

The Weekly Chronicle.

COUNTY OFFICIALS.

County Judge..... Robt. Mays
Sheriff..... T. J. Driver
Clerk..... A. M. Kelsey
Treasurer..... C. L. Phillips
Commissioners..... A. S. Blowers
Assessor..... D. S. Kinsey
Surveyor..... W. H. Whipple
Superintendent of Public Schools..... C. L. Gilbert
Coroner..... W. H. Butts

STATE OFFICIALS.

Governor..... W. P. Lord
Secretary of State..... H. R. Kincaid
Treasurer..... Phillip Metchan
Supt. of Public Instruction..... G. M. Irwin
Attorney-General..... C. M. Klemm
Senators..... G. W. McBride
J. H. Mitchell
E. R. Sherman
Congressmen..... W. R. Ellis
State Printer..... W. H. Leeds

THEY KICKED, OF COURSE.

The firemen's tournament at Baker City is over, that is all except the kicking, that still continues. It is quite probable that the races were fairly run, impartially timed and correctly judged, and yet every team competing has some kick to register and each is satisfied and apparently honestly satisfied that every other team had the better of it. This very fact indicates the fairness of the races, which, no doubt, were decided in favor of the teams that won them.

We may draw a moral from this and profit by it at the tournament to be held here in September. The selecting of judges and timers should be left entirely to the competing teams. It won't stop the kicking, but it will enable The Dalles to say, "Gentlemen, if you are gentlemen, you selected your starters, timers and judges. If you made a mistake it was your own, not ours. We are glad to have you shove your legs under our mahogany and partake of our hospitality, but if you want to kick shins under the table, just kick each other and let ours alone." We have never known a firemen's tournament to pass off without kicking. It's a part of the program in which each team makes about the same time, and all break the record. Good generalship requires that the kickers should kick against each other and not against us, and a little worldly wisdom will suggest some such plan as we have outlined. By the way, we might add to disprove the old adage, "The kickers always get there," that in firemen's tournaments the kickers are the fellows who don't get there.

When the soreness of defeat wears off, all the competing teams will realize that Baker City treated them fairly and royally. Being a mining town, it wouldn't know how to do anything else.

THE STRIPED BASS.

The question of introducing striped bass in the Columbia is being agitated. The bass is a game fish, and a good one. There is no objection to him on that account. The only question is, will he interfere with the salmon. If so, we do not want him; if not, we do. Until this question is settled, and settled definitely, we do not want him. We have the carp, and we would like to be rid of him. A fish that will come ashore in the night and eat up all the garden stuff and grass within two hundred yards of the water, is too deucedly handy; too versatile. It is said the striped bass is fond of him, and will assist in destroying him. If so, and the salmon will not be injured, the quicker the bass can be put at work, the better.

As far as the carp is concerned, it is a source of wonder why any one should have been foolish enough to transplant it anywhere. It has more bones than a sucker, and tastes like blue clay. It is a sluggish, lazy, swinish fish, no sport to catch, no good to eat.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

These be the days of secret societies. Their name is legion, and the field, already filled, is being yet more closely packed with yet other orders, treading on each other's heels in the scramble for first place.

Secret societies are all right in their place; their objects are all for good, or most of them are; but they are becoming a nuisance, just from sheer force of numbers. There are now thirty or forty of them, each ready to prove that it is the best; each with its members working to get other members; each trying to

swell its rolls at the expense of the others. They have become entirely too plentiful, too aggressive, too much of a business proposition. They are quite a drain on individuals and the community, and while some of the money expended in them comes back, there is some that does not.

They are a good thing, only it should not be forgotten that it is possible to have too much even of a good thing.

THE DEMOCRATIC IDOL.

There seems to be a concerted plan among the papers opposed to free silver to belittle William J. Bryan. He is spoken of as "little Billy Bryan," and in other terms equally suggestive. Whatever opinions may be held concerning the free coinage of silver, and however much the papers in question, or their readers, may differ from Mr. Bryan in his views, the fact is undeniable that he is no longer the coming man of the free silverites, for he is here, and here to stay. He has taken a firm hold on those who followed him in the last campaign, and he is to be the next antagonist the Republican nominee for president will have to face.

It is utter foolishness to belittle an antagonist, and those who watched Mr. Bryan's campaign realize that in his case it is something that cannot be done. Possessed of strong convictions, a wonderful mind, fine oratorical powers, young, keen, hopeful, aspiring, aggressive; he is foe-man worthy of any man's steel. He may be thought little, but he is large enough to have out-topped Cleveland. That gentleman is a back number; Bryan is the living popular volume. His campaign was one of the marvels of American political history. He made from three to twenty-five speeches a day for months. He was tireless, sleepless, and in all that campaign, making as he did innumerable speeches, he never made a mistake. He is the idol of Democracy today, and has awakened among the masses an enthusiasm that will make him a dangerous foe to the best man the Republican party can find. The measures he advocates may be wrong, his theories of government faulty; but right or wrong, he looms up across the political sky the giant of the Democratic party. It may be the race of last year over in 1900, but whether it is or not, if W. J. Bryan is alive, then he will be the candidate for president whom the Republican nominee must meet.

The silver question has been stirred up, and the roiled waters will not be taken out of politics in the next dozen years. It will die eventually from the repeated defeat of silver advocates, from the balance of the world deciding against it; but until then William Jennings Bryan is its avatar.

A CROOK COUNTY IDEA.

Geo. W. Barnes, in a communication to the Prineville Review, gives the entire credit of opening the Cascade reserve to pasturage to a few Prineville men and the Prineville papers. We realize that the Prineville papers presented the facts in the case strongly, and do not doubt but that the gentlemen named by Mr. Barnes did all in their power; but there are others, and one of them, contrary to Mr. Barnes' assertion, was the Hon. John H. Mitchell. Mr. Barnes very childishly remarks that "if the truth could be known, he (Mitchell) did all he could against them, because he did not get all the votes of Wasco, Crook, Gilliam and Morrow." Mr. Barnes is a lawyer, and yet he makes an assertion which he admits he does not know to be true.

John H. Mitchell is still a factor, and a large one, in Oregon politics, and in his own interests he would not oppose the demands of the people of Eastern Oregon, for he may yet ask further favors at their hands. But outside of that, Senator Mitchell has always, in season and out, looked after the interests of his constituents, regardless of any selfish interest. It was through his prompt action, and through him alone, that the reservation was thrown open in 1895 and kept open in 1896. We know whereof we speak.

Mr. Barnes is either grossly misinformed, or has a grievance of his own against Mitchell.

The battleship Oregon will not come to Portland, and so the silver

punch-bowl and the gewzaws and jim-cracks accompanying the bowl, will probably have to be loaded on a wood scow and sent down to Astoria, or freighted over to some point on the Sound where the ship may be found. That silver set ought to be a valuable souvenir, for it was a subject of annoyance, sorrow and tribulation from its inception. It was hard to get, and apparently just as much difficulty has been experienced in getting rid of it. Oregon's best wishes go with it, if it goes, and along with the wishes goes the hope that it may never come back.

AN UNMUZZLED PRESS.

In the trial of the newspaper correspondents on indictments for having refused to answer certain questions asked them by the senate sugar trust investigating committee, the question to be determined, and which the papers the reporters represented are determined to have settled, is the right of a newspaper representative to refuse to disclose the sources of his information. Acting under instructions from their employers, the reporters refused to answer the questions put to them, and are now being tried for contempt. The question is, can they, or ought they, be made to tell where the information came from. To the first half of the question the answer might be yes; to the latter half there can be but one reply, and that a most emphatic no!

Newspapers publish news at their peril. If they make misstatements concerning any one, both the criminal and civil law may be invoked; the one to their punishment, and the other to compensating the injured party in damages. Public good demands the publication of public business; how it is managed, or mismanaged, and this regardless of whom it hurts. All the public needs to know, all anyone needs to know, is that the statements made in a paper are true. The fact that the injured party, if such, has his remedy in the courts, is sufficient protection to the public against any abuse of power on the part of the press. If the position is maintained that a reporter must disclose the sources of his information, much of the power for good will be taken away from the press, for then the information will be withheld. Men in high positions, realizing that a newspaper secret is inviolable, furnish information that otherwise would never be made public.

Once the press is muzzled, a great sigh of relief would go up from speculative senators and other officials, as well as from some of the big syndicates and trusts. Free speech and a free press, "unawed by influence and bribed by gain," are necessities of the times.

A TENDER MURDERER.

It is wonderful how keen a sense of propriety, how delicate a perception of moral turpitude, and how tenderly solicitous of others' good names even a hardened criminal may be. E. B. Soper, alias "Sandy" Soper, is an apt illustration of this fact. Sandy, judging from his picture in the Oregonian, is a lantern-jawed, crop-haired crank, and yet his history shows that he was a loving father and a tender husband. He loved his children so dearly that realizing he could not educate them and give them such advantages as he desired, he killed them to put them out of their misery. Then when he thought over his act, and of what disgrace it would bring upon his beloved wife, if it was discovered that her husband was the murderer of her children, his conscience smote him. He just couldn't bear to think of it, so, moved by his mighty love for the dear woman, he killed her too, to prevent any such disgrace falling upon her.

Then he came to Portland and married again, and the evidence goes to show that he there murdered another of his children, a little 2-year-old girl, by his second wife. The motive in this case is unknown, but presumably it was a highly-sympathetic and proper one.

Soper is on his way back to Missouri to answer for his crimes before a hart-hearted lot of men, but undoubtedly a proper appreciation of

his delicate instincts will cause the ladies to smother him with flowers.

The annexation of Hawaii is as certain to happen as anything earthly can be. The sugar trust is against it, because it wants its products, now admitted free of duty, shut out of competition with itself. The greater number of the people do not want it, because of the mixed population it would add to our citizenship. But in spite of this feeling, the annexation will be made, simply because this government will not allow any other nation to absorb Hawaii; and to prevent it this government will have to take it in.

Senator Aldrich is said to be so sick that he will be unable to attend the session of the senate during the debate on the tariff bill. Some very ugly accusations have been made against him, he being openly accused of having been hand-in-glove with the sugar trust in preparing and advocating certain duties in its favor. If one-half the statements are true we do not wonder at his being sick. He ought to be dead.

A man working out his road tax in Columbia county, was suddenly stricken with total paralysis of the tongue. It is supposed over exertion of that member induced by his trying to do his full duty as a public servant was the cause of the trouble.

HOOD RIVER'S EXPERIENCE.

Only One Basket for Its Eggs, and That Dropped.

Hood River is undoubtedly one of the finest sections of Oregon, and yet just now the people down that way feel pretty blue and sore, resulting from the partial failure of the strawberry crop, aggravated by a really inferior berry and from that and other causes, poor prices. The trouble with Hood River is that, like many other communities, it has put all its eggs in one basket. This is only true in a sense, for outside of the berries, hundreds of acres of orchards are growing that in a year or two will yield abundantly and furnish at least a second basket for the eggs. This trouble will soon be obliterated, but it should have been done long ago.

Eight years ago, in starting the Glacier, we advocated bringing the waters of Hood river through the valley. We talked it in season and out, but the insane desire possessed by some people to pull a wagon out of the mud by pulling in opposite directions prevailed and nothing could be done. Now the big west side ditch is nearing completion and water will be abundant for all purposes.

Year after year the berries have been picked and sent away, the checks received, cashed and sent away too. It took all the berry money to buy hay and feed. It is the richest agricultural country on earth, for its farmers haul their produce to market in top buggies and haul their hay home in the same vehicles. No other country could stand it. With the completion of the big ditch, Hood River can have hay to sell. The soil is adapted to the growth of clover and alfalfa, and when the money received for berries is kept at home, things will be different.

It is undeniable, though, that Hood River has had the worst season it ever experienced, and one that if its good citizens are wise, will never happen again. Water will be abundant for all purposes, the orchards will come into bearing and the many little and big holes through which the money leaked out being stopped, our neighboring town, in the language of the immortal Sandy Bowers, will "Have money to throw at the birds."

The rain yesterday morning reached the country south of us, watering it well, the rainfall increasing in amount as far out as Tygh Ridge, where it was quite heavy, the water standing in the roads when it was over. The Juniper Flat section was the center of the shower, which seemed to exhaust itself before it crossed the Deschutes. Sherman county got but little of it, but was favored with a good shower last week that passed over us.

The city election takes place next Monday; but little interest seems to be taken in it so far. The usual custom has been to call a citizens' meeting Thursday or Friday before election for the purpose of nominating candidates, which custom will probably be observed on the present occasion. We understand Mayor Menefee will not accept that office again, and candidates do not seem so numerous as they are for places with more money in them. But one name has been mentioned for the place, and that is Hon. W. H. Wilson. We do not pretend to say that Mr. Wilson will accept, for we do not know; but others mention him as the only available man.

Do you want your windows cleaned, carpets taken up, beaten and re-laid, or janitor work of any kind done by a first-class man? If so, telephone Henry Johnson at Parkins' barber shop. Phone 119. a10-tf

Sciatic Rheumatism

It Shortened the Patient's Leg Two Inches, and so Affected the Nervous System that He Continually Shook as with the Palsy.

After Six Years of Torment He Succeeds in Finding a Remedy for the Horrible Disease.

From the Egyptian Press, Marion, Illinois.

There is no name in this section of the country connected with the medical world, that is better known to the public than that of Mr. Monroe Peterson. He is situated in a nice, comfortable home, with a good farm, about four miles west of Johnson City, Ill. He is now fifty-eight years old, in a healthy condition, and weighs one hundred and ninety pounds. Not a more upright and honorable citizen does our nation afford, and he is looked upon with wonder, because of his healthy condition after so long a period of misery and suffering.

The cause of Mr. Peterson's long suffering was a hurt which he received in a fall, while running a drill in 1861, being a soldier at the time. He has been crippled in his right leg ever since that date. Sciatic rheumatism then set in, and his leg began to slowly wither away and draw up in the joint, and now it is about two inches shorter than the other. It began to grow worse and, finally, his whole body began to shake like a person with the St. Vitus' dance. His first severe attack was about six years ago.

There is no disease in the power of human endurance more awful in its pains and afflictions than sciatic rheumatism. Sometimes its pain may be a slow, steady one, while, at other times, it comes with jerks and wrenches that seem to twist the body out of all shape of recognition. It seems to contract the muscles, drawing the body almost in a knot. While the probably the worst stage of sciatic rheumatism, it is sometimes found in milder forms. So it was with Mr. Peterson, but with it was associated a feeling and condition almost as uncomfortable and unbearable. The body was in a continual shake, rendering it impossible for him to do anything. He had lost all control of his muscles. On application to a physician for relief, he was told that the affliction might last him all his life, or, on the other hand, it might leave him entirely at an unexpected moment.

For over three years he was not able to write a word, so severe was his shaking. He could not even sign his vouchers, thereby having to make his mark and witness it. At this time he could not walk a step without aid, nor even sit down in a chair without assistance. So severe was the shaking of his head that it almost caused him to go blind. He could not distinguish a person a rod's distance in front of him. He came very nearly losing his mind, and his friends thought, as a last resort, that he would have to be taken to a hospital. When he was taken to town for examination by a physician, he had to be examined in the buggy, so difficult was it for him to get out. Oftentimes it would seem that life was nearly extinct, and his feet and hands would have to be bathed in warm water and rubbed in order to restore the circulation. For two years he was not able to feed himself at the table. His ever faithful and dutiful wife put the food to his mouth. At night he would take smothering spells and would have to be lifted up in bed that he might regain his breath and strength. At this critical period he was not able to put on his clothes, not able to do anything but sit and suffer his miserable life away.

One physician gave, as his decision of the case, that his leg would have to be placed in a vice and stretched to its original length,

thereby extending the contracted sciatic nerve which was the seat of trouble. Mr. Peterson, unwilling to subject his body to such severe treatment, objected, thinking that it could be made better, if not cured, in some more humane way. All kinds of patent medicines had been tried. At times he thought he was enjoying the comfort and pleasure of a partial relief, but soon he would be back in the same old rut, making his life one of misery and affliction. Instead of life being one of improvement and joy, it was one of continual toil and suffering. Electric currents, which have gained such a foothold among the remedies for rheumatic and neuralgic pains, were tried with only partial relief for a while. He was treated by nearly every physician in the county. All kinds of medicines were tried without avail. Much money had been spent in vain. Still was this disease like a vampire sucking away at his miserable life. The doctors finally gave him up, saying nothing could relieve him. They had tried every remedy known to the medical world, and now they thought it best to keep the money which was being spent for doctors' bills and medicines and make his last days as pleasant for him as his miserable condition would allow. He was placed before a State Board of pension examiners and was told that it would be useless to spend any more money in this direction or to try to improve his health, for it was an impossibility. As a new thought of the culmination had been reached, but not to be baffled by despair, he still sought means by which his miserable life could be made more happy. "As long as there is life there is hope." He saw an article in the paper which stated that a distinguished lumberman in Michigan had been cured of a case resembling his own by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He then renewed courage to try again. He ordered one-half dozen boxes, and by taking pills one day rested the following night better than he had rested for years. So severe was his case that he took them nearly six months. He began to gradually mend and is now a hale and hearty man. He now goes anywhere on the farm that he desires, and is now able to write a good, plain hand and sign his name to his vouchers, and is able to do his chores about the house. While he is too old to labor hard, he is in such a condition that he can spend his last days here on earth in peace and comfort.

These pills were not known to this section of country till Mr. Peterson tried them, and now they can be had at any drug store. Hundreds of boxes have been sold on account of the reputation of this one case. At least half of the people not knowing the name of the pills, call for "the kind Mr. Peterson tried."

(Signed) MONROE PETERSON. Subscribed and sworn to before me on the 25th day of May, A. D., 1896. JOHN H. KOOP, Justice of the Peace.

An analysis of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills shows that they contain, in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the various forms of grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female, and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 60 cents, a box or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

THE RECORDS AT BAKER.

What the Boys Will Have to Beat this Fall.

Following is given the summary of the events as run at Baker City this year: 1897 Records.

Speed race—Pendleton, 23 3/5; Walla Walla, 23 3/5; La Grande, 23 3/5; Waitsburg, 24 1/4; Huntington, 25; Baker City, No. 5 team, 24; Baker City, No. 3, 25 2/5; Pendleton, Walla Walla and La Grande tied.

In the run off, the time was: Pendleton, 23 3/5; Walla Walla, 23 3/5; La Grande, 23 4/5.

Walla Walla and Pendleton again tied. In the second run off, the time was, Walla Walla winning: Walla Walla, 23 1/5; Pendleton, 23 3/5.

Wet test—Walla Walla won, time 34; Waitsburg, 43; Pendleton, 35 1/5; Baker City, No. 5, no time; Baker City, No. 3, 25; La Grande, 36 2/5; Huntington, 47 2/5.

Hook and ladder race—Baker City, No. 1 won, time 21 4/5; Waitsburg, 24. No other teams competed.

Championship race—Baker City, No. 2 won, time 52 4/5; Baker City, No. 5, second, time 53 1/2; Pendleton, third, time 53 4/5; La Grande, 57; Waitsburg, Huntington and Walla Walla, no time. Hub and hub race—First heat, La Grande defeated Walla Walla; time 23 4/5.

Second heat—Pendleton defeated Waitsburg; time 23 2/5.

Third heat—Pendleton defeated Baker City, No. 5; time 23 2/5.

In the run off, Pendleton defeated La Grande; time 23 1/2.

Foot race—Seventeen entries, Frank Shelton, of Baker City, won in 23 seconds; distance 220 yards.

Yellow washing powder will make your clothes the same color. Avoid this by using Soap Foam. It's pure white. a23m

Soap Foam excels all other washing compounds. a23m

Nebraska corn for sale at the Wasco warehouse. Best feed on earth. m9-tf

The Song Recital.

The song recital, given by the pupils of Miss Dorotina Eliot at the Congregational church last night, was a genuine treat to all who had the pleasure of listening to the well trained voices.

Some of the best talent in the city have had their voices under Miss Eliot's training, and her effective work was visible, if the term may be used, in all of them. The church was crowded, and though the program was an exceptionally long one, the time passed all too quickly.

We congratulate Miss Eliot on the excellent work she has accomplished, and those who have had the benefit of her teaching upon their good fortune therein. The program was as follows:

- Tri-o—"The Water Lily"..... Franz Abt
Miss Mitchell, Mrs. Varney, Miss Sampson, Mrs. Cushing, Mrs. Bradshaw.
"The Lily"..... DeKoven
Mr. Wm. C. Crouse.
"Deep in the Mine"..... W. H. Jude
Mr. Nicholas Sinauot.
"Good Night"..... Anton Deorack
Mrs. W. L. ...
a—"My Name is Where the Heather Blooms"..... DeKoven
b—"Without Thee"..... Guy d'Hardelot
Miss May Cushing.
c—"Cuban Lullaby Song"..... Paladilhe
b—"Bereuse"..... Chaminade
Miss Eliot.
Quartet—"Song of the Shepherdess"..... E. N. Anderson
a—"Bedouin Love Song"..... Pissotti
b—"Oh Fair, Oh Sweet and Holy"..... Otto Cantor
Dr. O. D. Doane.
a—"Where Blooms the Rose"..... Clayton Johns
b—"Starburst Song"..... Nicholas Heins
Miss Georgia Sampson.
a—"Madrigal"..... Victor Harris
b—"O Wondrous Dream"..... Wilton G. Smith
Mrs. A. N. Varney.
a—"Who is Sylvia"..... Schubert
b—"I Cannot Help Loving Thee"..... Clayton Johns
c—"Letha"..... Miss Myrtle Mitchell.
F. Bost
c—"To Seville"..... F. Desnoer
Miss Eliot.
Duet—"Like the Lark"..... Franz Abt
Miss Eliot and Miss Georgia Sampson.

The Westfield (Ind.) News prints the following in regard to an old resident of that place: "Frank McAvoy, for many years in the employ of the L., N. A. & C. Ry. here, says: 'I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for ten years or longer—am never without it in my family. I take pleasure in recommending it.' It is a specific for all bowel disorders. For sale by Blakeley & Houghton.