

The Dalles Daily Chronicle.

THE DALLES OREGON.

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STATE OFFICIALS.

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

COUNTY OFFICIALS.

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

The Chronicle is the Only Paper in The Dalles that Receives the Associated Press Dispatches.

A NEW APPLICATION OF CIVIL SERVICE PRINCIPLES.

The secretary of the navy has determined on applying a plan of civil service reform in the appointment of foremen and master mechanics in the various navy yards under his control that will meet with the approval of every man who is not a politician merely for what there is in it. He has made a beginning with the yard at New York and ordered that after June first all positions of foremen and master mechanics shall be declared vacant. A board of examiners has been appointed to test the practical qualifications of candidates for the vacant positions, enquire into their antecedent reputation, character and habits and certify to the secretary who are best fitted to fill the vacancies. Other yards will be dealt with in a similar manner in the near future. This is surely a step in the right direction. The doctrine that "to the victor belongs the spoils" is the curse of American politics. When there is a change of administration the first half of a president's term is employed "turning the rascals out" and putting a new set of rascals in. The question of fitness, of character, of capacity, is secondary to that of political affiliations. In this respect there is scarcely any perceptible difference between the two great parties. With either in power the janitor as well as the postmaster must be of the same political stripe. The result is a hungry horde of office seekers who take interest in politics not from motives of patriotism, but for the spoils of office. Destroy this latter incentive by a vigorous civil service reform and the business of the mere politician would be practically ruined and this is a calamity that the country could possibly brook with great equanimity.

One night last week a soldier and a gambler had some trouble in a low dive in the city of Walla Walla, when the gambler drew a pistol and shot the soldier inflicting a fatal wound. The gambler was promptly arrested. The next night a number of soldiers broke into the jail and taking out the prisoner filled him with bullets. No attempt had been made to remove the gambler or prevent a prompt trial or adequate punishment, nor, it is alleged, was there the slightest sentiment in the gambler's favor among the respectable portion of the community nor the semblance of an attempt to screen the crime. The gambler was simply detained to await the result of the soldier's injury. Under the circumstances the lynching was wholly unjustifiable and ought to be severely punished.

The *Wasco Observer*, referring to an article in the paper urging the importance of a railroad from this city to Grants which would not only serve as a portage but would practically control the traffic of Sherman county, says:

We are glad to copy the foregoing words of good cheer from the *Chronicle* and heartily endorse the ideas put forth by the writer. The farmers and business men of Sherman county will hail with delight the building of a portage road that will tap this section. All will anxiously await the result of a survey and should the road become an accomplished fact we confidently predict that it will be a financial success.

The beet-sugar industry on the Pacific coast promises to become important to both farmer and manufacturer. Isaac Hicht, president of the Alameda sugar company, reports an income of \$100 per acre from 1320 acres in beets, while \$25 per acre is considered good for wheat land.

A level-headed exchange well says: Rudini, D'Arco and the remainder of their compatriots who are demanding a change in American laws had better not be too insistent. We might oblige them by framing an exclusion act which would effectually prevent the further entrance of the Mafia into this country.

With wheat worth one dollar a bushel in the Willamette valley, salmon worth one dollar a piece on the Columbia, and a fine fruit season promised, the organizer of the farmers' alliance clubs may have up hill work in Oregon. Low prices and scarcity aid political freaks. If Kansas had half of the prosperity that Oregon enjoys such freaks as Peffer and Jerry Simpson would be unheard of outside the circle around the stove in the village grocery.—*Astorian*.

Pennsylvania has appropriated \$30,000 for the world's fair.

Do not Count the Cost.

Walla Walla Union.

It is a waste of time to inquire into the effect on the future of more concern. To estimate that effect it is proper to look coldly upon the facts.

Two men met in a low saloon, at a late hour of the night, and entered into an argument, which became so heated that one of them shot the other, inflicting a mortal wound. The shooter was instantly arrested and locked in jail.

Two nights afterwards an attempt was made by the comrades of the wounded man to take the shooter from the officers and inflict summary punishment on him. The next night, it being the third night after the shooting, his comrades made a concerted, well-planned raid on the county jail, which was so successful that they forced an entrance into that institution, and taking from it the man who shot his comrade, they riddled his body with bullets.

Stated in the mildest form, the second shooting was a cold blooded murder, without one redeeming feature, of a defenseless prisoner by an armed body of men perpetrated deliberately, in accordance with a plan carefully elaborated in all its details.

The *Union* has no words of defense for the gambler, who shot while inflamed by passion and liquor. The criminal records of Walla Walla bear evidence that he would have been awarded a fair and impartial trial and been properly punished.

Nor is it within the power of the *Union* to frame sentences expressive of its condemnation of the deliberate murder by the mob. Had the crime been committed by the old time vigilante organization, it would not have been so dastardly a character, because it would have been committed by citizens of the county taking the law into their own hands, after the courts had failed to perform their duty, and not by men paid by the public to uphold the laws of the land who pre-judge the action of the courts.

When such men so far forget their sworn duty as to conspire and combine, not to simply defy the law, but to overpower its officers, and break down the doors of the public prison, drag out of his cell a cowering murderer and shoot him to death, it is time to uphold the majesty of the law by every power that can be invoked; time for all good citizens to unite in the demand that every resource known to the civil and military authorities shall be put forth to ferret out the ring leaders of the mob and bring them to merited punishment. He who asks less because it will cost money to prosecute the investigations and try and punish the ring leaders is unworthy the name of American citizen. Let the cost equal the national debt and it will not be too great a price to pay for maintaining the majesty of the law and punishing those who override it.

Had the north stopped to count the cost when the confederate cannon opened fire on Sumpter what would American citizenship been worth today?

The Encampment.

Fossil Journal.

The encampment of the Third regiment, O. N. G. takes place in July at The Dalles. The various companies in Gilliam county will please note that this leaves only a little over two months in which to prepare for camp. We would like to see the company to make a respectable showing on that occasion, and to do so they must drill without ceasing from now on. It is not to be expected that all the members can turn out every evening, but nothing should be allowed to prevent a full muster at least once a week.

The Dalles is not an ideal place for an encampment, but it has the advantage of being near, and we trust that company E will be represented in full strength, or as near thereto as possible.

Baby is sick.—The woeful expression of a Des Moines teamster's countenance showed his deep anxiety not entirely without cause, when he inquired of a druggist of the same city what was best to give a baby for a cold? It was not necessary for him to say more, his countenance showed that the pet of the family, if not the idol of his life was in distress. "We give our baby Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," was the druggist's answer. "I don't like to give the baby such strong medicine," said the teamster. You know John Oleson, of the Watters-Talbot Printing Co., don't you? Inquired the druggist. "His baby, when eighteen months old, got hold of a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and drank the whole of it. Of course it made the baby vomit very freely but did not injure it in the least, and what is more, it cured the baby's cold. The teamster already knew the value of the Remedy, having used it himself, and was now satisfied that there was no danger in giving it even to a baby. For sale by Snipes & Kinerly.

Our devil has been busy the past two weeks composing spring poetry. The following is his latest: "Oh! the clothes press is a swell affair for garments nice and neat; the hay press is a grand machine and does its work complete; the cider press is lovely with its juices red and sweet; but the printing press controls the world and gets there on both feet.—*Prineville News*.

Of course a drowning man will clutch at a straw, especially if he is drowning sorrow.

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Have fitted up a first-class

Barber Shop

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Bath Rooms

At 102 Second Street, next door to Freeman's Boot and Shoe store.

HOT and COLD BATHS.

None but the best artists employed.

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\$20 REWARD.

WILL BE PAID FOR ANY INFORMATION leading to the conviction of parties cutting the ropes or in any way interfering with the wires, poles or lamps of THE ELECTRIC LIGHT CO.

H. GLENN, Manager.

A Bucking Horse.

Gentlemen, but wasn't this lunk!

Twenty-three quail, two geese, two coons and a fox all in one afternoon! If any one can beat that on an everyday common goose hunt, let me see the color of his hair. After trying on the game I mounted and broke into the S. O. R.'s train of thought with a dig in the ribs with the butt of the gun. Right there was where I made the mistake of the day. The Splendid Old Run awoke to his surroundings, took one sniff at his odoriferous burden, and in just one and a half minutes by the clock had bucked himself clear of everything, saddle and all, and was making Salvador time for his stable.

It was interesting while it lasted, but, thank the Lord! it didn't last long. Talk about riding a trip hammer! Why, that would be comparative fun to the way this old fiend bucked! First my horse came off; then the game began to come up and hit me in the face and the small of the back; then I had to throw away my gun so as to have both hands to hold on with; next it began to rain dead quail out of my pockets, and finally he got me to coming down as he was going up, and that settled it. The next thing I knew I was sitting on the ground, with my teeth all loose and a kink in my spine, my game, gun, saddle and blanket scattered around, and the horse nearly home. Old Sport was sitting in front of me, spitting the ground with his stump of a tail and now and then licking his wounds in a manner that showed he was proud of them.

I was demoralized, there's no use denying it; and weak and sick I sat there until my friend, alarmed by the S. O. R.'s return riderless to the ranch, hitched up his team and came down the river hunting for me.—*Forest and Stream*.

Saved a Baby from Death.

During a small tenement house fire on the east side there was a thrilling incident that was not chronicled at the time. It occurred at a rear window in the second story. The flames had been extinguished with trifling damage, but the house was full of smoke.

Suddenly a woman tottered to the open window. In her arms she held a bundle, tightly clasped to her bosom. It was in white wrappings. Quickly the crowd of people in the yard below saw the woman. Great clouds of smoke whirled about her head in suffocating volumes, and the crowd called upon her to jump.

She hesitated, but extended the bundle at arm's length, from which at that moment there came a faint cry. It was a baby's voice.

"Save my child!" implored the woman. Instantly a blanket was procured and strong men held its corners.

"Drop it!" they shouted.

With her face averted the agonized and imperilled mother let the baby fall. Down the little one fluttered like a white winged, wounded bird, with the despairing cry of "Mamma" upon its lips. Lightly it struck the blanket, and a moment later it was taken up safe and sound, but sobbing, by a motherly looking woman in the throng.

It required but a few minutes to raise a ladder and rescue the self sacrificing mother from her perilous position and restore her dimpled darling to her arms. This touching rescue was loudly cheered by the sympathetic spectators.—*New York Herald*.

Advertise Your Profession.

Advertising is the legitimate coadjutor of any legitimate business. No one occupation or set of men has a monopoly of it by any code of common sense. When properly used and developed to its capacity for good it is as honorable and as dignified in its application to the professions as it is to the merchant, manufacturer, publisher, playwright, the artist or the pulpit. Like anything else, it can be put to wrong ends; but that should not discredit advertising as a proper factor for good purposes. As well denounce religion because there are hypocrites, or condemn water as a drink because men are drowned in the bay. Because rascals and disreputable members of the profession have invoked its aid, does not limit its usefulness when put to good ends.

The professional man must, in the beginning of his practice, bend his energies to building up a large circle of acquaintances. In the ordinary course of events, and following the usual habits of all professional men, he is obscure for the first ten years of his practice. After that time, if fortune favors him, he rises with more or less rapidity to a position which is at once profitable and honorable.—*A. L. Teels in Printers' Ink*.

A Delicate Question.

During a lull in the court proceedings at Auburn the other day, Sheriff Lamb propounded a legal question based on an actual occurrence recently in East Livermore. Two neighbors in that town owned some rams. One of the rams jumped over the fence into the field of the neighbor and while there injured one of the cattle which was grazing in the field. The neighbor caught the ram and tied him in the barn where his own ram was tied. As he happened to give him too much slack rope the ram got at the more securely tied ram belonging to the man who had tied him and killed him. After having performed this feat he managed, through the extra amount of rope, to get so entangled as to get hanged by the neck until he was dead. The legal question involved was as to who should pay for the ram—the neighbor who, by letting his ram loose, caused all the trouble, or the neighbor who, by tying him in the barn so carelessly, caused the death of both animals.—*Bangor News*.

What the Sailor Men Eat.

Times are changed now on board ships. When I was a boy before the mast I had to take a tin pannikin and pot to the galley, get a lump of tough salt horse, a pot of weak tea and molasses and eat wherever I had a show. Nowadays the sailors have a boy to wait on them, get canned roast beef and spuds every other day and the best of salt beef and pork. If the coffee ain't strong enough or sweet enough they growl at the cook.—*Interview with Capt. Bennett*.

S. L. YOUNG,

(Successor to E. BECK.)



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We are NOW OPENING a full line of

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We also call your attention to our line of Ladies' and Children's Shoes and to the big line of Men's and Boy's Boots and Shoes and Slippers, and plenty of other Goods to be sold at prices to suit the times.

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Country Produce Bought and Sold. Goods delivered Free to any part of the City.

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If you want a good lunch, give me a call.

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We have ordered Blanks for Filings, Entries and the purchase of Railroad Lands under the recent Forfeiture Act, which we will have, and advise the public at the earliest date when such entries can be made. Look for advertisement in this paper.

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

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BLAKELEY & HOUGHTON, Prescription Druggists, The Dalles, Or.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE. THE PARTNERSHIP OF BILLS & WHYERS is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business will in the future be conducted by N. B. Whyers who will pay and collect all partnership debts. G. C. BILLS, D. WHYERS. Dated April 14th, 1891.