

The Dalles Chronicle

is here and has come to stay. It hopes to win its way to public favor by energy, industry and merit; and to this end we ask that you give it a fair trial, and if satisfied with its course a generous support.

★ The Daily ★

four pages of six columns each, will be issued every evening, except Sunday, and will be delivered in the city, or sent by mail for the moderate sum of fifty cents a month.

Its Objects

will be to advertise the resources of the city, and adjacent country, to assist in developing our industries, in extending and opening up new channels for our trade, in securing an open river, and in helping THE DALLES to take her proper position as the

Leading City of Eastern Oregon.

The paper, both daily and weekly, will be independent in politics, and in its criticism of political matters, as in its handling of local affairs, it will be

JUST, FAIR AND IMPARTIAL.

We will endeavor to give all the local news, and we ask that your criticism of our object and course, be formed from the contents of the paper, and not from rash assertions of outside parties.

THE WEEKLY,

sent to any address for \$1.50 per year. It will contain from four to six eight column pages, and we shall endeavor to make it the equal of the best. Ask your Postmaster for a copy, or address.

THE CHRONICLE PUB. CO.

Office, N. W. Cor. Washington and Second Sts.

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 last year.

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 Klickitat 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.

THE PLAGUE OF LIES.

FIFTH SERMON IN THE SERIES ON THE CITY'S PLAGUES.

Dr. Talmage Preaches a Forebode Discourse Which Will Apply Equally Well in Country and City—"He Shall Not Surely Die," Satan Told Eve, and He Lied.

NEW YORK, March 22.—"The Plague of Lies" was selected by Dr. Talmage for the subject of the fifth of his discourses on "The Plagues of These Three Cities" which he preached today. Both at the morning service in Brooklyn and at the evening service under the auspices of The Christian Herald in New York the vast buildings were not large enough to hold more than one-half the crowd who came to hear the sermon. His text was Genesis iii, 4, "Ye shall not surely die."

That was a plain blank lie. Satan told Eve to induce her to put her forbidden white beautiful teeth into a forbidden apple or plum or peach or apple. He practically said to her, "Oh, Eve, just take a bite of this and you will be omnipotent and omniscient. You shall be as gods." Just opposite was the result. It was the first lie that was ever told in our world. It opened the gate for all the falsehoods that have since been told on this planet. It introduced a plague that covers all nations, the plague of lies. Far worse than the plagues of Egypt, for they were on the banks of the Nile, but this on the banks of the Hudson, on the banks of the East river, on the banks of the Ohio, and the Mississippi, and the Thames, and the Rhine, and the Tiber, and on both sides of all rivers. The Egyptian plagues lasted only a few weeks, but for six thousand years has raged this plague of lies.

There are a hundred ways of telling a lie. A man's entire life may be a falsehood, while with his lips he may not once directly falsify. There are those who state what is positively untrue, but afterward say "may be" softly. These departures from the truth are called "white lies," but there is really no such thing as a white lie. A LIE MAY BE TOLD IN MANY WAYS.

The whitest lie that was ever told was as black as perdition. No inventory of public crimes will be sufficient that omits this gigantic abomination. There are men high in church and state actually useful, self denying and honest in many things, who, upon certain subjects and in certain spheres, are not at all to be depended upon for veracity. Indeed, there are many men and women who have their notions of truthfulness so thoroughly perverted that they do not know when they are lying. With many it is a cultivated sin; with some it seems a natural infirmity. I have known people who seemed to have been born liars. The falsehoods of their lives extended from cradle to grave. Prevarications, misrepresentation and dishonesty of speech appeared in their first utterances, and were as natural to them as any of their infantile diseases, and were a sort of moral croup or spiritual scarlatina. But many have been placed in circumstances where this tendency has day by day and hour by hour been called to larger development. They have gone from attainment to attainment and from class to class until they have become regularly graduated liars.

The air of the city is filled with falsehoods. They hang pendulous from the chandeliers of our finest residences; they crowd the shelves of some of our merchant princes; they fill the sidewalk from curbstone to brown stone facing; they cluster around the mechanic's hammer, and blossom from the end of the merchant's yardstick, and sit in the doors of churches. Some call them "fiction." Some style them "fabrication." You might say that they were subterfuge, disguised, delusion, romance, evasion, pretense, fable, deception, misrepresentation; but, as I am ignorant of anything to be gained by the hiding of a God defying outrage under a lexicographer's blanket, I shall tell them what my father taught me to call them—lies.

VARIOUS SORTS OF LIES.—I shall divide them into agricultural, mercantile, mechanical, ecclesiastical and social lies. First, then, I will speak of those that are more particularly agricultural. There is something in the perpetual presence of natural objects to make a man pure. The trees never issue "false stock." Wheat fields are always honest. Eye and oats never move out in the night, not paying for the place they have occupied. Corn shocks never make false assignments. Mountain brooks are always "current." The gold on the grain is never counterfeit. The sunrise never flouts in false colors. The dew sports only genuine diamonds. Taking farmers of a class, I believe they are truthful and false in mingling and kind hearted. But the regions surrounding our cities do not always send this sort of man to our markets. Day by day there creep through our streets and about the market houses farm wagons that have not a honest spoke in their wheels or a truthful rivet from tongue to tailboard. During the last few years there have been times when domestic economy has founded on the farmer's skin. Neither high taxes, nor the high price of dry goods, nor the exorbitancy of labor, could excuse much that the city has witnessed in the behavior of the yeomanry. By the quiet firesides in Westchester and Orange counties I hope there may be seasons of deep reflection and hearty repentance. Rural districts are accustomed to rail at great cities as given up. And every form of unrighteousness, but our cities do not absorb all the abominations. Our citizens have learned the importance of not always trusting to the size and style of apples in the top of a farmer's barrel as an indication of what may be found farther down. Many of our people are accustomed to watch and see how correctly a bushel of beads is measured, and there are not many honest milk cans.

be prying open his wife, or his debtors fleeing the town, or his landlord raising the rent, or the fires kindling on the block that contains all his estate. Easy! Is it? God help the merchant! It is hard to have the palms of the hands blistered with outdoor work, but a more dreadful process when through mercantile anxieties the brain is consumed.

MERCANTILE LIES.—In the next place we notice mercantile lies, those before the counter and behind the counter. I will not attempt to specify the different forms of commercial falsehood. There are merchants who excuse themselves for deviation from truthfulness because of what they call commercial custom. In other words, the multiplication and universality of a sin turns it into a virtue. There have been large fortunes gathered where there was not one drop of unrequited toll in the wine; not one spark of bad temper flashing from the bronze bracket; not one drop of needle woman's heart blood in the crimson plush, while there are other great establishments in which there is not one door knob, not one brick, not one trinket, not one thread of lace but has upon it the mark of dishonesty. What wonder if, some day, a hand of toll that had been wrung and worn out and blistered until the skin came off should be placed against the elegant wall paper, leaving its mark of blood—four fingers and a thumb—or that some day, walking the street, there should be a voice accosting the occupant, saying, "Excuse me for making a complaint, but your coat, another voice should say, "Twelve cents for an army blanket," and the man should try to sleep at night, but ever and anon be aroused, until, getting up on one elbow, he should shriek out, "Who's there?"

One Sabbath night, in the vestibule of my church after service, a woman fell in convulsions. The doctor said she needed medicine not so much as something to eat. As she began to revive in her delirium, she said gaspingly: "Eight cents! Eight cents! Eight cents! I wish I could get it done; I am so tired! I wish I could get some sleep, but I must get it done! Eight cents! Eight cents!" We found afterward she was making garments for eight cents apiece, and that she could make but three of them in a day. Three times eight are twenty-four. Hear it, men and women who have comfortable homes!

Some of the worst villains of the city are the employers of these women. They beat them down to the last penny, and try to cheat them out of that. The woman must deposit a dollar or two before she gets the garment to work on. When the work is done it is sharply inspected, and the wages, significant flaws picked out, and the wages refused, and sometimes the dollar deposited not given back. The Women's Protective union reports a case where one of these poor souls, finding a place where she could get more wages, resolved to change employers, and went to get her pay for work done by the employer says, "I hear you are going to leave me." "Yes," she said, "and I am come to get what you owe me." He made no answer. She said, "Are you not going to pay me?" "Yes," he said, "I will pay you;" and he kicked her down the stairs.

There are thousands of fortunes made in commercial spheres that are throughout righteous. God will let his favor rest upon every scroll, every pictured wall, every graced window, and the joy that flashes from the lights, and showers from the music and dances in the children's quick feet, pattering through the hall, will utter the congratulation of men and the approval of God.

THERE IS NO NEED OF FALSEHOOD.—A merchant can, to the last item, be thoroughly honest. There is never any need of falsehood. Yet how many will, day by day, hour by hour, utter what they know to be wrong. You say that you are selling at less than cost. If so, what is it right to say it. But did that cost you less than what you ask for it? If not, then you have falsified. You say that that article cost you twenty-five dollars. Did it? If so, then all right. If it did not, then you have falsified. Suppose you are a purchaser. You are "beating down" the goods. You say that that article for which five dollars is charged is not worth more than four. Is it worth no more than four dollars? Then all right. If it is worth more, and for the sake of getting it for less than its value, you willfully depreciate it, you have falsified. You may call it a sharp trade. The recording angel writes it down on the ponderous tomes of eternity. "Mr. So-and-so, merchant on Water street or in Eighth street, or in State street, or Mrs. So-and-so, keeping house on Beacon street or on Madison avenue or Rittenhouse square or Brooklyn Heights or Brooklyn Hill, told one falsehood." You may consider it insignificant because relating to an insignificant purchase. You would despise the man who did falsify in regard to some great matter in which the city or the whole country was concerned; but this is only a box of buttons, or a row of pins, or a case of needles. Be not deceived. The article purchased may be so small you can put it in your vest pocket, but the sin was bigger than the Pyramids, and the echo of the donor will reverberate through all the mountains of eternity.

You throw on your counter some specimens of handkerchiefs. Your customer asks: "Is that all silk? No cotton in it?" You answer, "It is all silk." Was it all silk? If so, all right. But was it partly cotton? Then you have falsified. Moreover, you lost by the falsehood. The customer, though he may live in Lynn or Doylestown or any other place, will find out that you have defrauded him, and next spring when he again comes shopping he will look at your sign and say: "I will not try there! That is the place where I got that handkerchief." So that by that one dishonest bargain you picked your own pocket and insulted the Almighty.

Would you dare to make an estimate of the many falsified trades were yesterday told by hardware men and clothiers and fruit dealers and dry goods establishments and importers and jewelers and lumbermen and coal merchants and stationers and tobacconists? Lies about saddles, about buckles, about ribbons, about carpets, about gloves, about coats, about shoes, about hats, about watches, about carriages, about books—about everything. In the name of the Lord Almighty, I assign commercial falsehoods as one of the greatest plagues in city and town.

is those who lack in the element of veracity. They cannot all be trusted. In times when the demand for labor is great it is impossible to meet the demands of the public, or do work with that promptness and perfection that would at other times be possible.

But there are mechanics whose word cannot be trusted at any time. No man has a right to promise more work than he can do. There are mechanics who say that they will come on Monday, but they do not come until Wednesday. You put work in their hands that they tell you shall be completed in ten days, but it is thirty. There have been houses built of which it might be said that every nail driven, every foot of plastering put on, every yard of pipe laid, every shingle hammered, every brick mortared, could tell of falsehood connected therewith. There are men attempting to do ten or fifteen pieces of work who have not the time or strength to do more than five or six pieces, but by promises never fulfilled keep all the undertakings within their own grasp. This is what they call "nursing" the job.

How much wrong to his soul and insult to God a mechanic would save if he promised only so much as he expected to be able to do. Society has no right to ask of us impossibilities. You cannot always calculate correctly, and you may fail because you cannot get the help that you anticipate. But now I am speaking of the willful making of promises that you know you cannot keep. Did you say that that shoe could be mended, that coat repaired, those bricks laid, that window put in, that door grained, that spot fixed, that window glazed by Saturday, knowing that you would neither be able to do it yourself nor get any one else to do it? Then, before God and man you are a liar. You may say that it makes no particular difference, and that if you had told the truth you would have lost the job, and that people expect to be disappointed, but that excuse will not answer. There is a voice of thunder rolling among the drills and planes and shoe lasts and shears which says, "All liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone."

ECCLESIASTICAL LIES.—I next notice ecclesiastical lies—that is, falsehoods told for the purpose of advancing churches and sects, or for the purpose of depleting them. There is no use in asking many a Calvinist what an Arminian believes, for he will tell you that the Arminian believes that a man can convert himself; or to ask the Arminian what the Calvinist believes, for he will tell you that the Calvinist believes that God made some men just to damn them. There is no need in asking a pious Baptist what a Baptist believes, for he will be apt to say that the Baptist believes immersion to be positively necessary for salvation. It is almost impossible for one denomination of Christians, without prejudice or misrepresentation, to state the sentiment of an opposing sect. If a man hates Presbyterians, and you ask him what Presbyterians believe, he will tell you that they believe that there are infants in hell a span long!

It is strange, also, how individual churches will sometimes make mistakes especially so in regard to falsehoods told with reference to prosperous enterprises. As long as a church is feeble, and the singing is discordant, and the minister, through the poverty of the church, must go with a threadbare coat, and here and there a worshiper sits in the end of a pew, having all the seat to himself, religious sympathizers of other churches will say, "What a pity! But let a great day of prosperity come, and even ministers of the Gospel, who ought to be rejoiced at the largeness and extent of the work, denounce and misrepresent and falsify, starting the suspicion in regard to themselves that the reason they do not like the work is because it is not ground in the soil of heaven. How long before they shall learn to be fair in their religious criticisms! The keenest jealousies on earth are church jealousies. The field of Christian work is so large that there is no need that our hooves handle it.

SOCIAL LIES.—Next I speak of social lies. This evil makes much of society insincere. You know not what to believe. When people ask you to come you do not know whether or not they want you to come. When they send their regards you do not know whether it is an expression of their heart or an external civility. We have learned to take almost everything at a discount. "Word is sent 'Not at home,' when they are only too lazy to dress themselves. They say, 'The furnace has just gone out.' It is a truth they have had no fire in it all winter. They apologize for the unusual barrenness of their table when they never live any better. They decry the most luxurious entertainments to win a shower of approval. They apologize for their appearance, as though it were unusual, when always at home they look just so. They would make you believe that some nice sketch on the wall was the work of a master painter. "It was an heirloom, and once hung on the walls of a castle, and a duke gave it to their grandfather." When the fact is that painting was made by a man "down east," and baked so as to make it look old, and sold with others for ten dollars a dozen. People who will lie about nothing else will lie about a picture. On small income we must make the world believe that we are affluent, and our life becomes a cheat, a counterfeit and a sham.

Few persons are really natural. When I say this I do not mean to slur cultured manners. It is right that we should have more admiration for the sculptured marble than for the unknown block of the quarry. From many circles in life insincerity has driven our vivacity and enthusiasm. A frozen dignity instead floats about the room, and icebergs grind against icebergs. You must not laugh outright; it is vulgar. You must smile. You must not dash rapidly across the room; you must glide. There is a round of bows and grins and flatteries and "oh! and ah!" and simpering and unbecoming servility of which is not worth one good, round, honest, hearty laugh. From such a hollow round the tortured guest retires at the close of the evening and assures his host that he has enjoyed himself!

What a round of insincerities many people run in order to win the favor of the world! Their life is a sham and their death an unspeakable sadness. As for the poor butterflies when the first streaks show! A COMPARISON OF LIVES.—Compare the life and death of such a one with that of some Christian saint who was once a blessing to your household. I do not know that she was ever offered the hand in marriage. She lived single, that untrammelled she might be everybody's blessing. Whenever the sick were to be visited, or the poor to be provided with bread, she went with a blessing. She could pray, or sing "Rock of Ages" for any sick pauper who asked her. As she got older there were days when she was a little sharp, but for the most part she was a sunbeam—just the one for Christmas eve. She knew better than any one else that this life is a thing. Her every prayer, God heard it, was full of everybody who

had trouble. The brightest things to all the house dropped from her fingers. She had peculiar notions, but the grandest notion she ever had was to make you happy. She dressed well—always always dressed well; but her highest adornment was that of a meek and quiet spirit, which, in the sight of God, is of great price. When she died you all gathered lovingly about her, and as you carried her out to rest the Sunday school class almost covered the coffin with japonicas, and the poor people stood at the end of the alley, with their aprons to their eyes, sobbing bitterly; and the man of the world said, with Solomon, "Her price was above rubies," and Jesus, as unto the maiden in Judea commanded, "I say unto thee, arise!"

But to many, through insincerity, this life is a masquerade ball. As at such entertainments gentlemen and ladies appear in the dress of kings or queens, mount on handbills or clovers, and at the close of the dance throw off their disguises, so in this dissipated life all unclean passions move in mask. Across the floor they trip merrily. The lights sparkle along; the wall or drop from the ceiling—a cohort of fire! The music charms. The diamonds glitter. The feet bound. Gemmed hands stretched out clasp gemmed hands. Dancing feet respond to dancing feet. Gleaming brows bend to gleaming brows. On with the dance! Push and shove and laughter and immeasurable merry making! But the languor of death comes over the limbs and blurs the sight.

Lights lower! Floor hollow with sepulchral echo. Music saddens into a wail. Lights lower! The maskers can hardly now be seen. Flowers exchange their fragrance for a sickening odor, such as comes from garlands that have lain in vaults of cemeteries. Lights lower! Mice fill the room. Glasses rattle as though shaken by sullen thunder. Sighs seem caught among the curtains. Scarf falls from the shoulder of beauty—a shroud! Lights lower! Over the slippery boards, in dance of death, glide jealousies, disappointments, lust, despair. Torn leaves and withered garlands only half hide the ulcered feet. The stench of smoking lamp wicks almost quenched. Choking damp. Chilliness! Feet still. Hands folded. Eyes shut. Voices hushed. Lights out!

Story of a Black Snake.—Mr. Louis Merigold, a well known New York caterer, is fond of telling of a large black snake that was a fast friend of his for many months. "My first acquaintance with the snake," said he, "came about when I went on a solitary fishing excursion. I was in the habit of taking a small punt on a stream in the northern part of the state. After fishing the stream I always moored the punt in the same place, and stepping ashore proceeded to clean the fish that I had caught. While thus engaged this black snake came from beneath a rock, and after quietly looking me over proceeded to make a meal of the refuse from the fish. He then retired. The next day I found him waiting for me when I returned, and after that we became great friends. It was not long before he would glide into the punt, and coil himself up on my fishing gear. I never did anything to offend him and he evinced no fear of me.

One day I was unable to go on the stream, but gave directions to two friends who desired a day's fishing where to find the punt, but neglected to mention my friend the snake. As they approached the boat they were horrified to see the large reptile gliding toward them. In fear and anger one of them raised a large stone, and dropping it crushed the life of my whilom companion. When I heard of it I was angry and sorehearted for a long time over the loss of my curious pet."—New York News.

Gaming in a Cemetery.—A cemetery seems a queer place in which to set up a gambling hell, but those who woo fortune at Squirrel Hill, Pa., evidently care little for their surroundings. At any rate Robert Walters, sexton of the German Evangelical Lutheran Cemetery, is in jail for the offense of maintaining a gambling house in the graveyard. Walters lives in the dwelling at the cemetery gate. For months past he has been using his house as a resort, permitting such games as faro, poker and a strictly German pastime styled "hip." He was paid a percentage of the money handled, and in addition, he allowed, disposed of strong liquid refreshments to his guests. Often there were a score or more of players in the house.

The existence of the "game" was discovered in a peculiar manner. One Sunday there was a dispute and some of Walters' customers bought their own supply of beer, and taking up a place on the cemetery property proceeded to have a good time. Walters called the police, who arrested the men. Upon being arraigned they were fined and overheard to remark that Walters didn't pay their fines they would tell something to his disadvantage. The officers kept quiet until Walters came forward and settled. He was arrested, and in default stood committed.

Homeless and in Prison.—When a woman gets started on the downward way she gets many kicks and few boosts. If the tale told by Annie Jones, of New York city, is true, she is more sinned against than sinning. She said that she could not pay her rent, and that the landlord, to save the cost of eviction proceedings, got an officer to arrest her. She was charged with disorderly conduct and sent to work for ten days at Bellevue hospital. When liberated she found her home occupied by strangers and her furniture gone. Another arrest followed, and she spent this time being one of the preferred by a Bellevue official, who missed property valued at one dollar. A woman who said she saw Annie take the goods failed to testify, but the prisoner received another sentence of ten days nevertheless.

Cost of a Man's Oulfit.—"What does it cost to fit a man out now?" I asked of a dealer in gentlemen's furnishings goods. "A dollar in gentlemen's furnishings goods," he answered. "Well, that is hard to say. A man who buys a fine necktie may like cheap suspenders, and another will like something else cheap. That is the way it is with most purchasers. A man who wants to stock his wardrobe just before he gets married spends anywhere between \$35 and \$150 and more. A man of the ultra elite may represent eighteen dollars' worth of gentlemen's furnishings goods from his hosiery to his collar."—Louisville Post.

His First Bible.—A downy casket purchased a Bible, which was quite an event in his life and that of his neighbors. He informed his friends of his purchase, stating that "he had got a Holy Bible with the Hypocresy in it." It was quite a time before his friends decided that he meant a Polyglot containing the Apocrypha.—Providence Journal. Within the past fifteen months more than 4,000 tenants had been evicted, many by force, in the city of London.