackson, Davy Crockett, Aaron Burr, Charles Dickens and other celebrities, some of whom he knew personally, has just died at San Francisco at the age of 78 years.

Appropos of the amusing baby bunco game by which a number of leading United States senators were fleeced, it is said that over five hundred real or alleged infants have been named after Chauncey Mitchell Depew.

A 14-year-old cat belonging to Mrs. Bradley, of Westport, Conn., recently died. It was given an expensive funeral. The remains were placed in a handsome casket, and a granite slab is to be erected over his grave.

King Kalakaua's most intimate friend in this country was Claus Spreckels, the big sugar refiner, whose advice the king always asked for and usually followed in emergencies.

SNIPES & KINERSLEY, Wholesale and Retail Druggists.

Fine Imported, Key West and Domestic

CIGARS.

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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, peaches, 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 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.

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



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And be Satisfied as to
QUALITY AND PRICES.

REMOVAL.

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

The successful merchant the one who watches the markets and buys to the best advantage.
The most prosperous family the one that takes advantage of low prices.

The Dalles MERCANTILE CO

Successor to
BROOKS & BEERS.

will sell you choice Groceries and Provisions

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AT MORE REASONABLE RATES THAN ANY OTHER PLACE IN THE

REMEMBER we deliver at cases without charge.
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Madison's Latest System

Used in cutting garments, a guaranteed each time.
Repairing and Cleaning
Neatly and Quickly Done

FINE FARM TO RENT

THE FARM KNOWN AS THE "Farm" situated on Three Mile road two and one-half miles from The Dalles leased for one or more years at a low responsible tenant. This farm has good dwelling house and necessary outbuildings, about two acres of orchard, and hundred acres under cultivation. A lot of the land will raise a good volunteer crop in 1891 with ordinary favorable weather. The farm is well watered. For terms and particulars enquire of Mrs. Sarah A. Moore or of Mrs. Mays, Huntington & Wilson, The Dalles. SARAH A. MOORE, E.