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BARGAINS

IN

Short Lengths of Silks and Dress Goods.

Now that the Holiday Season is over, we expect a little quietness, but we intend to liven things up a little by offering some

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(Running from 1-2 to 4 yards),
Woolen Dress Goods.

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PEASE & MAYS.

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.

County commissioners court will meet one week from next Monday, and circuit court February 8th.

Quite a number of Indians are in the city, a little late for Christmas, but still on hand, and apparently having a good time.

Only five more days of leap year, and then seven years without a chance to pop. Young ladies! It is the last call in the dining car, for you will be the other side of 26 before another leap year.

The Christmas tree and exercises of the Lutheran church held at the court house were well attended, the court house being crowded and all attending were greatly pleased. The programme occupied an hour and a half, and consisted of four class-songs, one double quartette, several dialogues and recitations, and four brief orations by young men, members of the bible class, this latter feature being highly spoken of. The event was only prepared for within the past two weeks, but was a thorough success.

Monday's Daily.

License to marry was issued Saturday to John M. Powell and Della A. White.

At the Congregational church last night the members of the Sunday school gave a very entertaining review exercise and concert.

Yesterday being St. John's day, by special invitation of Rev. Goss, the Masons attended St. Paul's church in a body last night.

At the evening service at the Methodist church yesterday three persons were baptized and seven received into full membership in the church.

The hose team has had a picture taken of all its members, which is a very good one. It is on exhibition at the Snipes-Kinnersly drugstore and will, in a few days, be presented to the Commercial Club.

The foot-ball game between the Portland high school and the Dalles boys will come off at the fair grounds New Year's day at 2:30 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents, on sale at all the business houses.

The young ladies of the Good Templar lodge surprised the young gentlemen Saturday night, by providing a fine luncheon of cake, coffee, etc. Although taken by surprise, the boys were equal to the occasion and met the charge of their friends with open mouths and solid molars. The latter won the victory.

In speaking of the Stanford foot-ball team, the Oregonian mentions Chester Murphy of Salem and Fisher of Southern

Oregon. The Fisher mentioned is not from Southern Oregon, but from The Dalles, which accounts for his kicking qualities, and his name is Forest Fisher. The Dalles boys all come to the front in some shape, and their versatility is shown in the fact that they are as handy with their feet as they are with their heads.

Ed. Howell and S. M. Combs, not having received the wagonload of Christmas presents they deserve, are now staying up all night waiting for santa claus to come back. Each of them has one stocking hung up in a freight car, with the door left open and each of them only wear one pants leg rolled up. It is to be hoped that New Years will treat them better and permit them to take down their stockings again.

There was a pleasant party Christmas night at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. F. Drews, given by Miss Pauline Drews, to celebrate the holidays and also the silver wedding of her parents. The house was beautifully decorated with mistletoe, and merry games made the evening fly. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Drews, Mrs. Meta Byrckett, Misses Lizzie Ehrick, Lizzie and Agnes Bates, Pauline Drews, and Messrs. Frank Sandrock, A. H. Kennedy, E. Burchdorf, M. Hanson and F. Drews.

The appearance of Ellen Beach Yaw at the Vogt Wednesday night is an event of no small importance. It gives the music-lovers an opportunity to hear her; perhaps the only one they will ever have, and they may well feel flattered in that Miss Yaw consents to sing for us. Not another town of its size on the coast will be granted this privilege, and the price of admission is only two-thirds that charged in Portland and other cities. Tickets \$1, on sale at the Snipes-Kinnersly drugstore.

Tuesday's Daily.

When you find time hanging heavy on your hands, just bear in mind that there is a circulating library here, and then patronize it.

The United Artisans will not meet tomorrow (Wednesday) night, on account of many of the members wishing to attend the Yaw concert.

The handsome photograph of The Dalles hose team, on exhibition at the Snipes-Kinnersly drugstore, was the work of our local artist, Mrs. D. C. Herrin.

A letter from Fred Wilson and Ed. Wingate states that the boys made the trip as far as Victoria without being seasick. They are getting along on their way to the islands by this time.

Uncle Tom's Cabin Thursday night. Old, but always good. Fine scenery, beautiful stage settings, live bloodhounds, and a first-class company of first-class actors. Don't fail to see it.

The St Perkins Pughtown band is a daisy, sure. As the members were wandering around the streets yesterday afternoon they attracted a great deal of attention, and when they gathered at the intersection of Washington and Second and began playing, everybody flocked to hear them. For a half hour they paralyzed business in the Dalles, more thoroughly than a Bryan boom and a 16 to 1 campaign.

Last evening a number of young people met at the home of Miss Ethel Deming, and after ascertaining that every lady had succeeded in safely conducting the leap year young man thus far, they proceeded to the residence of Mr. John Parrot, whom they completely

took by surprise. However, the house and its contents were turned over to them, and with games, lunch, laughter and song the evening was delightfully passed.

The examination of Cooper Douglas, the young gentlemen who struck James Fisher on the head with a pistol at the dance Christmas night, occupied the attention of Justice Filloon this morning. Attorneys Phelps and Gates represented the State, and J. L. Story the defendant. After hearing the testimony, the justice concluded the offense had been committed and bound Douglas over to appear before the grand jury, with bonds fixed in the sum of \$200. This is more fun for the fellow who turned out the lights.

The case of J. A. White vs. O. D. Taylor occupied nearly the entire day. The case grows out of the sale of some stock in the Columbia River Fruit Co. by the defendant to the plaintiff, with a guarantee that the money should be returned if the stock was not satisfactory. The jury, after being out several hours, returned a verdict of \$120.50 for the plaintiff. Mr. Taylor will appeal the case to the supreme court. John F. O'Keefe appeared for the plaintiff and F. E. Emerick and James H. Davitt for the defendant.—Saginaw Courier-Herald.

Tuesday evening while Mr. J. M. Roth was returning from The Dalles, by way of Enderby, he met with an accident that came very near being serious. His team of young horses had attained considerable speed as they came down the Enderby hill near R. Sigman's, when the pole to the hack dropped to the ground, which frightened the horses and they became unmanageable. Mr. Roth was precipitated to the ground with great violence, sustaining a severe scalp wound, which dazed him for some time. Upon his arrival in Dufur, Dr. Dietrich dressed the wound, and now Mr. Roth appears to be as sound as ever. The pole to the hack was broken, and the harness in several places, also, but the horses were not materially injured.

On a Sturgeon Hook.

Walter Klindt met with an accident while sturgeon fishing this morning, that he can congratulate himself on not being more serious. He was hauling in his lines, on which were several large sturgeon, when he slipped and fell. One of the big hooks caught in the muscles of his leg, just about the bottom of his pocket and was pulled its full depth into the flesh. With great presence of mind he seized a butcher knife lying handy, and cut the hook from the line. He came to town today about noon, and Dr. Logan pinched the eye off the hook and pulled it around and through the flesh point foremost.

Thank You.

The Salvation Army officers wish, in behalf of those assisted, to thank the people of The Dalles for their liberality in helping the poor on Christmas. Twenty families were assisted according to their needs in the way of food, clothing and toys. Some of the merchants gave very liberally. Among the number they especially wish to mention the splendid donation of A. M. Williams & Co. There was also a quantity of partly worn garments sent in, of which a few remain that will be given out whenever any in need are found.

Hot clam broth every day at noon at Ad Keller's.

JUST A SMALL BOY.

But He Was Ubiquitous and Had Two Gizzards.

The numberless things a small boy can do in the course of an hour, each without premeditation or object, is simply astonishing; but it is no more so than the number of things he can devour in the same time. Going down on the boat to Hood River Christmas morning our attention was attracted by the vigorous and maggoty movements of a youth about 10 years old. The boy was on his way to Mosier to spend Christmas and make the day one joyous carnival for some family.

Previous to the boat leaving the wharf he seemed to have general supervision of boat, cargo and passengers. He was from one deck to the other not less than a dozen times in as many minutes. He read the marks on the freight and asked passengers their names gave out a wonderful amount of information as to the boat's movements, and was generally busy. After the boat started the field of his labors became more circumscribed. He remained inside most of the time, because it was too cold to holy-stone the hurricane deck or slush the main mast. He was abundantly supplied with Christmas cheer suitable for one of his age. As soon as the boat pulled out he procured a bundle of licorice sticks a foot long and commenced to absorb one of them. As he chewed at one end of the stick he took down all the folding stools piled in the forward cabin, then he piled four or five of them on one and sat down on the aggregation. That only satisfied him for a moment, and he placed three of them on the deck built up in the cabin over the boiler and tried that for a bed. Then from the fathomless depths of his pocket he produced a mosquito bar full of candy, which he soon placed where it would do the most good, climbing on top of the pile of stools to do so, and all the time he kept up a running fire of small talk, disseminating some really wonderful information. After the candy two apples followed on the program, that dropped into his system and were lost. Then followed three feet of licorice and another apple, and as he surrounded the latter he told us, in strict confidence, he was going to eat Christmas dinner at Mosier, and expressed the wish that it "was ready now." He settled the set-pieces and other truck by climbing the hog-chains and getting a fall on his head that must have made him see Santa Claus; for he got up smiling and came over to us to expatiate on the magnificence of the Christmas tree he saw the night before.

As he left the foot plank at Mosier he ducked his head in the sand bar, and throwing up his heels, went over like a streak and came down full length on his back. Then he sat up, and as the turn of the boat shut him out from our range of vision, he had dug up another apple from the mysterious recesses of his clothes and was stowing it away in his hold, as though he had experienced a famine. And yet he was only just an average wiry, squirming boy, with too much nerve and activity to be quiet, and who had in his interior a quart or two of pepsin and a couple of gizzards.

TROUBLE AT A DANCE.

Caused by the Incandescent Humor of a Brilliant Joker.

There was a little digression at the dance at Brown's hall last night not down on the bill.

It seems some one on mischief bent turned out the lights several times while the dances were on, until it finally grew monotonous. Finally Cooper Douglas, one of the musicians, got tired of it and when the lights went out made a rush for the corner where the switch is located. The first man he met was James Fisher, and without pausing to ask any questions, Douglas drew a pistol and struck Fisher a heavy blow on the head, knocking him down and cutting a gash in the back of his head that it took several stitches to close. As usually happens in such cases, the innocent suffered, Mr. Fisher having nothing to do with it.

After doing all the damage, Douglas discovered his mistake and skipped over to Washington to avoid arrest. Of course the smart fellow who caused all the trouble is now perfectly happy. His mind being relieved from the heavy strain caused by evolving so stupendous a practical joke as turning out the lights, can easily soar to the pinnacles of bliss where, let us hope, neither the mind nor matter continuing it will be out of reach on the annual visit of the fool killer.

A Stumper.

Mr. H. F. Davidson has had constructed a stump burner made of sheet iron, in the shape of a stove, that will likely revolutionize the work of clearing ground of stumps. The design was brought here by Mr. Bone, when he returned from the Sucker estate last spring. The advantages of this stump burner, like a bob tail fish, are all in the draw. It is said that when set round a stump and loaded with pitch, wood and fired, it creates a draft that can only be likened to a cyclone. Davidson sat up with it eight hours the other night, and after feeding it about eight cords of pitch pine, it drew tears to his calloused cheek, drew blisters on a log ten feet away, drew all the neighbors within a radius of a mile to see it work, and he

thinks, if given full vent, it would draw a mortgage on the farm. He first bored a hole in the stump, and with a stick of giant powder shattered and loosened up the stump to give the mersheen a good start. After burning eight hours the stump swelled up, probably with its importance of being the first stump experimented with, and the sheet iron burner can't be removed till the stump dries out next summer. A patent has been applied for, and county and township rights will be for sale by Bone & Davidson, proprietors.—Glacier.

Circuit Court Proceedings.

Court met this morning pursuant to adjournment and transacted business as follows:

EQUITY.

Davenport Lumber Co vs C P Heald, dismissed without prejudice.

Ida Lockhart vs Harry Lockhart, report filed, argued and submitted.

Mays & Crowe vs John Wood et al, answer and reply filed; referred to H. H. Riddell, plaintiff to have until Jan 25th and defendant until Jan 25th to take testimony, and plaintiff to have until Feb 5th to take testimony in rebuttal.

A M Williams & Co vs J E McCormack, motion to make more definite overruled.

Hattie Kizer vs Henry Kizer, continued for the term.

LAW.

The Davis Sewing Machine Co vs William Tackman, decision filed in favor of plaintiff.

Prineville Land & Live Stock Co vs R W Mitchell, reply to be filed by first day of next term.

Joshua Hendy Machine Works vs J G and I N Day, settled.

C H Stoughton vs W R Cantrell, judgment and order to sell attached property.

Wm Brown vs F W Skibbe et al, demurrer overruled, defendant to have until first day of next term to answer. Adjourned for term.

J J Spencer vs W R Winans, demurrer overruled, and decree for want of answer, defendant refusing to answer, and so stating in open court.

Christmas Trees.

Christmas Eve was observed by most of the churches, by having the usual Christmas trees with their wonderful fruit, and the exercise appropriate to the occasion. The Methodist church had two trees and a jolly old santa claus with a pack full of toys on his back. The Congregational church was crowded with little folks and their parents each happier than the other, all participating in the presents plucked from the generous boughs. At the Christian church there were appropriate exercises but no tree. The Sisters had a very handsome tree and some very beautiful exercises, and among other things, a big, generous santa claus. Christmas night the Lutheran church and the Salvation army had their exercises, the latter having a Christmas stocking instead of a tree. There were candy, nuts and apples galore, and something for every little one, besides more substantial, if not so filling, other things. The Episcopal church has its Christmas exercises Monday, somewhat late to be sure, yet certain to be enjoyed by the youngsters who have capacity for a Christmas tree every night in the year.

Uncle Tom's Cabin.

When will the time come when "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will lose its charm to the rising generation? Judging by its present freshness, its alluring powers will be perennial. There is something in the skillful combination of the pathetic and the humorous that never fails to fascinate, and the story that it tells of the suffering of the poor slaves appeals directly to the finest sensibilities of the human soul. Such plays are better than sermons. They point a moral and adorn a tale. They teach us lessons in thoughtfulness and charity. They impress on our minds the precepts of the golden rule. Mrs. Stowe's book is one of the greatest books of literature, because it deals with questions of immeasurable human import, and the play itself is one of those simple masterpieces that can never die. If it does no more than to keep alive the memory of the rise and fall of one of the greatest iniquities that history deals with, it was not written in vain.

The Cook Twin Sisters colossal Uncle Tom's Cabin Company will appear at the Vogt opera house Dec. 31st.

A country guest at a certain London hotel, having a dread of pickpockets, went to the clerk and handed him a £20 note to be put in the safe, says Comic Cuts. Asking for it next day he was thunderstruck when the functionary to whom he had given the money coolly denied any recollection of the matter. Whereupon the countryman went to a lawyer.

"Got another £20 note," said the lawyer, "and go, accompanied by a friend, back to the hotel. Apologize to the clerk for your mistake. Say it was a defect of memory. Attribute it to absent-mindedness. Deposit the second £20 note in the presence of your friend and come back to me."

The mystified ruralist observed instructions to the very letter.

"Now," said the lawyer, "go back close to the clerk and ask him for your £20 note. Knowing that your friend saw him receive it he will give you back the second one. Then take your friend with you next day, approach the clerk, ask him boldly for that £20 note and as there was no witness to your receipt of the second note he will be forced to return that also."

The ruse proved completely successful, much to the gratification of the countryman.

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JUDGE SNOW'S RULING.

Must Explain to the Supreme Court Why He Quashed the Case.

Judge Snow of Saginaw quashed the information against Rev. O. D. Taylor for obtaining money by false pretense, on the ground that Act 234 of 1895, repealed the section of Howell's providing a penalty for this offense. The fact of this ruling was that prosecutions for offenses of this kind, committed prior to Sept. 1st, 1895, when the new act took effect, are barred. Yesterday the supreme court issued a peremptory writ, ordering Judge Snow to set aside his order and proceed with the trial or show cause forthwith why he should not be compelled to do so. The court called his attention to the recent case of the People vs. Hinney, in which they held directly contrary to his ruling.—Saginaw Courier-Herald, Saturday, Dec. 19, 1896.

Fatti Outdone—Miss Yaw's Wonderful Voice.

Over a year ago, while Miss Yaw was abroad, there was a very conspicuous article published in the New York Herald, a column in length, headed as above. It discussed that voice as having the greatest compass of any soprano recorded by history—a range of nearly four octaves, from G below the staff to E in alt., and expressed surprise that a voice reaching such an altitude should possess such breadth and beautiful quality of tone in the lower and medium register.

Later we heard more of this phenomenal voice through the Parisian papers, which spoke of her as having a powerfully high and extraordinarily crystalline soprano, with wonderfully bird-like notes, which rose and fell with the precision and "rondeur" that French people characteristically compare to falling pearls. Not only did they comment upon the extent of this young girl's voice, but upon the sympathetic quality and strength of the medium tones, and the perfect ease with which she sang.

Surprise Party.

A pleasant surprise party was given Mr. and Mrs. Willerton, on Alford avenue, last evening, it being their twentieth marriage anniversary. The evening was enjoyably spent with games and jokes, till a dainty luncheon was served. Many beautiful presents were given. Among those present were, Mr. and Mrs. Randall, Mr. and Mrs. Chandler, Mr. and Mrs. Steers, Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. Waters, Mrs. Herbert, Mrs. H. N. Stevens, Mrs. Goddard, of Portland, Miss Rawson, Miss Snipes, Miss Boyer, Misses Grace and Bertha Willerton, and Master Ernest Willerton.

A Powerful Freezing Mixture.

Many readers know that a mixture of two parts of pounded ice and one part of common salt will reduce the temperature of anything inclosed so as to be wholly surrounded by the mixture (say a milk can in an ice cream freezer) to a point 36 degrees below that at which water freezes. There are but few readers, however, that know of the remarkable properties of a mixture of chloride of lime and ice. A mixture of three parts of crystallized chloride of lime and two parts of ice forms a combination that will freeze mercury in seven minutes.—St. Louis Republic.

Christmas at Enderby.

ENDERBY, Or., Dec. 28, 1896.

EDITOR CHRONICLE:

The entertainment and supper at this place Christmas eve was a grand success. The house was well filled, and each one's part was well performed. There was an abundance of pop corn, apples, peanuts and candy, and after the exercises the tables were spread, and everybody's part was well performed there, too. After supper a number of fine selections were rendered by local vocalists and then came the parting.

G. W. F.

GOT EVEN WITH THE CLERK.

How a Country Guest Made the Hotel Official Pay Up.

A country guest at a certain London hotel, having a dread of pickpockets, went to the clerk and handed him a £20 note to be put in the safe, says Comic Cuts. Asking for it next day he was thunderstruck when the functionary to whom he had given the money coolly denied any recollection of the matter. Whereupon the countryman went to a lawyer.

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