

CALL FOR A REPUBLICAN COUNTY CONVENTION.

Primary Elections. Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Republican County Central Committee of Wasco county, Or., called by authority vested in me as Chairman of said committee, and held at the County Court Room in Dalles City, Oregon, on the 15th day of February, 1892, it was ordered that a call be issued for a Republican County Convention, to be held at the Court House in Dalles City, Oregon, at 10 a. m., on the 26th day of March, 1892.

For the purpose of nominating candidates for the office of County Judge, Clerk, Sheriff, one County Commissioner, Treasurer, Assessor, Superintendent of Schools, County Surveyor and Coroner, and the election of six delegates to represent Wasco county in the Republican State Convention, to be held in the city of Portland, Or., on the 6th day of April, 1892, and to transact such other and further business as may properly come before said convention.

Table with 2 columns: Precinct Name and Delegates. Rows include Hills Precinct (5), Hood River Precinct (4), Haldwin (3), Mosier (3), West Dalles (5), Bigelow (5), East Dalles (7), Eight Mile (2), Columbia (2), Deschutes (2), Nansen (2), Dalles (2), Kingsley (2), Tygh Valley (2), Wamsutter (2), Oak Grove (2), Bake Oven (2), Antelope (2).

It is further recommended, by order of the central committee, that primary elections be held in the various precincts, at the usual place of voting, on the 10th day of March, 1892, and that the polls be open at each primary throughout the county at 2 o'clock p. m., of said day, except within the limits of Dalles City, in which the polls will be conducted under the provisions of Primary Election Law and the subjoined notice.

The attention of electors in the various precincts desiring to elect Justices of the Peace and Constables, is called to the provisions of the new election law as to the manner of nominating their candidates at the primaries.

M. T. NOLAN, Chairman Rep. Co. Central Com. A. G. JOHNSON, Secy.

Primary Election Notice.

Notice is hereby given that a primary election will be held in each of the election precincts within the limits of Dalles City, Wasco county, Oregon, for the purpose of electing delegates from East Dalles precinct, Bigelow precinct, Triett precinct, and West Dalles precinct, to represent said precincts at the Republican County Convention to be held at the Court House in Dalles City, Oregon, on the 26th day of March, A. D. 1892, said primary will be held on the 19th day of March, A. D. 1892.

The polling places in each of said precincts are hereby designated as follows: East Dalles precinct at Wasco Warehouse. Bigelow precinct at Wm. Mitchell's office. Triett precinct at County Court Room. West Dalles precinct at Old City Flour Mill. The polling places in each of said precincts will be kept open for the reception of votes from 2 o'clock p. m. to 7 p. m. of said day, and the following number of delegates will be chosen at said primary election to represent their respective precincts in said county convention, to-wit: East Dalles precinct, 7 delegates. Bigelow precinct, 5 delegates. Triett precinct, 5 delegates. West Dalles precinct, 5 delegates.

The following named electors have been designated to act as judges of election in each of said precincts respectively, to-wit: East Dalles precinct, Wm. Tackman, H. W. Steel, B. F. Laughlin. Bigelow precinct, C. J. Craudall, Wm. Syvester and Jas. M. Hunt. Triett precinct, Chas. L. Schmidt, W. J. Jeffers, Chas. I. Phillips. West Dalles precinct, J. W. Marquis, A. J. Anderson, Geo. W. Runyon.

Dated at Dalles City, Oregon, this 4th day of March, A. D. 1892. M. T. NOLAN, Chairman, Rep. Co. Central Com. A. G. JOHNSON, Secy.

Call for a Republican State Convention.

A republican convention for the state of Oregon, is called to meet in the city of Portland on Wednesday, the 6th day of April, 1892, at 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of nominating candidates for the office of Supreme Judge, two congressmen, presidential electors, members of the state board of equalization, and other district officers, and to transact such other business as may properly come before the convention. The convention will consist of 233 delegates among the several counties as follows:

Table with 2 columns: County Name and Delegates. Rows include Baker (6), Benton (7), Clackamas (10), Clatsop (10), Columbia (5), Coos (5), Crook (3), Curry (3), Douglas (3), Gilliam (4), Grant (5), Harney (4), Jackson (4), Josephine (5), Klamath (5), Lake (3).

The same being one delegate at large from each county, and one delegate for every 200 votes, and one for every fraction over one-half thereof, cast for Congressman at the June election in 1890.

The committee recommended that the Primaries be held on Saturday, March 19, and the County Convention on Saturday, March 26, unless otherwise ordered by the proper County Committees. All voters who favor the republican policy of internal improvements, protection of American productions and labor, and guarding sacredly the rights of every American citizen at home and abroad, are cordially invited to unite with us.

JAMES LOTAN, Chairman Republican State Central Committee. F. A. MOORE, Secretary.

Democratic State Convention.

A democratic state convention will be held in the city of Portland, Or., April 19, 1892, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of placing in nomination two candidates for congress, one supreme judge, one candidate in each judicial district for circuit judge and prosecuting attorney, to be voted for at the coming June election, and such other business as may properly come before said convention. The various counties are entitled to representation in said convention as follows:

Table with 2 columns: County Name and Delegates. Rows include Baker (7), Benton (7), Clackamas (11), Clatsop (8), Columbia (3), Coos (5), Crook (7), Curry (2), Douglas (11), Gilliam (4), Grant (5), Harney (4), Jackson (11), Josephine (5), Klamath (3), Lake (3), Lane (13).

It is recommended, unless otherwise ordered by the local committees, that the primaries in the various counties be held on Saturday, the 9th day of April, and the county conventions on Thursday, April 14, 1892.

MY PHILOSOPHY

I ain't nor don't pretend to be much posted on philosophy. But there is times when all alone, I work out ideas of my own. And of these same there is a few I'd like to just refer to you. Ferridin that you don't object to listen 'vost' and rickollect.

I allus argy that a man Who does about the best he can Is plenty good enough to suit This lower mundane institute. No matter of his daily walk Is subject for his neighbor's talk. And critic minds of ev'ry whin Just all git up and go for him.

I knowed a feller onc' that had The yaller janders mighty bad. And each ev'ry friend he'd meet Would stop and give him some recet For curin of 'em. But he'd say He kind o' thought they'd go away Without an medicine, and boast That he'd git well without one dose.

He kep a yallerin on, and they Perdicin that he'd die some day Before he knowed it! Tuck his bed. The feller did, and lost his head. And wanderd in his mind a spell. Then ralked and at last got well; But ev'ry friend that said he'd die Went back on him eternally.

It's un-natural enough, I guess. When some gits more and some gits less. For them ans on the slimmest side To claim if ain't a fair divide. And I've knowed some to lay and wait. And git up soon and set up late. To ketch some fellow they could hate For join at a faster gait.

The signs is bad when folks commence A fadin fault with Providence. And balkin 'cause the world don't shake At ev'ry prancin step they take. No man is great till he can see How less than little he would be If stripped to self and stark and bare He hung his sign out any where.

My docteren is to lay aside Contentions and be satisfied. Just do your best, and praise or blame That follers, that counts just the same. For 'tuss noted great success Is mixed with troubles, more or less. And it's the man who does the best That gits more kicks than all the rest.

-James Whitcomb Riley in Omaha World Herald.

THE MODERN MOLOCH

Five minutes to 7. Dow's great factory was as silent as a churchyard. The great broad belts hung limp. The monster flywheels seemed to be so many obstructions barring the light. The long shafts that transmitted power to the hundreds of machines looked like cold rays of light.

The machinery had a grim look. Much of it was as menacing as the teeth that gripe in the jaws of a skull. That was the impression it made on Dr. Jayne as he accompanied John Dow, Jr. through the department after department.

"How many people do you employ?" "Nearly 800 on our pay roll—men and boys."

"Keeps you pretty close. I suppose you never get a holiday?" Dow Jr. laughed. "On the contrary, my father goes away whenever he desires a change. I go off every fall, hunting and fishing; stay away two and three weeks—been away six; and the shop never missed us."

Doctor Jayne's look of wonder invited the explanation, given with pardonable pride. "System—method, doctor. If I do say it myself, Dr. Jayne, you won't find a factory in the country, giving employment to as many hands, where everything runs as smoothly as at Dow's. We do everything methodically here—all the departments divided upon systematic lines, regulated like clockwork."

"Yes," said the doctor, "I have been told a thousand miles away from home that Dow is regarded as the model establishment of the country."

"The only way to run a factory," said Dow, Jr., in a matter of fact way that impressed the doctor, who was making a round of the workshops in quest of information he deemed essential to the completeness of a book he had in hand.

"How do you keep track of your people? So many coming and going. I suppose you don't know your own operatives?" Dow, Jr. took out his watch, glanced from it to a clock at the end of a room they were in and said: "Just wait a minute and you'll see. Stand near this window, doctor."

The doctor observed a number of men and boys coming into the factory yard. All carried dinner pails or baskets in their hands. They trooped into the mill in droves, by twos and threes, singly, laughing, talking, pushing and shoving each other, until they entered the department the doctor was in. There the flow of good natured chaff ceased as the operatives took their places at the machines they attended to. As they passed the timekeeper's office the doctor heard the timekeeper and his assistant repeating in monotonous tones:

"Thirty-six, seventeen, three hundred four, forty-five, eleven, seven hundred one, two, nine, twenty-one, five hundred," as the arrival of the operatives was recorded.

Suddenly a gong sounded—the doctor started; simultaneously the long, narrow belts and the big, broad belts became taut; the monster flywheels revolved; the long line of pulleys overhead whirled; the machines, big and little, clamped as they seemed to whet their teeth on red hot and cold iron, mauling it in their jaws like ravenous monsters and tossing the iron out again like so many husks or empty shells after they had absorbed the kernel.

The sound that filled the room as iron met iron, welding, cutting, shaving and pounding, was deafening; the whirling pulleys and eccentric movements of the machinery added to the confusion.

Seven o'clock precisely, and to a second every man, woman and boy in Dow's factory was at work.

Doctor Jayne readily excused Dow Jr., who was called away by a handsome young fellow, a friend evidently, and looked wonderingly at the operations of a machine beside him. A very small boy attended the machine. The movements of the small boy's arms and hands were so regular that Doctor Jayne insensibly associated him with the machine. It was difficult to tell where the machine ended and the boy began. The small boy never made a false move. The

bit of iron was lifted with one hand from one point, the same piece in another form was caught up dexterously thirty seconds later from the machine, although seemingly the same instant.

However, as the machine manipulated thirty pieces in a minute, it followed, as a matter of course, that the small boy was not slinging the same piece of iron at himself through the machine as rapidly as appearances indicated. The small boy's eyes were never off the machine; his hands seemed to be a part and parcel of it. It made the doctor tired to look at him. He looked at the boy-machine, or machine-boy fully ten minutes before he discovered that the boy's foot was a part of the mechanical operation. Hands, eyes, feet—all were going—all on the jump.

"Curious isn't it?" Doctor Jayne turned to find Dow, Jr. at his elbow.

"That boy makes 150,000 movements every day. First he picks up the blank from the tray, puts it in the groove, while he removes with his other hand the piece coming out here. If you notice every time he reaches out his right hand he lifts his left foot, presses this treadle and he has to toss the piece from the machine to the elevator."

"What's his name?" "You'll have to ask him. All we know is that he runs number eleven."

"He doesn't look eleven," said the doctor. Dow, Jr. smiled. "We have them at all ages." Then, addressing the boy: "You'll have a holiday tomorrow. We'll shut down."

The small boy blinked both eyes and nodded, and Dow, Jr., led Dr. Jayne through the other departments.

When the doctor returned to his office he tried to estimate the probable length of time that the very small boy who operated number eleven in Dow's factory could keep it up. There were fifty-two weeks in a year, sixty working hours in a week in round numbers. Nearly 50,000,000 motions in a year. Then the doctor drew a mean in estimating the pulse—what looked like a very neat calculation caused the doctor to ponder profoundly. If a man or woman had a little rest—recreation now and then—it wouldn't be so bad, but the outlook for the small boy was not encouraging.

Somehow the doctor could not dismiss the small boy from his mind the next day. He heard the whirling, whirling, whirling of the pulleys; the clump, clump, clump of iron, smoothed the oil that greased the motion bearings in Dow's factory. The impression made by the very small boy and the ravenous machine was not a pleasant one.

He was sitting alone before a ruddy fire (he was a bachelor) when the calculations growing around the small boy were broken by a summons. The summons was unexpected, but Dr. Jayne was one of the professional men who believe they owe something to their fellows. He accompanied his visitor to a squalid part of the city, ascended a long, dark flight of stairs, and was ushered into a meanly furnished room, provided with a lounge and an old fashioned truckbed. The lounge was falling apart. The truckbed had a thin straw tick on it and a ragged quilt—no blanket. On the tick lay a boy with his face to the wall.

There were foul smells in the alley below the window. The house had a sour smell. The walls were damp. Wretched poverty was stamped on everything in the room; there was a sound of drunken revelry in the upper and lower rooms and in the alley.

"What is the matter with him?" An old, old woman, with snow white hair, eyes dimmed with age and palsied hands, rose from the lounge with difficulty, and in a voice scarcely louder than a whisper said: "It's—like—a fever, sir."

She stood beside the bed as the doctor spoke to the boy. "Turn your face this way and look at me."

The little limp form turned slowly over and Dr. Jayne looked down into the bright eyes, on the burning cheeks of the boy he had observed in Dow's factory. The doctor looked at him intently, felt his pulse, then, in low, measured tones: "A crime! a shameful crime! Over-tasked—murdered—slow murder—murdered by inches!" Then, turning to the old woman, "What made these marks on his wrists and arms?"

The boy turned his face away. The old woman looked distressed. Her hands were moving up and down her faded gown; they caught each other and fell helplessly away as she answered in that loud whisper that was more effective than any volume of sound uttered by human lips.

"His father—my son—beat him!" "What! Beat a little fellow like that?" The doctor, in spite of his familiarity with degradation and brutality, was very angry.

"My son drinks—does nothing but drink. These holidays, sir—people treat him—he gets drunk—somehow—and scolded—scolded so, and—I couldn't help it, sir—I couldn't."

Her wretched gown was up at her eyes, but the doctor was occupied with the boy. There was something here worse than fever. The boy's nervous system had received a severe shock. He questioned the boy closely, went to a drug store near by, returned, administered some of the medicine he brought, left instructions with the grandmother and returned to his office, reflecting upon the problem of life more seriously than he had ever done before, and he had the reputation of a very considerate, thoughtful man.

He visited the fever-stricken boy early the next morning. "He—didn't—sleep—more—than—an—hour, sir, all night," the grandmother whispered, wringing her bony hands helplessly.

The doctor looked at his patient, who was tossing his hands and moving his head. "He's—been—fighty all the time." The doctor turned the torn quilt down, felt the boy's body, his head; timed his pulse—then suddenly turned to the window and looked out.

When the old woman spoke to him he met her look with a steady gaze. There was no sign of emotion; his voice was a trifle lower perhaps.

"Do—you—think?" "It is very hard to determine. The chances are against him. Have you any other means than this boy supplied you?"

The old woman shook her head. The doctor made a mental note. Then he administered a powder, looked long and earnestly at his patient, turned and left the house with a preoccupied air.

He returned again at noon. A bleary eyed wretch, with bloated face and shuffling gait—a creature whom prolonged debauchery had robbed of all that is noble and spirited in man, lurched against him in the entry.

"Are you—you the—doctor's been 'tending my kid?" Dr. Jayne shoved him aside with as little concern as he would push a dog from his path, but before he had stepped on the stairs the drunken wretch added: "Cos—cos—you're not wanted any longer. The boy's dead—dead, d'ye hear?"

The doctor was going up stairs; suddenly he paused, descended and addressed a slatternly looking woman, who stood in a doorway.

"Is the boy dead?" "Died half an hour ago." Dr. Jayne walked away. As he was returning to his office a familiar voice accosted him. He turned to meet the familiar voice of Dow, Jr.

"Heard you looked through my factory the other day. My son spoke of it. Just home from Colorado. Wonderful country out there. You found everything in apple pie order in my factory. I'm satisfied at heart. Took me twelve years, sir, twelve years to perfect my system. I don't mind telling you—you are not in the business—that after all is said that can be said, the chief reason, the real secret of my success has been—you can't guess what, doctor. I'll wager you anything you can't."

"I need not try," said the doctor. "Well—in two words—I've always kept my machinery in repair. I used to rely on two machinists when I had 500 hands. I doubled them—I paid—put another on—gained right along by it; now I have 800 hands, how many men do you think I have looking after the machinery alone—I mean, keeping it in proper repair?"

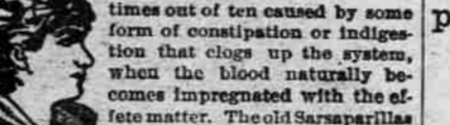
"I will not venture to guess, Mr. Dow." "Ten—ten, sir, who do nothing but watch the machinery and repair it. I have a systematic factory, I flatter myself."

"The system is very fine, indeed," replied Dr. Jayne. "A very fine system," he added meditatively, as they separated.—David Lowry in Pittsburg Bulletin.

Bad Blood.

Impure or vitiated blood is nine times out of ten caused by some form of constipation or indigestion that clogs up the system, when the blood naturally becomes impregnated with the effete matter. The old Sarsaparilla attempts to reach this condition by attacking the blood with the drastic mineral "potash." The potash theory is old and obsolete. Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla is modern. It goes to the seat of the trouble. It arouses the liver, kidneys and bowels to healthful action, and invigorates the circulation, and the impurities are quickly carried off through the natural channels.

Try it and note its delightful action. Chas. Lee, at Beemish's Third and Market Streets, S. F., writes: "I took it for vitiated blood and while on the first bottle became convinced of its merits, for I could feel it was working a change. It cleansed, purified and braced me up generally, and everything is now working full and regular."



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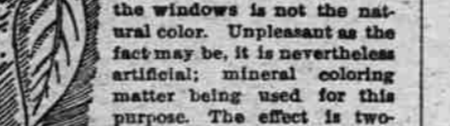
A Revelation.

Few people know that the bright bluish-green color of the ordinary teas exposed in the windows is not the natural color. Unpleasant as the fact may be, it is nevertheless artificial; mineral coloring matter being used for this purpose. The effect is twofold. It not only makes the tea a bright, shiny green, but also permits the use of "off-color" and worthless teas, which, once under the green cloak, are readily worked off as a good quality of tea.

An eminent authority writes on this subject: "The manipulation of poor teas, to give them a finer appearance, is carried on extensively. Green teas, being in this country, especially popular, are produced to meet the demand by coloring cheaper black kinds by glazing or facing with Prussian blue, tumeric, sylvium, and indigo. This method is so general that very little genuine uncolored green tea is offered for sale."

It was the knowledge of this condition of affairs that prompted the placing of Beech's Tea before the public. It is absolutely pure and without color. Did you ever see any genuine uncolored Japan tea? Ask your grocer to open a package of Beech's, and you will see it, and probably for the very first time. It will be found in color to be just between the artificial green tea that you have been accustomed to and the black teas.

It draws a delightful canary color, and is so fragrant that it will be a revelation to tea-drinkers. Its purity makes it also more economical than the artificial teas, for less of it is required per cup. Sold only in pound packages bearing this trade-mark:



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If your grocer does not have it, he will get it for you. Price 60c per pound. For sale at Leslie Butler's, THE DALLES, OREGON.

The Dalles Chronicle

THE LEADING PAPER

Of the Leading City of Eastern Oregon.

During the little over a year of its existence it has earnestly tried to fulfill the objects for which it was founded, namely, to assist in developing our industries, to advertise the resources of the city and adjacent country and to work for an open river to the sea. Its record is before the people and the phenomenal support it has received is accepted as the expression of their approval. Independent in everything, neutral in nothing, it will live only to fight for what it believes to be just and right.

Commencing with the first number of the second volume the weekly has been enlarged to eight pages while the price (\$1.50 a year) remains the same. Thus both the weekly and daily editions contain more reading matter for less money than any paper published in the county.

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