

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
 D. S. Kinsey
 Assessor..... W. H. Whipple
 Surveyor..... J. B. Scott
 Superintendent of Public Schools..... C. L. Gilbert
 Coroner..... W. H. Butts

STATE OFFICIALS.

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

Weekly Clubbing Rates.

Chronicle and Oregonian..... \$2 25
 Chronicle and Examiner..... 2 25
 Chronicle and Tribune..... 1 75
 Chronicle and N. Y. World..... 2 00

SHE WANTS A PENSION.

Liliuokalani, she that was queen of Hawaii, has made a formal protest against the annexation of the islands by the United States, and while the old girl puts up a theoretically good case, the facts are against her. She does not seem to recognize the truth that times change and governments and conditions change with them. In her formal protest she says: "I, Liliuokalani, of Hawaii, by the grace of God declared queen of the Hawaiian islands." Whether it was by the grace of God that she was declared queen does not matter much in this case, though skeptical people, who have been informed as to the queen's actions and morals, would have some compunctions of conscience about making anything but a heathen divinity responsible for her appointment. But, if her statement be true, she must not overlook the fact that just now she is not queen of Hawaii, but that one Dole is president of the republic of Hawaii, by the grace of superior intelligence of an enlightened people who do not believe in the divine right of kings or queens, plain or colored.

What she wants now is not her kingdom and her country, but a pension for having lost it, and pay for promising not to take it back again. Between the ex queen and the present government of Hawaii some sort of a bargain might have been made; but between the queen and this government there is nothing to consider. There is no queen of Hawaii to deal with, there is but the republic of Hawaii, and this country is not going into the business of pensioning deposed monarchs. It is true we help pay the salary of one king now, but he is only a little one, and most of our people do not know it. They would object quickly enough to pensioning her saddle-colored ex-highness of Hawaii. If she wants to treat with this government, she must get herself in position to do so by regaining possession of her kingdom. Until she does, this government can have nothing to do with her, for she has nothing to trade.

Bishop Willis of Honolulu has arrived in England, and delivers himself of the idea that the feeling in Hawaii is strongly against annexation by the United States, and in favor of being taken under the wing of Great Britain. He expressed the further opinion that the best thing that could be done, in case England declined to accept Hawaii, was for Japan to reinstate Queen Liliuokalani. It is really amusing to hear some prattlers talk over matters in which the United States is interested, and to settle them without taking this country into consideration. Bishop Willis seems to think all that is necessary for Japan to do to reinstate the deposed Hawaiian queen is to take her back to Hawaii and tell the people they must accept her. He forgets that there is another government in charge of Hawaii, and he ignores the fact that Uncle Samuel would have something to say concerning the matter. The good bishop, feeling as he does, should have reinstated the queen himself. He is just as able to do it as Japan.

Max Pracht didn't get the governorship of Alaska, but he got something that has had the desired effect of stopping his mouth. The only trouble with his appointment is that the duties of the office do not compel his absence from Oregon. He is an odoriferous pink petal from

Peachblow Paradise that patriotic people of the Pacific coast would prefer to perceive perambulating the paths of political preference in parts preferably remote. That's what's the matter with Max, and that's the way we feel about it. However, his mouth organ is no longer blown, and that is a great relief.

WIFELY DEVOTION.

Lemuel Melson, who is sentenced to be hanged at Grants Pass July 2d, has made no attempt to appeal to the supreme court, or to take advantage of any of those delays now considered a part of a criminal trial. "I have nothing to say," is his only answer to all inquiries concerning his case. And yet one would think, sustained and sympathized with as he is by a tender and affectionate wife, that life would be sweet and he would make a struggle for his liberty.

His case, like hundreds before it, shows the depths of devotion to which a woman's heart may reach. Humanity is prone to speak lightly, in these degenerate days, of wifely devotion, but it is because speakers are heedless of the noble examples which occur every day. Now, in Melson's case, his wife wrote him a letter the other day that must have affected him powerfully, for one can hardly peruse the tender solicitation, the pathetic longing, the despairing anguish of the heart-broken wife, penned on a tear-blotted page or two to the man who won her girlish affections, on whom she leaned, and whom she loved, honored and trusted, without being moved to tears. She was at the time, and probably is yet, in Del Norte county, California, but in his last hours she pours out her love to him, and in a burst of affection, says she would so love to come and see him, but she was busy cooking for a camp of twenty-five men, and couldn't spare the time.

She is a thrifty little housewife and will get along probably as well without him, but still one cannot but feel touched at the hard fate that causes his decease right in her busiest season. The letter has probably had much to do with making Melson not only resigned to his fate, but glad to die.

NOW IS THE TIME.

The California senators are disposed to fight the annexation of Hawaii. Their principal objection, and it is an objection, is to the mixed population. President McKinley meets this and overcomes it. Hawaii will be annexed to the United States, because it is next to impossible for it to maintain its independence, and this country will never submit to any other government getting control of it.

There are some people who look at a gift horse's teeth. They did it concerning the northwest territory, our own fair Oregon, and they poked all manner of fun at Seward for urging the purchase of Alaska. Yet both were, after all, pretty good investments. Senator Perkins says Hawaii isn't much good anyhow, and for his part he would rather purchase British Columbia. He seems to think that all the countries of the earth are on the bargain counter, and that if the United States doesn't see what it wants, all it has to do is to ask for it. Just now, on the eve of her gracious majesty's jubilee, we imagine the price might be a trifle high, but the senator might price it. It might be suggested, though, that it would be better to wait for the special sale to be advertised, which will probably be some time, as England has not yet gone into the business of selling her colonies.

Hawaii we can now get peaceably. The question is, shall we take it, or wait until we have to fight for it?

One of the amusing things about the Cuban question is the cheerfulness with which Canovas and other leading Spaniards view the possibility of war between Spain and the United States. Canovas says that in such a case "Spain will rise to the emergency." Other Spaniards seem to think that Spain would at once blockade our ports and send an army here and whale us to a standstill instant. They do not seem to realize the open-faced absurdity of their threats when viewed in the light of Spain's success in Cuba. If the

mother country cannot conquer a few ragged, half armed, barefooted Cuban patriots, with neither friends, money nor credit, what would happen to her if she ran up against this country, with its 70,000,000 people and unlimited resources. There are several countries that might give us trouble by bombarding and destroying our seaports; but to come over and whip the American people, all the nations of the earth could not do it. The United States raises everything necessary to sustain the lives of all of its people, and can defy the world.

A GREAT MINING CAMP.

That Rossland is a great mining camp is undoubtedly true, but that it, like most other quartz mining camps at the start, is over-boomed, is just as true. Nature is generally chary of deposits of the precious metals, and does not overdo herself by placing all the wealth at her disposal in one camp or section. The history of mining camps shows that usually one or two, and invariably a half dozen, paying mines is the limit to which she will go. Virginia City, Nevada, was by long odds the greatest mining camp in the world; the Comstock and Bonanza ledges the greatest ore producers. Yet half a dozen mines would cover the list even there. There were more than that that produced bullion; but even with the biggest ledge ever found, the number that paid anything at all was less than a dozen; Cen. Virginia, California, Crown Point, Belcher, Yellow Jacket, Ophir, these constituted the paying group. Mexican, Gould & Carey, Segregated Belcher, Bowers, these paid for a while, or rather once in a while; but the Irish dividends were more numerous than any other. Yet, counting all the mines that could possibly be classed as producers, the number was less than a dozen.

When the Virginia excitement broke out in 1859 everyone of these claims and hundreds of others were located before the outside world knew anything of the strike. Yet 30,000 people went to Virginia City in 1860, one-half of whom expected to locate a mine. It is so in nearly every quartz camp, the ground is located before the excitement begins. It is so in Rossland.

Comparing this new camp to the Comstock is like sizing Tom Thumb up with Polyphemus, or a mole hill with Mt. Hood. Rossland has produced up to date probably half a million dollars. The first 100 tons of ore from the Ophir, worked through an old astra, yielded nearly \$100,000 more than this, and the Comstock ledge alone, in its best days, produced \$70,000,000, a year, or 140 times the yield of Rossland. We would not belittle the new camp, it will soon find its own level; they all do.

There is another camp, an old one; one that never has had a boom, at least until now; one that has heretofore been mined by tyros and owned by farmers; one that has no immense ledge, but is ribboned with small ledges; one that is the exception to the general rule as claimed in the beginning of this article; and one that will in a few years be the greatest gold-producing mining camp in the world. That camp is Baker City; or, to be more exact, Baker City is the center of that mining section. It is the poor man's camp, the prospector's camp, because Nature, instead of exerting herself to make one vast deposit of wealth, has lazily cached her stores on every mountain. Inside of ten years the mines within a radius of 50 miles of Baker City will produce an amount of gold that will place Oregon first of all the states of the union in that line, and will make pale the ancient stories of Ophir and the modern ones of Cripple Creek and the Rand.

Baker City is the coming mining camp of the world, and her coming will not be long delayed.

This is a great time for England, and Englishmen may well feel proud of the occasion which they celebrate. Sixty years of the most magnificent, most successful reign ever vouchsafed to a sovereign have just been completed by the great queen and good woman, Victoria. Since she

ascended the throne, the world has progressed along the lines of civilization further than in all the countless ages before it. Measured by the advancement of man, the strides of science, the secrets wrested from nature, her reign has covered more than half the time since the creation. The world today does homage to the good woman and to the great queen, glorying in the achievements of the English speaking people, and vying with her subjects in honoring her who is their head and representative.

Oregon's gold mines are going to astonish the world, but Oregon people are to get but little benefit from them, that is in the shape of dividends for the reason that Oregon capitalists are letting their opportunities slip. Oregon's mines, as fast as discovered, are bought up by Eastern capital, and the result is that nothing but the cost of mining is left in the state. At Baker City foreign capital is capturing everything, Oregon money nothing. With the opening of these mines, our local capitalists will see what opportunities have been neglected; but it will then be too late.

It would seem that the corporations of the country will never be satisfied until by their example they have made anarchists of all their employees and everybody who does business with them. George Maxwell, who for twenty years has been paying teller of the First National Bank of San Francisco, was put on the witness stand in the Davis will case and was compelled to testify as to the signature to the will being genuine. He testified that it was a forgery, and then the bank discharged him for "violating its confidence."

At last a spark of humanity has flashed in the darkness of Spanish cruelty in Cuba. The Spanish soldiers of the Guinness garrison have petitioned General Weyler for permission to give half their daily rations to starving Cuban women and children. It is only a little spark, but it shines like a star of the first magnitude, unrivaled and solitary in the universal darkness. Had such Spanish soldiers had to deal with the Cubans, they would have conquered long ago, if, indeed, there had been anyone to conquer.

A scientist says that there are only 205 deaths from lightning in the United States in a year. The same authority adds that only one third of those struck by lightning die. We don't know how true those statements are, but if the scientist is speaking of political lightning, we could tell him of those struck none die, and the same number resign.

Eugene V. Debs declares silver a dead issue. As Eugene speaks from the grave, his words ought to have weight.

A LOST BABY.

Lorin Roberts Strays From Home and Is Out All Night.

Last Friday afternoon Lorin, the 2½-year-old son of A. S. Roberts, who resides at the big bend of the Deechutes, strayed away from the house about 4 o'clock. His mother soon missed him, but thinking he could not have gotten far, was not alarmed, until a search of ten or fifteen minutes failed to discover him. The country is broken and hilly, full of ravines and gulches, and it was easy for him to become lost. Failing to find him, she gave the alarm, and soon her husband, her sister and herself were scouring the hills in the vicinity for him. Not finding him in the course of half an hour, the neighbors were called upon, and soon the entire neighborhood had turned out to search for the little fellow. He being so small it was feared the coyotes would attack him, and it was indeed a long and anxious night for all.

The search was kept up all night, and about sunrise his father found him, chasing after a band of hounds. The first thing he said as his father approached him was, "Where's mamma?" His tracks had been found during the night, but could not be followed, and in his efforts to get home he had traveled probably five miles, as he was found two miles and a half from home. A young shepherd pup had followed him and was with him when he was found, and it was probably due to that fact that he escaped being attacked by coyotes.

His mother rode horseback all night in the search for him, but broke down completely when he was found.

Soap Foam excels all other washing compounds. a2-3m

We sell Hoe Cake soap.—Pease & Mays. a3-2m

HE DIDN'T DO A THING TO HIM

Just Played a Few Selections From Wagner on His Backbone.

Doctor Carns of Hood River owns a dog. Mr. Bartmes also of Hood River owns a cat. The gentlemen named live on opposite sides of Oak street, and the cat and dog consequently occupy quarters and are at home seven days in the week, just across the street from each other. The dog boasts of no high-born ancestry, is diminutive, old gold in color, and in fact is, in every day language, just "a yaller dog." The cat is, on the other hand, an aristocrat, being of that blue-gray color, indicating the genuine Maltese, though it may be only a Maltese cross. He is of magnificent proportions as to frame, long of limb, flexible of joint, velvet footed in peace, but a telegraph message with hair on it, the cylinder of a threshing machine done in gray, a cyclone with a swelled tail, or any little thing of that kind when engaged in active pursuits.

Between the Carns' dog and the Bartmes' cat, besides the street, is a long standing feud. When either of them feels lonesome, or pines for the good, old days in the mining camps, that we now can only read about, he makes an incursion into the other's territory.

Saturday Carns' dog felt blue. He had chased an old hen, helping himself occasionally to a mouthful of feathers until he was as full as a tick, and having nothing else to relieve the monotony of the tedious afternoon, he cast his gaze over into the enemy's territory. The gate was open and the Maltese evidently off duty. Here was an opportunity not to be neglected. He walked over, and after reconnoitering for a few moments, he sauntered in. He was on dangerous ground now, and proceeded cautiously and slowly, but gained boldness at every step, as his hated enemy did not appear. The Maltese was curled up taking his afternoon nap, never dreaming that an insignificant yaller dog would dare to try to play him for a Boer. "The best laid schemes of mice and men," and also of venturesome dogs, result in their undoing.

A lady visiting the Bartmes residence came in and walked around the house. The dog having a guilty conscience, knew he was where he had no business and struck for the gate. It was closed. With a despairing howl, he poked his head through between the pickets and tried to crowd his frightened body after it. Like some political pushes, it wouldn't work. He had too many feathers in him. Then he made a frightened lurch back that nearly took his ears off, but he found, as the country editor's epitaph said, "We are here to stay." As he could not move, he raised his voice in lusty lamentations, longing vainly to hear his beloved master's voice. This was where he showed poor generalship. Had he remained still, some one would have eventually released him, but his 16 to 1 music only disturbed the slumbers of the Maltese, which rose with a start and at once proceeded to investigate the infernal din going on at the portals of his domain. He discovered the dog and realized that his private grounds had been invaded while he slept. His eyes flashed, the blood of ten thousand or more illustrious ancestors surged through his veins, his tail assumed the dimensions of a brush on a dynamo, and the lady whose attention had been drawn by the dog's expressions of regret, saw a blue rainbow and heard a thud as the Maltese sailed through the air and impinged on the hurricane deck of the pilloried canine.

Then there was music in the air, a sound of revelry, all furnished by the dog, the Maltese clawing the keys and running the scales up and down the purps back in a way that would have made Paderewski green with envy. Never a cat had such an opportunity before. Never a dog had so much of his earthly troubles behind him. The dog's calls for assistance became momentarily more vigorous, until the air pulsed with "the music of his fears," and the sound was as though a city dog pound had set up a joint and several death chant. Finally with a mighty backward surge, that head, that didn't know enough to get itself out of trouble, was yanked from between the pickets with such force that most of the dog's hair and all of his bark was left there, and with a gladsome whimper he leaped the fence and fled for home. He was fast when in the gate, but a great deal faster as he struck the ground on the thither side of the fence and realized that there was no place like home.

The cat watched him gain his own territory, and then went back to the woodshed and spent the remainder of the afternoon in picking the dog meat and hair from between his teeth.

What the dog did was to crawl under the house, but his thoughts were probably like those of "Festus:" "I blame no heart, no love, no fate, and I have nothing to forgive. I wish for naught, repent for naught. Dialike naught but to live. The desolation of the soul. Is what I feel—A sense of lossness that leaves death But little to reveal."

LABOR EXCHANGE TALK.

Last night Mr. B. J. Sharp, state organizer for the Labor Exchange, addressed a small crowd at the court house on that subject. Mr. Sharp is a logical reasoner, and a good talker, though it struck us he did not talk directly to the subject, but devoted much

of his time to ridiculing "monetary science," which he claims does not exist, and jabbing some pointed remarks at "Hamilton's System of Finance." The main idea advanced by the speaker was that the Labor Exchange system, by storing products in warehouses and issuing certificates against them, would provide a flexible currency or medium of exchange, that would adapt itself to the wants of business. It would go out to the people when crops or products were abundant, and would come back for redemption when there was a failure, always expanding or contracting to suit the needs of the business. At the close of his remarks the audience was asked to sign the pledge, binding themselves to support the Labor Exchange.

OREGON S. S. ASSOCIATION.

Twelfth Annual Convention, M. E. Church, The Dalles, June 23, 29 and 30.

The following is the program for the Union State Sunday School Convention, to be held in the M. E. church:

MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 28TH.
 7:30—Devotional—"Gratitude," Rev J L Herahner, Hood River.
 8:00—Address—Welcome, Mrs M E Briggs, The Dalles.
 8:10—Response—
 8:20—President's Address—"Past Results," Rev G E Hawes, Portland.
 8:50—Address—"The Outlook," Rev G W Gue, D D, Portland.
 9:20—Fellowship.
 9:30—Adjournment.
 TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 29TH.
 9:00—Devotional—"A Conscious Presence of the Holy Spirit," Rev E E Fix, Portland.
 9:20—Appointment of committees.
 9:30—Reports from county associations.
 10:00—Discussion.
 10:20—Report of State Executive Committee.
 10:35—Report of state treasurer, Mr H M Clinton.
 10:50—Report of state secretary, Mr A A Morse.
 11:10—Report of Oregon Sunday School Tidings, the manager.
 11:25—Discussion.
 11:45—Business.
 12:00—Adjournment.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON.
 1:30—Conferences—a—Superintendents, Mr F R Cook; b—Primary workers, Mrs E W Allen; c—Teachers, Mr H M Clinton.
 2:15—Devotional—"The Bible as a Text Book," Rev N Shupp.
 2:40—Department Reports—a—State primary superintendent, Mrs E W Allen.
 3:00—b—State normal superintendent, Mr G F Billings.
 3:20—c—State home superintendent, Rev C C Poling.
 3:40—d—State house-to-house visitation superintendent, Rev G A Blair. Discussion after each report.
 4:00—Progressive methods, Rev W S Gilbert.
 4:30—Question box.
 5:00—Business.
 Adjournment.

TUESDAY EVENING.
 7:30—Praise service, Rev W R Winans of the American S S Union.
 7:50—Address—"Is this Old World Growing Brighter?" Rev Ray Palmer.
 8:25—Address—"Unseen Helpers," Rev E P Hill, D D.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 30TH.
 9:00—Devotional, Rev W J Hughes, Baker City.
 9:20—"The Model Sunday School in Session," Prof R R Steele.
 10:20—Discussion—"The previous hours work for Officers, Teachers and Scholars."
 10:50—Reports from the field by our missionaries, Revs Wm Travis, R A Rowley, W J Hughes, W R Winans, S S Caldwell and C A Nutley.
 12:00—Adjournment.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.
 2:00—Devotional, Mrs Mary E K Edwards, Newberg.
 2:20—"The Marks of a Good School," Mr J K Groom.
 2:50—"After the Lesson and Between Sundays, What?" Rev B J Kelly, Corvallis.
 3:20—Discussion.
 3:30—"The preparation of the lesson."
 4:00—"Gathering up the Fragments," President-Elect.
 4:30—Adjournment.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.
 7:45—Devotional, Rev J H Wood, The Dalles.
 8:00—Address, Prof W C Hawley.
 8:35—Address—"The Authenticity of the Bible," Rev A W Ackerman.
 9:10—Consecration, Rev G A Blair.
 9:30—Benediction.

"For three years we have never been without Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in the house," says A. H. Patter, with E. C. Atkins & Co., Indianapolis, Ind., "and my wife would as soon think of being without flour as a bottle of this Remedy in the summer season. We have used it with all three of our children and it has never failed to cure—not simply stop pain, but cure absolutely. It is all right, and anyone who tries it will find it so." For sale by Blakeley & Houghton.

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. a10-7