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PEASE & MAYS

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, Three months \$0.50.

Telephone No. 1.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Saturday's Daily.

We understand that W. C. Langille, who is at present running Cloud Cap Inn and bossing Mt. Hood, will, in company with Joseph A. Wilson of Hood River, leave for the Clondyke some time next week, being backed by Portland parties.

It isn't the Clondyke that is exciting Hood River people, but the grain fields of Sherman county that dozens of them are seeking to assist in taking care of the immense crops. That's the Clondyke they are looking for, and they have one advantage over gold seekers, they can at least live on the golden grains they secure.

Goldendale has a poet preacher, one of his poems appearing in the Agriculturalist. Of course it is impossible to judge of his preaching by his poetry, but the poem printed brings to mind a criticism on Doctor Goodie, who wrote a farce which was a decided failure. An acquaintance wrote of him:

"For farces and physic his equal there scarce is. His farces are physic, his physic a farce is."

The Dalles National bank will pay a dividend of twenty-five per cent as soon as the proper schedules and checks can be prepared and returned from Washington. It will be necessary for every person who has a claim against the bank to prove such claim and receive a receiver's certificate therefore, before he is entitled to a dividend. It was thought that no dividend would be declared until the time for proving claims had expired, on Sept 5th, but the comptroller of the currency has already declared a dividend and other large dividends will be made in the near future, provided the debtors of the bank are prompt in paying. If the persons owing the bank will make a special effort to pay this season, a very large percentage will be paid to creditors this year.

Monday's Daily. Harvest has fairly begun, and the wheat yield is exceeding all estimates.

Christian Endeavorers are still crowding the trains from San Francisco to Portland.

The Oregonian says Col. O. Summers is certain to be appointed U. S. Marshal. His information is like some of that from the Clondyke, probably received over the grape-vine telegraph.

The United States crop report, showing the relative condition of winter wheat for June and July, gives the June condition in Oregon as 100 and July as 92. This is certainly a mistake. The conditions have not changed except for the better. The July condition of win-

ter wheat is perfect.

The examination of E. Simmons, Brown and Robert Wilson is being held before Justice Filloon this afternoon. The examinations are being made separately, but as one goes so will probably all. Mr. F. W. Wilson is handling the defense.

A man named Dalton has opened a trail from Dyea to Fort Selkirk, on the Yukon. The distance is 350 miles, and it is said the trail can be kept open and traveled all winter. If this is true, it will greatly lessen the danger of starvation in the Clondyke this winter.

The bicycle path from Ilwaco to Seaview has been finished. A neat triangular landing has been built at the end of the track, opposite the Ilwaco railroad depot, for the accommodation of riders, and railings are being put up along the track at all dangerous places.

Captain McNulty brought the little propeller Pearl up from Portland to Viento Saturday. She belongs to the Oregon Lumber Co., and will be used in towing from the mouth of the Little White Salmon to Viento. Some of the steamboat men thought she could not stem the rapids below the Locks, but Captain McNulty says she came through like a bird.

George Manning, of Moore's valley, in Yamhill county, while with two other boys after a squirrel up a tree, drew a gun toward himself, muzzle first. The gun was accidentally discharged, and the bullet struck him near the right nipple, and came out back of the armpit. Beyond a very ugly flesh wound, the injury was not serious, but it was a narrow escape from a fatality.

The citizens of Marshfield, Myrtle Point and other towns in Coos county have complained somewhat of a sugar famine, but Coquille has been worse off. There there has been a shortage of flour, sugar, butter, eggs and fruit jars, and steamers and trains would come and go without replenishing the stocks of flour and sugar.

The Odd Fellows hall in Pendleton is being moved and the contents of the copper box deposited in the corner-stone of the building May 8, 1879, have been removed. The articles contained in the box consist principally of a number of coins, two business cards, several newspapers, a copy of the old constitution and by-laws and the family record of Lot Livermore.

The grand lodge of the Degree of Honor honored itself, as well as The Dalles, in selecting Mrs. Briggs of this city as its chief officer. No better selection could possibly have been made, for besides being a woman of great energy and business capacity, Mrs. Briggs is also a deep reasoner and an eloquent speaker. If the order does not prosper under her leadership, it will be indeed strange.

Heater's examination on a charge of horse stealing occupied two days, and resulted in his discharge. It seems there was a dispute as to the ownership of the horse, which had belonged to a man named Sterling, but which Parodi claimed had been turned over to him in payment of a debt. The evidence for the defense showed that Sterling had given Heater permission to take the horse, and hence he was discharged. A complaint was lodged against him of being drunk, and on this he was fined \$25, which he is settling by remaining in jail.

Frank Stavers was found lying on the

floor of Richardson's blacksmith shop at Rainier, last Sunday morning, in an unconscious condition. He had been working as a blacksmith in Mr. Richardson's shop for several weeks, and was sleeping in a loft overhead. To reach his bedroom it was necessary to ascend a ladder about 12 feet, and then go on the narrow walk over the joists to his room. It is thought that during Saturday night he had attempted to go to bed, and fell off the walkway to the floor. He died of his injuries Tuesday.

Arthur Perry, well known in Seattle, has written friends in that place from Dawson, under date of June 18th, saying: "The first discovery of gold on the Clondyke was made in August 1896, by George Cormack. Then further along in his letter he tells how 300 men went in mid-winter from Circle City, and adds a sentence that those going will do well to ponder. He says, 'the creek was soon staked from one end to the other, and all the small gulches were also staked and recorded.' That part of the Clondyke story can be taken as being absolutely true.

A little girl of F. Fielder's was drowned recently in Rogus river, near the mouth of Jump-Off-Joe creek. It seems the mother and two smaller children were sitting in the back of the boat while she held the little one in by holding one on either side of her, when the current whirled the boat around and tipped the mother and both children out into the water. Charles VanDorn, who was rowing them across, and an elder daughter of Mrs. Fielder's were occupying the front of the boat, and they succeeded in getting Mrs. Fielder and the eldest child out, but the baby they were unable to save. The child was about a year and a half old.

Tuesday's Daily. The grand council of the Redmen is in session here, holding its first meeting this morning.

The big green-coated watermelon is abundant, filling for The Dalles' small boy a long felt want.

The O. R. & N. is having the depot painted, a piece of work that has been needed for several years.

The examination of the men charged with robbing the Indians is still going on before Justice Filloon. It will probably be completed today.

The salmon run is far from good, but still much better than it was a week or two ago. Seufert's wheel No. 5, caught six tons a day or so since, and makes a catch of a few tons every night.

Last night a ladies' gold watch was raffled off at the Umatilla house. There were two hundred tickets in two series, the watch being valued at \$100. Harry Liebe had a ticket that cost him 5 cents and it is unnecessary to add he won the watch.

The Woman's Relief Corps will give a social next Saturday evening at Schanno's Hall. A good program is being arranged. Refreshments will be served. Admission fifteen cents. As this is purely a charitable organization let there be a good attendance.

A feat in upper river navigation hitherto unaccomplished, was the trip of the Gypsy, from Corvallis up to the Wilhelm warehouse, Monroe, says the Corvallis Times. This is said to be the latest in the season that a boat ever passed up the river so far. It was made possible by the late work of the Mathloma in building winddams where the

river channel has hitherto been too shallow. The Gypsy brought down 60 bags of wool and 125 barrels of flour.

Judd Fish telephoned down from Cloud Cap today at noon, that the party arrived there last night at 11 o'clock, and most of its members made the ascent of the mountain today. Judd has no Clondyke fever and didn't care to sample mountain climbing by tackling Mt. Hood.

Mr. Fen Batty will not go to the Clondyke, at least until next spring. Not that he has changed his mind, but simply because he could not get passage on the Elder, and he very sensibly declines to start a week or two later. There are quite a number of our people who will go in the spring unless reports at that time are discouraging.

We know nothing about the merits of the Pendleton Tribune squabble, but we do know that McManus through the columns of the Pendleton Republican is yelling like a whole drove of Coyotes of a winter night. With all the concentrated and accumulated load of woes, which he sings of, one would think he would go gunning with a cannon for his enemies.

The Bonanza mine in the Greenhorn district, 50 miles west of Baker City, was sold Saturday for \$750,000. Two years ago it could have been bought for \$100,000, and five years ago its owners offered it to the storekeepers of Baker City for their indebtedness, about \$30,000. The mine has \$3,000,000 worth of ore in sight, and why its owners parted with it, is a mystery.

The reports from Skamania county's mines are not flattering. There seems to be from all accounts considerable bodies of ore, but it does not appear to carry much precious metal. Every report that we have heard expresses the opinion that ore is to get richer as the depth is reached, but this is an open question. Ore is just as likely to turn poorer as to get richer, and if there is no pay in the top the chances are against the mines being a success. The Cascade range is a hard lot anyhow, difficult to prospect, spotted and disappointing.

The contractors for the government lighthouse at Westport have the foundation for the keeper's house about completed. The stonemasons will finish their work cutting the stone for the lighthouse by the middle of the week. The framework for the large water tank is up. The foundation for the foghorn station is about completed. A large force is at work clearing the ground and erecting the necessary buildings. On the lighthouse itself excavation work has been commenced, and the stone is almost ready for the builders. The work is being done in a thorough manner.

Shot By the Night-Watchman.

Last night about 10 o'clock Night-watchman Wiley was telephoned to, to arrest a man who had been forcing his attentions on a woman going home from the Salvation Army meeting. Wiley responding found his man on Third street in front of Gibbons & Marden's office. When he undertook to arrest him, the man, who proved to be H. A. Miller, engineer on the steam shovel for the O. R. & N., resisted and commenced to fight the officer, whom he struck over the eye, making an ugly gash. Wiley finding he was being overpowered, pulled his pistol and fired.

It is presumed that Miller struck the gun turned to run as the bullet struck him in the upper part of the calf of the leg, coming out somewhat lower down. This ended the fight, and Dr. Doane being called soon discovered that both bones were badly shattered. Miller was taken care of and this morning sent to the hospital at Portland. The wound is a very bad one and may result in amputation. It is said that Miller was intoxicated. He is a married man.

Reasons Why Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is the Best.

- 1. Because it affords almost instant relief in case of pain in the stomach, colic and cholera morbus.
2. Because it is the only remedy that never fails in the most severe cases of dysentery and diarrhoea.
3. Because it is the only remedy that will cure epidemical dysentery.
4. Because it is the only remedy that will prevent bilious colic.
5. Because it is the only remedy that will cure cholera diarrhoea.
6. Because it is the only remedy that can always be depended upon in cases of cholera infantum.
7. Because it is the most prompt and most reliable medicine in use for bowel complaints.
8. Because it produces no bad results.
9. Because it is pleasant and safe to take.
10. Because it has saved the lives of more people than any other medicine in the world.

The 25 and 50c sizes for sale by Blakeley & Houghton.

Wanted.

Upright and faithful gentlemen or ladies to travel for responsible, established house in Oregon. Monthly \$85 and expenses. Position steady. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Dept. H., Chicago, jy20-3td

Cash in Your Checks.

All county warrants registered prior to Feb. 1, 1893, will be paid at my office. Interest ceases after July 14, 1897. C. L. PHILLIPS, County Treasurer.

THESE BE WORDS OF WISDOM.

A Correspondent Sizes Up the Present Situation.

THE DALLES, July 24, 1897.

EDITOR CHRONICLE:

"Two years will tell whether The Dalles will become a city with a population of ten or fifteen thousand people, or take a slip backward and be but an interior trading point, doing less business than it is today." This was the remark made by a prominent business man a day or two since, and as he went on to explain what he meant by his words, it struck the writer that it would be well if they could be heard by all who look to the welfare and progress of our city. It cannot be denied that this is a crucial point in the history of The Dalles. We have come to the parting of the roads, and a choice must be made which way we will turn; to stand still is impossible. The excellent editorial which appeared in THE CHRONICLE a few days ago describes the situation exactly as it is, and the same sentiments were well put forth in a letter to the Times-Mountaineer, appearing about the same time.

To any but a superficial observer the building of the railroad from Biggs to Wasco has a direct bearing upon the volume of business now done at this point. Farmers cannot be expected to haul their produce and freight up and down the wearisome grades leading to the Deschutes river, when with the advent of the railroad a few miles hauling will do the work. And, in the matter of supplies, The Dalles has growing competitors in territory she has heretofore claimed exclusively as her own. But the worst menace comes from the projected extension of the Wasco railroad to the Antelope country. This will follow, as a matter of course, and when it does, with the erection of wool warehouses at the end of the line, The Dalles may see a considerable diminution in the volume of its wool receipts, and a consequent decrease in the amount of merchandise and supplies sold. It is not wise to shut one's eyes to a situation however unpleasant it may be, and it seems but the part of wisdom that efforts should be made and plans considered for the prevention, if possible, of the conditions likely to result from previous inaction.

The writer does not mean to say that The Dalles cannot continue in the road of prosperity that it has heretofore traveled. Far from him is any such intention; but he does wish to call attention to what has been a serious defect in our commercial history. The Dalles has had a one-sided development. We have paid exclusive attention to selling goods to people from the interior, and have entirely overlooked the fact that there are other opportunities at our feet which could be improved without damage in any other regard, and which would assure continued prosperity and increase the city's growth till but a few years would pass before we would be twice as many as that which now we number.

The city with the pay-rolls is the place prosperity come to first and lingers longest. The Dalles is better situated than is any city in the state for the establishment of industries which will give employment to large numbers of men and bring money from abroad to the hands of energetic citizens. Oregon City is looked upon as the manufacturing city, but The Dalles has every advantage which Oregon City possesses and many more. Oregon City has a woolen mill; The Dalles has none. Yet The Dalles is, as is often reiterated, the largest wool-shipping point in the United States. Salem has a woolen mill; nearly a hundred men at work. The Dalles sends wool to Salem and buys its blankets. The little town of Dallas has a woolen mill, a tannery and a box factory. The Dalles has a flour mill and a couple of box factories. Pendleton has a woolen mill and a scouring mill, both of which were offered us and refused.

I will not draw the painful contrast further, only to add that this city has a destiny which, if we will only make the effort, will be a grand one. Let it be known that we want industries to come here and will help liberally to establish them. Then we can stand to lose a portion of our trading country and still progress and prosper. Let us not stand around and say that "what this town needs is a half a dozen first-class funerals," but let the Commercial Club perform one of the chief objects for which it was formed and see that another year does not pass without there being established some industry with a pay-roll.

The future promises us grand things if we will only do our part. C. D.

ROBBED AND BEATEN.

Three Indians Attacked on the Highway by White Toughs.

The sheriff's office was filled this morning with Indians, the cause being the robbing and beating of three of their number by three white men. The affair occurred about 9 o'clock last night, and as near as we can gather the particulars from the Indians was as follows:

An old Indian named Shorty was coming into town, and when near the old slaughter house east of town he met three men. One of them caught his horse's bridle while the others proceeded to pull him off his horse. He resisted when one of them struck him in the face with a club, the same being a dead branch of a pine tree about two inches through and about four feet long. Be-

ing knocked to the ground the party went through his pockets, and finding nothing let him go. Soon after two other Indians, George Peo, who owns a farm near Celilo, and Warm Springs Loui, came by, when the men attacked them. Peo was struck in the face with the club and knocked senseless, while Loui was also knocked from his horse. The men then proceeded to go through their pockets, getting from Peo \$5, and from Loui \$2.50. Peo has a bad cut just above the eyes three inches in length and down to the bone, and another at the corner of the right eye. The eye is bloodshot and badly injured. Loui put up his arm to protect his face and received a badly bruised arm and hand, besides several small cuts in the face.

They reported the matter to Sheriff Driver this morning, describing the men, and it was not long before the sheriff had the offenders in jail. They are E. Simmons, Brown and Robert Wilson, all of whom are identified by the Indians as being the persons who robbed them.

The Indians here are peaceable, industrious and law abiding, and that they should be attacked upon the public highway and robbed by a gang of toughs is the very worst kind of an outrage. It is really a pity the affair did not happen in Nevada or Arizona, where the Indians do not appeal in such cases to the law. Down in Nevada the only request the Putes would make to the authorities would be to let them know when they were turned loose. As it is, if the offense is proven against them, they should be given the full benefit of the law.

Aims, Poor Violet.

Recently at the Cliff House, San Francisco, Violet Cleves, a young English girl, drowned herself in the sad salt sea. She took off her skirt and tied one corner of it full of sand; the other corner she fastened to her neck. Then with trembling but nerve finger she wrote upon the sand, "Violet loves kindness, and she does not always get it in this country." Then she waded out into deep water in search of the kindness of the other world.

One, at least, of our exchanges think this story "pathetic." We must confess it does not strike us that way, for we can see no good and sufficient reason for her rash action. We all love kindness just as ardently as poor Violet, and sad to relate we can go Violet one better and say we don't often get it. Is that any reason we should go down our sorrows beneath the restless waters of the ocean and so pickle our misfortunes in brine? Suppose Violet, before tackling that cargo of sand, had written "Violet loves pie and she does not always get it in this country." Would that not have been equally sad, and much more sentimentally pathetic? Pie is tangible and filling. It is something whose presence can be felt; its absence missed. It is a reality. Kindness is another matter, that cannot be compared to pie as a filler of long-felt wants. Looking at it from this standpoint, we cannot but think that Violet's action was rash and uncalled for. She might at her age safely have hoped to have struck a pay streak, a regular Clondyke of happiness. Her taking off was decidedly premature.

Plenty of Indians.

The town has been full of Indians all day. They began arriving yesterday, and this morning the number was largely increased by arrivals from the Warm Springs. They came at the request of one Harry Heikes, who had invited them to take part in a Wild West show, which was to have taken place at the fair ground today, but which, owing to the premature departure of Heikes, failed to materialize. Heikes claimed to have been with Buffalo Bill in his travels through Europe, which statement has some semblance of truth, for he can drink in fifteen foreign languages, some of them dead. It seems that Heikes got up the scheme for the purpose of getting credit at the saloons, a credit which he apparently did not allow to get lone-some.

Among other things advertised in the show, was the holding up of the stage, and Heikes fearing there might be some hitch in the proceedings had prepared for it. He could have stopped it with his breath. He left two or three days ago to avoid the rush today, and is now no one knows where. The Indians are a fine looking looking lot, all of them being topped up in their best blankets and trappings, while the squaws are simply giddily gaudily dressed. They seem to be having a good time anyway, despite their disappointment.

Laying the Corner-Stone.

Tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock the corner stone of the Catholic church will be laid with the usual ceremonies. Right Rev. Archbishop Gross will be present, and will be assisted by several priests from other points and Rev. Bronsgeest. The church will be a very handsome one, a credit to the city as well as to the denomination. Many invitations have been sent out and most of our citizens will be present to do honor to the occasion, and rejoice with the Catholic brethren in the church's prosperity. The ceremonies are very beautiful and those who have never seen anything of the kind will be greatly pleased with them.

Yellow washing powder will make your clothes the same color. Avoid this by using Soap Foam. It's pure white. a2-3m