

The Dalles Daily Chronicle.

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

A QUESTION.

The CHRONICLE has received the following:

WASCO, Or., Jan. 11, 1892.

Editor of the Chronicle: It is reported here by Mr. Moody himself that at the time he was buying wheat last fall and paying from 5 to 6 cents more per bushel than other buyers...

There is nothing to hinder them that we know of, but if they did we do not believe they would make anything like five or six cents a bushel by the process. But the story is not new to the CHRONICLE; we have heard it before. It was invented to explain how Mr. Moody could pay within two cents of the Portland price for wheat...

CURRENT COMMENT.

An experiment in weaving silk by electric looms has been made in Germany, and the results seem to encourage the idea of a return to manufacturing at the houses of the weavers.

We could never account for Bro. Mitchell's expertness on that instrument until by this accident it has come to light that he can trace his ancestry so far back over the dingy pages of time...

Gothe says: "For a half-prudent girl there is really something awful in the thought of marriage." But for the average girl there is something a good deal more awful in the thought of not being married.

There may be an uncertainty whether the bi-chloride of gold remedy cures or kills, but there is none as to alcohol. It is one of the most reliable preservatives, and is used largely for anatomical specimens.

An ancient lyric dated 2000 years before Christ has come to light. It is reported to have been found by a democratic politician who was looking up material for the next campaign, and will be modernized so as to be used in 1892.

JUST WHAT HE SAID HE WOULD DO.

The following telegram is clipped from the Oregonian of this date:

SALEM, Or., Jan. 12.—Governor Penoyer today directed a letter to the river and harbor committee, in which he expresses the hope that the committee can incorporate in the bill of appropriation for rivers and harbors, the sum of \$431,500 for a portage railway from the foot of The Dalles to above Celilo falls, on the Columbia river.

The sending of this letter is in harmony with a promise the governor made some time ago to W. E. Rinehart, of this city when he announced his intention, and the CHRONICLE published it, of doing all in his power to secure a portage around the dalles obstructions. The governor has done precisely what the CHRONICLE said he would do.

The CHRONICLE earnestly approves of the following bit of advice given by the New York Tribune to the "free silver" members of the present congress: "What the country has to say to these men is simply the direction spoken of old to Judas, 'That thou doest, do quickly.' Let not long debate and uncertainty prostrate business throughout the land. The prospects of trade and industry are now exceptionally bright. A long contest about the silver question would almost inevitably shake confidence and arrest business. Play the political game quickly if it must be played. Make the harm to business as brief and little as possible. Send the bill to the senate in a single day: what is the use of congressional debate about it? The senate ought to be able to act on a

question exhaustively discussed last year and then decide without delay or talk. If the bill goes to the president at all he will not take weeks or even days to make up his mind what to do, congress may be sure. The republican party is exceedingly willing to meet this issue before the people. All it has to ask is that the industries and trade of the country shall be harmed as little as possible while the question is pending in congress. After that the democrats will see how wise they have been.

NORTHWEST NEWS.

Mrs. Henry Root, living near Wasco, has sold from four cows during the past year, 1891, \$80 worth of butter, and \$78 worth of eggs from sixty hens during the same length of time.

An unknown disease has attacked horses in Kittitas county, and threatens to become epidemic. Farmers and stock men are helpless, as nothing like it has ever appeared before in that section and no remedy is known for it. It promises to work much hardship on the settlers in that section.

A young man named Veit, living at the head of the West valley, had an adventure with a band of elk this week. As told in the Skamokawa Eagle, he fired and shot one of them, when the whole lot of them turned on him and showed fight, and he was obliged to kill seven before they would leave. He has the meat ready to bring in. He also caught a cougar in his trap.

The work of raising the Telephone is progressing, and the contractors, Messrs. Plaque & Co., are confident of getting her off without any serious damage to the boat. There are two large scows along side of the boat which are to hold her up when she is raised by means of screws, and when clear she will be suspended between these scows and held firmly in position. It is expected that she will be afloat by Wednesday.

B. R. Whitney, from Peterson's Point on Gray's harbor, informs the Centralia News that there is a rush to that point from all the Gray's harbor country, and the whole beach is being staked off in mining claims. There is gold in the black sand found along the beach of the ocean and many attempts have been made to wash it out, but owing to the lightness of the particles it has heretofore been found impossible to make it pay. Now it is claimed that a way has been discovered by which the gold can all be saved and separated from the sand.

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Superintendent Porter reports that it costs only 11 cents per capita to take the census in the United States. When the well-informed citizen of Seattle and Tacoma reads that he will go off behind the house and smile. There are things about that census which even the superintendent wots not of.

A Russian physician has made a series of elaborate experiments to test the old-time notion that fluids taken with food weaken the action of the gastric juice. He finds that "to take fluids with the meals is almost as important an adjunct to digestion as is the mastication of solid food preparatory to swallowing it."

That journalistic accuracy in Arkansas is receiving some much needed attention is evinced by the following, from the Hot Springs, Arkansas, Tom Cat: "We desire to warn those of our readers who may be inclined to trust the man who is going around the streets of Jonestown claiming to be John the Baptist. We have taken great pains to look the matter up, and know that he is not what he purports to be. John the Baptist didn't have a full bloom on his nose, a red bandanna tied around his neck and a pint bottle in his caboose pocket of his overalls, as did the man we saw yesterday."

Chairman Springer of the ways and means committee has introduced a measure providing for a free admission of all wool. It is a striking fact, though, that no democrat can be found who has the fairness to the west and the independence of the manufacturing interests of the east to propose a bill for the free admission of wools as well as wools. It is safe to say that no such bill will ever pass the democratic house. The republican party protects both the wool grower and the manufacturer; if the democracy wants an issue on that point, in common fairness, propose free trade on both—not free trade in wool and protection in wools.

Titles and Plain "Mist."

Not many years ago the title of doctor was considered justly as an honor and an evidence of sound education and training.

The extraordinary fondness in this country for titles of all kinds, especially those of doctor, professor and colonel or some military equivalent, has taken away all the prestige from the name. The druggist at the corner is a "doctor," the chiropractor is a "professor," and the advertising columns of some newspapers are embellished with pictures of these long haired "doctors" and "professors."

To a man who has been a groom the bestowal of "doctor medicine," no doubt, still confers an honor; but, on the whole, the title has become rather a trade mark and a convenient means of unobtrusive advertisement rather than a badge of distinction or evidence of scholarly attainment.

There seems to be a growing feeling that, after all, the title of "mist" is as noble a one as a gentleman needs or can desire. This is the title that is almost now a distinction among medical men, who feel their own strength and rest on their consciousness of being masters of their art—the good old title of "mist," which some of the best men in the profession find ample for all social and professional purposes. It is certainly infinitely more honorable than any unacademic or unwarranted use of the title of "doctor."

It Came Off, for Once.

"How now! What ho! dear sir," said an old rounder, stopping me at the Washington statue in front of Independence hall, "will you allow me, beneath the shadow of this historic building, to speak a few words to you?"

"Well, go ahead," I said. "For about the fiftieth time I read the Declaration of Independence today," he continued, "and I pondered long and deeply over it. I believe the whole gist of it is that all men are free and equal. Am I not right?"

"Certainly. But what have I to do with that?" I asked. "Everything, my dear sir; everything," he replied. "You are a good American, I know, and that is the reason why I wished to say to you that men are not free and equal in all cases."

"In what cases are they not?" "Well, take for instance our own case," he said with all seriousness. "True, we are both free, but we are not equal. You have enough money about you to buy a brace. I have not. Therefore we are not equal. Do I make myself clear?"

"Perfectly. Here you are. Will ten place us upon an equal footing?" "Undoubtedly. Would that all Americans thought as much of our fundamental principles."

"And he shot up the street rejoicing in the fact that for once he was free and equal.—Philadelphia Press.

Names of London Streets. I don't wonder that reformers shudder when it comes to the names of streets. I myself have counted twenty-six King streets, sixteen Queen streets and thirteen Duke streets in this town! The same name will repeat itself in street, road, place, crescent and square, upper and lower, east and west, until the brain begins to soften. We've spent more shillings in directing cabs to Gloucester something or other, when we ought to have gone to Gloucester something else, than I dare tell.

Bob declares he'll be chained to an address book hereafter. I suppose a good deal of this repetition is due to the greediness with which London swallows up town after town. But really there is no excuse for baptizing the same streets several times. One street in our neighborhood, not half a mile long, has three names. It's a blessing to get into Piccadilly, Oxford street and the Strand, for then I know where I am; but now I come to think of it, I don't know anything of the sort, for Piccadilly runs into Knights bridge, that street runs into several things, the Strand becomes Fleet street at Temple Bar—or, perhaps I ought to say, at the place where Temple Bar once stood—and Oxford street loses itself in Holborn.—London Cor. Kate Field's Washington.

The Glow Worm's Light. The English glow worm is the wingless female of a winged beetle. Some suppose that the light she bears is bestowed for her protection to scare away the nightingale and other nocturnal birds. Others, however, believe that the gift of brightness is the very lure by which her foes are assisted to discover and devour her. Much speculation has been indulged in as to the nature of the glow worm's light, which is not put out by water nor seemingly capable of giving forth any heat. It has been asserted that the light diffusing substance contains phosphorus, but this has never been proved. Certainly it is incapable of communicating ignition to anything.—Washington Star.

A Ticking Tombstone. A "ticking tombstone" draws many visitors to the cemetery of the London Tract meeting house on the boundary line between Delaware and Pennsylvania. Two centuries ago the region was settled by Quakers from London, and the meeting house is quaint and venerable. A constant ticking comes from one of the old tombstones; and while many superstitious ears listen to the sound with awe, practical people say that the strange noise is caused by a subterranean rivulet, which drains drop by drop, against the base of the tombstone.—Yankee Blade.

A Sad Complication. "I'll never publish another book anonymously as long as I live," said a poet on Christmas morning.

"Why not?" queried a friend. "Because I have already received five copies of my own book from my admirers, with the compliments of the season."—Harper's.

SOCIETIES.

ASSEMBLY NO. 487, K. OF L.—Meets in K. of P. hall the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at 7:30 p. m.

WASCO LODGE, NO. 15, A. F. & A. M.—Meets first and third Monday of each month at 7 p. m.

DALLES ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER NO. 5.—Meets in Masonic Hall the third Wednesday of each month at 7 p. m.

MODERN WOODMEN OF THE WORLD.—Meets in Masonic Hall the third Wednesday of each week in the K. of P. Hall, at 7:30 p. m.

COLUMBIA LODGE, NO. 5, I. O. O. F.—Meets every Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock, in K. of P. Hall, corner Second and Court streets. Sojourning brothers are welcome.

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.

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.

JAS. NESMITH POST, No. 32, G. A. R.—Meets every Saturday at 7:30 p. m., in the K. of P. Hall.

OF L. E.—Meets every Sunday afternoon in the K. of P. Hall.

OF L. E. DIVISION, No. 167—Meets in the K. of P. Hall the first and third Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 p. m.

THE CHURCHES.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH—Rev. Father BRONSKI, Pastor. Low Mass every Sunday at 11 a. m. High Mass at 10:30 a. m. Vespers at 7 p. m.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH—Union Street, opposite Fifth. Rev. Ed. D. Satchle, Rector. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School 9:45 a. m. Evening Prayer on Friday at 7 p. m.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. O. D. TAYLOR, Pastor. Morning services every Sabbath at the academy at 11 a. m. Sabbath School immediately after morning services. Prayer meeting Friday evening at Pastor's residence. Union services in the court house at 7 p. m.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—Rev. W. C. CURTIS, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School after morning service. Strangers cordially invited. Seats free.

M. E. CHURCH—Rev. A. C. SPENCER, pastor. Services every Sunday morning, Sunday School at 12:30 o'clock P. M. A cordial invitation is extended by both pastor and people to all.

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