

THE DALLES OREGON.

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STATE OFFICIALS. Governor S. Penneyer...

COUNTY OFFICIALS. County Judge C. N. Thornbury...

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

The cry of the people of Northeastern Oregon and Southeastern Washington and Western Idaho for an open river to the sea cannot remain much longer unheeded.

The election in Portland last Monday is a lesson for all of us. It shows what the people can accomplish when they only try.

Who Is Her Express.

A fellow with \$500 worth of "the right of eminent domain" at the Cascades, demands that the state put up a bonus of \$2000 for the use of it ten years.

The Cascade portage railway will be in operation July 27th, 1891. The state will have to exercise its right of eminent domain and have a portion of the right of way appraised and condemned according to law.

A correspondent of the East Oregonian writing from the Vansycle, Or., says:

"It is refreshing to read extracts from The Dalles Chronicle and see that The Dalles is now willing to let the truth be known in regard to how the government work is carried on at that point. Major Handbury has a good thing and of course he wants to keep it. Doubtless he thinks as Mr. Vanberbilt said, 'The people be damned.' It was whispered at Salem last winter when the following House Concurrent resolution No. 19 was offered on the 29th of January by Killian—that Major Handbury was the cause of having it pigeon-holed in the senate until the 20th of February, and it was the hardest kind of work to get action on it then, and was it not for the assistance rendered by Messrs Hofer of the Capitol Journal and the correspondents of the Oregonian, together with senator Hursh, senator Willis and his friend, Major Handbury would have kept the resolution buried. Of course Major Handbury does not want the work let out by contract. It would be likely to throw him out of a good job."

A Correspondent Gives an Account of a Visit to Mr. Seufert's Place.

EDITOR CHRONICLE: Monday our worthy young judge announced to such jurymen as were not engaged in looking after some spoiled horse of plaintiff or defendant that they could be excused until tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock.

This meant a day off, and was seized as an opportunity by the undersigned and Mr. Vanderpool, to visit the Seufert Bros., ranch east of The Dalles to find out how fish are caught, and the possibilities of growing fruit in the Columbia river canyon.

A horse and buggy being secured we were soon at the place designated, where acres of cherry trees full of ripening fruit just met our gaze—being through this part of the orchard toward Mr. Seufert's residence, on our right is a vineyard—on the left cherries. Some of them luscious with ripeness, others green enough to make the stomach ache to look at them. Going to the cannery we found Mr. Seufert who took us in charge and gave us every opportunity to see the works he and his brother have erected and the fruit trees they have grown. He explained to us that the catch of fish is light, as they have for several days not averaged above three or four tons per day. We watched a wheel for some time but the sign was not right, the water too clear or some other factor wanting, was in vain, we were only convinced that the thing could be done.

We next took a stroll through the peach and apricot parts of the orchard. Here we found a system of cutting back had been followed so that each limb appeared as sturdy as a post. These trees are in no danger of breaking down or of being flopped about by the wind and thus robbed of their fruit. Every tree of the peach variety is full of fruit in good, healthy condition. The apricots have but little fruit on them. Among a part of the peach trees are quite a lot of strawberries which have been ripening for the past two weeks. The transformation wrought by these industrious and enterprising young men in the past six years is truly wonderful. What was then principally a waste of sand has become a beautiful, productive orchard that will bring in a profit told in thousands of dollars.

The Seufert Brothers are pleasant, agreeable gentlemen and well deserve the success their industry, skill and perseverance have attained. At Mr. Seufert's house we were kindly entertained by himself and lady where we spent a pleasant hour as conversationalists. They are both pleasant and entertaining and show that they are heartily engaged in the enterprise that is making such a fine showing for this country. Mr. Seufert is a lucky man indeed; lucky in his enterprises and lucky in having found so genial and pleasant a partner with whom to share the joys and sorrows of life. AARON FRAZIER.

"The name McGinty," so The Dalles Chronicle man tells us, and he ought to know "has been honored in Irish story since Eochid II was crowned King of Ulster on Jacob's Pillar by the prophet Jeremiah;" but it has remained for a resident of The Dalles to cast discredit upon it. One Jimmy McGinty, in order to secure a contract for building a reservoir, has denied his nationality, and changed the spelling of his name. The only remaining feature of the whole affair is that he got the contract.—Oregonian.

Immigration Under Federal Control. WASHINGTON, June 2.—Secretary Foster today took the immigration business at the ports of Baltimore, Philadelphia and Boston out of the hands of state boards of immigration and transferred it to federal control. This step, it is said, is rendered necessary because of the fact that under the act of March 3, 1891, the several state boards of immigration were practically shorn of all authority over immigration matters. The change places all details of the immigration business throughout the country in the hands of the federal government as was done at the port of New York in 1889 and renders the system uniform.

Through Trains on the Canadian. TACOMA, June 2.—There is no longer any doubt that the Canadian Pacific will commence immediately to run through trains into Whatcom and make the steamship Premier's service a daily run between that city and Tacoma. Chairman Moffatt, of the Puget Sound Steamboat Association, said this morning that he has it on the necessity of Captain John Irving, manager of the Canadian Pacific Navigation Company, that the Premier's run will be so changed.

A Serious Shortage in Peter's Pence. ROME, June 2.—The pope has charged Archbishop Walsh to ask Cardinal Manning to bring about, if possible, an augmentation of the contributions to Peter's pence from Great Britain. The Vatican commission, which has been inquiring into the financial condition of the papal household, has found that the Peter's pence is 10,000,000 francs short of the estimated amount.

Ralph Gibbons announces himself as a candidate for CITY MARSHAL Steam Ferry. R. O. EVANS is now running a steam Ferry between Hood River and White Salmon. Charges reasonable. R. O. Evans, Prop. \$20 REWARD. WILL BE PAID FOR ANY INFORMATION leading to the conviction of parties cutting the wires, poles or lamps of THE ELECTRIC LIGHT CO. H. GLENN, Manager

The finest of all lace is Brussels. Belgium is the lace-making chosen home. One-fourth of the whole population is engaged in it. The government supports 900 lace schools, to which children are sent as young as five years. By the time they are ten they are self supporting. Brussels is a pillow lace. Indeed, Barbara Littman, the inventor of pillow lace, lived and died there.

The pattern, drawn upon parchment, is fixed firmly to the pillow, pins are stuck along the outlines, and to them the lace is woven by crossing and twisting the threads, each of which ends in a bobbin. Lace two inches wide requires 200 or 300 bobbins. A piece six inches has sometimes as many as a thousand. The thread is hand spun from the best Brabant flax, in damp, dark cellars, whose one ray of light falls on the spinner's hand.

Naturally spinning is very unhealthy, and experts get high wages. The best yarn from a single pound of flax fetches over \$3,000. For filling flowers and leaves fine soft cotton is used. Grounds, too, are often made of it. Elaborate patterns are made in sections, and joined together by the most skillful workers of all. As the lace is never washed before it is sold, the most exquisite neatness is requisite in everything connected with it.

Still, as months are consumed in making very handsome pieces, the work turns dingy in spite of the lace worker's best efforts. To remedy that it is sometimes dusted with white lead in powder, and turns dark at contact with gas or sulphur in a way to exasperate the wearer.—New York Herald.

Why the Mafia Exists in Italy.

The origin of the Camorra and Mafia murder leagues ceases to puzzle travelers who have visited the rural districts of southern Sicily. Nearly all the real estate of the coast plain from Syracuse to Cape Bianco is in the hands of a few aristocrats, who have deprived their tenants of their panes as well as of their circuses, of the right to hunt, to fish, to train fighting cocks, without a special license, as well as of the more urgent necessities of life. The streets of the inland villages generally resemble the gullies of a parched out mountain river, and the houses are mere mud piles, roofed with flat stones and wattles of broom-corn, and surrounded by rubbish heaps, where mangy curs and sore eyed children compete for scraps of animal refuse.

Laborers, returning from a day's hard work, sit down to a meal of maize paste and salad, washed down with the water of the slimy village cistern. The profits of little truck farms barely satisfy the demands of the title collector, and indignation meetings are promptly suppressed, but midnight conventicles are less easy to prevent, and the starving villager would as soon defile the statue of Garibaldi as to betray a Capo Mafioso who has befriended him at the expense of an oppressive landlord.—Felix L. Oswald in Philadelphia Times.

A New Use for Matches.

I watched a train hand stagger through the coach with eyes closed and a tearful face—a case of cinder. He met a companion, who instantly felt in his vest pocket, poised himself, made one motion, and the suffering brakeman at once went back to his post relieved. "How did you remove that cinder?" I asked. "With a match," he replied. Producing one, he split it to a point with his thumb nail. "This looks like a harsh way to treat so tender an organ," said he, "but it is entirely safe. Turning back the eyelid, the speck only needs to be touched by some dry substance—in this case the match—to adhere to it. We have to help one another so a dozen times a day." "But why not wait until stopping?" I inquired. "Too busy then. Besides, there is no need. It is as easy on a train in motion as on the ground when one is accustomed to it. After raising the arm for the operation, one needs to get the swing of the train. This car runs smoothly, so I did quick work."—Springfield Homestead.

Parisian Bouquets. Please to heed what an autocrat direct from the salons of Paris has to say on the subject of bouquets. No more "composed bunches of flowers" are carried by the fashionable women in that dizzy capital. A ribboned bouquet is regarded as "bad form," only the Parisian has another phrase for bad form, and a dame of the haut monde now enters a salon carrying a spray or branch of some flowers in season, such as lilac or mimosa. In this land of extravagance, where all the flowers are always in bloom, she might hold a spray of orchids or a bunch of roses, but the arranged bouquet, jamais! The idea is to resemble the young martyrs in the pictures. These said martyrs generally holding in one hand a palm branch. Perhaps our florists will catch on to this new wrinkle and have some extraordinarily lovely blooms prepared for their fair customers.—Boston Herald.

Pleasantly Expressed. A humorous writer thus describes how he got out of a bad scrape at the police court: The next morning the magistrate sent for me. I went to him, and he received me cordially, said he had heard of the wonderful things I had accomplished by knocking down five persons and assaulting six others, and was proud of me, for I was a promising young man. Then he offered a toast, 'Guilty or not guilty?' I responded in a brief but eloquent speech, setting forth the importance of the occasion that had brought us together. After the usual ceremonies I was requested to lend the city forty shillings.

A Speculation. "Chollis is in great glee today." "Why?" "He owed his tailor \$565 for five years, and the tailor got mad and put the account up at public auction. "I should think that would make Chollis mad."

"Oh, no. He went to the sale and bought it for eighty-five cents."—Harper's Bazar.

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



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