

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

Oregon has produced, during the past twenty-one years, in the line of precious metals the snug sum of \$66,231,787 while the wheat product for the same time amounts in value to the sum of \$142,653,627, or in the neighborhood of seven million dollars a year.

**INFORMATION WANTED.**  
 The Chronicle office sends with this issue of its weekly edition a slip containing a list of questions for the farmers of this and adjoining counties. Information is sought to be obtained as to the number of acres planted to cereals and other crops during the current year and the average amount per acre of the product. The information is intended to be used for the special benefit of Wasco, Sherman and other adjoining counties. The kind compliance of all farmers in whose hands the list of questions may fall, will confer a favor on us and possibly benefit themselves. The answers may be returned as soon as definite results are obtained.

**A FOREIGN BIRTH NO DISHONOR.**  
 When the editor of the East Oregonian seriously advises his readers that it is wrong to kill bed bugs and lice, they may well laugh at his childishness. When he fills his editorial column with the crude fancies of a disordered imagination, they may smile at his folly. When he treats with lofty scorn and bitter contempt every one who cannot follow his mental vagaries but who may be intellectually and educationally as much his superior as a giant is of a pigmy, men may condemn his inordinate vanity; but when he labels all who visit Europe in the character of tourists in the one category of "Snobs, idlers, parasites and slave owners," when he solemnly advises the members of the Louisiana legislature to vote for the accursed lottery swindle that has so long cast its withering blight over that state and has been a stench in the nostrils of all right minded American citizens; when he advocates a system of political economy that is subversive of human rights, destructive of human society and human government, men have a right to protest and it is the report of a dastardly poltroon, a retort that no man with the instincts of a gentleman would stoop to, to cast up to his assailant the accident of his foreign birth or the fact that necessity may have compelled him to accept wages in an honest and honorable employment. If it were dishonorable to be born in a foreign country a residence of four and twenty years in the United States and a hearty adoption of American principles, American ideas, and American justice should shield one from this dishonor. But it is no dishonor. The country that gave the writer birth gave thousands of her sons to defend with their life's blood the flag that the southern seceders of the editor of the East Oregonian sought to ruthlessly trample in the dust, while in every field and bivouac in American history Irishmen have been first to share the glory and the fight. No country ever yet dishonored the man who was born in it, and the man who, in the prime of intellectual and physical manhood renounces his allegiance to a foreign monarchy and adopts the principles and obligations of American citizenship, has something to boast of that the degenerate scion of a southern slave owner never knew. It is more honorable to be an Irishman, true as steel to the American government and American institutions, as Irishmen invariably are, than to have the glory that attaches to a birth beneath the stars and stripes and yet be the defender and advocate of political anarchy and social death. It is ten thousand times better to be an Irishman than to be a fool.

**BRIEF STATE NEWS.**  
 By the falling of a huge fir tree the new residence of Frank Bridgman, at Toledo, was completely demolished. None of the family were in the house at the time.  
 Great big, fat, luscious salmon are plentiful in Yaquina bay and sloughs, and since the burning of the Baker cannery there is but one left, that at Onacotta, Parker's which is not running this season.  
 Salmon fishing has just commenced at

Tillamook bay. The chinook salmon now invade the bay waters. They are not plentiful at present, but when the chinook give place to the silverside, a much larger number is expected.  
 Emil Schuman, of the firm of Ingalls & Shuman, was seriously injured last Thursday while riding his horse to Clatsop. He was looking after some cattle, and was thrown on the horn of the saddle in such a way as to cause internal injury.  
 Another call has been issued by the property-owners of Astoria for a meeting to consider the best manner of raising the land subsidy required to secure the immediate commencement and construction of a railroad, standard gauge, from Astoria to transcontinental connection.

Cyrus Landreth, an aged settler, died at his home on North Coos river August 19, after a brief illness. He was 74 years of age, having lived in this country for upwards of thirty years, and few men had less faults or more friends. He leaves a wife and seven grown sons and daughters.  
 The destructive work of the lightning was felt Wednesday afternoon at Monmouth, when it struck and set fire to a barn belonging to James Helmke. The lightning struck the building in the top, and in a few moments the entire structure was in flames. The mow contained forty tons of hay, which was consumed, with all other contents of the building.

**OUR W. C. T. U. COLUMN.**  
**Some Interesting Gossip Gathered From Various Sources.**  
**THE DRUNKARD'S BARREL.**  
 A barrel of headaches, of heartaches, of woes:  
 A barrel of curses, a barrel of blows:  
 A barrel of tears from a world-wearied wife:  
 A barrel of sorrows, a barrel of strife:  
 A barrel of all-unavailing regret:  
 A barrel of cares and a barrel of debt:  
 A barrel of crime and a barrel of pain:  
 A barrel of hopes ever blasted and vain:  
 A barrel of falsehoods, a barrel of cries  
 That fall from the maniac's lips as he dies.  
 A barrel of poison—of this nearly full:  
 A barrel of poverty, ruin and blight:  
 A barrel of terrors that grow with the night:  
 A barrel of hunger, a barrel of groans:  
 A barrel of orphans' most pitiful moans:  
 A barrel of serpents that hiss as they pass  
 From the head on the liquor that glows in the glass.

At a recent meeting in Chicago Mr. Powderly said:  
 "I believe in Sunday rest. So do the Knights of Labor. I believe the time will come when enough can be done in five days to give the laboring man two days in the week—one for God and one for humanity. Disconnect me from all organizations; consider me as an American citizen, and I have to say, speaking for myself, that I have fault to find with the saloons. Against the mere useless thing I have nothing to say, but when the saloon is open on Sunday, some workmen's homes are closed. The dry goods man closes his place, but on the door of the saloon which has its curtain down and the front entrance shut, you will find a legend directing you to the door that is open. If the dry goods man is compelled to close on Sunday, the saloon ought to be closed. I believe that in five years the sun will shine on a country whose saloons are closed on Sunday. If I had my way the saloons would be closed until the next Sunday."

Mrs. Margaret Bottome, who, in connection with Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, founded the order of King's Daughters, is an imposing-looking woman, with handsome gray hair, strong features and beautiful expression. For many years she has given bible readings or talks in parlors of her friends in New York and Brooklyn. These are always crowded by women, though they are given in the morning. In Brooklyn, especially, it has been found that no drawing-room is large enough to hold the throngs that wish to hear her, and this season, for the first time, the talks are given in chapels and lecture-rooms of the largest churches in different parts of the city, and even with these increased accommodations many ladies are not able to get seats, but stand throughout the exercises. The King's Daughters now number over two hundred thousand.

Z. Y. Sweeney, of Indiana, United States consul general at Constantinople, has just returned to his home to spend his leave of absence. He talks very interestingly of the Turks, their customs and religion. He says they are a nation of teetotalers and truth-tellers. Constantinople has fifty newspapers of which nineteen are dailies, five are Turkish, seven American, eight greek, six French, two French and English, one Italian, two Hebrew, two Bulgarian, one Arabian, one Persian, one German.  
 San Francisco has 4500 saloons or places where liquor is sold at retail. One saloon to every seventy-three persons or one to every fourteen voters.  
 Doctor—Your arm is broken and you will have to carry it in a sling. Old lawyer—Wouldn't it do just as well if I carried the sling in my stomach?  
**Temperance Arithmetic.**  
 Tom smokes 3 cigars and his father smokes 5 each day, for which they pay 60 cents a dozen. His father drinks 3 glasses of beer a day at 5 cents a glass. Tom's mother buys three loaves of bread a day at 5 cents a loaf, and 2 rolls of butter a week at 50 cents a roll; at the end of the year how much more do the cigars and beer cost than the bread and butter.

The annual liquor bill for the United States is \$1,484,000,000, and the amount paid for tobacco is three-fourths as much; how much is expended for tobacco?  
 A poor man, 70 years of age, was sent to an almshouse. Had he saved the money spent for tobacco since he was 20 years of age, providing he spent \$30 a

year, how much would he have had?  
 There are 10,000 saloons in New York City. If formed into a street with saloons on each side, allowing 20 feet to each saloon, what would be the length of the street?  
 (a) If the 175,000 saloons of the United States be formed into a street with saloons on each side, allowing 25 feet for each, how many miles long would the street be? (b) If the 175,000 saloonkeepers be formed into a procession, marching 4 abreast, allowing each set 3 feet, what would be the length of the procession?  
 (a) In early times, Socharie county, N. Y., was bought of an Indian chief for a barrel of whisky. If the Indian drank a pint a day, how long did it take him to swallow the whole county? (b) As the county contains 256,000 acres, and the whisky was valued at \$1 a gallon, what was the price paid per acre?

**Strange Spirit Manifestations.**  
 One of the best authenticated instances of ghostly visitation is connected with Dr. Kerner's so-called Seersess of Provoost. Dr. Kerner for many years conducted an asylum for the insane at Weinsburg, in Southern Germany. There came to him for treatment a Mrs. Hauflie, a lady in delicate health, of great nervous irritability, and with a mind which was, to say the least, not too well balanced. Wherever this afflicted woman went, and Dr. Justinus Kerner is authority, she was pursued by a variety of strange noises. Chinaware and glassware, tables and chairs were mysteriously moved in the presence of witnesses. A medicine vial rose slowly into the air and had to be brought back by one of the bystanders.  
 On several occasions an easy chair was lifted up to the ceiling by unseen power and then returned slowly to the floor. On one occasion the great skeptic, Dr. Strauss, was one of her visitors, and during his stay Mrs. Hauflie fell asleep on her sofa when there immediately arose long, fearful groanings close by the doctor's side and in the vicinity of his amiable but remarkable hostess. The strange suffering woman was the only one who knew the cause of these phenomena. She ascribed them all to a dark spirit who appeared to her as a black column of smoke with a hideous head, whose unseen approach oppressed even the bystanders.  
 Dr. Kerner relates countless mysterious phenomena which occurred in this patient's bedroom. He beheld Mrs. Hauflie's shoes pulled off by invisible hands while she was lying almost inanimate in a trance on her bed. She revealed secrets which, upon writing to utterly unknown persons at a great distance, Dr. Kerner proved to be correctly stated.—Philadelphia Press.

**Helping the Maids.**  
 During the War of the Revolution, while the American and British armies were contending in Pennsylvania, General Washington was in the neighborhood of Marietta, Lancaster county. General Lee, with two or three aide-de-camp, rode in advance, and stopping at a wayside inn, informed the landlord that General Washington and his staff officers would quarter at his house for the night.  
 This news, of course, caused great confusion among the inmates of the establishment. They wanted to do honor to the beloved commander, and bustled about to have all things in readiness upon his arrival.  
 "Here, you," said the genius who presided in the kitchen to General Lee, ignorant of his rank in the army, "just go out to that woodpile and split an armful for me. I must hurry up this fire, or I cannot get a good supper for General Washington."  
 The officer, enjoying the joke, obediently took up the ax, and soon the chips were flying in all directions. He was busily working away when Washington and his staff rode up to the tavern.  
 "Why, General Lee," said the commander-in-chief, "what in the world are you doing?"  
 "Oh," replied Lee, lifting his head, "I am helping the maids in the kitchen. General Washington and his officers are coming here for supper to-night."  
 Both generals burst into a hearty laugh, in which their companions joined; and even the landlady, who had set the general at work, enjoyed the joke after she had recovered somewhat from her mortification.—Youth's Companion.

**The Bridgroom Had a Dog License.**  
 People who have lived in cities where marriage licenses are required often have great difficulty in understanding the system in vogue here. They cannot realize that the services of a minister or alderman are all that is necessary when the parties have reached the proper age. A German whose knowledge of the English language is limited wished to get married not long ago, and being under the impression that a license was necessary he started out to secure one. He wandered around the postoffice and the various municipal and county buildings for an hour or two, unable to find the place where licenses were to be had.  
 Finally he managed to explain to a policeman that he wanted a license, although he was unable to make it clear what kind of a one he was after. The officer directed him to the place where dog licenses are issued, and the happy suitor paid his fee and received the precious paper.  
 That evening the German and his blushing affianced went to the house of a minister to have the Gordian knot tied. When the bridegroom proudly handed over his dog license the worthy pastor could hardly perform the ceremony for suppressed laughter. The couple, however, were none the less firmly married because the paper allowed the husband to keep a dog instead of to wed a wife.—New York Tribune.

The work on the portage road at the Cascade Locks has been done in a very substantial manner. The ties are laid for a standard gauge road, and the iron is heavy enough for the same purpose. Should it prove desirable to make the change, it can be done at trifling cost and at short notice. Mr. Farley has shown that he was the right man for the place, and has astonished the public by building the road inside of the appropriation. The road will be ready for business in a few weeks, certainly by the time the Regulator is finished. The public are getting quite interested in the new boat and await anxiously the experiment of reaching the world with their products over the new route.—Glacier.  
 How many cylindrical tanks 8 feet in diameter and 15 feet deep would it take to contain the 272,000,000 gallons of liquor consumed in the United States in one year?

**SOCIETIES.**  
**ASSEMBLY NO. 4827, K. OF L.**—Meets in K. of P. hall on first and third Sundays at 8 o'clock p. m.  
**WASCO LODGE, NO. 15, A. F. & A. M.**—Meets first and third Monday of each month at 7 p. m.  
**DALLE'S ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER NO. 4.**—Meets in Masonic Hall the third Wednesday of each month at 7 P. M.  
**MODERN WOODMEN OF THE WORLD.**—Mt. Hood Camp No. 59, Meets Tuesday evening of each week in I. O. O. F. Hall, at 7:30 P. M.  
**COLUMBIA LODGE, NO. 5, I. O. O. F.**—Meets every Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock, in Odd Fellows hall, Second street, between Federal and Washington. Sojourning brothers are welcome. H. A. BILLS, Sec'y. R. G. CLOSTER, N. G.  
**FRIENDSHIP LODGE, NO. 9, K. of P.**—Meets every Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock, in Schanno's building, corner of Court and Second streets. Sojourning members are cordially invited. GEO. T. THOMPSON, C. C. D. W. VAUSE, Sec'y.  
**WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION** will meet every Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the reading room. All are invited.  
**TEMPLE LODGE NO. 3, A. O. U. W.**—Meets at K. of P. Hall, Corner Second and Court streets, Thursday evenings at 7:30.  
 W. S. MYERS, Financier. JOHN FILLION, M. W.

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 To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied by \$3.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantee issued only by  
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 Also a Branch Bakery, California Orange Cider, and the Best Apple Cider.  
 If you want a good lunch, give me a call.  
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