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The Weekly Chronicle.

THE DALLES, - - - - OREGON

OFFICIAL PAPER OF WASCOCO COUNTY.

Published in two parts, on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

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LOCAL BREVITIES.

Saturday's Daily.

This may safely be classed as "falling weather."

Heppner had a big ratification parade and blow-out Tuesday night. The ratifiers being almost all Republicans.

Up to the time of the readings this morning 2.70 inches of rain had fallen since the beginning of the storm.

Mr. Robert Mays bought seventy-five calves of Mr. Leon Curtis of Rockland today, and will send them out to his ranch.

Three homestead applications and one cash entry were made in the U. S. land office today, and one final homestead proof was made.

Judge Bradshaw today discharged all the jurors of the regular panel except seven. This was done to reduce expenses, and at the same time permit the trial of such cases as may be at issue next week.

Mrs. Ella S. Baldwin was granted a first grade certificate, at the regular examination of teachers held this week, and Miss Angie Phillips was given a second grade certificate, but with standing entitling her to a first grade.

The entertainment given by the Junior Endeavorers last night was a very pleasant affair. The program was well rendered, and the numbers were heartily applauded. It was also a success financially, adding a snug sum to the society's treasury.

The criminal docket was closed today when Lee Joy entered a plea of guilty. There are several cases on the law docket requiring a jury, but as the attorneys do not seem to be ready for trial, it is quite probable the jury will be discharged for the term tonight. The criminal docket was an unusually short one, and cost the county less than at any term for a long time.

Monday's Daily.

The King's Daughters will meet at Mrs. Joles tomorrow afternoon.

The mercury this morning was at 40, rose to 42 and at 3 o'clock had fallen to 36.

Circuit court was very quiet today, and most of the jurors were excused until Wednesday.

Mrs. John A. Wilson who has been visiting friends here, returned to Hood River on the Regulator this morning.

W. H. Wilson is now the proud owner of a pet deer sent him as a present. It arrived on the Regulator Saturday night.

The weather for tomorrow, according to the gentleman in charge of it at Portland will be fair and cooler. This may

be all right, but it certainly does not have the appearance of clearing up at this hour.

George, the 12-year-old son of I. J. Norman, who has been suffering from an attack of typhoid for the past twelve days, is improving slowly.

The person that exchanged umbrellas at the M. E. church last evening, would confer a great favor on the owner by leaving the same at this office, and securing theirs.

All members of Wasco Tribe No. 16, I. O. R. M., are requested to be present at the meeting tomorrow (Tuesday) evening, as there will be work in the Adoption and Hunter's degree.

Mr. John Conners was the holder of the lucky number in the awarding of the bicycle by the Orris Obar Company, at the Vogt Saturday night. He sold the bicycle to the company for \$40.

A visit from the Astoria Chamber of Commerce, and other of the distinguished citizens from down at the mouth of the river it is rumored will be made The Dalles Thursday. The Oregonian mentions it, but we can find no authority for it here. That is we do not know of anyone here receiving notice of the fact from Astoria. The party will be brought up in the Harvest Queen and Thompson. Our Astoria friends will be gladly welcomed, for though they live down at the mouth, they are far from being that way themselves.

Tuesday's Daily

Trains are running on time again. Mr. W. B. Perry came up from Hood River this afternoon.

L. T. North was yesterday sentenced to ten months in the county jail, a sentence none too severe.

Mr. W. C. Allaway went below on the Dalles City this morning, and will visit Salem before he returns.

One hundred head of hogs were brought over from Klickitat yesterday for the Columbia Packing Company.

Mr. Brooks reports the total snow fall here last night at six inches, though but about half of that remained in sight this morning.

The Columbia added six inches to its depth last night, and is getting up towards the foot of the D. P. & A. N. wharf.

Judge Bradshaw has about cleaned up the dockets for this term of court and the jury will probably be discharged tomorrow, or the latest, Thursday. But a few equity cases remain to be heard.

We call attention of the legal fraternity and others having business with the land office, to the amendment to rule 114, concerning "Motions for review and rehearing," which we print in this issue.

A west wind has been blowing nearly all day, but it does not seem to have much Chinook in it. The thermometer kept above freezing point though, and nearly all the snow is gone from the streets and sidewalks.

Ed. Marshal, found guilty of larceny, was yesterday sentenced to pay a fine of \$25. The jury recommended him to the mercy of the court, and the fact that he had spent nearly five months in jail awaiting trial, no doubt, had much to do with making his sentence light.

A letter received by Mr. J. S. Schenck today from Mr. Gray of Astoria, says that owing to the inclement weather, the Astoria Chamber of Commerce will not visit The Dalles. It is to be regretted that this has been decided upon,

as we should all be glad to welcome a delegation from Astoria, and especially the first one through the canal and locks.

The recent storm extended over a wide extent of territory, and the rainfall has not been equalled for many years. At points in the valley the precipitation has amounted to an inch a day for fifteen days. At all other points the rainfall has been heavy. The Willamette is on a rampage, and the rivers of Washington are all running over their banks doing considerable damage to railroad property.

The great emotional drama "East Lynne," will be produced at Antelope Nov. 26, under the auspices of the Brassband and Dramatic Association of that city. The performance will be followed by a grand ball and supper, and the tickets for the whole combination are only \$1.50. If the play is as well executed as the posters gotten out by the Antelope Herald it will be all right, for they are as neat a specimen of job work as we have seen for a long time.

We lift our hat to the Portland weather man, who in the midst of yesterday's downpour telegraphed the news that it would be clear today and cooler. We rather apologized yesterday in publishing the notice, for it did not seem possible then, that the Eastern sun should this morning send his bright rays gleaming back from the snow clad hills. The snow fall here was about three inches, but south of us, according to reports, it is considerably more.

Portland had quite a fire last night, it being the building occupied by the Oregon Cracker Co. on the corner of Front and Davis streets. The alarm was turned in about 10 o'clock, but the flames had gotten such a start that the fire was beyond control by the time the firemen arrived. The south end of the building was destroyed, the total loss being estimated at \$30,000, two-thirds of which will fall on the Oregon Cracker Co., the balance on the estate of J. C. Ainsworth.

A Weather Item.

A comparison between the rainfall for the month of November, in the years 1875 and 1896 is made by Mr. S. L. Brooks, and by days is as follows, the first amount given after the date being for the year 1875: Nov. 1st, .17-0; 2d, 0-.10; 4th, 0-.10; 5th, .42-0; 6th, .10-0; 7th, 0-.35; 8th, 0-1.35; 9th, 0-.23; 10th, .04-.23; 11th, 0-.04; 12th, .22-.01; 13th, 1.24-.14; 14th, .84-.82; 15th, .12-.36; 16th, .98-.31. On the 14th 4 1/2 inches of snow fell in 1875, and on the 16th 8 1/2 inches. Today there was a trifle of wet snow and hail here, but in the country back of us there is considerable snow.

Thank You.

The Women's McKinley Club wish to make public acknowledgment of the many favors received and services rendered for the reception given by them Saturday evening. We wish to especially thank Sinnott & Fish, The Dalles Band, W. Wallace Wilson, E. Jacobsen, THE CHRONICLE, Fred Wilson, and all who so kindly responded to toasts. We feel too much credit cannot be given them for our success.

M. E. BRIGGS, President.
BLANCHE G. PATTERSON, Secy.

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IT WAS LADIES' DAY.

A Delightful Evening with the Ladies' McKinley Club.

Owing to a long and expensive campaign, followed so closely by the celebration of the completion of the work at Cascades, that gave us an open river, and more than all the unpropitious weather, the male members of the Republican party felt that a ratification of the election of McKinley should be dispensed with. They were satisfied with the grand victory, and willing to accept it with all its grand possibilities quietly and thankfully.

Not so with the ladies, their enthusiasm would not down without some kind of a demonstration that would let the surplus energy escape. The Ladies McKinley club took the matter up, and decided to give a banquet. It was a success from the moment they thought of it, the only obstacle being to get a hall large enough to hold all those whom they desired to invite. While this was impossible, the immense dining room at the Umatilla was tendered by Sinnott & Fish, and quickly and thankfully accepted. While regretting its inability to invite everybody, the club went diligently to work to provide for the 300 whom it was possible to seat.

The Dalles band, which always does the right thing at the right time, volunteered its services, a hasty program was made, a dozen toasts framed, and as many persons selected to respond to them. All this was done Thursday. Friday invitations were issued and Saturday night at 8:45 nearly 300 ladies and gentlemen assembled at Fraternity hall, the proud guests of the Ladies McKinley club. At 9:15 all proceeded to the banquet hall, where the long tables loaded with good things and ornamented with great masses of chrysanthemums, were soon surrounded, and the first business of the evening, the sampling of the eatables, was attended to.

After a half hour devoted to this object, Mr. F. W. Wilson, as toast-master, in brief but eloquent language spoke of the time-honored custom of celebrating victories, whether those of Peace or War, of the magnitude and effect of the recent political battle and the certain fruits of that great Republican victory, and concluded by calling upon the president of the Ladies McKinley club.

Mrs. M. E. Briggs responded by an address of welcome that made all feel glad to realize that they were present.

Then followed the toast, "Looking Forward," responded to by our honored county judge, Robert Mays. In many respects, Mr. Mays' response was the most interesting of the evening, for as he said, "It is well before looking forward, to take a glance backward, that we may judge of what is to be by what has been." He then spoke of the growth of Wasco county and The Dalles since he came here 44 years ago, of the wonderful changes that comparatively brief time had wrought, and then alluded to what the coming years had in store for us.

The response to "Our President Elect" was made by Hon. A. A. Jayne. The thread which ran through all his speech, was the true Americanism of both the president elect, and the circumstances of his life and election. It was the history of many another great American who lifted himself by the sheer force of character from the lowliest walks in life, to the highest position attainable by humanity; starting on the farm, and crowning his life work as the free choice of 70,000,000 people as their chief representative.

"The Flag" was responded to by Lieut.-Col. J. M. Patterson, who in the course of his remarks, gave a history of the making and adoption of the flag, that was very interesting.

At this point the program was broken into. The toast-master stated that State Senator Fuller of Massachusetts was present, and about to leave on the train for home, and called upon him for a contribution to the good cause. Mr. Fuller responded in a 5-minute speech that was heartily applauded.

"Viewed From a Tree Top," was replied to by Mrs. J. T. Peters, who explained just how an election with its bands and its speakers, its uniformed clubs and torch light processions, marching through mud and rain, and all the other seemingly crazy antics begotten of elections and indulged in by generally staid and sober citizens, appeared to one who being born on the wrong side of the house, was not allowed to vote.

Mr. G. W. Phelps told his feelings in connection with casting "My First Vote," in a 5-minute speech, that was brimming with Americanism, and that was a surprise to even those who knew his talents best.

M. T. Nolan created whole lots of amusement in his telling about his first political speech, and it is quite certain that if the speech was as thoroughly appreciated as his description of it, it was a good one.

"Woman's Share in the Future" furnished Mrs. W. S. Myers a text that produced a thoughtful discourse that was thoroughly appreciated.

Hon. W. H. Wilson made a fitting response to the selection from Bryant's famous poem, "Where Rolls the Oregon," a response that had but one fault, and that, its brevity.

Mayor Menefee told us all about "Our City," and as he knows more about it than anyone, he left nothing to be said.

Roger B. Sinnott handled the subject "How It Seems to be a Beginner" by

saying that from the time of his earliest recollection he had three inordinate longings—First to own a pair of red-topped boats, and when he got them he immediately wanted to lick the first boy he met, and got whipped instead. His next anguishing desire was to smoke his first cigarette. This he accomplished only to get in return a second licking. The third was to cast his first vote, "and this time," said he, "proved the old adage that the third time meant success, and I did not get whipped."

"How It Seems to be Licked" was responded to by one who experienced the sensation in June in a personal defeat, and again in November by the defeat of the fused and re-fused party. That individual is now penciling these lines, but his "innate modesty and blushing diffidence, which are said to be two of the most charming traits of his lovable character," forbid his saying anything about his remarks on that occasion. Indeed, a treacherous memory has already made it impossible, which should give you, gentle reader, a cause for thanksgiving, and if those who heard and still survive will also kindly forget, it will be a source of thankfulness to him.

Mr. Hugh Gourlay gave a brief history of Mark Hanna, telling who and what he is, and giving him credit for all he has done, besides pointing out a great many things with which the other side credited him.

Mr. B. S. Huntington was to have responded to the toast "Oregon," but owing to the saddest of all causes, the death of a loved one, he could not appear. Instead, however, Mr. D. H. Roberts read the response which Mr. Huntington had prepared, and which showed in every sentence the love of the writer for our great and beautiful Oregon.

We cannot close this article without saying just a few words concerning the bright young gentleman who so ably filled the very difficult position of toast-master, Mr. F. W. Wilson. In every position in which he is placed he surprises his friends by just exactly fitting it. He is cool, collected, tactful, and has the happy faculty of saying just the right thing—and no more. The ratification would have been a success, no doubt, without him, since the ladies were behind it, but we detract nothing from all that they did, in saying that he added largely to the pleasures of the evening by keeping the wheels moving steadily and without friction. As the boys all say, "Fritz" is all right.

During the evening the band rendered several fine selections and were heartily applauded.

As the different toasts were responded to there was vigorous and hearty applause, but neither the essence of the speeches nor the vibration of the responsive chords can be put in print. Suffice it that at midnight, or shortly after, the pleasant affair ended, and the guests wended their way homewards delighted with their evening's entertainment.

The presence of many grey-haired veterans and the music of the band suggested, and we trust will excuse, the putting in print of the lines herewith annexed, which might be entitled

WHEN ARTHUR BEATS THE DRUM.

The Dalles is proud of everything
That appertains to it—
Proud of its women's loveliness,
Its learning, business, wit;
Proud of the talent that it has,
Of all its people, and
The essence of its proudest pride
Is proudest of its band.
When Benton tongues the B cornet
We all say, "Ain't it fine?"
And when we hear Long's clarinet
We sigh, and say "Divine!"
We hold our breath in ecstasy
When horns are all a-hum;
But in our eyes a dimness comes
When Arthur beats the drum.
There's something in the swift tattoo
That tells of other years
When music's voice was saddened with
The weight of sorrow's tears;
When beardless youth and bearded man
Went marching side by side
To sanctify with patriot's blood
The field where heroes died.
There's something in the rub-a-dub
That speaks a mourning land
For its good "Father Abraham"
Dead by a murderer's hand.
And so, unbidden, to our minds
Sad thoughts unwelcome come
Of loyal hearts forever stilled,
When Arthur beats the drum.

A Brutal Attack.

Saturday night Hawthorne and Frank Heater attacked a man named Brooks, employed by Ward, Kerns & Robertson, and another, named Owen McNeil, near the school house on Union street. What the cause of the row was seems to be uncertain, one ascribing it to one thing and one to another. That generally accepted is an overdose of whiskey and the brutal instinct of the attacking party. Brooks was beaten into insensibility, and at first it was thought he would die, but all danger in that line is past. When Nightwatchman Wiley and Sheriff Driver reached the scene of the row, being hastily summoned, they made vigorous search, but found nothing but an old brown hat. Inquiring at Mrs. Alexander's house, the officers found they had heard the noise of the conflict, and looking through the window they had seen two men, whom they thought to be Hawthorne and Heater, dragging the body of a man into the schoolhouse yard. The officers at once arrested Hawthorne and Heater, and this morning they were taken before Justice Filloon, and each pleaded guilty. The justice postponed sentence waiting until Mr. Brooks could

be able to appear in court. According to McNiel's story he and Brooks were going on the hill to see a man named Johnson. Hawthorne and Heater were lying in wait for some one, and mistook Brooks and McNiel for the parties, so that there was no cause at all for the row. These outbreaks have grown decidedly monotonous, and the full limit of the law as regards punishment might act as a deterrent.

Circuit Court.

The jury in the case of the State against Ed Marshal, charged with larceny from a dwelling, returned a verdict last night finding him guilty of simple larceny. This is simply a misdemeanor, punishable by imprisonment in the county jail.

The case of the State against L. T. North is another case the punishment for which is limited to imprisonment in the county jail. Sentence will be pronounced Monday.

In the case of L. Leonard, charged with forgery, his offense being the signing of the name of George Thompson to an order on Mrs. Davis for two weeks' board, one of which he got. Defendant entered a plea of guilty, waived time for sentence, and was sent to the penitentiary for two years. It will be seen that he builded better than he knew, for instead of getting two weeks board, he gets two years, and steady employment besides.

Almost Buried Alive.

Last week a Miss Dickeson of Mount Angel, Marion county, had a narrow escape from being buried alive. She was supposed to have died, and preparations were made for the funeral. After the services were held at the home, the undertaker in placing the lid on the casket discovered signs of life and the woman was speedily removed from the casket. She was awakened as if from a trance, and the house of mourning was turned into a house of joy. Miss Dickeson is now reported to be almost well.

The moral of all this is, be not too hasty in disposing of the bodies of your loved ones. Be sure unmistakable signs of decomposition have taken place before consigning them to the grave, for nothing imaginable can be more terrible than an awakening from a trance or cataleptic fit and find above six feet or more of earth and not a possible chance of escape.

Weather and Other Things.

It seems that we are to have climatic changes, as well as commercial ones, on account of the opening of the locks. Since that date the dull leaden clouds of webfoot have sent their runners up the old Columbia, and they have evidently found a fine opening for extending their business. Since Nov. 5th a regular webfoot rain has prevailed, soaking the ground as it has not been soaked in the same length of time in years. Today the air is balmy, soft and indolent, as though it came but yesterday from Japan or Cathay. The green grass and abundant flowers, the gentle rain, and breath of May would almost convince one that buds and birds, bees and Easter bonnets were due, instead of the lordly gobbler and the golden pie. Great is Oregon! and the crowning glory of her greatness is The Dalles.

Lee Joy Pays a Fine.

Lee Joy, indicted by the grand jury for assault with a deadly weapon upon one Tom Loui, a countryman of his, this morning pleaded guilty to a simple assault, waived time for sentence, was fined \$50, and is now free as a bird. The chances are that Tom Loui was as much in fault as Lee Joy, but as there is no getting at the truth in a Chinese case, anyway, Prosecuting Attorney Jayne wisely made an average of the case and accepted the plea of guilty to simple assault. A Chinese oath, like a Chinaman, is a delicate and fragile thing, and adds about as much to the solemnity and truthfulness of their statements as it would to that of a murderer testifying in his own behalf.

Death of Mrs. C. A. Huntington.

News of the death of Mrs. C. A. Huntington at Eureka, Calif., was received by wire today. Mrs. Huntington was the mother of J. M. and B. S. Huntington of this city, and will be remembered by many of the older settlers of The Dalles, having visited her sons here several times some years ago. Her husband, Rev. C. A. Huntington, who is now in his 85th year, and a family of five sons and two daughter, survive her.

Awarded

Highest Honors—World's Fair,
Gold Medal, Midwinter Fair.

DR.

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CREAM
BAKING
POWDER

Most Perfect Made.
40 Years the Standard.