



Look at the Bargains!

**N. HARRIS,**

—AT THE—  
OLD AND WELL KNOWN STAND.

Always to the Front!

**REGULAR  
Clearing Out SALE!**

My Entire Stock, Consisting of

Clothing,

Dry Goods,  
Boots, Shoes,

Hats and Caps,  
GENTS' Furnishing GOODS,

Laces and  
Embroideries

NOW GOING AT BARGAINS.

And the Sale will be continued until all is disposed of. A special opportunity is here afforded for small stores to replenish their stock.

Call and Price these Goods.

**N. HARRIS,**

—AT THE—  
OLD AND WELL KNOWN STAND.

REAL MERIT



**Pills? NO!!**  
If you take pills it is because you have never tried the  
**S. B. Headache and Liver Cure.**  
It works so nicely, cleansing the Liver and Kidneys; sets a mild, physic without causing pain or sickness, and does not stop you from eating and working.  
To try it is to become a friend to it.  
For sale by all druggists.

Young & Kass,

Blacksmith & Wagon Shop

General Blacksmithing and Work done promptly, and all work Guaranteed.

Horse Shoeing a Speciality

Third Street, opposite the old Liebe Stand.

**MRS. C. DAVIS**

Has Opened the

**REVERE RESTAURANT,**

In the New Frame Building on  
SECOND STREET, Next to the  
Diamond Flouring Mills.

First Class Meals Furnished at all Hours.  
Only White Help Employed.

100 Dozen TOWELS.

Worth 25 Cts., going for 12 1-2 Cts.

Just Received an Immense Shipment  
of the Celebrated

Royal Worcester Corsets

IN EVERY  
STYLE and PRICE.

**A. M. Williams & Co.**

DRUGS

SNIPES & KINERSLY.

THE LEADING

Wholesale and Retail Druggists.

PURE DRUGS

Handled by Three Registered Druggists.

ALSO ALL THE LEADING

Patent Medicines and Druggists Sundries,

HOUSE PAINTS, OILS AND GLASS.

Agents for Murphy's Fine Varnishes and the only agents in  
the City for The Sherwin, Williams Co.'s Paints.

WE ARE

The Largest Dealers in Wall Paper.

Finest Line of Imported Key West and Domestic Cigars.  
Agent for Tansill's Punch.

129 Second Street, The Dalles, Oregon

**J. O. MACK,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

LIQUOR DEALER.

FINEST WINES AND LIQUORS.

171 Second Street,

French's Block, The Dalles, Oregon

GABLER-WEBSTER

PIANOS AND ORGANS

Sold on Easy Payments.

Musical Instruments and Music.

Booksellers and Stationers.

**E. JACOBSEN & Co.,**  
The Leaders,

162 SECOND STREET. The Dalles, Or.

TO CLOUD CAP INN.

The Brooding Solemnity Hovering Over  
Titanic Scenery.

THE GREAT DIVIDEND OF REST.

A Vestibule to the Universal Palace of  
Everlasting Beauty.

VACATION SPENT IN REFLECTION.

An Inshling of How Magnificent the  
World is "Bosomed in Beauty."  
as Emerson saw it.

In those good old easy days, when men had a whole week in which to earn six dollars, and all men were practically gentlemen of leisure, there was no necessity for vacations. But today, when men are so driven by the inexorable modern demon of Rush that many are obliged to earn six dollars in a half a day or less, vacations have become a necessity. As the tyranny of circumstances is a kind that cannot be easily thrown off, it becomes us all to submit to the inevitable, and take a vacation whose length shall vary in an inverse ratio to the shortness of the time in which we are compelled to earn our money. The editor of a daily paper in The Dalles has but limited time for the vacation which is recommended to his friends, hence to us was allotted but 27 hours for the visit to Cloud Cap Inn a week ago today. That we made the most of our vacation goes without saying.

When the mountains are looked upon as the vestibule to the universal palace of everlasting beauty, men get a greater dividend from them than they can by working them as granite quarries or even as silver mines. The sunset banners flung about the mountain peaks, the brooding solemnity of night hovering over the titanic scenery, convey impressions to the mind and bear tides of strong emotion in upon our hearts, whose value is not measurable by the dollar unit. Lack of time prevents us from making a detailed statement of the trip to Cloud Cap Inn, hence we gladly embrace the opportunity to lay before the readers of THE CHRONICLE the following interesting account by one of the party:

THE DALLES, July 29.—To Mount Hood and return, in the short space of one day seems a feat scarcely credible. But where it is further stated that not only this grim hoary sentinel of the Cascade mountains was reached in one day, without any special effort on the part of man or beast, and also that the mountain was ascended to within speaking distance of the summit, the credulity of the skeptical must necessarily receive a severe strain, and they are very apt to respond in language reflecting somewhat on the veracity of the author of such a seemingly incredible assertion.

This was the exploit of a party of pleasure seekers from The Dalles who made the round trip from Hood River, spending five hours of the glaciers of Mt. Hood and returning to The Dalles the same day. Our party consisted of Professor Liscombe, D. C. Ireland, N. J. Sinnott and Chief Judd S. Fish.

We remained over night at Hood River with mine host, George Herbert, whose hospitality to the guests at his caravansary is proverbial. Arrangements having been made previously the commodious thoroughfare stage of Eph Olinger was ready at a early hour. Eph himself held the ribbons, a sufficient guarantee for a pleasant and safe journey.

Then began a drive over one of the most picturesque of mountain roads, whose enchanting scenery seems to entice one to forsake forever the haunts of men and revel in its sylvan beauty. The breaking of a whistle-tree caused a momentary delay, during which Judd opened a box of his Umatilla House favorites.

Soon we were off again, and the marvelous beauty of the valley of the Columbia began to unfold as we drove up the grade from Hood river. The scene when the summit was reached was one never to be forgotten, and if painted on canvass it would never be looked upon as a reality, but only as some fanciful idea of an over imaginative artist. The calm waters of the majestic Columbia rippling gently on the white sands that line its shores, formed a mirrored foreground, reflecting a back-

ground which must ever be the delight and despair of both poet and painter. The lower mountains bristling with their forests of pine and fir, green with the foliage of this fertile region, contrasted strangely with the snowy whiteness of Mount Adams tinged here and there with the crimson tints of the precursor of the coming day.

But we must quit this scene, powerless to but inadequately portray its majestic grandeur. Leaving the immediate vicinity of the Columbia, and ascending to the higher altitudes, an ever varying landscape meets the view and impels one to advance, and witness with what a lavish hand Nature has bestowed upon her charms. The ever changing aspect seems to rival the variety of shapes assumed by the tinted bits of glass in the revolving kaleidoscope. The mountains themselves appear eager to furnish the most weird and fantastic features possible. At every turn of the road a different version of mountain splendor comes into view. The perpetual roar of Hood river is heard in the distance. Now we are descending to the bridge which spans this mountain stream. We marvel at the milky whiteness, a characteristic of numerous streams feeding in the regions of Mt. Hood, said to be caused by a deposit of light ashes when Mt. Hood was an active volcano.

Our temperaments were not sufficiently poetic to render us spell-bound, magnificent as the scenery was. The jokes of Judd furnished us with a diversion, and a song from the professor added to the pleasure of the drive. This was the professors first trip to the wilds of the west, and to his anxious inquiry, Judd suddenly discovers a striking similarity between the noise made by the rubbing of two trees and the yell of the mountain lion. Eph, true to the traits of the typical stage driver, also fancied that the caw of a crow was the fierce yell of some denizen of the woods. While enjoying the professors discomfiture we drove in sight of the "half way house," where a stop is made to change horses. Here we met an old friend Mr. L. D. Brown of Portland, and Mrs. Middleton and daughters of Vancouver, who had wisely, chosen the fresh health restoring mountain air in preference to the doubtful weather at the beach.

Our hardest climb is now before us as the grade to the mountain is exceedingly steep. Here some of the more portly occupants of the stage, realizing that they must sustain their reputations as members of the Humane Society, suggested that we descend terra firma and walk up the sharp ascent. With the assistance of a fence rail placed where the surface area was especially expansive, Judd aided one of the party to maintain his allegiance and standing as a humanitarian.

As we ascended to higher altitudes, strange to say, the flora became more numerous. We noticed great numbers of the lily family, and other beautiful flowers. Mr. Johnson, the Astoria botanist, gathered here some 2,000 different plants during the present month of July.

Before arriving in sight of the Inn we drove past a large bank of snow lying by the road. Suddenly emerging from the dense woods through which we were driving we came in view of Cloud Cap Inn, a very appropriate name indeed, since large fleecy clouds often entirely engulf the Inn. The building is made of hewn white pine logs, and there is an air of comfort and stability about the

structure. Mr. Bone, who had taken the reins from Eph when we changed horses, informed us that an ancient lady who had long since decided that "marriage was a failure," had been rusticated at the Inn to avoid the gaze of the sterner sex. The vision of loveliness saw us as we drove before the door, and realizing that her fancied retirement was at an end, said peremptorily, "Mr. Driver, I want to leave tomorrow afternoon." Her tone was such as to leave no doubt about her pleasure at our arrival.

We entered the Inn and found it not at all in harmony with the rather rough exterior. We were surprised to see many of the comforts of the most fashionable seaside resorts. Hot and cold baths were prepared for us, and many other modern conveniences were at hand.

After partaking an excellent dinner, we were shown to the observatory to feast our eyes on a panorama whose attempted description would only expose the poverty of our diction. No pen in the hand of man could ever picture the solemn majesty of this wondrous work of the Almighty. One hour in meditating on the probable cause of such a sublime scene would render the skeptic and infidel a firm believer in the divine origin of things.

The surrounding mountains form a vast amphitheatre through, which flow the mighty waters of the Columbia in its tortuous channel. The various snow peaks rise colossus-like, suggesting gigantic marble pyramids, commemorative of nature's early triumphs. Here and there through the green foliage of the woods, as if in an emerald setting, sparkle, diamond-like, the pure waters of the mountain lakes. Above us are snow drifts and the blue ice of Mt. Hood's glaciers, whose coolness make us pity the sweltering "many footed multitude" toiling in the hot cities of the east.

The guide announces that all is ready for the ascent to the glaciers. We all choose good stocks and begin the ascent. Suddenly we were startled by a blinding flash of light which makes us fancy that the old mountain has arisen from its long dormant state. But the guide informed us that two tourists were climbing to the summit, and had with them a mirror to signal their success to the Inn.

After a great amount of hard climbing through soft sand, and over old lava beds, we reached the glacier. We were then obliged to proceed very cautiously, the guide testing the surface continually lest some hidden crevice be in our path. Nick and the professor strikingly discovered that shoe leather had very little hold on the affections of the ice of the glacier.

Of course the ubiquitous camera was often brought into action, and many snap shots were taken.

The glaciers of Mt. Hood have too often been described to afford us any new matter to write about. We examined the crevasses and threw rocks into their apparently bottomless depths, the sound of the dropping stone, at first loud, gradually becoming fainter and ceasing entirely told of the dreadful fate awaiting a false step on the slippery ice.

Finding a steep ascent free of crevasses we were soon coasting down a slide that would have made the youthful possessor of the idle sled in the wood shed green with envy. Judd began the sport and broke all previous records for the distance. Nick followed; a vision of cir-

(continued on 3d page.)

## 27% Difference

The "Royal" the Strongest and Purest Baking Powder.

Whether any other baking powder is equal to "Royal," let the official reports decide. When the different powders were purchased on the open market and examined by Prof. Chandler, of the New-York Board of Health, the result showed that Royal Baking Powder contained twenty-seven per cent. greater strength than any other brand.

When compared in money value, this difference would be as follows:

If one pound of Royal Baking Powder sells for 50 cents,

One pound of no other powder is worth over 36 cents.

If another baking powder is forced upon you by the grocer in place of the Royal, see that you are charged the correspondingly lower price.