

# SPECIAL CLEAN-UP SHOE SALE!

In the course of our year's business, we have accumulated a number of odds and ends in our Shoe Department, which we are anxious to clean up previous to stock-taking.

## Special. Men's Shoes.

- 1st. All our Lilly, Brackett & Co. fine hand-sewed \$6.00 Shoes. The best on earth. Only \$4.35.
- 2d. A large line of Men's Congress and Lace Shoes. Regular \$1.50. Special 95c. Corner Window.
- 3d. Broken line of Men's Shoes; regular prices \$6, \$5, \$4, \$3, \$2.50. To go at half their marked price.

Gentlemen, these offerings give you an opportunity to get Fine Footwear at less than cost.

## Special. Ladies' Shoes.

- Our regular line of \$2.50 Shoes, including the Bay State, Pease & Mays Own, East New York and Waverly; all fine Footwear. Going at \$1.70.
- Brown Shoe Co.'s Fine Shoes, in coin toe; very latest lace and button. Regular \$2.75. Special \$1.85.
- Thomas G. Plant's fine Vici Kid; full line of sizes and widths. Regular \$3.00. Special \$2.15. Every pair is guaranteed.
- Brown Shoe Co. fine Button Shoe. stitched in white; the bon-ton Shoe of the season. Reg. \$3.00. Special \$2.10.

## Special. Ladies' Shoes.

- J. & T. Cousins' Choice Line of Shoes; finest quality stock; up-to-date toes. Regular \$3.50; Special \$2.40.
- J. & T. Cousins' Extra Fine Stock; narrow square toe; good assortment of sizes. Regular \$3.75; going for \$2.60.
- Thomas G. Plant's Fine McKay sewed welt, invisible cork sole, pointed toe. An up-to-date Winter Shoe. Regular 3.50. Sale \$2.60.

## PEASE & MAYS.

All goods marked in plain figures.

## The Weekly Chronicle.

THE DALLES, OREGON  
OFFICIAL PAPER OF WASCO COUNTY.  
Published in two parts, on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**  
BY MAIL, POSTAGE PREPAID, IN ADVANCE.  
One year \$1 50  
Six months 75  
Three months 50  
Advertising rates reasonable, and made known on application.  
Address all communications to "THE CHRONICLE," The Dalles, Oregon.

Telephone No. 1.

### LOCAL BREVITIES.

**Saturday's Daily.**  
Frank Heater today paid his fine of fifty dollars, and was released from custody.  
The Si Perkins Company will not appear here tonight, owing to being caught in a washout near Colfax. The company will be here later, and due notice will be given of the time.  
Bishop Cranston of Portland, Or., resident bishop of the M. E. church for the Pacific Northwest, will preach tomorrow at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. at the M. E. church. Everybody cordially invited to attend.  
The steamer Regulator came up from Portland today and took the freight from the Dalles City. As soon as the ice gorge goes out, she will be put on the route again, making the round trip every two days.

**Monday's Daily.**  
The local was an hour late today, caused by sliding rock.  
A young boy named Jimmie Zirke is held for examination for admission to the reform school.  
A nice six-room, hard-finished dwelling house on the bluff for rent. Apply to J. H. Cross. dec7-2  
The ice gorge still hangs on to its job, and utterly refuses to move, though the ice has grown exceedingly rotten.  
An effort is being made to secure the appearance here Dec. 30th, of Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, the famous songstress.  
The Si Perkins Company are billed to play at Portland for a week, after which a date will probably be arranged for their appearance here.  
The Salem Statesman figures it out this way: Frank Davey and Harvey Jordan, reading clerks of the house; Steele Moorehead, reading clerk of the senate; George Rogers, chief clerk of the house; T. T. Geer and Edward Hirsch, collectors of customs; J. M. Somers, district attorney; John Minto, United States marshal. These are some of the principal political plums, and men who are likely to gather them in, unless they miss their calculations.  
There was a genuine lady in the city yesterday who came from the far off sunny South. We know she was a perfect lady because she told us so, and she told everybody else so too. Nothing but her gray hairs and the fact that she was a woman prevents us saying something mean about her. She made life a burden to everyone she came within reach of her long-distance voice. "She's gone, she's gone, we don't know where, and we don't care either, so long as she does not wander back again."  
The articles on Kansas copied so widely from the Emporia Gazette are by

William Allen White, known in that part of the world as "Billy," and universally liked and praised, both as editor and author. He has been invited by the Ohio State Republican League to respond to the toast, "What's the matter with Kansas?" at the Lincoln day banquet to be held shortly at Zanesville, O. Mr. White will be there, and Mark Hanna, Joseph Benson Foraker, John M. Thurston and other celebrities will enjoy the feast.

A story is told of a lady teacher of Pomeroy who, having an inordinate dread of contagious disease, sent a little girl home because she said her mother was sick. The next day the child presented herself at school with her finger in her mouth and said: "We see got little baby at our house, but maunna told me to tell you it is not catching." The teacher blushed slightly, said she was glad, and told her pupil to take a seat. The story has a reminiscent flavor, but let's be charitable, and say it happened again at Pomeroy.

**Tuesday's Daily.**  
Miss Katie Putnam will play here on the 10th.  
License to marry was issued today to George H. Yeakle and Rachel J. Finch.  
Work comes from L. E. Crowe that he is in quite poor health, and with Mrs. Crowe is now in Paso Robles.  
The Si Perkins Company, which canceled its date here on account of being detained by a washout near Colfax last week, will appear here either on the 19th or 21st.  
D. Allen, who runs the Moro stage line, was prevented for a short time making his usual trips, by the wretched condition of the road, but came in last night as usual.  
The ice gorge hangs on like a poor relation or a case of the itch. It moves and squirms, and tosses, but absolutely and utterly refuses to go out. It cannot possibly last much longer.  
The many friends of Mr. Robert Mays will regret to learn that he is confined to his bed, and will hope with us that his illness may be of short duration and that his genial smile may soon again be seen in our midst.  
Pease & Mays are showing in their center window a beautiful line of men's soft hats and Fedoras in browns, tans, slates and blacks, up-to-date styles. Regular price, \$2, \$2.50 and \$3. Your pick of the lot for \$1.  
Do not fail to call on Dr. Lannerberg, the eye specialist, and have your eyes examined free of charge. If you suffer with headache or nervousness you undoubtedly have imperfect vision that, if corrected, will benefit you for life. Office in the Vogt block.  
Cuban advices today state that Captain-General Weyler has been wounded, and that Maceo had crossed the track with a large force. All news from the front is suppressed by the officials at the palace. In the case of the Spanish forces, no news is generally bad news.  
A dense fog drifted up from the river this afternoon and covered the city with its gray and gloomy wrappings. It had the appearance of a long haired gray coon skin and the the spissitude of an ice cream soda. All it lacked of being palatable was a splash of flavoring matter and a spoon.  
December 31, 1896, is the last day in which lands claimed under the forfeiture act can be purchased. As a result the land office is now doing a lively

business, a land office business as it were, and one that will increase steadily until the last day. It is quite probable that some of those who put their proof off to the last day will get left, through inability of the land officers to attend to them.

### A Question of Damages.

The jury in the case of the United States against Seufert visited the land proposed to be condemned this morning and left for Portland on the local this afternoon. If ever twelve men had a difficult job those composing that jury have. It is almost an impossibility for any man or set of men to form any correct estimate of the value of the lands, as that value is derived from their riparian character, and consists in the rights of fishing pertaining to them. Mr. Seufert's own estimate would of course be, or at least should be, the most nearly correct that could be made, for he, better than anyone, knows what the fishing privileges are worth. No one else can know without making a much more close and critical study of their values than can be done in a single visit, or, for that matter, in a single fishing season.

The government must have the lands and it should pay for them, just what they are worth, and no more, and this question is the knotty one the jury is called upon to decide, the only dispute being as to the value. Anyone who knows the vagaries of the salmon fishing business knows that a good point for a wheel, in a good season is of immense value, and a single wheel has caught fish in a single season, equaling in value, the entire amount awarded Mr. Seufert by the former jury as damages. The suit will probably last until next Wednesday.

### Bishop Cranston's Lecture.

Bishop Cranston's lecture last night was the finest a Dalles audience has been permitted to hear in many a year. The lecture, while instructive, was bubbling over with wit, and the audience was at times convulsed with laughter. The bishop has a peculiarly happy style, making his points perfectly clear, and illustrating them with quaint bits of humor that are irresistibly funny. Under all the foam was a strong current of facts that became more forcible from their witty surroundings. As a lecturer, Bishop Cranston certainly stands at the very top of the ladder.

### Officers Elected.

At the regular meeting of Court The Dalles, No. 12, F. of A., last evening, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: Otto Birgfeld, C. R.; Ben Wilson, S. C. R.; John Bradsley, Treas.; W. F. Grunow, F. S.; Otis Savage, R. S.; Albert Nelson, S. W.; Chas. Johnson, J. W.; L. O. Hawn, S. B.; L. Mayer, J. B.; F. W. L. Skibbe, V. H. Koozts and Fred Furter, trustees; Dr. O. C. Hollister, physician.

### Ellen Beach Yaw.

Mr. John G. Ritchie of New York is in the city, seeing what can be done towards arranging for the appearance of Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, the famous songstress. She appears at Walla Walla December 31st, and if satisfactory arrangements can be made, will appear here the evening of the 30th. Her fame is world wide, and The Dalles cannot afford to let the opportunity of hearing her pass by.  
No more BOILS, no more PIMPLES Use Kinerly's Iron Tonic. The Snipes Kinerly Drug Co. Telephone No. 3.

## JIM LANGILLE AND THE MULE.

Jim Fed Him Once, the Last Meal He Ever Ate.

The subjects of this sketch, while not occupying equal prominence therein, had several traits in common. Langille and the mule were about the same age, if anything the mule having precedence on that score, while Jim averaged up on the mule in obstinacy. However comparisons are odious, and we refrain from pointing out the other points of similarity and lines of divergence and proceed to our tale.

The mule is or was a venerable and noble specimen of his race, but in this he had no advantage of Jim, with a fine pedigree on the distaff side of his house. He crossed the plains in 1847, coming where lots of good people come from—Pike county, Missouri, settled in Washington county and finally became the property of John Divers of Hood River. In the early days of Hood River, he was used as a pack mule, and no hunting party was complete without him. He would patiently accompany his master to the mountains, and with a bear or deer strapped on his faithful back, could be turned loose to carry his load home at his own pleasure, and he never betrayed the trust reposed in him, but always arrived with his load. Time passed, and Divers sold the good old animal to a Mr. Prathar of Mosier. But his usefulness was a thing of the past, the gray hairs gathered around his kindly eyes, and tipped the points of his ever upright ears. Rheumatism racked his frame, and ringbone and spavin, thorough-pin and string-halt one by one visited him, and came to stay. At last broken and infirm of body the patient old animal was turned out, to seek for himself on the barren hillside the food his gaunt frame could no longer earn.

In his old age he realized man's inhumanity to mules, but uncomplainingly browsed the sparse herbage, the bitter huckleberry brush and the gripping fern, in the vain endeavor to support himself and keep his backbone from irritating the hide that covered his abdomen. He lived a hard life it is true, but still he lived, until a week or ten days ago, when the deep snow covered the last vestige of his larder, and the biting cold sent him shivering, faint-hearted and almost hopeless to his last resort, the haunts of men. He showed up at Hood River, seeking, hoping to violate the city ordinances forbidding his presence, and longing for the home comforts of the pound provided for trespassers of his kind. But alas! It was a vain hope. The mule, like many another would-be criminal, found that there was no swift desire to punish minor offenses against the law, when there was nothing in it for the officers.

Langille saw the mule, he noted his patient bearing, his gray hairs, his crippled limbs, his gaunt frame, his starved and shivering body, and his big heart was moved to pity. He made request in words that the voiceless mule could only tell in the mute and touching language of appearance to the city marshal that the mule be impounded. The marshal examined the mule and refused to take him. He wasn't worth his feed over night. Jim went to the city recorder, the recorder could do nothing, and then Jim went to the barn and purchased an armful of hay for him. Then Jim tackled the mayor, he of course had nothing to do with the matter and very properly referred him to the city marshal. So from one to the other

Jim appealed, but it was no use, nothing could be done to ease the declining days of the venerable relic. Hood River was not running a hospital for Mosier's antiquated mules, but the mule was there and refused to go away. Finally an Indian was hired to lead the poor, old animal down to the sloughs and there extend to him the hospitable refuge of the grave. A bullet ended the business, and the faithful old animal, whose many years had been spent in the service of his master, found resting place at last upon the drifted snow banks, cold indeed, but not colder than the hearts of men.

He was only an old mule, but he did his life's work uncomplainingly and well, to find at its end the usual reward of ingratitude on the part of those he served. He was only a kindly old mule, that was all, only an old, broken-down, useless mule, encumbering the earth, and an eyesore to his master. Only an old mule.

### ELKS MEMORIAL SERVICES.

An Occasion That Will be Long Remembered.

The memorial services of the E. P. O. Elks of this city, held in K. of P. hall yesterday deserve more than passing mention. It was the first occasion of the kind here and the beautiful ceremonies were witnessed by a large and appreciative audience.

After the opening ceremonies a prayer was offered up by Rev. W. C. Curtis, followed by a hymn by the double quartette, consisting of Misses Rose and Myrtle Michell, Beulah Patterson and Alma Schmidt, and Messrs. C. J. Orandall, R. G. Davenport, Chas. Stubling and Arthur Clark. This was followed by the recitation of "Thanatopsis" by Exalted Ruler John Michell, and it was given in a manner to add to, or rather to draw out, new ideas from the grandest poem known to our language. A hymn followed, and then Judge Bradshaw delivered a beautiful and touching eulogy on the departed brethren, his address taking a wide range, and illustrating the beauties and benefits of the order. After another hymn by the quartette, Mr. F. W. Wilson pronounced an eulogy on the brethren gone before, that was one of the most touching and most eloquent addresses we have ever listened to. It was a word painting, each word apparently fitted to the grand mosaic of language as by a master mind. It was a prose poem, the sentences flowing so metrically that it was difficult to tell where the poetical quotations made by the speaker began or ended. We have in the course of a somewhat varied life heard many addresses, but we say without flattery to our gifted young townsman, that his eulogy yesterday was the finest thing of the kind we ever heard. It deserves to be preserved in print, a model for all future occasions, and one that many may imitate, but few equal. As we listened to our eloquent young friend, the fragment of a poem written by the truest poet the South has ever produced floated across our mind, and it seemed that we were listening to exactly those things the poet declared unattainable. The fragment as we recollect it runs:  
"There are billows far out on the ocean  
That never shall break on the beach;  
There are songs I have heard in the silence  
That never shall float into speech;  
There are thoughts I have had in the midnight  
Too lofty for language to reach."

### The Cayuse Nuisance.

Regarding the proposed extermination of the range horses, E. F. Benson, of the

Northern Pacific land department, who has made a special study of the situation, says:

"Hot winds, squirrels and grasshoppers are bad, but the horse pest is becoming still worse in Eastern Washington, particularly the cayuse variety. Horses have become so cheap that many hands are running loose without being branded or cared for in the least. There being no demand, they have multiplied rapidly and are now eating bunch grass that should otherwise support thousands of cattle and sheep which bring in revenue. These horses are not worth \$1 apiece. There is absolutely no market for them. Up to three years ago we were shipping horses east in large numbers. Electricity and bicycles have killed the market. This year Traffic Manager Hannaford, of the Northern Pacific, has made vigorous efforts to find a market for horses in the east. Glue factories and rendering establishments of various kinds have been offered horses very cheap. They do not want them. A few carloads are being shipped to the Atlantic coast for shipment to France, where horse meat is in demand, but these shipments make no impression on the supply. The horses are destroying the ranges twelve months in the year. There are over 100,000 head in Eastern Washington and they are destroying ranges that would support 500,000 head of cattle. The situation is really appalling, viewed from the cattlemen's standpoint.

### Walla Walla Inventor.

Henry Steinberger, Jr., a Walla Walla boy, who lives with his parents near the O. R. & N. depot, is, by a lucky invention, in a fair way to become independently rich. For some months past Henry has been studying the insulators on the telephone and telegraph poles with a view to improving the same, and after some hard thinking his patent is about completed. The invention can be attached to telephone or telegraph poles in a much shorter time than the old cross pieces and glass insulators now used. The new insulator will cost about one-third of the old ones, and it is generally adopted will be worth at least a quarter of a million dollars to the inventor.

The National Recorder, a paper devoted to inventions and patents, in a recent issue, devotes considerable space to the inventor, together with his picture.

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

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER  
Most Perfect Made.  
40 Years the Standard.

**Female Help Wanted.**  
WANTED—Red-headed girl and white horse to deliver premiums given away with Hoe Cake Soap. Apply to anywhere.