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CLOUDED COTTON HOSE per pair 12c
LISLE THREAD per pair 16c

See Our Furnishing Goods Window

ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

PEASE & MAYS

THAT BIG EXCURSION.

Twenty-six Coaches, 1900 People, and 800 Turned Away.

Yesterday was a gala day for The Dalles. By 11 o'clock the crowd began to gather in front of the Umatilla, where it remained good naturedly until the first section of the excursion train pulled in at 12:25. As the train pulled in the band welcomed the visitors with some lively music, and in a moment, the streams of merry people began pouring out of the cars. Nearly all of the visitors had acquaintances here and the greetings and handshakings were innumerable. A quarter of an hour later the second section came in with fourteen cars, the first being twelve, and the same scenes were enacted over again.

The crowd was hungry and about the first thing it did was to scatter in search of dinner. The Umatilla house was prepared for them, feeding over 700, and the other hotels and restaurants were all kept busy, though double the number could have been taken care of.

When this part of the program was over, the people scattered over the town, enjoying the shaded streets and admiring the pretty lawns and door yards. Many attended the ball game, and had the pleasure of seeing one of the best games of amateur ball ever put up on the coast. Portland has a fine team of excellent ball players, but our boys with very little practice, played them a very close game, the score being 6 to 4 in favor of the visitors. Our boys played almost an errorless game in the field, but showed weakness at the bat and on the base running. They also had a swifter pitcher than they ever faced before and he fanned out many of them, but good work kept the visitors' score down. It was one of the prettiest games ever played in the state, and our boys may well feel proud of their work.

There was considerable of a breeze for an hour or two and about 4 o'clock a light rain began falling, which caused the crowd to seek shelter and soon the Umatilla and Columbia hotels were filled and the covered sidewalk on First street furnished shelter for several hundred.

The first section pulled out at 5 o'clock, the second twenty minutes later, each being sent off with a hearty cheer that was as heartily responded to, and the visit was over.

It was an unusually orderly crowd, there being no disturbance of any kind during the whole day, and The Dalles hopes to soon again have the pleasure of another visit. It is said The Dalles weather always kicks up a "bobby" upon such occasions, and if the rain was due to the visit of our Portland brethren, we owe them something, for it was of inestimable benefit.

Mrs. Jennie Rufeno Dead.

Saturday's Daily.

It was with profound sorrow that the citizens of our city learned of the death of Mrs. Jennie Rufeno, who passed away at 2:30 this morning. The circumstances make her death a peculiarly sad one. Easter Sunday, Jennie Russell surrounded by joyous friends placed her hand in that of the man of her choice, and pronounced the words that made her a wife. Today her body lies in the house of her father, awaiting the coming of another sun, when it will be laid away, hidden from mortal sight forever more. Young, talented, loved, life seemed to promise so much, but its buds scarce opened ere death, the silent one, touched with icy hand the tender petals and it drooped and died.

There are occasions when words are powerless to express one's thoughts, or clothe one's ideas, and this is one of them. Beside the grave of those we love, language is mute, and the sympathy of silence alone is eloquent. There is no balm in words, no partnership in grief, but each must bear as best he can the burdens placed upon him, and let the fountain of his tears put out the burning anguish of his woe.

Jennie Russell was born in Oakland, California Nov. 3, 1874, married April 18, 1897, and died May 15, 1897. Brief span, short history, and yet her life was such that its influence has made and will continue to make itself felt, and memory will recall to her bereaved husband and relatives the many beautiful traits of her character. God's finger beckoned—and she has gone home. Peace be with her and with her's.

A Lawn Party.

Mrs. Patterson's and Mrs. Curtis' Sunday school classes of girls entertained Miss Lizzie Sampson and Miss Nannie Cooper's classes of boys at a lawn party at Mrs. Hugh Glenn's residence last night. A short program, ice cream and cake, happy hearts and buoyant spirits made the lovely moonlight evening one that all participating will long remember. Those present were: May Jackson, Hattie Glenn, Irene Urquhart, Katie Barrel, Effie Adams, Edna VanDyyn, Bessie Young, Prudence Patterson, Pearl Joles, Margaret Kinsley, Loto and Lela Kelsay, Winifred Wilson, Josie Keller, Valerica Liebe and Maude Michell; Adelbert Moody, Sayre Rinehart, Harry Miller, Ora Bagley, Ernest Cobleigh, John McDonald, Joe Nitschke, Silvey and Claude Kelsay, James Urquhart, Charles Heppner, Frank Gibous, Ivan and Archie Hundacker, Carl Groehler, Charles Schmidt, Harold Tompson and Carl Hansen.

Subscribe for THE CHRONICLE.

Farewell Party to Miss Wenner

Those who attended the dancing party at Schanno's hall last night felt that the evening's pleasure fully compensated for the dearth of such amusement during the past winter. The party was given by Messrs. R. Gorman, Leo Schanno and Miss Alma Schanno as a farewell to Miss Wenner, who for the past year has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Seufert, and who will leave for her home in New York on Monday.

The hall, which was just the size to accommodate the number present and make them feel perfectly at home, was prettily decorated in bunting, with bouquets of snowballs scattered promiscuously around, which, together with the cooling lemonade furnished, probably accounts for the fact that the warmth of the evening was forgotten, for as soon as Mrs. Varney was seated at the piano and the waltz began, all seemingly danced with the same enthusiasm as is displayed in the coolest weather.

When the evening was half over, Mr. Gorman, who acted as floor manager, requested the guests to form for a grand march, which, to their surprise, terminated in the coolest little refreshment room, lit with Chinese lanterns, which shed such soft light that it seemed like a fairy bower. There ice cream and cake were served, and couples loitered in conversation until the music again enticed them.

The general verdict was that the hosts and hostess proved themselves adepts in the art of entertaining, and aside from the regret felt at parting with Miss Wenner, who has made many friends here, the guests considered it one of the most enjoyable parties ever given in The Dalles.

Those participating were: Mr and Mrs T J Seufert, Mr and Mrs H J Maser, Mr and Mrs J S Fish, Mr and Mrs G C Blakeley, Mr and Mrs A Varney, Misses A Schanno, M Wenner, Minnie Lay, Nona Rueh, Dorothy Fredden, Grace Lauer, Lizzie Lauer, Maie Cushing Mattie Cushing, Annie Sandrock, Minnie Sandrock, Beulah Patterson, Georgia Sampson, Era Heppner, Clara Davis, Maybel Mack, Alma Schmidt, Virginia Marden, Etta Story, Maude Kuhne, Elizabeth Schooling Dollie Seufert, Sadie Redmond; Bertha Burkhardt, Pearl Williams, Maie Beall, of Portland, and Messrs. R J Gorman, L A Schanno, W Fredden, J Bonn, Charlie Clarke, H H Riddell, G W Phelps, Victor Marden, Ed Wingate, Grant Maye, Max Vogt, John Weigel, Victor Schmidt, H Liebe, A Clarke, R H Lonsdale, J F Hampshire, F Sandrock, Arthur Seufert, J Purdy, H D Parkins, Harry Fredden, F Dietzel, Fred Weigel; W Mielke, of Portland.

His Back Broken.

John M. Hamilton of San Francisco is lying at the Umatilla House with a broken back and partially paralyzed. With his brother, George, he came into town this morning on the brakebeam, they being bound for Umatilla, where they expected to change cars and take the train for Spokane. Hearing the name Umatilla House called, George supposed they had arrived at Umatilla and got off. His brother was riding the rear brakebeam, and George called to him to get off, which he attempted to do, but before he could get out the train started and he was caught by the brakebeam and doubled up in such a manner that his back was broken. He was unable to rise, and was carried into the Umatilla House, where his injuries are being attended to. His condition has improved somewhat today, one leg recovering from the paralysis, but the chances are against his recovery.

His brother, who is with him, says the injured man is a cook, and for a long time had worked on the steamship Colima, running from San Francisco to Panama.

Funeral of Mrs. Rufeno.

The funeral of the late Mrs. William Rufeno took place Sunday from the Congregational church, Rev. W. C. Curtis conducting the services. The Degree of Honor, Eastern Star and Relief Corps were all in attendance, marching from their halls to the house, and thence to the church. The body, enclosed in a white casket, was borne into the church and was covered with white and delicate pink floral tributes from sympathetic and sorrowing friends. Rev. Curtis spoke very feelingly, and there were few dry eyes in the house when he paid a fitting tribute to the worth of the dead. Preceding the sermon the choir sang "Come unto Me when shadows darkly fall," and following it "There is a home eternal." The services at the grave were very brief, and when the mound was heaped, it was covered with masses of flowers, the silent farewells of loving friends.

Who Did the Head Belong to?

While a church is not the most remarkable place in the world to find mysteries in, there is rather an unusual one in the Church of the Holy Trinity, London. The mystery in this church is in the form of a human head preserved in a glass case, which has rested under the pulpit for nobody knows how many years. The Rev. Samuel Kinns, one of the ministers in charge issued a monograph to prove that the head was that of the Duke of Suffolk, father of Lady Jane Grey, who was beheaded in 1554 or shortly after his daughter had met with the same fate. It is believed, however, that the real identity of the head will never be known beyond question.

The Weekly Chronicle.

THE DALLES, OREGON

OFFICIAL PAPER OF WASCOCO COUNTY.

Published in two parts, on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

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Six months .75

Three months .50

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Telephone No. 1.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Saturday's Daily.

The city marshal tells us that all dogs running at large in the city limits Monday, upon which the license is unpaid, will be impounded. This is the last warning.

The Medford Monitor says that Jacob Pheister is 78 years old, but can ride a bicycle as well as many a boy of 20; but then this is not strange, as his mother, who is still living, is 104.

A gentleman informed us today that he had just received a letter from the East, and times were so hard there that the birds were laying their eggs in last year's nests. They could not afford to build new ones.

The postoffice at Dufur was broken into last night, but as Mr. Pitman always removes the postoffice funds at night, there was no loss of office funds. The thief got away with about \$5 dollars in small change left in the store.

There is a gentleman living in The Dalles who was at the first secession convention held in the South before the war. It was held in Charleston, S. C., in 1858. There were present at that convention several delegates who afterwards became famous in the confederacy.

The weather report from Portland this morning says: "The hot weather of past few days in the interior has had a telling effect on the snow in the mountains and the upper rivers are rising rapidly in consequence. The rise at The Dalles will be about 2 feet a day for next three days."

The Prineville Journal gives an account of the finding of the body of Z. B. Offett in his pasture Tuesday. His saddle horse was in the pasture with the saddle on, and it is supposed Offett had been hurt in some manner by his horse. When the body was found it indicated that death had occurred three or four days previous. Offett was an eccentric bachelor, about seventy years old.

The river this morning was at the 32.6 mark, a rise of 1.2 since yesterday morning. From reports from up-river points it is probable it will be at the 35-foot mark by tomorrow noon. Very warm weather prevails throughout all the country around the Columbia tributaries. The Snake is rising, but it is thought its worst flood is over and that it will again begin to fall before the upper Columbia flood is at the full.

When Ike Perry cleaned out the Moody bowling alley this morning he discovered smoke issuing from the closet where the brooms and such things are kept, and upon investigation found that a piece of waste which he had used yesterday morning for cleansing the alleys

and which contained considerable benzine, was attempting spontaneous combustion, in which it would have probably been successful had a little more time been given. As it was, no damage was done.

Monday's Daily.

Hood River is getting anxious about berry pickers, fears being entertained that there will not be help enough to harvest the crop.

The Dalles school bonds have been sold, the \$20,000 worth bringing \$20,500, with all accrued interest up to date of delivery refunded.

Hamilton, the man who was injured by being caught under a brakebeam last week, is getting along nicely and hopes are entertained of his ultimate recovery.

The band, although only recently reorganized, furnished some excellent music yesterday and contributed largely to making the day pass pleasantly for our visitors.

Prof. G. H. Dunn, principal of the Athena public schools, and who read law with Huntington & Wilson of The Dalles, has been admitted to the bar as attorney and counselor at law at Pendleton.

The Congregational church yesterday morning "did itself proud" by not only making a determined effort to raise money to pay off the church debt, but by raising it. The sum of \$611 was raised in a few moments, and the entire church debt liquidated.

A number of gentlemen have been busily engaged today placing a large tent in position on the lot owned by Mr. G. C. Blakeley, on the corner of Fourth and Washington, where meeting will be held by the Methodists each evening for the coming ten days, commencing tonight.

The diamond drill has at last got through the hard stratum through which it was only able to go at the rate of four inches a day, and is now in much easier rock. If the present conditions hold, progress will be made at the rate of four feet a day, and the question of coal or no coal will be soon settled.

A. M. Williams & Co.'s big window yesterday was the center of attraction for hours, a crowd blocking the sidewalk to such an extent that pedestrians had to take to the street. The window was decorated with Indian blankets, bows, arrows, quivers, etc., and two little tepees, wigwams, wick-a-ups, or whatever they might be called, were made, and occupied one by a very pretty young Indian girl, the other by an older squaw and a cunning little beady-eyed papoose. It was a catchy advertisement.

It is now pretty well settled that William Jennings Bryan will visit Oregon some time in July, and will make several speeches in the state. He speaks at Los Angeles July 7th, and will remain in California a week or more before visiting Oregon. He has only one subject upon which he speaks, and that is, of course, the free coinage of silver.

Word was received in this city yesterday that Henry V. Duffy of Waukon, Iowa, was murdered at that place on the night of April 27th by a burglar who entered his store, where Mr. Duffy had a sleeping room, and whom he evidently attempted to prevent from accomplishing his purpose. Mr. Duffy, who was 33 years of age, was a brother of Miss Alice Duffy, formerly a teacher in the public schools of this city, and the many friends of that young lady, who remember of her more than unusual

affection for this brother, will sympathize deeply with her in this great sorrow.

The river this morning stood at 38.6, a rise of exactly four feet since Saturday morning. At 1 o'clock it had reached the 37 mark, and reports from up-river points indicate there is enough water on the way down to add five feet more. By Thursday morning a pretty accurate idea of the ultimate height to be reached can be given, but it is not probable it will go above the 46-foot mark, and certainly not above 50 feet. The latter mark would bring it almost to railroad track. In our opinion there is no danger whatever of water high enough to interfere with railroad traffic, or to do any material damage.

Some time ago James Brown had a row with a cripple in the east end of town and gave him a severe beating. A warrant was sworn out for his arrest, but he skipped. This afternoon about 3:45, Constable Hill saw him near E. J. Collins & Co.'s and undertook to serve the warrant, Brown resisted and started to get away, when Hill pulled his pistol and took a snap shot at him. The bullet probably went high, but at any rate Brown stuck his gaffs into his cayuse, (he was on horseback at the time,) and if he kept up the gait at which he struck the brewery grade, he is by this time due at La Grande.

Richard L. Kelling, the young book-keeper who was arrested by Detectives Holsapple and Reilly Friday afternoon on a charge of embezzling \$3000 from the Grafton & Knight Manufacturing Company, was arraigned in the municipal court yesterday afternoon. His attorney, Mr. George C. Stout, requested a continuance of his case till Wednesday, which was granted. Kelling's bonds have been fixed at \$3000, and he has thus far been unable to furnish any.

He spent yesterday in his cell in the women's quarters of the city jail, and during the afternoon a number of his young lady friends called to see him, but only a few were admitted, and those but for a few minutes. He still refuses to say anything for publication.—Sunday Oregonian.

Tuesday's Daily.

At 1 o'clock the river was half way between the 38 and 39-foot mark, a rise of .4 since 7 o'clock.

Hood River wants berry pickers, and in another week, with warm weather, the demand will be largely increased. The berries are many, the pickers few.

Lost—Between Umatilla House and Mays & Crowe's, a link cuff button. By leaving same at the Umatilla House, the finder will receive a reward of \$5.

Cameron & Simonson have just opened a neat ice cream and candy stand next door to the Elite. Their ice cream is delicious, good enough for a Dalles girl, and therefore for anyone.

Revival meeting began in the big tent near the Methodist church, last night, and will continue for about ten days. Revs. Frank Spaulding and J. R. Warner will assist in conducting the meetings.

The river this morning had passed the 38 mark, touching 38.1 at 7 o'clock, a rise of 1.5 since yesterday morning. This shows a slight decrease in the rise as compared with Sunday and Monday, when the rise was 4 feet in forty-eight hours.

A Chinaman, whose face looked like he had been in a head end collision with a meteor, showed up at the city recorder's office and entered complaint against one of his countrymen, charging that he struck him with his fist. If the state-

ment is true, his assailant would be a good match for Fitzsimmons, for the poor devil looked as though a brick house had fallen on him.

Three unfortunate dogs are in the pound today, deprived of their liberty because they couldn't and their owners wouldn't dig up the price of a certificate of good character. Their time is short unless the license fee is paid.

The Albany Democrat says that it is probable that company F will move for Hood River, June 28th. No excuses will be accepted but illness and death, and the encampment will be run on the strictest military discipline ever observed in Oregon.

Mr. B. H. Langley, of the Great Northern, is again in the city. The proposition of that road, made through him, is being accepted by many of our sheepsmen, and several thousand sheep will be taken to the new pastures as soon as shearing is over.

Marshal Lauer arrested a young fellow this morning who was making himself numerous on the hill, and who seems to be just a little off his mental balance. He was going from house to house seeking a woman, but who she was or what her name was, he did not know.

Asa Gilbert lost a wagon load of oats, hay and flour, and a pair of horses, while attempting to ford Salmon creek last Wednesday, fifty miles southeast of Eugene on the military road. The wagon was overturned, and the horses were swept off their feet and drowned.

Hon. John H. Mitchell, who is at present in Washington, writes friends here that the congressional delegation from this state are doing all in their power to get the reservation open to pasturage; a work in which Mr. Mitchell is giving them the aid of his powerful influence and tireless energy. Had he been returned as senator to add his strength in an official capacity to the delegation, the reservation would have been opened long ago.

Hood River Notes.

Glacier.

Mr. J. J. Luckey has a patch of a little less than two acres of strawberries that good judges estimate will yield 400 crates. These plants are two years old. He has three or four acres of young plants on his place besides.

The warm weather of the past week forced along the strawberries, and next week shipments will commence in earnest. Ripe berries can be found in most of the patches along the state road, but not enough to commence picking for shipment.

It is to be hoped the measles will not attack the Indians. Hood River depends on the noble red man and his family more than upon any other class, for strawberry pickers, and if measles were to break out among them just at this time, our strawberry growers would be in hard luck.

Hood River's harvest is at hand. For the next six weeks everybody will be busy—employees working ten hours a day and the bosses eighteen, Sundays included. All danger of a killing frost seems to be past, and now, if the waves of the lordly Columbia do not roll too high, the wave of prosperity will soon heave in sight.

Cash in Your Checks.

All county warrants registered prior to Dec. 1, 1897, will be paid at my office. Interest ceases after May 7, 1897.

C. L. PHILLIPS, County Treasurer.