

The Weekly Chronicle.**COUNTY OFFICIALS.**

County Judge.....	Bobt. Mays
Sheriff.....	T. J. Driver
Clerk.....	A. M. Kelsay
Treasurer.....	C. M. Phillips
Commissioners.....	D. S. Kimsey
Assessor.....	W. H. Whipple
Surveyor.....	J. B. Golt
Superintendent of Public Schools.....	C. L. Gilbert
Coroner.....	W. H. Butt

STATE OFFICIALS.

Governor.....	W. P. Lord
Secretary of State.....	H. R. Kincaid
Treasurer.....	Philip C. M. Irwin
Baptist of Public Instruction.....	C. M. Edman
Attorney-General.....	G. W. McBride
Senators.....	J. H. Mitchell
Congressmen.....	E. H. Harrington
State Printer.....	W. B. Ellis
	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

NO MIRACLE ABOUT IT.

The fortunes of men lie in intelligent use of their opportunities. So it ever has been; so it ever will be. In a few cases, such as discovery of mines or lucky speculation, fortunes are realized; but in the cases of the great majority the element of chance cannot be counted on, and they who are found getting on in the world will be those who work with intelligent and painstaking endeavor, husband their resources, use their accumulations with judgment, and make careful and sound calculation the basis of all their action.

Such a course will bring some measure of success to every man who pursues it. Fortune, pursued on such principles, is not partial even to color. The Atlantic Constitution has an account of a negro in Georgia, Barton F. Powell, who has had the sense to pursue the old-fashioned way to prosperity, and has reached it. He started in with running errands for the stores at Atlanta, and his energy and fidelity secured him constant employment. Then he had the knack and the purpose of holding on to his money. After a while he got work on a dredge-boat, where his intelligent interest in the work and his fidelity to the requirements of the service again stood him in good stead.

At the age of 20 he was the owner of \$2000, which he invested in 500 acres of pine land in Baker county. "The white man from whom he bought it," says the Constitution, "committed the usual mistake, and most likely his \$2000 took wings long ago, while the negro got the 500 acres, which are today worth three times the money. The new owner put ten men to work, got the land in order, planted cotton, corn and sugar cane, and cleared the first year \$2500. He has continued to add to his landed possessions, paying spot cash for every farm purchased, and is now the owner of 2100 acres of land, from which he markets 400 bales of cotton annually. Besides his success on the farm, he has developed the country supply store idea, and thus rakes in thousands of dollars a year. He also owns a comfortable home in Bainbridge. His profits last year were over \$8000."

There is no miracle in this kind of thing. The man who has done it in this case is 32 years of age, and has been handicapped by his color and by the prejudice felt against his race; yet by the sheer force of an intelligent will he has accomplished these results. This is the way the man reasoned when a speculator sought to buy his possessions by offering a large cash sum:

"I couldn't make as good use of money as I can of my land. You see, you are always getting principal as well as interest back from your land, and after you get it all back the land still remains, more valuable than it was at first. In money you can only get the interest, and the principal is always likely to disappear. Every other kind of property wears away, but constant use improves land. There is no such thing as wearing out land. It must be kept at work, but rested by different crops. It is like resting from walking by running a little. You never sit down, because if you do you will get stiff and can't pick up your speed."

His is a career that illustrates what might be called Poor Richard's sense, which is much too scarce just now in every part of the country. It is well said, indeed, that "it is persons who

ignore the doctrines of Poor Richard that are found among the pessimists and swell the rank of discontented, the shiftless and the dependent classes."—Oregonian.

DESTINATE OF MANLY INSTINCT

According to reports of finances of the Stowe heirs, the son of the famous authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is about to dispossess his twin sisters—elderly women, and unmarried—of the old homestead,

where they jointly cared for their mother during many years of invalidism, and where she died last year.

The neglect of Mrs. Stowe to sign the codicil to her will bequeathing the homestead to her daughters furnishes, it is said, their brother with the legal right to order it sold and the proceeds divided. The public will be loath to believe that Mrs. Stowe gave to the world a man so utterly destitute of the manly instinct of reverence for his mother's wishes and consideration for his sisters' needs as is implied in this report.

For years the companions, housekeepers and nurses of their mother, while their brother was out in the world making a name and a position for himself, it is but just that the little saved from the wreck of the mother's endeavor should have been bestowed upon these dutiful caretakers of her age. "In the books we have read," men have assigned willingly and gratefully such share of a small estate devised to them under such circumstances to the self-denying women who, laying aside all claims of inheritance and filial duty, have earned many times the value of the whole in the wages of nurse and housekeeper. The cold-blooded record of current events, however, tell in this instance a different story.—Oregonian.

A NEW LAW CAUSES TROUBLE.

The American Volunteers, Ballington Booth's religious organization, will be compelled to change their uniforms because of the enactment of militia orders in Illinois. Policemen will not be permitted to wear overcoats such as those worn by army officers. The Clan na Gael Guards will be disbanded, Capt. Thomas J. Ford's famous Chicago zouaves will cease to be, the Chicago hussars will be required to drop their military trappings, while boys' brigades and semi-military companies throughout the state will be disbanded or the members fined and imprisoned.

All of these things are owing to the provisions of article 11 of the military code, now a law, having received the signature of Governor Tanner.

For a long time the officers of the national guard have been trying to secure an enactment which would prevent the indiscriminate wearing of a uniform and the carrying of arms by independent military organizations. Now that the law has gone into effect it is found that it is more sweeping than its framers anticipated.

This cruel blow to Mrs. Soper's never-flagging hope that her child was not dead, has rendered the unhappy woman's illness very precarious.

CHILD WAS BURIED ALIVE.

At 9:30 o'clock this morning an inquest was held over the remains of the poor little body, that represented the work of either a diabolical murderer or that of an insane man.

The inquest but added to the horror of the crime.

The child had been buried alive!

Dr. Kessler, in his evidence, showed conclusively that Soper attempted to strangle the little one, and as it relaxed into unconsciousness believed he had accomplished his horrible work. The murderer then proceeded to bury the body. A hollow grave was dug and the still unconscious infant placed in it. The child's cap was then drawn over its face and dirt and brush piled upon the body. Soper then left the scene.

Hardly had he reached the top of the trail, according to Dr. Kessler, before the child revived, and working its baby hand free from the weight of dirt and debris holding it down, tore away the cap in an effort to gain breath. Its baby strength was, however, insufficient to raise the load pressing the poor little body down. That the child struggled, is shown in the contorted position of the limbs as the child lay in its rude grave.

The verdict of the coroner's jury was death by strangulation and suffocation, charging Soper with the murder.—Telegraph.

Soap Foam excels all other washing compounds.

would have made the boys proud, he appeared in a slouch hat and civilian clothes. Every member of the militia, officers and privates, felt the slur, and appreciate it at its full value. They did their duty in attending the encampment, and in the light of the governor's action at Camp Jackson, we can understand why he appointed Corbett. He didn't know any better.

LESSON OF THE STRIKE.

It is possible that nature intends that human industry shall proceed by great vibratory or oscillating movements of alternate activity and cessation.

President Knight, of the Indiana district, United Mineworkers of America, says the real object of the coal miners' strike is to clear out the markets and counsel the operators to pay living wages to their men. He declares it is not a war on operators, and the miners do not so regard it. They admit, according to Mr. Knight, that the operators are not responsible for the present aggravated condition of affairs, but are, like the men they employ, the victims of over production and under-consumption.

The workings of natural economic law seem to be mainly responsible for the great strike. There may have been much wisdom in the Jewish law which provided that one year in seven should be a year of Sabbath or rest.—Telegram.

THE MURDERED CHILD FOUND.

It Was Buried Near the Foot of Montgomery Gulch.

At last the story of "Sandy" Soper's local crimes is complete, for which Dr. Kessler, of the East Side, is entitled to credit.

When the murderer arrived in Missouri, to answer for the murder of his former wife and two children there, about six years ago, he wrote to his heart-broken wife here, to the effect that when he deserted her, on the 16th of last April, taking their 2-year-old child with him, he killed it, and buried the remains at the foot of Tillamook street. Search was made for the little body at the spot designated, but no corpse was found. Dr. Kessler, who manifested a measure of humane interest in the case, for the purpose of relieving Mrs. Soper's suspense, who vainly hoped that her child might yet be alive, wrote to Soper for a more definite location of the burial-place of the little body. On Friday he received a reply from the unnatural and unreliable murderer, but the information was not measurably clearer than the first obtained from him.

However, the rest of that day, Dr. Kessler searched the foot of Montgomery gulch, without success. The search was resumed in the thick brush on Saturday, and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon he discovered a small mound near the mouth of the gulch, from which he brought forth the murdered infant. It was covered by a comparatively thin layer of earth. The body was so badly decomposed that, at the time, the manner in which its life had been taken could not be satisfactorily settled. However, it was identified as having been the Soper child by its raiment, which was the same it had on when taken from home by the inhuman father on its death journey. The coroner soon thereafter took charge of the remains.

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Some handsome new mats to place under the jardinières kept on polished tables are squares of white China silk with a border of plush about a finger wide.

These mats are made over a stiff foundation of crinoline or canvas, covered with a layer of cotton and lined at the back with silk of a contrasting color. For instance, one of those seen, which is in a room where there is much green of various shades, has a border of olive plush, and is covered at the back with olive China silk. The center of white China silk is covered with an all-over pattern of flowers of about the size of a 25-cent piece. These flowers are outlined in coarse green embroidery silk. On the mat was a green jardinière holding a palm. The plant was placed on a Turkish coffee table of mahogany. These low tables are much used in all kinds of wood for holding a single plant. In a room with a different coloring the mat could be made of white and dark or old blue, or of raspberry color and white. A spread made for a large mahogany dining table is a larger square of this kind, so that when laid on the table it leaves the corners bare. It has a border of apple-green satin.

Jardiniers Mats.

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THE HONEST FARMER.**He Is Simple and Unsuspecting, But Scoops the Piano Drummer.**

"Talk all you want to about the piano steers and other sharpers of the metropolis," remarked a drummer the other evening at a downtown hotel to a Star reporter, "but some of the sharpest of the sharps are to be found in the country. Out among the fields and meadows and sheep and other innocent things, don't you know?"

"That's because you don't expect to find such sharpness among the rurals," explained the reporter, who was born and raised in the country, and didn't like to see his fellow-countrymen live.

"Expecting it or not," insisted the drummer, "the sharpness is there, just the same, and it is just as sharp. For instance," and the drummer fixed himself for longer heat, "some years ago, when I was a drummer in pianos, I'll tell you what an experience I had. Our house was one of the big ones, with an advertisement in every newspaper in the country, and the way we sold pianos was a caution to snakes."

"Also a tip to alleged business men who don't advertise," interrupted the reporter.

"Your 'also' is sustained," said the drummer, and proceeded: "As I was saying, we sold pianos right and left, and, as might be expected, we picked up a bad customer at frequent intervals. One of these had got a \$300 piano on a small spot cash payment, balance monthly, on the strength of a farm we thought was his, also on his general reputation, which up to this time had been as good as anybody's in the community."

"Like Eve's in the garden?" ventured the reporter.

"Exactly," smiled the drummer. "If the devil had not tempted that hitherto exemplary female she would have come through in good shape, and just so with our customer. A \$300 piano was more than he could stand, and he went down before it. After his first payment he failed to respond, and we waited as long as was our practice, and then sent word to him to return the piano, as per contract. In due time the piano box, in as good trim as when we sent it, came back, and we put it in stock. A month later it was shipped to another customer, and we heard from it soon to the effect that there wasn't any piano there, but that the box was filled with pieces of wood and iron of about the piano's weight, and wedged solidly into the box. Ordinarily we would not have been so careless, but we were rushing things, and had to neglect details. Now we had to make up for that neglect, and went after our buccaneer friend in the country. He lived 200 miles away, and at a short distance from the small town to which we had shipped the piano, which was on the railroad. Well, I got there one morning about 11 o'clock, and, tackling the first driver I saw, I asked him if he could take me to Jim Peters' place. He was a nice, honest-looking sort of a chap, and he told me Jim had moved to another place, about 20 miles away, and that I could only get there by driving over five miles to another road and go ahead on that to Jim's station. I paid him a dollar to drive me over, and he told me, as I had never seen Mr. Peters, to ask anybody, and he would be pointed out, as everybody knew him. The station where he caught the train was only a crossing, and my driver flagged the accommodation, the conductor nodding familiarly to him as I got aboard. As the train moved off my driver drove briskly away, and when the conductor came around ten minutes later, I asked him if he knew Jim Peters, and he almost toppled over in his surprise. 'Why—why,' he stammered, 'that was Jim Peters driving you.' Then it occurred to me that the piano card on my satchel had given me away, and Mr. Peters had done the rest. We tried to get the piano again," continued the drummer, "but we lost all trace of it, and finally gave it up, and Mr. Peters, I presume, went with it."—Washington Star.

However, the rest of that day, Dr. Kessler searched the foot of Montgomery gulch, without success. The search was resumed in the thick brush on Saturday, and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon he discovered a small mound near the mouth of the gulch, from which he brought forth the murdered infant. It was covered by a comparatively thin layer of earth. The body was so badly decomposed that, at the time, the manner in which its life had been taken could not be satisfactorily settled. However, it was identified as having been the Soper child by its raiment, which was the same it had on when taken from home by the inhuman father on its death journey.

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