

The Weekly Chronicle.

STATE OFFICIALS. Governor: W. P. Lord. Secretary of State: H. R. Kincaid. Treasurer: Phillip Metcaban. State of Public Instruction: G. M. Irwin. Attorney-General: C. M. Idelman. Senators: G. W. McBride, J. H. Mitchell, B. Hermann, W. R. Ellis. State Printer: W. H. Leeds.

COUNTY OFFICIALS. County Judge: Robt. Mays. Sheriff: T. J. Driver. Clerk: A. M. Kelsey. Treasurer: C. L. Phillips. Commissioners: A. S. Blowers, D. S. Kimsey, W. H. Whipple. Assessor: J. H. Mitchell. Surveyor: B. Hermann. Superintendent of Public Schools: C. L. Gilbert. Coroner: W. H. Butts.

THOUSAND AND SECOND TALE.

SCHEHEREZADE'S LAST, THAT SETTLED THE SULTAN.

(To the A. O. U. W.)

When Haroun Al Raschid, the most glorious of all the illustrious sultans mentioned in the semi-sacred pages of the Zip-Koran; the grandest of all the caliphs, whose illustrious deeds are preserved in the archives of the Bagdad public museum and rendered immortal in tradition. When he, I say, after one thousand and one consecutive nights had fallen asleep as Scheherezade told some new story of love, drawn with the vivid coloring natural to the warm-blooded daughters of Araby the blest, and painted in all the glowing imagery of the Orient. When he awoke on the morning of the 1002d day, there were deep circles of blue under each of his illustrious eyes, and his general appearance indicated that his royal nibs was a-weary of life. The ancient chronicles from which I glean this tale say that he intimated to the tale-teller, Scheherezade, that he desired a new bill.

the rain and gloom. In the seraglio the shaded lamps threw a soft light over the rich oriental furnishings. Scheherezade was seated on a divan, carelessly sending a delicate thread of smoke from behind her rosebud lips, and at the same time drawing the fragrant vapor into her highly-bred though somewhat retrousse, nasal organ. Haroun, the mighty, had crossed his nether limbs and was resting the fullness of his biking suit on his royal heels. A chibouque, loaded with the fragrant tobacco of Tcheran, was in front of him, and he, too, was burning a few pipes to his idol.

"Now then, Zade, old girl," said he, "give us that story. And in order that my subjects may have no doubt but that I shall make the punishment fit the crime, have the grand vizier sent in." This functionary being seated, and the nature of the contest having been explained to him, Scheherezade blew out a cloud of cigarette smoke that had been circulating through the upper story of her system, and half reclining on the divan, began:

"Once upon a time—" "Chestnuts!" said the sultan. "Rats! Break away!" said the grand vizier. "Who's telling this story, anyhow?" replied Scheherezade, and fixing the concentrated gaze of her two eyes on the G. V., she remarked: "You got in pretty cheap, keep a back seat." "Once upon a time," she began again, "in a country the other side of the salt sea, there lived a good man." "Wonderful!" said the sultan. "Strange, if true," said the grand vizier. "Now, this good man," continued the story teller, "was the friend of the poor and the needy, and sympathized deeply with those whose daily toil but sufficed to meet the expenses of maintaining a family. This good man had observed that when sickness came to such as these that the man being cut off from his labors, either through being the victim, or from having to care for such member of his family as was sick, soon became distressed financially, and in a little while became unable to supply the barest necessities of life. He had observed also that when one of these men died, his life labors having been only sufficient to maintain his family, nothing was laid by, and soon the helpless widow and little orphans became dependent on their weak efforts for their support, or were thrown upon the charity of a too uncharitable world.

"His heart being moved by the contemplation of these sorrowful conditions, he sat himself to work to discover a remedy. He gathered his neighbors to the number of half-dozen or more, and after calling their attention to their helpless condition, he laid before them this plan: 'We are now all strong and well,' said this good man, 'let us therefore swear eternal friendship. Let us be as one family, so that each in turn shall take the burthen from the shoulders of the widows and the orphans, and as we each contribute a trifle each month so long as we are in good health, so shall it be that when our time comes, each of those left shall contribute a trifle in turn for us, and thus these many mites shall make a goodly sum to maintain our children and our dear ones. The neighbors talked the matter over, and they saw that it was good, and they swore eternal friendship each to the other. These friends told what they had done, to their friends in the next village, and they likewise took the oath of friendship and were admitted into fellowship with the others. And so the news ran from village to village, and from city to city throughout that vast land, until the number of those who had taken the oath of friendship was as the sands on the seashore.

"And so it came to pass that when one of these friends was sick or in need, no matter where he was, he had but to make known by a sign that he had taken the oath of friendship, and he was cared for by his brethren, for all they that had taken this oath were as one family. When one of these brethren died, the other brethren buried him with due honors as one of their own household; and they gathered the mites from the other brethren, and to his widow and his children they brought and de-

livered two thousand shekels of gold and silver, or currency of the realm. And their shekels enabled the family to live, the children to attend the schools and to learn the wisdom of the Franks, and to grow up good and intelligent citizens."

"Wonderful!" said the sultan. "Wonderful, if true!" said the grand vizier. "And this brotherhood," continued Scheherezade, "was as a great tree, whose roots are in prolific soil, and which spread its branches far and wide, until it became famous throughout all the countries beyond the sea, for its deeds of Charity were as purple blossoms, and mingled with them were the red blooms of Hope, and all the breezes were laden with their perfume. And the strong limbs were emblematic of Protection.

But as the tree grew a tiny vine started at its roots, and entwined itself about it. And lo! as the tree was, so was the vine, for the brotherhood saw that their mothers, their sisters, their wives and their daughters were all benefitted, not only by the care given them, but by acquaintance with the fraternity; and they, too, took the oath of friendship, and behold in a short time the vine had entwined the tree, giving to its blossoms a background of foliage, to its sturdy strength grace, and to its ruggedness beauty. And so throughout all the land the work of this one good man spread, and for every wounded heart there was a balm; for every sorrow, consolation; for every need, aid; for every trouble, sympathy.

"Allah is great!" said the sultan, "and next to Mohamet is the just man." "There is neither happiness nor misery on earth," said the grand vizier, "but only comparison of conditions; and blessed indeed is that land where the good and the ill of every life is shared by all." So saying he saluted profoundly to the sultan, again to Scheherezade, and withdrew to ponder on what he had heard. As for the sultan, he mused long and deeply, and saying "Scheherezade, if I thought that story were true, I would bowstring you ere daylight for not having put me in the right way long ago. As it is, I yield to your superb qualities as a prevaricator, and spare your life on condition that you never again tell me a tale."

Here, sayeth the ancient manuscript, the custom of talking the sultan to sleep ended, and since that time Scheherezade and all her descendants, and their name is legion, have sought a wider field for their talents, and have hired out to the lecturebureaus.

THE FOREST RESERVE.

It is with pleasure we commend the Oregonian's editorial printed below. We think it covers the case and the entire case, and we indorse the sentiments therein, because it expresses our own sentiments much better and much stronger than we could express them ourselves:

"It is believed that President Cleveland's forestry orders will be modified by President McKinley. They ought to be. The government should take vigorous measures against all timber depredations on public lands. It should enforce regulations against destruction of timber in the mountain districts inaccessible to settlement, because innumerable streams find their sources in those localities, and destruction of timber affects the steady flow of the streams, making them torrents at one time and greatly reducing their flow at another. For the timber well up toward the mountain tops there will not for a long time be any demand; but it ought to be preserved, not only for the reason that the effect of its loss upon the streams would be great, but for the further reason that it ought to be kept against a time when it will be needed for use, to be cut under regulations that will permit its steady renewal, so that the timber shall not be wasted nor the mountain sides stripped bare.

"In Oregon, at the present time, and to an extent in adjoining states, the chief interest in the subject lies in the necessity of using for summer pasturage large districts included within these forest reserves. It is an absolute necessity to take the

stock from the arid regions east of the Cascade mountains into these woodlands, in the dry season of the year. To shut the flocks out of these summer pastures is virtually to destroy a great and valuable husbandry. It is a loss that Oregon could not afford. In this state of limited production, sheep and cattle are too valuable a portion of our available resources to be sacrificed, even in part, to any theoretical or sentimental idea. Pasturage on the reserves, under proper regulations ought to be allowed.

"It is believed there is much less danger of forest fires from the presence of the flockman than from that of the hunters, fishermen, mountaineers and mineral prospectors, who range through the mountains in numerous parties every summer, shift their camps almost every day, are proverbially careless with their campfires, and certainly are quite as likely as the shepherds to set out fires for the fun of the thing."

"It is announced that President McKinley will give this subject his attentive consideration. Means ought to be taken by the people of Oregon and Washington to give him complete and accurate information as to the state of the case and the interests involved. It is especially incumbent on our delegation in congress to give the president a full and careful statement; and we are certain that if the facts are made known to him, there will be modification of the order, within reasonable limits. Forestry is a very practical matter. It can have no hard and fast rules for all times and places, but should adjust its measures to conditions and circumstances. The timber of the country, on the public lands, must be preserved from destruction. But practical judgment, not sentimentalism, should preside over the policy employed for the purpose. We have large areas of mountainous woodlands in which permanent homes, owing to the depth of snow in winter, are impossible. The timber on these lands must not be destroyed. But the lands should not be shut up against their only practical use, which, at this time, is that of summer range for the arid regions."

BAKER CITY MINES.

A few days ago we expressed the opinion that the era of gold mining in the Northwest had only begun; that the demand for gold as a money metal by all the nations of the earth had given gold mining an additional impetus, and that the great golden storehouse of the world was not Africa, but Eastern Oregon and Washington, Idaho and British Columbia.

Since writing that article we have visited Baker City, in this state, and even a brief and cursory examination of that section convinced us that our predictions are not only true, but that that particular section is to be, in the near future, the greatest mining camp in the world. The mountains and hills surrounding Baker City are all mineral bearing, and the bedrock is ribboned with ledges of high grade ore. The opening of the Virtue mine after years of idleness did much towards giving mine-owners hope and encouragement, and in the past two years much prospecting and development work has been done, with results simply astounding.

Standing at the depot a friend boxed the compass for us with mining districts all showing high grade ores, all with mills and concentrators going up. We have spent the larger portion of our life in mining camps; but never saw anything like the conditions at Baker City. At Virginia was the Comstock, at White Pine, Austin, Aurora, Bodie, Pioche, Mineral Hill, and the hundreds of other Nevada mining camps, there was one or two ledges only; but Baker has a dozen prosperous camps, Cracker Creek, Robinsonville, Cornucopia, Greenhorn, Sparta, and we know not how many other jewels, in her crown.

The proverb says, "Cows far off wear long horns," and for this reason mining men have passed by Baker to rush to Roseland, to Alaska, to Peace river, anywhere so it was far away. But this has changed. Keen-sighted mining men, experts such as Gilbert

E. Bailey, have had their attention called to the Baker group of mines, and realized what a vast treasure house the sage-covered hills are. What struck us forcibly was the manner in which men talked of "hundred dollar free-milling ore" without batting an eye or seeming to think they were mentioning anything remarkable. The beauty of it was, too, that they had the ore and the bricks to show that their stories were true.

We predict for Baker City the coming summer, not a mining boom, but such a genuine mining development as will place her at the head of all the gold mining camps of the world. These be not idle words of flattery for our sister town, but the honest conviction of one who has spent nearly thirty years in mining camps, twenty or more of them in mining pursuits.

AJAX AND AJAX TELAMON.

Mr. J. Thorburn Ross has returned to Portland from Washington, where he has been, in company with Wallace McCamant, for the express purpose of telling the United States senate its duty in regard to seating Mr. Corbett. Mr. Ross thinks Corbett will be seated, principally on account of Mr. McCamant's brief, which put the matter in such a plain, forceful and clear light that the senators one and all, individually and collectively, were able to perceive what else had been imperceptible. This was so ably done, Mr. Ross says, that ex-Senator Edmunds, who, next to McCamant, is the most profound constitutional lawyer in the United States, shed tears of joy down Mac's shirt collar.

When J. Thorburn Ross and Wallace McCamant first reached Washington, so the former says, they "encountered a very unkindly sentiment with regard to seating Mr. Corbett." But when Ross turned his influence loose, and McCamant unveiled his brief, the sentiment changed. Doubt fled shrieking back to her gloomy caverns, and the clouds that lowered over the house of Corbett, went flying away like morning mists before a Biscay gale.

It is welcome news that the right man was found way out here in Oregon to throw light on this dark subject, to illuminate the gloomy pathway where the senatorial gaiters habitually perambulate, and to point out to the weary senators the course, and the only course, possible for them to pursue. Had it not been for Ross and McCamant, what would the country have come to, any how? The question might have been settled without due process of law, or under a mistaken conception of the manner and means of the hold-up; but with the light of McCamant's intelligence turned on in the full blaze of its incandescent glory, the devious roads of the political reptiles became as the flower-bedecked paths whereon a blushing bride might walk with trusting feet.

"Oregon ferminist the world!" and "Bully for McCamant!"

The sheepmen have again taken up the proposition of sending a representative to Washington to press the matter of opening the Cascade reserve to pasturage of herds and flocks. We had something to say in that matter when Mr. Steele was working it up, and we have not changed our opinion since. If the senator and congressmen can do nothing of what avail is a private citizen? We know that our delegation will do all in its power to open the reserve, and if they can do nothing, what can anyone else do? The sheepmen are simply fooling away their money in sending a representative to Washington, and will do more harm than good by doing so.

Two years ago R. J. Warren, a druggist at Pleasant Brook, N. Y., bought a small supply of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He sums up the result as follows: "At that time the goods were unknown in this section; to-day Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a household word." It is the same in hundreds of communities. Where ever the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy become known the people will have nothing else. For sale by Blakeley & Houghton.

At the Stabling Greenhouse you will find strong, well-rooted geraniums, fuchsias, white and yellow marguerites and heliotropes, from five cents up. Roses in bloom, 15 cents, or two for 25 cents; calla lilies in bloom, 25 cents; pansies 25 per dozen. Appropriate floral designs furnished on short notice. 24-dlw-wlm

LAST HONORS TO JENNISON.

Funeral of the Superintendent of Construction of the Western Union Company.

The funeral of Henry E. Jennison, superintendent of construction of the Western Union Telegraph Company, who lost his life through gas in a tunnel in Colorado last Friday, was held from All Saint's church to Forest Lawn cemetery yesterday afternoon, Rector MacKay officiating.

The church was crowded with the friends from all parts of the west. The casket was all but concealed beneath an avalanche of flowers, in designs and bouquets.

A large number of telegraph and railway officials from different parts of the territory, over which Jennison had jurisdiction, attended the funeral. Many others sent beautiful floral tributes.

Among those present from abroad were: G. M. Hohl, superintendent of the Kansas City, St. Joseph & Council Bluffs railway and I. T. Dyer, superintendent of telegraph of the same road, St. Joseph, Mo.; Rodney Smith, manager Western Union Telegraph Company, from the same city, also F. W. Mackey, manager Missouri and Kansas Telephone Company, St. Joseph; O. W. McDaniel, superintendent of the Missouri & Kansas Telephone Company, Kansas City; W. C. Burrows, manager Western Union Telegraph Company, and wife, Leavenworth, Kas.; George E. Lawton, night chief operator Western Union Telegraph Company, Denver; William Butler and J. L. Reynolds, Western Union Telegraph Company, Denver; A. Duffy of the Union Pacific, Cheyenne; Charles A. Simons, general foreman of the Union Pacific; R. J. Armstrong of the Union Pacific; C. E. Yates, superintendent of Telegraph Burlington & Missouri railway, Lincoln; R. A. Hutcheson, manager of Western Union Telegraph Company, Lincoln; A. M. Dickey, Western Union Telegraph Company, Lincoln; G. W. Stamsel, Union Pacific at Grand Island; C. W. Pierce, Union Pacific at Valley, Neb.; J. T. Callahan, Union Pacific railway, Schuyler, Neb.; T. C. Howard of St. Joseph.

The pall bearers were L. H. Korty, superintendent of telegraph, Union Pacific railway; W. P. McFarland, superintendent of telegraph of the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley railway; C. B. Horton, assistant superintendent, and W. W. Umsted, manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company; E. D. Parker, assistant superintendent of construction, Western Union Telegraph Company, and C. W. Moore of Superintendent Dickey's office.

The funeral obsequies were beautiful and impressive. Mrs. G. W. Johnson sang "Nearer My God to Thee," accompanied by Miss Josephine Thatcher on the organ.

Rev. T. J. MacKay spoke tenderly and feelingly of the dead man, paying a high tribute to his exemplary character and personal worth. He said the profusion of floral tributes testified to the esteem in which Mr. Jennison was held in this city, where he was well known and loved by all of his acquaintances.

"We have lost a brave and gallant comrade of life's battle," he said, "and I wish that all men would strive to emulate the example of this noble man who sacrificed his own life at the post of duty, leading the men under his command to perform a dangerous duty rather than driving them and shielding himself."

When Mrs. Johnson sang "Just as I am Without One Plea," the beautiful casket was borne down the aisle, away to Forest Lawn cemetery, where all that was mortal of Henry E. Jennison was consigned to the tomb.—Omaha World's-Herald.

Success of Woman's Enfranchisement in New Zealand.

It is now four years since the electoral franchise was granted to all women twenty-one years of age by act of the local parliament; and, as the parliament in New Zealand last for three years, there have been two general elections in which the women's vote has been a most important factor. It is only just to note that there are no symptoms of public regret at the step thus taken, nor are there, so far, any indications of the change having altered in other respects the ordinary usages of society. On the other hand, it is important to observe that the change was not new ideas in New Zealand. It was not the result of female agitation, either through the press or on the platform. There were no "Women's Rights" leagues organized; nor was any public attempt made to denounce the selfishness of men, or to magnify the virtue and intellectual powers of women. To the persons who have put themselves forward in positions of prominence in the "Women's Rights" movements in America and Great Britain the attitude of the women of New Zealand would undoubtedly have seemed slow and supine to an extraordinary degree. They held no meetings; they sent no petitions; they published no letters or pamphlets—either to denounce men or to praise women. What they did was to take advantage of every opportunity that was given them of taking part in the management of public affairs, and showing an active and intelligent interest in public questions.—Hon. Hugh H. Lusk, in the April Forum.