

The Dalles Daily Chronicle.
 OFFICIAL PAPER OF DALLES CITY,
 AND WASCOCO COUNTY.

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We called attention a few days ago to the efforts being made by the merchants of La Grande to encourage and promote the success of the district agricultural fair to be held at La Grande in November, and urged that similar efforts here would insure the success of our district fair. A late dispatch informs us that a Union county lodge of the farmers alliance has supplemented the merchants, efforts in a way that ought to promote a profitable rivalry among the farmers themselves, and materially contribute to the success of the fair. The lodge has decided to place on exhibition at the district fair, a display of fruits, vegetables, grains, grasses and other products, to represent their section of the county. They have invited the alliances from other parts of the county to do the same, and the result should be a competition which will attract much attention from strangers attending the fair. Why should not the alliances and grangers of this second eastern Oregon district copy the example of their brethren in Union county? Or why should not Three Mile creek compete with Five-mile, and Five-mile with Eight-mile and Eight-mile with Fifteen mile, and these or any of them with Wamic, or Hood River or Mosier or The Dalles? We have got the stuff wherewith to make a creditable exhibit. A little effort last year at the Portland fair, and we carried off the first prize for the best exhibit of fruit, while we had the whole northwest to compete with. A little effort to make our coming fair a success and thus advertise our resources would come back to us with a thousand-fold increase.

Senator Peffer of Kansas, has been airing his notions on finance, in the U. S. senate. The republic was going to the dogs, of course. This was his major premise. There was no way to save it except by destroying usury. He believed congress had perfect authority to lend money to the people as much as to provide for carrying the mail packages or determining the rates which the railroads may charge for carrying freight or passengers. His bill, whose passage he was urging, provides that no corporation or firm is hereafter to receive more than 5 per cent interest on short time, nor more than 4 per cent for a year or longer. All of which goes to prove that all the fools in the country are not confined in the lunatic asylums. When congress shall have power to compel a man to loan his money at 4 per cent, when the law of supply and demand has fixed its price at 5 or 6, or 8 or 10 per cent, then congress will have power to fix the price of wheat or any other commodity. Senator Peffer's attempt to fix the price of money, by congressional interference, is as likely to succeed as if he attempted to fix the subscription price of newspapers. The thing cannot be done.

At the late Minneapolis convention, Ingalls, of Kansas, sent to the desk the following resolution which passed the house unanimously: "Resolved, That the secretary of the convention prepare a full report of the national republican convention of 1856, 1860 and 1864, and cause it to be sold at the cost of printing, and a similar arrangement should be made for the publication of the proceedings of this convention." This ought to make an interesting document. In whatever light men may view political parties and principles, it is a remarkable fact that every plank in the first platform of the republican party has since been incorporated in our national laws.

Today we issue No. 1 of volume 4 of the DAILY CHRONICLE. For eighteen months it has been a daily visitor at the homes of hundreds of readers. It may not have accomplished all it hoped to, but it has the satisfaction of the conviction that it has always honestly battled for what it believed to be right. It has filled an empty niche in the journalism of this district and the people's appreciation is shown by the fact that the daily and weekly editions have a larger circulation in the country tributary to The Dalles, than any other paper published here or elsewhere.

A STORY FROM PARIS.
 AN INTERESTING ROMANCE OF A
 THOUGHTLESS PAINTER.

The Widow Who Came to Dispossess the Negligent Artist Staid to Accept His Love, and Later His Hand and Heart. A Little Child Led Them.

There is a friend of mine, a painter, who has all the talents and no talent of his own. He would copy or imitate a Greuze or a Watteau to perfection. A Diaz by him only wants the signature, which an unscrupulous dealer does not hesitate to forge. My friend, whom we will call Durand, is an excellent man, industrious and clever, but too negligent to take the initiative in anything, even in painting. Well, he had given notice to quit his apartment in July, on the fifteenth day of the month, at noon, according to the customs of the country.

He had, however, been so absorbed in his painting that he had forgotten to retain a wagon to take away his furniture, and when he did at last concern himself about the matter he only succeeded in securing one for the end of the day. But at noon precisely, just as he was putting the finishing touches to a copy of Greuze's famous "Cruche-Cassee," there came an imperious knock at the door. It was the new tenant, escorted by her furniture. She was furious to find that Durand was "dawdling over his paint brushes," while all her furniture was out in the street exposed to the gaze of indiscreet passersby. She even threatened to send for the police in order to bring Durand to a sense of his duties as an outgoing tenant.

Durand, like many painters, thought the sea more charming than ever when agitated by a storm, and concluded that his fair visitor was rendered more beautiful by her anger. She was about twenty-five years of age. She had dark hair and blue eyes, a fine, supple figure, and her pretty nostrils were slightly dilated by her emotion. She was accompanied by a little girl of six years of age—a little golden haired fairy. "What!" continued the irate lady, "you are not going away until 5 o'clock? It is absurd! What am I to do with my furniture? Where is the proprietor? I must see the proprietor!" It was impossible to gratify her last wish. The concierge alone was available, but the newcomer was so terrible, so aggressive and so threatening that Cerberus was tamed and ran away, leaving his broom behind him.

INFLUENCE OF A CHILD.
 Durand ought, according to his system of imitation, to have become wrathful, too, but his adversary was a pretty woman, so he sought an ally. The little girl was playing with a shepherdess in porcelain de Saxe that adorned one end of the chimney piece. "Should you like it?" "Oh, yes; it is so pretty!" "Take it," "Jeanne," said the mother, "I forbid you to accept anything." "If it were only to please her," replied Durand, "I could understand your prohibition, but it is an economy for me. I shall have so much less to move."

Women are ready laughers. The lady fixed her eyes on the wall in order to keep her countenance. "Your name is Jeanne?" said the painter. "Yes," answered the child. "And your papa—where is he?" "He died two years ago." "And mamma is a widow?" "Yes, monsieur."

Then turning to the lady, Durand apologized for his sins, told her that he had cleared one room and that he would go and help her get her furniture in. Soon the furniture began to find its place—the wardrobe, the mirror, the bookcase. "Oh, madame, without knowing you, as I look at these books I can read your mind. Balzac, Hugo, Lamartine—" "Ta, ta, ta," cried the irate lady, "you would have done better to clear out before noon than to be trying to study my character!" "I am working all the time, madame. Look! I have put that console there—here the statue of the Virgin—this little mirror opposite the window." "Oh, it is no use; you cannot make peace with me!"

WRATH TURNED TO LOVE.
 There was an interval of twenty minutes, during which the lady stood at the window. Durand had remained in his room with the child. "Are they coming today or tomorrow—your men?" she asked angrily as she came back into the room; but she stopped in the middle. Jeanne, motionless and smiling, was seated on a chair and Durand was painting her portrait. "Mamma," said the little one suddenly, "I am hungry. You have some wine and a pate in the big basket." "Come, then, and breakfast on the balcony," murmured the mother. Durand was left alone to finish his sketch. There was a silence of ten minutes. Then the child returned timidly. "Mamma has something to ask you." "What?" "She does not dare." "She wants to turn me out?" "No." "What then?" "Mamma would like to know if you—if you would like a piece of pate."

This happened on July 15, and when the concierge arrived, all trembling, to announce that the men had at last come to remove Durand's furniture, he found him sitting on the balcony at table with the mother and dandling the child on his knees.

Misfortunes, however, never come alone. The wagon was too small. It would not hold all Durand's things at once. "Leave your palette, your easel and your pictures," said Jeanne; "I will take care of them, and then you will be obliged to come back again and finish my picture." He left them. He only came into possession of them on Jan. 15, when he brought all his furniture back into his own room. This time, however, there was no difficulty about the outgoing tenant, for she had meanwhile become Durand's wife, and the two households were merged into one.—Paris Cor. Philadelphia Bulletin.

And Still We Have Dyspepsia.
 Scientists assure us that upward of 5,000,000 minute glands are constantly at work in our stomachs secreting gastric juice.—New York Journal.

A Pointer.
 "I am very much pleased with Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," says H. M. Bangs, the druggist at Chatsworth, Ill. "During the epidemic of la grippe here it took the lead and was very much better liked than other cough medicines." The grip requires precisely the same treatment as a very severe cold, for which this remedy is so efficient. It will promptly loosen a cold and relieve the lungs, soon effecting a permanent cure, while most other medicines in common use for colds only give temporary relief. 50 cent bottles for sale by Blakeley & Houghton, druggists. d&w

Dissolution Notice.
 The partnership heretofore existing between E. B. McFarland, S. French and C. J. VanDyck, under the name and style of VanDyck & Co., Tygh Valley, Oregon, was dissolved on the 1st day of May, 1892, by limitation and mutual consent.
 E. B. McFARLAND,
 S. FRENCH,
 C. J. VANDYCK.

Dissolution Notice.
 The partnership heretofore existing between E. B. McFarland, S. French and E. C. Pease, under the name and style of McFarland & French, was on the 11th day of April, 1892, dissolved by limitation and mutual consent.
 E. B. McFARLAND,
 S. FRENCH,
 E. C. PEASE.

Rheumatism Cured in Three Days.
 Miss Grace Littlejohn is a little girl, aged eleven years, residing in Baltimore, Ohio. Read what she says: "I was troubled with rheumatism for two years, but could get nothing to do me any good. I was so helpless that I had to be carried like a babe when I was advised to get a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. I got it from our druggists, Mr. J. A. Kumber, and in three days I was up and walking around. I have not felt any return of it since and my limbs are limber as they ever were." 50 cent bottles for sale by Blakeley & Houghton, druggists. d&w

Fabst's Milwaukee beer at the Umattilla house at a bit a bottle. Free lunch tonight at 8 o'clock.

NEW TO-DAY.
TO THE PUBLIC.—It having come to our knowledge that a party in The Dalles in selling lime has made the assertion that he charges more for other brands than the "Oregon" because they are better, thereby implying that the "Oregon" is an inferior article, we desire to state that the "Oregon" is the strongest lime on the market; that it will work more plastic and leave the work when set stronger and firmer than any other lime at present manufactured in either Oregon or Washington. Wm. Bullard & Co., Agents at The Dalles for the "Oregon" lime, are instructed to furnish, free of charge, any and all Oregon lime, which does not fully come up to the stipulations above set forth. The object of this notice is solely to defend our goods against the false imputations and statements of any person whatsoever. The Or. Marble and Lime Company, by T. F. OSBORN, General Agt. 5-24dwim

FOR SALE. Or trade, cheap, band of range horses, consisting of yearlings, two-year olds and mares. For information apply to C. F. STEPHENS, 5-3dlm 134 Second St. THE DALLES, Or.

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 DEALER IN
**FRUITS,
 NUTS,
 CANDLES,
 TOBACCO,
 AND
 FINE CIGARS.**
 The water used in my Soda Fountain is filtered, and is guaranteed germ proof.

FOR CHURCHES.
 Superior in tune to Pipe Organs, easier played and cheaper, are the
ESTEY PHILHARMONICS.

COLUMBIA ICE CO.,
 104 Second Street,
ICE! ICE! ICE!
 Having over 1000 tons of ice on hand, we are now prepared to receive orders, wholesale or retail, to be delivered through the summer. Parties contracting with us will be carried through the entire season WITHOUT ADVANCE IN PRICE, and may depend that we have nothing but
PURE, HEALTHFUL ICE
 Cut from mountain water; no slough or slush ponds.
 Leave orders at the Columbia Candy Factory, 104 Second street, or Ice Wagon.
W. S. CRAM, Manager.

W. E. GARRETSON,
Leading Jeweler.
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All Watch Work Warranted.
Jewelry Made to Order.
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 Successors to C. E. Dugham,
Druggists and Chemists,
 Pure Drugs and Medicines.
 Dispensing Physicians' Prescriptions a Specialty.
 Night Druggists always in Attendance.
 Cor. Second and Union Sts.,
 THE DALLES, OREGON.

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The Watchmaker,
 DEALER IN
 Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Etc.
 All kinds of repairing a specialty, and all work guaranteed and promptly attended to. Call and see his stock of clocks before you leave an order elsewhere.

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 Keeps a full assortment of
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 AND OYSTER HOUSE.
 One of the Finest Cooks in The Dalles. All Work done by White Help.
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Mrs. A. JONES - Proprietor.
Everything the Market Affords, at Reasonable Rates.
 NOTICE.
 All Dalles City warrants registered prior to October 1, 1890, will be paid if presented at my office. Interest ceases from and after this date.
 Dated June 8th, 1892.
 O. KINERLY,
 Treas. Dalles City.

The Latch String is Always Out!
Spring and Summer, SEASON + 1892. +
 "But words are things, and a small drop of ink, falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces that which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."
WE TRUST TO INTEREST AND DO YOU GOOD.
BUY OUR SHOES ←
 MANUFACTURED BY
WALTER H. TENNY & CO.,
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Removal! Removal!
 On account of Removal I will sell my entire stock of Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Trunks and Valises, Shelves, Counters, Desk, Safe, Fixtures, at a Great Bargain. Come and see my offer.
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