

RALPH HARDELOT'S MEDIATION

BY WILLIAM MINTO

CHAPTER III.

The housewives were very jubilant over the discomfiture of the tax-farmer. As Reginald and his young men rode through Friars street towards the market-place there was every sign of unusual excitement. They gossiped at the doors in groups, and here and there, from the projecting second stories, they spoke one to another across the narrow street through open lattices. Their shrill talk was interspersed with shriller laughter. There was no trace of anger; the affair was evidently regarded by the victors as an excellent rough jest, the particulars of which were retailed with relish by such as had had the good fortune to witness the affray. The temper of the population became feverish afterwards.

At the White Hart, Reginald found the landlord leaning against the gate post of the passage leading into the courtyard, chaffing a voluble tennant who was narrating to him her share in the chastisement of the tax-farmer. Mine host's countenance fell at the sight of the king's livery—for the king's servants were apt to be more exacting than remunerative in the matter of horses; but it recovered its natural rambunctiousness on his recognizing Reginald Hardelet, who had been at school in Sudbury as a boy, and often came there on the chancellor's business.

"Here's a rare stranger, gentles," cried the host, bustling respectfully before him into the common room of the hostelry. "Master Reginald Hardelet. I warrant he has backed many a good horse since he rode my colts in the meadow—without leave sometimes, eh? Come, Master Reginald, come, sir, you will find some here that you know of old. We have changed our sign with a new reign, but we keep our old customers. Here is Master Roger Chowley—you remember Master Chowley, of the college?—and here is Master Docket, you were at school with him at the priory. He is a great man in Sudbury now, is Master Docket; reeve to the college and clerk to the burgh."

"Such a favorite, too, with everybody," struck in Master Chowley, in a bantering tone. "A very jewel of a reeve, and the most trusted town clerk in the kingdom. We could not get on without our Docket. The poor tenants would miss him so. If you want to take our Docket from us, you must not let the good folks of Sudbury know." And he laughed and wheezed loudly at his own humor.

"Will you keep your long tongue quiet?" snapped Docket, viciously. "Will you let Master Docket alone? Give you good-day, Master Hardelet," he added, in a respectful tone. "I warrant you are not too proud to forget old friends."

Reginald remembered him well as the bully of the priory school, a good five years his senior. He had stolen apples for Docket and parted with cherry stones and other cherished possessions to him in boyish fear.

The slight of this precious pair of boon companions, boozing together in the hostelry at midday suggested to him how the secret of the poll-tax might have leaked out. Chowley was one of the lay canons of the archbishop chancellor's college—a former servant thus provided for—and still kept up communication with the chancellor's household. It was a letter from him that had given information about Reginald's brother the Wycliffite; and it was likely enough that his friend in the household had been able to give him a hint of the chancellor's financial plans; a hint which Docket was just the man to turn to account.

This suspicion, combined with old and well-founded dislike, made Reginald somewhat cool and distant in his manner to the boon companions, while he chatted familiarly with mine host about the exploit of the Sudbury housewives.

But Chowley was not a man easily disconcerted or kept at arm's-length. He was accustomed to be cork of the company at White Hart, discoursing to all and sundry over his frequent pots of malt liquor in a harsh, rasping voice, which claimed and enforced authority. He was an elaborate talker, and prided himself on his continuity of flow. None of his familiars would have dared, in his presence, to start a new topic till Chowley had exhausted the old one. If they ever did, by inadvertence, venture, his steady, strident, overbearing voice was soon heard maintaining the continuity of the conversation as if it had never suffered interruption.

Docket, his taproom ally and constant butt, overpowered and kept in order by Chowley's tongue, but because he was not sufficiently quick of fence to protect himself, was considerably different in appearance. Abundance of adipose tissue, maintained by continual soaking of ale, they had in common; but while the canon looked puffed and bloated, Docket's face, with all its generous expanse, looked firm and fresh. The canon's eyes, suffused with alcoholic glitter, and turbid with dyspepsia, stood out of his head like boiled gooseberries when he was excited. Docket never looked excited and his large, bluish-gray eyes were his most remarkable feature. A large, full, stolid eye, will Docket's, set in a clear-complexioned, broad face. If a stranger had caught that eye staring at him he would have interpreted the stare as meaning nothing but placid curiosity, and would have paid no further attention to it. If he had paid attention, it would have

hits their ignorant fantasy. In theory they preach the gospel as delivered in Holy Writ, without deference to the interpretation of the Church. Their subtle founder pampers their self-conceit by making them believe that the light comes from within themselves, through the special operation of the Holy Spirit. In truth, they give out only what he puts in. They are sponges, which imagine they give forth water generated by a spring within themselves, when they but return the foul slops sucked up from the heretic's overflowing drivell.

This had the eloquent Chowley been discoursing before Reginald's entrance, and had proceeded to deal with Ralph Hardelet, who had come to Sudbury a few days before in the garb of a Wycliffite "poor priest." To him and his crack-brained advocacy of seizing the goods of the Church to cover the expense of the bars, on the ground that they were meant for the relief of the poor, and that the ministers of religion should be supported by voluntary alms, Chowley had attributed the disturbance of the day in the town. But he had hinted that he would soon put a stopper in the mouth of the young idiot. Obscure cloisterer though Chowley was, he had more influence than people might give him credit for, and he would take care that Ralph Hardelet did not carry his heresy much further.

He had just said this, and was puffing out his cheeks with an air of great importance, much satisfied with the effect of his eloquence, when Reginald Hardelet was ushered in.

All eyes were turned on the newcomer and his gay livery. His easy chat with the landlord was listened to with the lower floor, and attention drawn to the details of his costume in whispers—the badge of the White Hart, which was observed to correspond with the sign of the hotel, though much more finely drawn, the tight hose of alternate white and red, which showed to advantage the shapely limbs of the wearer, the strip of buff leather on the inside of the calf, which protected the leg in riding.

By Reginald's advent the eloquent canon was left without an audience. He did not relish this, and he was much piqued besides at the young man's cool, cavalier manner and absolute inattention to himself. He was not the man to put up with it; his face, already flushed with oratorical effort, assumed a still redder hue; and inwardly fuming, but trying hard to keep cool, he collected his ideas with a view of putting the young jackanapes in his proper place.

"And how is my good lord, your uncle, the archbishop?" asked the host, very much delighted with Reginald's familiarity, and speaking in a loud, clear voice, so that nobody should miss the rank of his guest. "It may be in a manner a grief to him," he continued, in a soft confidential tone, when Reginald had answered the question, "that your brother Ralph should have turned Lollard, if so be that he has turned Lollard, which I can scarce believe, for Master Ralph was a youth of a fine spirit, though a little headstrong, and maybe this Lollardy is but a passing jest."

But Reginald was not prepared to discuss this with him and rose to go. "I think," he said, "you told me I should find my brother about St. Gregory's churchyard?"

"Yes," said the host. "Anyways, I saw him walking thitherward but half an hour ago, and I know he is used to moon about the graves and talk with the old hermit there."

Reginald, as the host said this, made a step down from the higher level towards the door. But Chowley's time was now come. He cleared his throat, and his voice rose in a firm, steady, harsh, drawl, which insisted on attention, holding on to the ear as if by main force.

(To be continued)

Three Views of Marriage.
When a modern maiden marries,
In delightful dreams she tarries;
As her fancy dreads she tarries;
To the thought of wedding gifts,
Every friend who would be pleasant
"Must," she muses, "send a present;
All acquaintances must pay
Tax upon my marriage day.
Fans and furs and rare old lace,
Gold embellished dressing cases,
Rings and brooches, silver mugs,
Entree dishes, claret jugs—
Tables will with these be laden
When I marry," glows the maiden.

When a modern bachelor marries,
In his heart grim fear he carries.
"With," he thinks, "my income small
We don't want such gifts at all.
There's that grand piano—gracious!
That involves a house more spacious.
Then that dressing bag, alas,
That can only go first-class!
Silver center dish, and cup, too,
How can we such things live up to!
Every present of pretence
Means for me increased expense.
Would that I such gifts could ban
When I marry," thinks the man.

When a man and maiden marry
Hearts of lead their friends all carry;
Custom, as they know, demands
Costly presents at their hands;
Ostentation, too, coerces,
So they empty out their purses,
Fearful lest their names be missed
From the always published list,
But in private, in a passion,
They denounce the sordid fashion,
Crying in most bitter strain:
"Only fancy, forced again!
Bah! 'Tis an event to dread
When a man and maiden wed."
—London Truth.

Identification by Finger Marks.
In the organization of the police department at Johannesburg the system of identification by finger marks is being introduced, and in this way every native is to be registered.

Rebecca at the Well isn't as interesting a picture to most people as one would be of the Plumber at the Hydrant.

EVENTS OF THE DAY

FROM THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE WORLD.

A Comprehensive Review of the Important Happenings of the Past Week, Presented in a Condensed Form, Which is Most Likely to Prove of Interest to Our Many Readers.

A mob lynched a negro in a small town near St. Louis.

An Iowa gambling house was held up and robbed of \$2,000.

A crusade is on in New York against automobile scorches.

New York has just experienced the worst blizzard in 14 years.

Death list from Shamaka, Russia, earthquake numbers 2,000.

The senate has ratified the treaty for the purchase of the Danish West Indies.

By the confession of another prisoner, a man in the Colorado penitentiary for murder has been set free.

Admiral Dewey was asked to dine with Prince Henry, but had to decline, owing to the illness of Mrs. Dewey.

The bill to repeal the war taxes was unanimously passed by the house, every member voting in favor of it. It may, however, be amended in the senate.

A bill has been introduced in the senate for the retirement of Naval Constructor Hobson. His eyesight has been very poor for the past two years.

Portland chamber of commerce trustees were severely criticized for their recent action favoring admission of Chinese by a mass meeting of 1,200 citizens.

Prince Henry is on his way to the United States.

Fire at Wisdom, Mont., destroyed \$20,000 worth of property.

Martial law has been declared at Trieste, Austria, on account of riots.

General Bell has stamped out the rebellion in Batangas province, Luzon.

The treaty for the Danish West Indies will come up in the senate this week.

Because they could not get whiskey, three Osage Indians in Oklahoma drank a concoction of wood alcohol, vanilla, cologne and Florida water.

A British force was caught in a Boer trap on the Klip river and two officers and 10 men killed and a large number wounded before they gained shelter.

Lewis and Clark exposition stock has been increased to \$600,000.

The president will announce his decision in the Schley case in a few days.

Representative Tongue has introduced a new irrigation bill in the house.

A company has been incorporated in California to develop the island of Mindanao, P. I.

Troops have had to be called out in France to preserve order among striking leather workers.

Santos-Dumont's airship burst while he was making a trial, and the inventor had a narrow escape from drowning.

Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., has passed the danger point in his sickness. The president has returned to Washington.

Russia expresses herself well pleased at the Anglo-Japanese alliance, but hopes the United States is not a party to it.

Commander Booth-Tucker, of the Salvation Army, has taken the oath of allegiance as a citizen of the United States.

Lord Kitchener made a concentrated movement of all available troops against Dewet's forces, but the Boer leader managed to slip through the lines.

Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., is nearly out of danger.

The senate will construct a new war tax reduction bill.

The oleomargarine bill has been passed by the house.

The Anglo-Japanese alliance was the work of Marquis Ito.

The dowager queen of Italy will make a tour of the United States.

Six men were killed and six fatally injured in a battle in Kentucky.

The work of developing the Philippine islands will consume years.

The rebel gunboat Libertador captured and sank a Colombian gunboat.

Renewed riots in Spain have resulted in the death of a number of people and the injury of scores.

The imperial German yacht Hohenzollern has arrived at New York, one day earlier than was expected.

Northern Pacific switchmen at Missoula, Mont., are on strike.

Young Teddy Roosevelt is slightly better, although the crisis has not yet passed.

A farmer and wife, living near New York, received a legacy of \$5,000 from a man whom, as a hungry wanderer, they befriended 16 years ago.

Herbert Rickness was sent to jail at Fort Wayne, Ind., for contempt of court. He persisted in calling on his wife, who is suing for divorce.

Peter Quinn, aged 35, who inherited a fortune from his father, squandered it in high living and has just died in New York, a homeless wanderer.

MADE A CLEAN SWEEP.

Bell Crushes Rebellion in Batangas Province at Expense of Other Districts.

Manila, Feb. 19.—General J. Franklin Bell has practically cleaned up the insurrection in Batangas province, the troops under his command having made a clean sweep of the district. It is not believed that all the insurgent arms have been captured or surrendered, but that a number of them have been taken by the insurgents to other provinces or safely hidden.

The increase of robber bands in the provinces of Tabayas and Cavite show the effects of the drastic measures adopted in Batangas and Laguna provinces. General Bell says the people of these latter provinces never realized the terrors of war until they personally experienced their hardships, owing to the closing of the ports and the concentration of the natives in the towns.

General Bell believes that the insurgent leader, Malvar, is becoming extremely unpopular with the Filipinos, and that when the natives cease to fear his vengeance, many will be found willing to betray him. What has been said of Batangas province applies almost equally to Laguna.

The United States transport Wright, which sank in 15 feet of water, November 28 last, by striking an uncharted rock at the entrance of San Jacinto harbor, and which was successfully raised this month, has arrived at Cavite in tow of the gunboat Wompatuck. The Wright has six holes in her bottom, which have been temporarily patched. She will be dry-docked immediately.

FIERCE SNOW STORM.

New York's Worst Blizzard Since 1888—Traffic Almost Suspended.

New York, Feb. 19.—New York City has borne the brunt of the fiercest snow storm that has struck this section of the country since the great blizzard of 1888. Beginning soon after midnight, the storm increased rapidly, until by daybreak the whole city was completely snowed under. The rising force of the gale piled the snow in great drifts that for some time almost suspended traffic except in the main thoroughfares where the car tracks were kept open only by the constant use of snow plows and sweepers.

Communication between Manhattan and Brooklyn was subject to long delay. The ferry boats with difficulty made trips across the ice choked rivers and the work of tug boats, lighters, and shipping generally, was almost at a standstill. So heavy was the snowfall that the loading of vessels was stopped, it being impossible to keep the hatches open. Two steamers which arrived during the night struggled as far as quarantine, where they came to anchor. Several steamers are supposed to be off Sandy Hook waiting for the storm to abate before attempting to enter the port.

DUMONT NOT DISCOURAGED

Orders a New Motor and Will Try Again to Cross the Mediterranean.

New York, Feb. 19.—M. Santos-Dumont is already at work preparing his plans for the rebuilding of his airship, wrecked on his last attempt to cross the Mediterranean, says a Journal and American dispatch from Monaco. Efforts to grapple his motor, the sinking of which was the most serious loss of his disastrous attempt, have all failed, and he has ordered a new and more powerful one. That he will ultimately cross the sea is regarded here as a certainty, for only his death will stop him. Though he was near to death from drowning, from being smothered in the folds of his collapsed balloon, and from being burned to death from the igniting of the oil he uses for fuel, his peril seems to have made the least possible impression on him. The peril to which he was exposed and the narrowness of his escape he dismisses with a shrug of his shoulders, but on the subject of the loss of his motor and the delay in his plans caused by that misfortune he is desperately eloquent.

SPECIAL WAS TOO SLOW.

Engine Was Out of Order, and Freight Train Overtook and Ran into It.

Litchfield, Ill., Feb. 19.—Two persons met death and five were injured today in a rear end collision near here between the "Diamond Special" on the Illinois Central road and a freight train. The collision was remarkable in that the fast passenger train was ahead of the freight and that both trains were moving.

The Diamond Special was moving at a rate of 12 miles an hour when the freight crashed into the rear sleeper. It is said the passenger would have been traveling faster had there not been some trouble with the locomotive's machinery. The engineer on the freight engine declared that the fog was so thick he could not see 100 feet ahead.

Great Floods in Cape Colony.

Cape Town, Feb. 19.—Unprecedented floods have occurred in the southwest Cape Colony, resulting in great destruction of houses, bridges and railroads and drowning 25 persons.

Four Killed in Head-On Collision.

Marshalltown, Ia., Feb. 19.—Four lives were lost in a head-on collision on the Iowa Central railroad near Gifford, a light engine crashing into a passenger train.

NEWS OF THE STATE

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM ALL PARTS OF OREGON.

Commercial and Financial Happenings of Importance—A Brief Review of the Growth and Improvements of the Many Industries Throughout Our Thriving Commonwealth—Latest Market Report.

A company has been formed at Dallas for the operation of a cranery.

Fifty horses for government artillery service have just been purchased near Eugene.

The Socialist party of Clackamas county will hold its county convention March 8.

Clackamas county commissioners are looking for a suitable location for a poor farm.

A club has been formed at Joseph to advance the interest of that town and neighborhood.

Business men of Pendleton are considering a plan for the establishment of a paper mill.

At the annual meeting of the Tillamook Creamery company a dividend of 10 per cent was declared.

Umatilla county has been asked to increase the assessments of railroad and telephone companies \$3,000,000.

The contract has been let for building an opera house in Albany, to cost \$5,000. It will have a seating capacity of 700.

Republicans of Clackamas county will hold primaries March 22, and the county convention will meet in Oregon City March 26.

An Eastern Oregon young lady killed coyotes enough to secure money to defray her expenses in taking the state teachers' examination.

Oregon is represented among the 10 men of highest standing in the graduating class of the United States naval academy, at Annapolis.

The Wasco county Republican central committee has selected March 1 as the date for primary elections and March 8 for the county convention.

A mammoth ledge of cinnabar has been discovered in the Elk creek district, Southern Oregon. It shows a width of 300 to 500 feet where it cuts across Elk creek, and has been traced for about a mile through the Elk creek mountains. The big ledge is being developed and opened up by tunnel.

The new furniture factory at Corvallis has started operations.

Oregon horses have given better service in the Yukon than any other.

Contractors are at work on the remodeling of the lavatories in the state house.

A gasoline lamp exploded at Adams, causing \$4,000 damage in the fire that resulted.

Only 166 electors have registered in Yamhill county, out of an approximate total of 3,050.

The Republican congressional committee for the First district will meet in Portland February 20.

Volume 39 of the Supreme Court Record will be issued from the state printing office in about a month.

John A. Johns, an Oregon pioneer of 1851, died at the home of his son, south of Salem, aged 81 years.

Portland Markets.

Wheat—Quiet. Walla Walla, 63¢; 63½¢; bluestem, 64¢@64½¢; Valley, 63½¢.

Barley—Feed, \$19@20; brewing, \$20@21 per ton.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$1.10@1.15; gray, \$1.05@1.10.

Flour—Best grades, \$2.80@3.40 per barrel; graham, \$2.50@2.80.

Millstuffs—Bran, \$18 per ton; middlings, \$21; shorts, \$20.50; chop, \$17.

Hay—Timothy, \$11@12; clover, \$7@7.50; Oregon wild hay, \$5@6 per ton.

Potatoes—Best Burbanks, 90¢@1.25 per cental; ordinary, 70¢@75¢ per cental; growers' prices; sweets, \$1.75@2 per cental.

Butter—Creamery, 25¢@27½¢; dairy, 18¢@20¢; store, 11¢@13¢.

Eggs—20¢@21½¢ for fresh Oregon.

Cheese—Full cream, twins, 13¢@13½¢; Young America, 14¢@15¢; factory prices, 11¢@12¢ less.

Poultry—Chickens, mixed, 33¢@3.50; hens, \$4@4.25 per dozen, 9¢@10¢ per pound; springs, 10¢ per pound, \$3@3.50 per dozen; ducks, \$6.50@7.50 per dozen; turkeys, live, 11¢@12½¢; dressed, 14¢@15¢ per pound.

Mutton—Gross, 4¢ per pound; dressed, 7¢@7½¢ per pound.

Hogs—Gross, 5½¢; dressed, 6½¢@7¢ per pound.

Veal—3¼¢@3¢ per pound, dressed.

Beef—Gross, cows, 3½¢@4¢; steers, 4¢@4½¢; dressed, 6¼¢@7½¢ per pound.

Hops—11¢@12¢ per pound.

Wool—Nominal. Valley, 13¢@15¢; eastern Oregon, 8¢@12½¢; mohair, 31¢@31½¢ per pound.

The area of Greater New York is now 318 square miles, against Greater London's 709 square miles.

Riveting of boilers and the like is now done almost entirely by a compressed air hammer, which strikes 5,000 times a minute.

The Norwegian council of state has decided to negotiate for a loan of \$2,000,000, to be used for the construction of railways and a thorough telephone system throughout Norway.

W. D. JENKINS DIES.

He Was Secretary of State of Washington From 1897 to 1902.

Olympia, Feb. 17.—Word has been received here from San Francisco that ex-Secretary of State Will D. Jenkins died in that city Saturday morning. Mr. Jenkins left Olympia a year ago for California, where he was interested in an oil company.

Will D. Jenkins was one of the prominent men of Washington. He was a native of Indiana, being born in Tippecanoe in 1841. At an early age he came West and settled in Kansas, where at 16 years of age he established weekly newspaper called the Clarion.

Some few years later he established the Smith County Pioneer, which is now one of the leading county papers of that state. In 1881 Mr. Jenkins came to Washington and located at Seattle. He aided in establishing the Daily Chronicle and helped edit that paper when it was the leading state journal. In 1883 he removed to Whatcom and with others established the Daily Reveille. Later, he served three terms as mayor of that city. In 1890 he was census supervisor for Western Washington. Shortly after the formation of the Populist party, in 1892, Mr. Jenkins became one of its leaders. In 1896 he was nominated by that party for secretary of state and was elected. Since retiring from office a year ago, he had interested himself in oil ventures. About two years ago he was stricken with a malady that puzzled the physicians, but later it was diagnosed as an abscess, and from this he has never recovered. He leaves a wife and five children, three girls and two boys.



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