

The Dalles Daily Chronicle.
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 Secretary of State.....G. W. McBride
 Treasurer.....Phillip Metcahan
 Sup't. of Public Instruction.....J. H. Mitchell
 Senators.....J. H. Mitchell
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 State Printer.....Frank Baker

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 Sheriff.....D. L. Cates
 Clerk.....G. W. Crossen
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 Commissioners.....H. A. Leavens
Frank Kincaid
John E. Barnett
 Assessor.....E. F. Sharp
 Superintendent of Public Schools.....Troy Shelley
 Coroner.....William Mitchell

The CHRONICLE has no need to say that its editor has always been in full sympathy with any effort that ever has been made to improve the grade on Tygh hill. When he lived near it and had to use it he worked at various times as hard as any one to that end. Nor has he ever failed, since he took charge of this journal, as its readers will bear witness, to urge the claims of the people living south of Tygh to assistance from without to build the road. But he thinks it hardly fair that the county court should get all the blame for the fact that the road is still in the same condition it has been in for the last twenty years. If we are rightly informed there is a limit beyond which the county court cannot go, in the matter of rendering assistance to county roads. The court we believe would at any time have given some assistance if the people themselves had exhibited energy enough to start the work. The court was willing enough to pay for a survey but if the truth must be told it had neither authority nor means to grant an appropriation sufficient to be of any appreciable benefit. The case is different now. An addition of two mills has been added to the county levy for road purposes exclusively. This will raise a fund amounting to between five and six thousand dollars, and this sum added to the amount annually appropriated for roads ought to enable the court to grant a handsome appropriation for the Tygh hill grade. It is proposed to distribute the amount among the various road districts in proportion to their necessities as well as to the amount of taxes contributed. The court assures the writer that the funds will be appropriated to the districts as soon as possible after the winter breaks. The work on Tygh Hill will be let by contract under the supervision of the court. But the funds available will not be sufficient, to complete the work, after the largest contribution the court can give, without the help of the people interested. They should therefore set about taking up subscriptions in labor and money so that if possible a passable road may be opened against the time of next harvest. There is no time to be lost. God helps those who help themselves, and any good sensible county court is built that way too; but the people of Tygh, Wamic and Wapinitia must get a move on themselves now if they want the road by next fall.

The Interstate Artificial Rain company, of Kansas has entered into a contract with parties in Tulare county, California to produce, during a period of thirty days, an average rain fall of not less than three inches, within a radius of twenty-five miles from the point of operation the amount of said rain fall to be determined by true and correct rain gauges located at different points within said radius. The consideration is \$3500 and in case the party of the first part fail to bring the rain according to contract, then, in that case they shall receive no compensation for any work they may have done. The proposition is fair enough on the face of it so far as Tulare county is concerned and the contract was only let after one of Tulare county's leading citizens had visited the home of the rain makers and had seen them at work.

The very best friends of the Dalles Portage railroad can scarcely hope for an appropriation from congress for that purpose. Of course Mr. Hermann will do all he can but he is fighting against too great odds. The indications are that the bill will sleep in committee the sleep that knows no waking. The CHRONICLE has not the slightest conception that the bill will ever pass. Our only hope, therefore, is in the home legislative. It will come to this sooner or later and parties seeking legislative honors at the next election should know that no man whose record, in connection with an open river, is suspicious or doubtful can be sent to Salem from Wasco county.

The crop of candidates for the various offices in the gift of the dear people of Wasco county is about as thick as far weed in a field of volunteer wheat. Alas! that so many of the tender plants should be nipped by the chilly frosts of the June election.

A Mistake.
 These curious personal resemblances, which are not uncommon, have given rise to the popular belief that every man has his double somewhere in the world. It appears that the double of a well known professor of the Rush Medical college is a hairdresser, whose shop is situated in the immediate neighborhood of that institution, and who, well aware of his likeness to the learned doctor, carefully copies the latter in dress, bearing and demeanor. A few days ago the professor was walking homeward from his lecture room, when a gentleman, entirely unknown to him, stopped him in the street, saying:
 "Follow me to my house. I want you to cut my hair."

The amiable professor, one of whose principles of life it has always been never to withhold from a fellow creature any service that it might be within his power to render, meekly accompanied the stranger home and there addressed himself to the task thus imperatively prescribed to him. Lacking professional scissors, he picked up a pair of shears, used for cutting paper, from a writing table in the dressing room to which he had been conducted, and with this implement proceeded most conscientiously to cut his victim's hair down to the very roots.

When he had cleared about half the skull he accidentally stuck the point of his shears into the scalp of his patient, who, springing to his feet in great pain and wrath, exclaimed:
 "Can't you take care what you're about? Do you call yourself a hairdresser?"
 "A hairdresser!" returned the astonished sage. "Certainly not. I am only Professor Blank, very much at your service, as you perceive."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Tight Lacing Once More.
 It is a trite but correct remark that, as the human form has been molded by nature, the best shape is undoubtedly that which she has given it. To endeavor to render it more elegant by artificial means is to change it; to make it much smaller below and much larger above is to destroy its beauty; to keep it cased up in a kind of domestic cuirass is not only to deform it, but to expose the internal parts to serious injury. Under such compression as is commonly practiced by ladies, the development of the bones, which are still tender, does not take place conformably to the intention of nature, because nutrition is necessarily stopped, and they consequently become twisted and deformed.

Those who wear these appliances of tight lacing often complain that they cannot sit upright without them—are sometimes, indeed, compelled to wear them during all the twenty-four hours; a fact which proves to what an extent such articles weaken the muscles of the trunk. The injury does not fall merely on the internal structure of the body, but also on its beauty and on the temper and feelings with which that beauty is associated. Beauty is in reality but another name for expression of countenance, which is the index of sound health, intelligence, good feelings and peace of mind. All are aware that uneasy feelings, existing habitually in the breast, speedily exhibit their signature on the countenance, and that bitter thoughts or a bad temper spoil the human expression of its comeliness and grace.—New York Ledger.

A Negro Servant's Wit.
 A copy of the Salem (Mass.) Gazette of Aug. 12, 1738, contains the following anecdote:
 A gentleman in the state of Connecticut regularly attended public worship on the Lord's day with all his family; on the Sunday evening he always catechised his children and servants on the principles of religion, and what they heard the minister deliver from the pulpit.

He had a negro man who never could remember a note of the sermon, though otherwise smart. At last his master peremptorily told him he would on Monday morning tie him up and flog him.
 Next Sunday evening, when interrogated, he had forgotten all. On Monday morning his master executes his threat so far as to tie him up.
 The fellow then cried out, "Oh, master, spare me, for I remember something the minister said."
 "What is it?" said the master.
 The fellow replied, "This much may suffice at this time."
 The master was so pleased with his wit that he forgave him.

Too Much Lynch Law.
 First Citizen—Wall, we caught up with the fellow who stole your new overcoat, an lynched him.
 Second Citizen—Ha, ha! that's something like. Teach these coyotes they've gotter obey the laws of the land. Hung him, eh?
 "No, we shot him full of holes."
 "Gee whittaker! He didn't have my overcoat, did he?"
 "Jerusalem, partner, come to think, I'm afraid he did."
 "Ye oughter be arrested, every one of ye. This ere lynch law is a disgrace ter civilization."—New York Weekly.

Streets of a Chinese City.
 Consul Gracey summarizes the condition of streets and highways of Foochow, China, in the following report to the department of state, Washington:
 "There are no roads in this part of China. The streets of Foochow are from six to twelve feet wide, many of them covered with stone slabs, which are filthy beyond description, and are perfectly execrable. We have no wheeled vehicles, and as a consequence merely footpaths all through the country."

Cats on Shipboard.
 Cats and dogs have been found on wrecks which apparently had been abandoned by their crew some time previous. In several instances when vessels have been abandoned the crews have, at great risk to themselves, rescued their marine pets. Pet monkeys make themselves very much at home on board ship, and are great favorites with Jack.—London Tit-Bits.

OF THOSE REMEMBERED.
 There is no moment when our dead lose power. Unshrined, unannounced they visit us. Who calleth them I know not. Sorrows, they haunt reproachfully some venal hour in days of joy, and when the world is near. And for a moment scourgings with memories. The money changers of the temple soul. In the dim space between two gulfs of sleep, Or in the stillness of the lonely shore, They rise for balm or torment, sweet or sad. And most are mine where, in the kindly woods, Beside childlike joy of summer streams, The stately sweetness of the pine hath power To call their kindred comforting anew.

Use well thy dead. They come to ask of thee. What thou hast done with all this buried love. The seed of purer life? Or has it fallen unused In stony ways and brought thy life no gain? Will thou with gladness in another world Say it has grown to forms of duty done And ruled thee with a conscience not thine own?
 Another world! How shall we find our dead? What forceful law shall bring us face to face? Another world! What yearnings there shall guide? Will love souls twinned of love bring near again?
 And that one common bond of duty held This living and that dead, when life was theirs? Or shall some stronger soul, in life revered, Bring both to touch, with nature's certainty. As the pure crystal atoms of its kinds Draws into fellowship of lovefulness.
 —S. Weir Mitchell.

The Greek Dress for Women.
 It is not to be wondered at that those women who care for their beauty rather than for style in their attire should again and again revert to the idea of introducing among English ladies the graceful fashions of ancient Greece. The flowing draperies and cunning folds in which the robe of the Athenian lady was arranged formed the very ideal of a suitable attire for women, if they studied only the art of making themselves appear charming.

That the Greek is really the only mode of attire suited to the form feminine is sufficiently attested by the fact that no woman of taste wishing a life size statue of herself to be made would think of arraying herself in any other fashion of clothing. How would the bodice, short or long in basque, according to the prevailing style, the full straight skirt or the flounced petticoat, the tight laced waist and the peaked shoulders, appear when, chiseled in marble or rendered in bronze. So far, however, the demand for classic ideals has been made in vain. The attempts to revive the beautiful fashions of the Greek women have been desultory and infrequent, and the few ladies who have tried the experiment have either been soon tired by the extra trouble involved and annoyed by the notice they excited, or they have not possessed sufficient social importance for their example to be largely followed.—Lady.

To Catch Those Shamming Deafness.
 "That no man is proof against the love of money is evidenced by the ease with which a physician can expose a man who is feigning deafness," says Dr. Wallace Smyth. "A man can pretend to be deficient in any one of the senses, and it is sometimes necessary to subject him to an electric shock to break down his self erected barrier. But if a man who is pretending to be deaf is approached from behind while standing on a stone floor or sidewalk and a coin is dropped so as to ring, he will invariably turn sharply around with a view to picking it up."
 "This simple device is frequently resorted to in countries where conscription is the rule and where deafness or any other infirmity relieves a man from army service. I saw it tried in Paris on six alleged youths, and, much to the examining physician's amusement, it succeeded in exposing the sham every time."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

We Are Larger Than We Used to Be.
 "It is a great mistake," says an architect, "to suppose that men are becoming smaller physically. When I was in Europe, in Munich, we gave a grand ball and the city authorities decided to let the artists have the use of the medieval armor stored in the museum there. There were only two suits of armor which could be worn by us. These were the suits of giants of that time. The rest, which belonged to the ordinary sized, strong medieval soldiers, were too small for us. Would not this tend to show that we are larger than our ancestors were?"—Detroit Free Press.

Willing to Do Anything.
 She—No, I'm afraid I can't marry you. Snooks is such a horribly common name.
 He (eagerly)—I'll get it changed!
 She—But your hair is so dreadfully red.
 He (determinedly)—I'll get it dyed!
 She—And your eyes are decidedly green.
 He (frantically)—I'll go out and get 'em blacked!—Exchange.

Electric Garden Pump.
 Many of the country residences in England are now supplied with electric lighting machinery, and consequently a great number of electrical adaptations are rendered possible. Among these is an electric garden pump, which is said to do its work in a most efficient manner. It is only necessary to fix it up by a pond or fountain and attach a suction and delivery pipe, and the water is projected as desired.—New York Telegram.

The Irrepressible Office Boy.
 "Is th'r boss in?"
 "Whose boss?"
 "Yourn."
 "I ain't got no boss. Ef y'e mean the man what pays me tree dollars a week to answer flog questions, he's out, and won't be in agin till you're gone!"—New York Truth.

It is estimated that not far from 30,000 persons sleep in rented rooms in Boston lodging houses. Most of these are young men and women from the country, a considerable proportion of whom are bravely struggling to live respectably on very small salaries.

The Imperial university, at Tokio, Japan, is probably the largest in the world, having an enrollment of 2,000 scholars, and a faculty of forty members. It is under government control.

SOCIETIES.
ASSEMBLY NO. 427, K. OF L.—Meets in K. of P. hall the second and fourth Wednesday 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.—Mt. Hood Camp No. 59, Meets Tuesday evening of each week in the K. of P. Hall, at 7:30 p. m.
COLUMBIA LODGE, NO. 5, L. 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.
H. CLOUGH, Sec'y. H. A. BILLS, N. G.

FRIENDSHIP LODGE, NO. 2, 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.
W. S. CRAM, Sec'y. W. S. CRAM, N. G.
D. W. VAUER, K. of R. and S. C. C.
WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION will meet every Friday afternoon at 8 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. GEORGE GIBSON, M. W.
JAS. NESMITH POST, NO. 82, G. A. R.—Meets every Saturday at 7:30 p. m., in the K. of P. Hall.
B. 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.

THE CHURCHES.
ST. PETER'S CHURCH—Rev. Father BROSSET, Pastor. Low 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. Peter's. Rev. ED. D. Sutcliffe, pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 12:30 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 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.
M. E. CHURCH—Rev. A. C. SPEYER, 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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 Notice.
 All parties having claims against the estate of Ralph Fonger, deceased, will please present the same to T. T. Nicholas, administrator.
 Columbia Hotel, Dalles City, Or., January 6, 1892.

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