

The Weekly Chronicle.

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OPENING THE RESERVE.

The question of opening the Cascade forest reserve to the pasturage of stock is one agitating the people along the eastern slope of the Cascade mountains, just at present side-tracking all other questions. There are not less than 250,000 sheep pastured on the reservation, or that were pastured there previous to the recent order prohibiting them. As spring opens, these immense flocks must find pasturage, and being shut off from their accustomed mountain ranges, they will be forced to find feeding grounds on the foot hills and in portions of the country now pastured solely by cattle. The result will not only be disastrous to the sheep industry, but by overcrowding the pastures left will react on the cattlemen. In the meanwhile the factions are quarreling as to what is best for all.

One proposition is to throw the whole reservation, excepting small reserves, open to the pasturage of stock. Another is to have a superintendent who will assign grazing grounds to the different flocks; and yet another to open that part south of the Warm Springs reservation to sheep, and make the portion north of it only subject to pasturage of cattle.

The proposition to have a superintendent who would assign feeding grounds originated in the mind of some person not two degrees removed from imbecility, and was probably the means devised for getting a job for himself. The other proposition about making part of the reservation open only for cattle is a different affair; but still impracticable, for whatever else is done, congress nor the department is not going to make one law for one part and another law for another part. It is going to be a difficult matter to get the reservation opened at all, and unless the effort is combined, general and unanimous, it might as well be abandoned.

We are told Mr. Steele desires to be sent to Washington as the representative of the sheepmen, to assist congress in straightening out the tangle. This would be a nice little trip for Mr. Steele, but what he could accomplish is more than the man of average mind can figure out. If our senators and congressmen cannot get what we want, by what power divine does W. G. Steele expect to move to action the powers that be? He is only an embryo toad, so to speak, when at home, and in the great political sea at Washington he would be as hopelessly lost as a tadpole in the Pacific ocean. If we are mistaken; if Mr. Steele, in his capacity of a private citizen can accomplish more than our whole congressional delegation, then in the name and interest of the great commonwealth of Oregon, let the next legislature invest him with the senatorial toga and he will be all-powerful.

In the meanwhile factional fights must be dropped and the whole people demand the opening of the reserve to the pasturage of stock; other matters can be attended to afterwards.

THE CASCADE RESERVE.

The people living along the eastern slope of the Cascades and adjacent thereto, are just at present making a vigor effort to have the Cascade forest reservation thrown open to the

pasturage of stock of all kinds. To them it is a question of more moment than either tariff or finance, for under present conditions inevitable ruin stares them in the face.

The section named is devoted, after getting twenty miles south of the Columbia, almost exclusively to stock raising. The distance to market forbids agricultural pursuits, at least while prices prevail as low as they have been. The country, however, is peculiarly adapted to stock raising. The foot-hills and plains permit the raising of wheat hay, and some of the creek bottoms, where irrigation is possible, give good yields of alfalfa, thus providing feed for winter. As the snow melts from the hills the cattle and sheep follow up, fattening on the tender grasses until in midsummer the summits of the mountains are reached, and as the fall approaches, the herds and flocks feed down again, retiring before the early snows, and reaching winter quarters in good condition. The mountains being free to all stock, permit this, and not only make the mountain pastures available, but also the foot-hills and lands adjacent, since the latter can be farmed and the products used for stock. As a result many substantial improvements have been made along the edge of the slope, large tracts fenced and cultivated, fine residences built, money expended in providing ditches and flumes for irrigating, and all this to provide winter feed for stock and to take advantage of the summer range furnished by the mountains.

The closing of this range is a virtual confiscation of all this property, for without the summer range it is practically worthless. It is conservatively estimated that 250,000 sheep are pastured on the eastern slopes of the Cascades, besides innumerable bands of cattle. With the range closed, the ranches along the base of the mountain become valueless, for the flocks must be moved, and the industry for the locality abandoned. Products of wool, mutton and beef, amounting to more than one million dollars annually, will be utterly destroyed, and for what? It is said to preserve the timber. If this were true; if the pasturing of the reservation injured the timber or destroyed the forests, there might be some excuse for the reservation, notwithstanding the loss entailed on the stockmen. But it is not true.

Where the forests are dense there is no vegetation upon which stock feed, and it is only the sparsely timbered or open sections, or in the old burns that flocks are pastured, and only in the southern part of the state does this condition exist at all on the western slope of the mountains, and there only in a limited area. South of Mt. Jefferson the mountains are more or less open, and in places bare of timber even to the summits, and it is here the greater part of the flocks are herded. There is no timber to be preserved. The forest conditions here, too, are entirely different from those in the East, and one who has any knowledge of our big fir timber with bark from three to nine inches thick, so thick that the average forest fire will not kill or injure the tree, will smile at the idea of even an Eastern Oregon sheep injuring its bark with their bite. Here, too, the conditions vary, and on account of the moist climate and the more active and vigorous desire to survive possessed by the Oregon fir over the other evergreens, a second growth always follows the removal or destruction of the first.

Concerning the setting of fires and destruction of timber from that and other causes, the fault of which is placed on the stockmen, we shall have something further to say.

Elsewhere we print a notice of the organization of the Christian Volunteers of America. In our humble opinion the Salvation Army is more than filling the field, and we suggest that the new organization commence its labors by some hard wrestling with Noah Webster's onomasticon. Civilized man is entitled to have the road to the next world pointed out by persons intelligent enough to distinguish the capital B from a cow's track, and to have his "desires," at least, spelled correctly.

MORE ABOUT THE RESERVE.

One of the objections to the reservation being pastured by sheep, and the one most strenuously urged, is that the sheepmen and their herders set fire to the underbrush and destroy vast bodies of timber for the purpose of extending the area of their pasturage grounds. Coupled with this objection is one, too, strongly urged, but of minor importance to the first. That the sheep browse on the underbrush is true, but that they do harm thereby is not so certain. The sheep do not go into the dense timber; there is nothing for them there; nor do they penetrate the thick underbrush, where the same serves to protect the snow. It is only in the more or less open timber that they are herded, and they only browse the underbrush where it is well scattered. In the open glades wherever they go they eat out the brush and grass, or trample it so that fire will not run, having nothing to feed upon, and so, instead of being an injury, are in that respect, at least, a benefit.

There was a case in point near Johns' mill, back of this city, last summer. R. H. Guthrie pastured his sheep around a 1500-acre tract belonging to Mr. Johns. After he left, fire broke out and ran through the timber on the Johns tract, doing considerable damage and destroying 150,000 feet of logs already cut. The fire burned over this tract, but stopped on all sides where Guthrie's sheep had pastured. The old settlers along the range will, to a man, tell you that owing to the sheep keeping the brush on the hills eaten down, and so preventing fires, that the timber line is moving steadily down, and in many places fine young timber is growing where there was none before the sheep were pastured on the lands.

As for the statement that sheepmen set fire to the timber, the proof is equally fallacious. It is claimed that as soon as the sheepmen drive their sheep over the feeding grounds they set out fires. What we have just said answers that proposition. Where the sheep have been, fire will not run. Where, then, can these men set fires? To suppose that they set them before the grass has been eaten off is to brand them as idiots, bent on destroying that which they had use for. The big forest fires do not occur in that portion of Oregon where the sheep are pastured, but they do occur from the burning of the slashings of the settler, not set for the purpose, but getting beyond control. They occur in those sections where lumbering is carried on, and the dry tops get on fire generally through carelessness.

Along the trout streams, where a sheep was never known to be, more disastrous fires occur than in the whole section pastured by sheep, and these fires are caused by negligence. In that portion of the Cascades where the greater number of the sheep range there are no forest fires at all, for the reason that there are no forests there, none that would burn even if set on fire. The higher mountains are bare, or practically so.

We believe in protecting the forests, but we do not believe in ruining the industries of Eastern Oregon to satisfy the whim of people in the East, who know but little about their own forests, and nothing about ours.

Congress will do well to open the reservation, and by so doing save from destruction the only interests of the vast region along the eastern slope of the Cascades.

The article on the subject of the road to the free bridge, contained in Saturday's CHRONICLE, is worthy of more than passing thought. If the Dalles is to maintain her supremacy, she must provide good roads, and the one spoken of is a necessity in opening up the market for our goods in Sherman county, and inducing the sale of its products here. We hope the Commercial Club will give the matter its earliest attention.

The Oregonian advises the Democrats and Populists in the legislatures to stay with their own senatorial nominee, and let the Republicans fight out its senatorial battle. This is, perhaps, good advice, but it is not the kind given only two short months

ago. We fear when the Democrats and Populists consider the advice in the light of its source that they will not heed it. With advice and castor oil the statement that it is better to give than to receive will be accepted without demur.

Whatever else may be done with the Cascade reserve, township one south of range ten east on Hood river, should be taken out of it. There are now some thirty families located in the township, and the balance of it being withdrawn from settlement, leaves them in bad shape. The land is nearly all the very best for orchard purposes, has no timber to amount to anything upon it, and there is absolutely no reason for withholding it from settlement.

As a fitting beginning of the new year we would like to see some action taken concerning the development of our coal fields. If anything is to be done it should be done at once, and if we are not blooded enough to dig up \$500 for our own benefit, when we produce that much in a week to see a play, let us admit the fact and quit entirely.

The Dalles is having a little more crime than it cares to put up with, and it would not be surprising if a vigilance society should take a hand in the matter if it is not terminated.

PROGRESS OF THE DALLES.

Who Will Attend To It? and If Not, Why Not?

The following communication was received by us several days ago:

EDITOR CHRONICLE:—We are glad to note the good work already performed by and through the efforts of The Dalles Commercial Club, and ask that we may not be considered impertinent by thus publicly reminding our citizens of its duty in minor matter. Some sixteen months ago an effort was made by two or three citizens of Sherman county to break the combination of rates and tolls that had always hampered their interests even before it became a separate county. We had no such organization as this one to appeal to for influence to bring this matter before proper authorities for necessary aid. Contrawise we had the influence of this circle—though unorganized—to contend with and battle against. The story need not be long. By individual and press, soliciting and agitation, the business and capital interests of The Dalles furnished the key that moved the bolt of one of, perhaps, the least of our many modern monopolies, and once—we hope for all—the little banner what county of Oregon was permitted to pass beyond its border towards the world's market and trade unhindered by the hand of greed that reached out for the monopoly-earned dollar. The effect is told by the repeatedly-seen faces, both new and old, of Sherman county's citizens on your streets, and the established rates now given.

Let us be brief. Aid was asked from Sherman county to complete the undertaking. The question arose, "What will be done by the neighboring county to overcome obstacles and maintain a good road?" Unauthorized, we could simply say, with the same will already manifested, "We'll try." What has been done? Practically nothing. What can be done? We are willing to stake our little road ability in answering this last question by saying that a grade can be established up the Dischates hill that will be at least one-fourth less than the present one, and that from thence on the grade need not exceed six or eight inches at most, either to or from The Dalles. Right here we may be criticized, as we already have been, by some, but upon actual investigation we make this statement, and further claim that total cost would be very nominal when compared with its worth to the community.

We wish to conclude by saying we feel the weight of the necessity of this improvement besides actual obligation; but this also, we feel an inestimable significance as a hand-laborer among you, compared with the talent, business and capital in the body whose duty we feel it is to present this matter to the authorities for the necessary aid, makes it truly embarrassing, to say the least, for us to attempt it single handed and alone.

Time is fast going by; we are already too late for the next session of court, and only by forced action can the succeeding term handle the matter in time to benefit the next spring wool hauling. Everyone's business is no one's business. Who will attend to it.

HE DISLIKED TO MAKE TROUBLE.

Mrs. Sarah Maria Everly's Experience With Rev. Aminadab Salsify.

"If there is any person whom I dread to have my husband bring home for the evening, it is a bashful man who is afraid he is afraid he is going to make someone a little extra trouble." So said Mrs. Sarah Maria Everly at the regular weekly meeting of the guild in Portland,

as she finished sewing a lace frill on the bottom of a cotton nightgown, destined at some future time to grace the person of some benighted brunette of the upper Congo.

"I shall never forget," she continued, "our first visit from the Rev. Aminadab Salsify from Wayback. Harry and I had been married for seven years, the Rev. Aminadab performing the ceremony in my native village of Wayback. Harry was employed in Portland, and at the time the Rev. Aminadab made as a visit we were living in a handsome modern cottage on Ninth street. Harry was glad to see our old friend, and so was I, yet, at the same time, his fear that he was in the way, or that he was making someone work, made his visit a regular nuisance. The fall rains had set in, and the weather was decidedly chilly. About 7 o'clock in the evening Harry was called down town, to remain most of the night, and at 9:30 the Rev. Salsify retired. There was a lavatory opening off from the bedroom, but this seemed to be beyond the power of our Rev. friend's ken.

"At 10:30 I went to bed, and about the mystic hour of midnight I heard the side door close and the spring catch snap viciously. I could not at first imagine what had happened, but instead of it suggesting burglars, the idea struck me that our Rev. friend was somehow mixed up in the affair. There was a hydrant in the yard, used during the summer for irrigating, and stepping out of bed and peeping out of the window, I saw the Rev. Salsify quenching his thirst thereat. Of course it never occurred to him that there was water in the house, and there he had gone prying out into the rain, his long, white nightdress giving him a ghostly appearance in the dim light. After he had taken, I should judge, a quart of Willamette mixture, he came back to the door. Of course it was locked. I slipped down quietly, thinking to let him in, and trusting to the darkness to prevent his discovering that I was not dressed for company. I reached the door, opened it, but my friend, who disliked troubling anyone, had gone around the corner of the house attempting to discover some means of ingress. I called him, but there was no answer. I was thoroughly out of humor by this time, but realizing that I must take the Rev. gentleman in out of the wet, or be responsible for his death, I stepped on the porch in order to again call him. Unlucky movement! I had not left that door three feet before some spirit of darkness, or imp of the perverse, entered into it, or that total depravity which pervades inanimate objects after night, moved it, and moved it to a close. There was a gentle jar, a snap of that confounded spring lock, and the Rev. Aminadab Salsify and the mistress of the house were both outside, dressed in their night-robes, without a key, and no one inside to come to their aid.

"I am not certain that I did not swear, but if I did I feel that the recording angel charged it up to the Rev. Aminadab, or blotted it out with a tear spared from his laughter. My night-blooming friend came back in a moment, ghostly and silent, and seeing me, asked what I was 'doing there?' I was unarmed, and there was neither club nor stone handy, hence the Rev. Aminadab still lives, but it was due to circumstances, for which I am not to blame.

"Fortunately Harry came home earlier than he expected, and if ever the sound of a man's footstep was music to that man's wife's ears, his was to mine that night.

"In a few minutes we were both inside, and I was in my bed, doubled up like a pocket-comb, and shivering with cold and rage; and yet that husband of mine laughed, laughed and giggled until he got into bed and I put both my feet in the middle of his back.

"The Rev. Aminadab Salsify returned to Wayback next day, having had a sufficiency of city life, late hours and Willamette water."

There Is Nothing So Good.

There is nothing just as good as Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, so demand it and do not permit the dealer to sell you some substitute. He will not claim there is anything better, but in order to make more profit he may claim something else to be just as good. You want Dr. King's New Discovery because you know it to be safe and reliable, and guaranteed to do good or money refunded. For Coughs, Colds, Consumption and for all affections of Throat, Chest and Lungs, there is nothing so good as Dr. King's New Discovery. Trial bottle free at Blakeley & Houghton's Drug Store. Regular size 50 cents and \$1.00.

No Objection On File.

The Christian Volunteers of America will open here some time next week if God is willing so keep Believing for the grant opening the date will be stated later on now the field is open for men and woman what have a desire to work in Gods vinyard all communication will be receive at the union St lodging house.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Blakeley and Houghton, druggists.

ODD WEDDINGS.

Freaks Who Have Been Joined Together in Wedlock.

One Couple Married by Proxy While Thousands of Miles Apart—Some of the Queer Franks of Cupid.

The conventional idea of a wedding does not agree with the tastes of some people, and occasionally very eccentric and sometimes romantic marriage ceremonies are solemnized. Men and women entirely opposite in disposition and character, frequently unite in the holy bonds of matrimony—sometimes much to their mutual regret. This peculiar fact, it would seem, also applies to oddities of human nature. In many of the traveling shows the freaks who help to draw money from the public intermarry, and it is not an unusual thing to find the fat man wedded to the skeleton woman, and the tattooed man to the bearded lady.

Mrs. Hannah Battersby, who at one time toured the country as a fat woman, was married to a Pennsylvania man, and it is stated as a curious fact that no sooner were they married than she began to lose flesh and he to gain it. His weight increased so rapidly that he soon took to exhibiting himself as a fat man. An exception to this rule of contrast, however, was Col. Glover, the giant, who stood six feet seven inches. He was wedded to Martha Peabody, the American giantess. Several years ago, when they appeared in public together, they used to receive as much as \$750 a week.

The Italian consular agent at Cincinnati performed the most peculiar marriage ceremony on record. The groom was a well-to-do resident of the Ohio city and his bride lived in Italy. The contracting parties were thousands of miles apart when the wedding was performed, the marriage being by proxy. The consul filled in a blank certificate, which he forwarded to authorities in Italy, who in the presence of the parish priest exhibited it before the bride, who affixed her signature, accepting it as her action. The marriage was perfectly binding.

A very similar ceremony was performed some time ago. The affair took place by proxy, and Miss Maple was married by a clergyman in New York to a man who at the time of the marriage lay dying in a Texas town. The bridegroom was represented in the ceremony by the bride's cousin, who made the necessary responses and signatures as his proxy. The two lovers had been engaged for a long time, and Miss Maple wished to bear the name of her betrothed even though she could do so only as a widow.

The all-important ring is sometimes forgotten, and in more than one case the door key of the church has had to do duty, but it is not often that portions of the marriage service are omitted. In a southern town, however, a little while ago, after the party had left the church, it was discovered that the clergyman had forgotten the words, "with this ring I thee wed," etc., thus relieving the bridegroom of the most serious part of his obligations, and the fair bride was minus a wedding ring. Instead of sitting down to a breakfast the party hurried back to the church and were thus practically married twice in one day.

Cupid ran amuck some time ago among the old folk of a Georgia town. An old soldier, 78 years of age, led to th altar an aged damsel who had seen 77 summers. There were three bridesmaids, whose ages respectively were 60, 68 and 70. They were all spinsters. The best man, who was 75, brought the combined ages up to 423 years.

An unusual kind of marriage was celebrated in New York recently. This was between a couple both deaf and dumb. They held prayer books while a friend pointed out the different passages in the service as they were spoken by the clergyman, and the made the customary responses in the deaf and dumb alphabet.

An ingenious couple once conceived the idea of being married by phonograph. In the place where the bridegroom resided he and the minister went over the marriage service, and he recited the proper responses into the instrument. The phonograph was sent to the lady, she willingly supplying the requisite "I will" and "I do" in the presence of her pastor, who then pronounced the pair united in matrimony. No explanation is given of how they got over the difficulty of the ring.

A well-known anthropologist, in describing various marriage customs, refers to a strange sort of symbolical marriage which is supposed to have originated in India. It is a marriage with trees, plants, animals and inanimate objects. If anyone proposes to enter upon a union which is not in accordance with traditional ideas, it is believed that ill luck which is sure to follow may be averted by a marriage of this kind, the evil consequences being borne by the object chosen. In various regions a girl must not marry before her eldest sister, but the difficulty is overcome by the eldest daughter marrying the branch of a tree. Then the wedding of the younger daughter may safely be celebrated.—Buffalo Express.

Only One Sale.

There is a pleasant little story about a party of drummers sitting in the smoking-room of a sleeper talking about trade. One after another had told about what sort of trade he'd been having, and they'd all been doing well; but the last man of all, when it came his turn, said he'd made only one sale in six weeks. The rest started in to sympathize with him a little on this, but when they came to ask him what business he was in and learned that he traveled for a bridge-building establishment, and that his last sale was a steel bridge something less than a mile long for about \$500,000, they agreed that he wasn't doing so poorly after all.