

The Dalles Daily Chronicle.

THE DALLES OREGON.
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as second-class matter.

STATE OFFICIALS.

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

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County Judge.....C. N. Thornbury
Sheriff.....D. L. Cates
Clerk.....J. B. Grossen
Treasurer.....Geo. Ruch
Commissioners.....H. A. Leavens
.....J. H. Mitchell
Assessor.....John E. Barnett
Surveyor.....E. F. Sharp
Superintendent of Public Schools.....Troy Sheldy
Coroner.....William Mitchell

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

A WHEELBARROW PORTAGE.

Among the thousand mercies for which the devout citizen of the Inland Empire daily bends the suppliant knee there is one that should never be forgotten, namely the fact that the great man who bosses the obstruction of the government works at the Cascades has consented to allow the people to have three feet of ground across the government land whereupon to build a portage road. The stupendous generosity displayed in such an act ought to place Major Handbury as high in the temple of fame as the top-most pinnacle of the gallows of Haman the Agagite. Three feet of ground will give ample space for a train of wheelbarrows to transport our produce across the portage, one sack of wheat at a time, if the wheelbarrow propellers are not too fat. Wheelbarrows are infinitely superior to bicycles for transporting heavy produce and cheaper too. What a mercy that the Major did not confine us to a bicycle track. It may be difficult to put big fat steers into cars accommodated to a three foot track but it would be more difficult to get them on a bicycle.

After all he is a peculiar man, this same Major. That he is owned body and soul by the railroad companies whose traffic is threatened by an open river, is the firm belief of thousands. If his every action is not made in the interests of the railroads they have this result, which is just the same thing, as far as the interests of the people are concerned. He has pulled the wool over the eyes of the governor and the result is a delay of three months in the construction of the road while the river has risen to such a height that the building of tramways and inclines will be attended with additional difficulty and expense, and every hour of delay is money in the pocket of the Union Pacific. He pulled the wool over the eyes of the legislative committee by pretending that he was in favor of a standard gauge road being built at the government expense and when the usual amount of red tape, with its months of delay had been reeled off he informed the department at Washington that a three foot road was all that could be allowed and the portage commission were foolish enough to accept. A three foot road is simply next to no road at all. When the portage at The Dalles is opened it won't be worth a bean towards handling the traffic that will naturally ensue. But it will suit the Union Pacific well enough. The track on the Washington side of the river at the Cascades is three feet and a half and this is as narrow as any road ought to be. A standard gauge, it is well known, is four feet eight inches and a half. The people ought to demand a track wide enough to meet their requirements. It is not yet too late. Major Handbury ought to be taught that he is the servant of the people and not their master. The damning outrage of a paid servant of the people frustrating every effort to obtain deliverance from the worst railroad oppression that ever cursed any community should be rebuked and we shall deserve that our chains be riveted more closely if we do not rise up in our righteous indignation and do it.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

The experiment of the Oregon Improvement company in importing 600 negroes to take the place of white men in their coal mines at Franklin will be watched with very great interest. It is a decided improvement on the system everywhere in vogue of importing herds of ignorant foreigners to take the place of American laborers. The contract and scale of wages which the company agrees to pay to the negroes seem reasonably fair and are certainly higher than anything they can obtain in the south. If it be true, as the representatives of the company say, that the men thrown out of employment could have easily earned \$7 per day by working eight hours, no reasonable man can blame the company for refusing to submit to the demands of "parasites whose importance and source of living is drawn from the distresses of the laboring classes they propose to control." It is the curse of labor that it is too often controlled by a class of professional agitators who fatten on strikes and disturbances which leave their victims in a worse plight than they were before. Unreasonable demands are in the end worse than submission to conceived wrongs. If labor has its rights so has capital and after all, the generous

treatment of labor beyond the recompense fixed by the inflexible law of supply and demand, is largely a question of morals. If the Oregon Improvement company were justified in refusing to accede to the demands of their employes they are to be commended for not importing an army of foreign paupers to supply the places of those discharged. The negro belongs here, in fact we brought him here without his consent. Every principle of humanity and justice demands that he receive fair treatment. He has a thousand claims on our generosity and any movement otherwise righteous in itself that gives him a show to earn an honorable subsistence should receive our hearty commendation.

A Republican Estimate.

A prominent Pennsylvania congressman recently expressed himself rather plainly, as follows:
"Take Blaine away and what would remain? The president on the rear platform of a Pennsylvania railroad train bowing and scraping to Blaine's friends in the west; John W. Noble squabbling with his subordinates in his department; Charles Foster and Leech trying to make a couple of million dollars appear where they are not, and John Wauamaker monkeying with a proposition to establish a government telegraph in order to force Jay Gould and the Western Union people to give him special rates for the transaction of his private business; little Mr. Miller trying to appear as big as one of the clerks of the department of justice, and Jerry Rusk keeping awake nights expecting invitations to some kind of a picnic or another. I am aware that it is very unpleasant for me as a republican to talk in this way about the administration, but it is truth and common sense. Take Blaine out of the administration, and it would be the laughing stock of the American people."

After the Microbe.

Since Col. Varney's great exploits in bringing the guns of the horticultural board to bear on the fierce and untamable woolly aphid, there has been no achievement equal to State Food Commissioner Baker getting a bead on the Microbe Killer. The Microbe Killer has been plying his peaceful avocation in Salem and slaying countless millions of these diabolical beings, when this ruthless official at Portland comes out with an analysis of this microbe and makes them act in a curious manner in their family relations. The only remedy to check these mischievous brutes that have been undermining our whole social system is now declared to be a humbug and we may look for a great increase of these pests of our best society.

In Society.

"Mother!" exclaimed Edith, "what in the world did you invite that horrid Mrs. Brown to our party for?"
"Why, Edith, Mrs. Brown goes into the best of society. I am ashamed that you should want to leave her off our list."
Edith—"Well, I don't care; she can't come, for she told me only day before yesterday that they were going to Washington for a fortnight."
Mother—"And don't you suppose I knew that, Edith? Why, you silly girl, that's the very reason why I invited her."

Important to Settlers.

Copp's Land Owner, from decision of Assistant Secretary Chandler to Commissioner Carter, April 2, 1891, says: "Where \$2.50 an acre was paid for land within the withdrawn limits of the N. P. railroad land grant wherein the land in question is located was forfeited, the payment of \$1.25 can not be recovered by the purchaser."
In order that re-payment may be made, a special act of congress will be necessary. J. P. Lucai is urging our senators and representative to secure this relief for the settlers.

George—Misfortune has its recompenses. Ethel—How do you make that out?
George—The homely girl can eat onions.

REMOVAL NOTICE.

FRED DREW & CO.
Have fitted up a first-class

Barber Shop
AND
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.
—Do Not Forget the Place.—

Steam Ferry.

R. O. EVANS is now running a steam Ferry between Hood River and White Salmon. Charges reasonable. R. O. Evans, Prop.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS INDEBTED TO THE UNDERSIGNED are requested to pay the amount of their respective accounts or otherwise make satisfactory settlement of the same, before June 1st, 1891, and all persons having claims against us are requested to present them on or before the above date.
MACEACHERN & MACLEOD,
Vogt Block, Second Street, The Dalles, Or.

"Odd Tom."
Old Tom Weit had a habit of doing queer and unexpected things, and thus came to be known throughout the region in which he lived as "Odd Tom." Sometimes his oddity appeared in some peculiarity of dress, as when he wore his coat wrong side out, because, as he said, he had "got tired of the looks of the right side." One day Tom went to his next neighbor, Zebah Green, to hire his horse for the day.
"What d'ye want 'im for?" was Zebah's inquiry.
"Oh, jest to go down to the village to do some marketin'," was the answer. "Praps I might go on afterward as fur as Job Stone's, 'n' look at his oxen."
"Wal, I don't want ye to have 'im," replied Zebah, referring to the horse, "but ye may, jest ter 'commodate ye, if ye won't go no further'n jest to the village—ye know that's 'most ten mile."
"Why, of course not," said Tom, "not unless you're willin'."
"Wal, then, take 'im, but don't ye drive him no further'n the village, or I'll never let ye have him agin'."
So Tom harnessed the old horse and started for market. As he passed Zebah's house on his way he heard, faintly wafted from his neighbor, who stood in the barn door, "Be sure ye don't go no further'n jest to the village!"
Toward night Tom was seen, laden with bundles, coming slowly up the road from the village—on foot. Out rushed Zebah, open mouthed.
"What ye done with old Bill?" he cried.
"Wal," answered Tom, with the utmost coolness, "ye seemed so all-fired scairt for fear I'd drive him further'n jest to the village that I didn't dare drive him home agin, 'n' so I left him there, under the store shed."—Youth's Companion.

Clerks Under Surveillance.
"Do you see that man on the other side of the street?" said a friend who is employed in a downtown bank, while we were walking leisurely up Broadway one evening last week.
I glanced at the man to whom my friend referred. "He's a detective," he continued, "and he is following us—or rather me. You seem surprised, but it is a fact that every bank in this city has one or two and sometimes three private detectives whose sole duty is to keep track of the doings of employes. It seems to be my turn to be followed now, as this man has been dogging me since yesterday. The watch will continue for several days longer, and after reporting to the bank he will be assigned to follow some one else."
"Not long ago one of our expert book-keepers sent word to the bank that he was ill and could not come to the office, but the same day his resignation was requested. The fact is, he had spent the night before in dissipation, and the bank, having been informed of this by its detective, his dismissal followed."
"Being dogged about like a criminal is not pleasant. But what can we do? When protestations are made against it the bank officials assure us that we are mistaken, that they do not hire men to watch us. Of course you can't expect them to admit it, but every bank clerk can tell you that such is the case."—New York Herald.

The Very First American Railway.
The first railroad built in the United States was three miles in length, extending from the granite quarries at Quincy, Mass., to the Neponset river. It was commenced in 1826 and finished in 1827. The gauge was five feet. The rails were pine, a foot thick, covered with hard oak, which was in turn strapped with iron. In January, 1827, a short coal road was completed from the mines to Mauch Chunk, Pa. The rails on this road were also of timber, with flat iron bars. The first locomotive for use on a railroad was invented by Richard Trevithick in 1804, and first tried in Wales.

George Stephenson built the first really successful locomotive in 1814, and tested it upon the Killingwood road in the north of England. The first locomotive for actual service constructed in America was E. I. Miller's "Best Friend," built for the South Carolina Railroad company in 1830. Peter Cooper built a little experimental locomotive early in 1830, before the "Best Friend" was completed.—St. Louis Republic.

Thanked Instead of Reprimanding Him.
Sir Robert Wright, appointed to the seat on the bench of the high court of justice left vacant by the death of Baron Huddleston, on one occasion, while at Oxford, was summoned before the Dean of Balliol for the purpose of being censured. The dean was exceedingly careful of his dignity, as well as of his personal appearance. Wright looked the dean well up and down while the latter was delivering his lecture, and finally interrupted him, in the middle of one of his most telling periods, by remarking confidentially, "I know you will excuse me, sir, but I think you cannot be aware that your waistcoat is unbuttoned." Completely nonplused, the dean was only able to stammer out: "Oh, thank you, Mr. Wright. So very kind of you, I am sure. Good morning, good morning!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Why Fowls Welcome Fair Weather.
The deprivation of light, which affects all animals so much, is particularly depressing to birds; and this may be a reason for their unwillingness to move in the frost fog. Naturally they are the first to welcome its departure. As the mist lifts from a Scotch hillside the cock begins to crow, and in the English fields the rooks caw, and the small birds twitter and the cocks crow in the barnyards. These sounds are as certain to proclaim the lifting of the fog as the "London cries" to begin when the rain stops.—Spectator.

In a Cemetery.
On one of the tombstones you see a couple of hands clasped, and underneath the following inscription:
"Gustave T—, I wait for thee 1869."
"Enlalia T—, nee B—, Here I am! 1889."
The disconsolate widow was in no great hurry, evidently.—H. Messenger.

S. L. YOUNG,

(Successor to E. BECK.)



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Stage Leaves The Dalles every morning at 7:30 and Goldendale at 7:30. All freight must be left at R. B. Hood's office the evening before.

R. B. HOOD, Proprietor.

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Black and Colored Henrietta Cloths, Sateens, Ginghams and Calico,
and a large stock of Plain, Embroidered and Plaided
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in Black and White, for Ladies' and Misses' wear.

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A Splendid Line of Felt and Straw Hats.
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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Goods delivered Free to any part of the City.

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Hot Coffee, Ham Sandwich, Pigs' Feet,
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On Second St., near corner of Madison.
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If you want a good lunch, give me a call.
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Each scholar can bring in her own dress and is taught to cut, baste and finish complete.

They are also taught to cut the seamless waist, dartless basque, French bias darts and most every form of sleeve.
In the dressmaking department I keep only competent help.

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Call and see my Goods before purchasing elsewhere.

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