

The Dalles Daily Chronicle.

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COUNTY OFFICIALS.

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

General Andrew Jackson said: "True statesmanship will place side by side the farm and the workshop."

Portland is justly proud of the fact that there has never been a failure of a wholesale house in the city.

The county treasurer of Crook advertises to pay all county warrants registered prior to January 12th, 1891. This is a very good showing for Crook county.

The town of Medford in this state had a municipal election on the 12th, under the new election law. The working of the new law gave great satisfaction.

President Harrison is reported to have stated at a cabinet meeting held on the 12th that the Chilean situation was more serious than at any previous time. He had found nothing that indicated the least regret on the part of Chili for the outrage.

The state land board has made a formal order to the effect that hereafter no certificates should be issued to intending purchasers of unsurveyed school lands. The ruling is opposed to the practice that has been pursued for years and it shows that the board is favorable to actual settlement as opposed to speculative purchase.

Politicians have long memories and it can scarcely be doubted that had W. L. Hill not been connected with the Cronin affair in 1876 he would have been appointed to the vacant federal judgeship in the ninth district. As it is, he seems to be completely out of the race and the president's objection to him has taken the form that any one who received any of Tilden's money could not be considered eligible for a judgeship in this administration.

A villainous brute named Andrews in Muskegon, Mich., fraudulently placed his wife in a private insane asylum and then eloped with a wealthy Miss McGreggor of Jacksonville, Ills. Andrews and Miss McGreggor have gone to Paris. The wronged wife has been left penniless with two small children, one of whom was born while Mrs. Andrews was in the asylum. It is just such villains as Andrews that make a burning hell a moral necessity under the government of a righteous God.

There are some things railroad companies cannot do. They have been accused of buying up courts and legislatures and they have been known to defy a railroad commission but they could not make a brakeman—humble as he is—stand on the top of a moving freight train in the middle of an Oregon winter. The Southern Pacific tried it the other day. A strike was ordered in consequence with the result that the obnoxious and unreasonable order was recalled and the men went back to work.

NORTHWEST NEWS.

The stock inspector of Crook county estimates the number of sheep in his county at 215,197. The "oldest inhabitant" is surprised at the weather of this winter. Heavy rains and the mercury running away up above zero are uncommon occurrences at this season of the year in Crook county.—Ochocho Review.

Petitions were signed in this city Monday for Mr. Gilbert, of Gilbert & Snow, attorneys for the Union Pacific railroad of Portland, to be appointed federal judge. There seems to be a determination to have a corporation attorney for this place.—Salem Journal.

C. A. VanHouten, of the B. S. & L. Co., says this has been a hard winter on sheep, owing to the great amount of rain that has fallen. The heavy-wool sheep of this county do not stand rain well. When their fleeces become thoroughly wet they will rot travel around to obtain food and keep warm.—Ochocho Review.

Surgeons Stitt and Wite, of the Baltimore, estimate the results of the Chilean riot in connection with that vessel as follows: Two sailors were killed, five seriously wounded and twelve slightly wounded.

MENTAL TELEGRAPHY.

INFLUENCE OF MIND ON MIND STRONGLY ILLUSTRATED.

A Strange Story of Thought Transmission—Two Well Known Men Conceive the Same Idea at About the Same Time. An Odd Experience of Mark Twain's.

Now I come to the oddest thing that ever happened to me. Two or three years ago I was lying in bed idly musing one morning—it was the 2d of March—when suddenly a red hot new idea came whistling down into my camp and exploded with such comprehensive effectiveness as to sweep the vicinity clean of rubbishy reflections and fill the air with their dust and flying fragments. This idea, stated in simple phrase, was that the time was ripe and the market ready for a certain book; a book which ought to be written at once; a book which must command attention and be of peculiar interest—to wit, a book about the Nevada silver mines.

The Great Bonanza was a new wonder then, and everybody was talking about it. It seemed to me that the person best qualified to write this book was Mr. William H. Wright, a journalist of Virginia, Nev., by whose side I had scribbled many months when I was a reporter there ten or twelve before. He might be alive still; he might be dead; I could not tell; but I would write him anyway.

I began by merely and modestly suggesting that he make such a book, but my interest grew as I went on, and I ventured to map out what I thought ought to be the plan of the work, he being an old friend, and not given to taking good intentions for ill. I even dealt with details and suggested the order and sequence which they should follow. I was about to put the manuscript in an envelope, when the thought occurred to me that if this book should be written at my suggestion, and then no publisher happen to want it, I should feel uncomfortable; so I concluded to keep my letter back until I should have secured a publisher.

READING AN UNOPENED LETTER. I pigeonholed my document and dropped a note to my own publisher, asking him to name a day for a business consultation. He was out of town on a far journey. My note remained unanswered, and at the end of three or four days the whole matter had passed out of my mind. On the 9th of March the postman brought three or four letters, and among them a thick one whose superscription was in a hand which seemed dimly familiar to me. I could not "place" it at first, but presently I succeeded. Then I said to a visiting relative who was present: "Now I will do a miracle. I will tell you everything this letter contains—date, signature and all—without breaking the seal. It is from a Mr. Wright, of Virginia, Nev., and is dated the 2d of March—seven days ago. Mr. Wright proposes to make a book about the silver mines and the Great Bonanza, and asks what I, as a friend, think of the idea. He says his subjects are to be so and so, their order and sequence so and so, and he will close with a history of the chief feature of the book, the Great Bonanza."

READ ARIGHT. I opened the letter and showed that I had stated the date and the contents correctly. Mr. Wright's letter simply contained what my own letter, written on the same date contained, and mine still lay in its pigeonhole, where it had been lying during the seven days since it was written. There was no clairvoyance about this, if I rightly comprehend what clairvoyance is. I think the clairvoyant professes to actually see concealed writings and read it off word for word. This was not my case. I only seemed to know, and to know absolutely, the contents of the letter in detail and due order, but I had to word them myself. I translated them, so to speak, out of Wright's language into my own. Wright's letter and the one which I had written to him, but never sent, were in substance the same. Necessarily this could not come by accident; such elaborate accidents cannot happen. Chance might have duplicated one or two of the details, but she would have broken down on the rest. I could not doubt—there was no tenable reason for doubting—that Mr. Wright's mind and mine had been in close and crystal clear communication with each other across 3,000 miles of mountain and desert on the morning of March 2, I did not consider that both minds originated that succession of ideas, but that one mind originated them, and simply telegraphed them to the other.

MENTAL TELEGRAPHY. I was curious to know which brain was the telegrapher and which was the receiver, so I wrote and asked for particulars. Mr. Wright's reply showed that his mind had done the originating and telegraphing and mine the receiving. Mark that significant thing now; Consider for a moment how many a splendid "original" idea has been unconsciously stolen from a man 8,000 miles away. If one should question that this is so, let him look into the cyclopedia and can once more that curious thing in the history of inventions which has puzzled every one so much—that is, the frequency with which the same machine or other contrivance has been invented at the same time by several persons in different quarters of the globe. The world was without an electric telegraph for several thousand years; then Professor Henry the American, Wheatstone in England, Morse on the sea, and a German in Munich all invented it at the same time.—Mark Twain in Harper's.

The Howdah. The Indian howdah is a sort of car or pavilion, a saddle for elephants. It is a handsome affair with gorgeous trappings, and though of various forms is usually covered overhead. The driver is not seated in the howdah, which is reserved for his master, but sits on the elephant's neck.—Detroit Free Press.

Titles and Plain "Mister."

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 chiroprapist is a "professor," and 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 noobtrusive 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 "mister" 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 "mister," 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." And I see many indications that this view is shared by the professional and by many who think they have a right by courtesy to something more.—New York Herald.

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 bracer. 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."

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. 427, 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. 6.—Meets in Masonic Hall the third Wednesday of each month at 7 p. m.

MODERN WOODMEN OF THE WORLD.—In the Y. M. C. A. rooms every Tuesday evening 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.

GESANG VEREIN—Meets every Sunday evening in the K. of P. Hall.

OF L. E. DIVISION, No. 157—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 Brose, Pastor. High Mass every Sunday at 7 A. M. High Mass at 10:30 A. M. Vespers at 7 P. M.

ADVENT CHRISTIAN CHURCH—Preaching in the Y. M. C. A. rooms every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school immediately after morning service. J. A. Orchard, pastor.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH—Union Street, opposite St. High. Rev. E. D. Sutcliffe, Rector. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School 9:45 A. M. Evening Prayer on Friday at 7:30.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. O. D. Taylor, Pastor. Morning services every Sabbath at the academy at 11 A. M. Sabbath School immediately after morning service. 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.

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