

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

WE now have on exhibition in our center window articles of Fancy Work, suitable for Christmas presents. These were made by the ladies of the Congregational Church, and the proceeds from the sale of these will be used to help defray the expenses of furnishing the Church.

Pease & Mays.



The Dalles Daily Chronicle.

Entered at the Postoffice at The Dalles, Oregon, as second-class matter.

Local Advertising.
10 Cents per line for first insertion, and 5 Cents per line for each subsequent insertion.
Special rates for long time notices.
All local notices received later than 3 o'clock will appear the following day.

Weather Forecast.
Official forecast for twenty-four hours ending at 5 p. m. tomorrow:
Fair weather and lower temperature.
Frosts. Westerly winds.

FRIDAY - - - - - DEC. 2, 1892

LOCAL BRIEVITIES.

Mr. H. White of Wapinitia called today.
Club dance at the armory tonight. We go.

Hard pan sloop fills Dalles streets today.

Leave your order for cord wood at Maier & Benton's.

Jay Gould died in his New York home this morning.

Jay Gould is dead. He passed in his last check this morning.

J. J. Wiley is now one of the chief dispensers at J. O. Mack's.

The lava on Dalles streets is tough on the Mercantile company's new wagon.

Sunshine and shadow, and fair collections ruled the hour in The Dalles today.

The footpad and the burglar have struck The Dalles. Now look out for them.

Dr. J. B. Walters, V. S., will be at The Dalles for one week from the 5th of December.

Clean crossings is what Jack wants, but he finds it difficult to provide them with hard-pan sloop.

Abstracts of title and land papers prepared by Huntington & McKinstry, 13 Second street.

Twelve year old Maddingly whiskey, Simon Pure for medicinal purposes, at Stubling & Williams.

Parties having property to sell or rent are requested to list it with us.—Huntington and McKinstry.

Capt. Lewis is much better today. There are no traces of fever, and he was feeling pretty bright this morning.

Fresh oysters of all kinds, served in any style to order, by Campbell Bros., at the Columbia Candy Factory.

Judge Bradshaw expects to go to Portland Sunday evening, where he will hold court for Judge Stearns next week.

As successor to Jay Gould in the U. P. R. THE CHRONICLE names E. E. Lytle of The Dalles. Efficient, competent and able.

The first car load of oranges for this season was shipped from Riverside, Cal., Sunday. The orange crop is ripening rapidly, and will be large.

W. E. Garretson has succeeded in returning from a hasty trip to Portland. To avoid death on Morrison street man traps, he put up at the Gillman.

The snow, the snow, the beautiful snow, on the Klickitat hills today, flecked by a heavy background of fog, and the bright light of a noontday sun, made a handsome subject for a first-class artist.

"Oregon may be proud that she is not it," said an intelligent gentleman to THE CHRONICLE man today. He had just returned from Chicago, and he shows that the Columbus fair is a huge fake.

Fred Lemke's saloon was robbed this morning after 2 o'clock. The burglar broke in by the back window, took about \$5 out of the till, a couple of bottles of liquor, and a handful of cigars.

Coroner Eastwood was summoned by Dr. Shackelford to attend an autopsy today and he decided that the dog was dead. So too ought to be the man (so-called), who performed the role of executioner. It was a job disgustingly offensive to civilization.

C. N. Ross was captured and brought back to The Dalles today by Marshal Maloney for sandbagging Clem S. Campbell, a Klickitat farmer, last Tuesday night, and robbing him of \$17.00 on Main street. The examination was conducted before Justice Schutz this afternoon.

T. McF. Patton was buried in Salem this afternoon by the Grand Lodge of Oregon, A. F. & A. M. Services were held in the Methodist church at 2 o'clock p. m., conducted by Rev. P. S. Knight. The midnight services of the Scottish Rite bodies were held in the same church at 12 p. m. last night.

The sharp criticisms indulged in by the Oregonian, and similar publications, on the lawlessness of the "gangs" of people living in Gilliam county is entirely uncalled for, and if the great daily was inclined to be decent it could very easily set at rest the slanderous statements of the so called detectives.

Our old time friend Jacob Hunsaker, called today to pay his farewell respects, as he goes to Everett to domicile in future. "Jake and I were boys together," and as Everett is to be the home of the whaleback, we feel that the place has two big things to be proud of. Mr. Hunsaker is much more than an ordinary citizen, wherever he lives.

People of The Dalles are to be congratulated that the old Hout place, about eight miles from the city, has fallen into the hands of Mr. Jos. Sherar. We understand that Mr. S. will fit it up as a public park and resort, building an excellent road to it, and in other ways encourage the formation of a gentlemen's driving club, talked of last summer by THE CHRONICLE.

The lowest bid on the canal completion at the cascades is that of J. G. & I. N. Day, of San Francisco, who bid \$1,521,265, which was \$8,000 below any other bid. The contractors will be required to furnish bonds in the sum of \$400,000. This they are prepared to do, and they are ready to go to work just as quick as the Gods of the United States Engineering corps will let them—then we can predict a speedy completion of the work.

The attention of farmers about The Dalles is called to an article today on sugar beets. It seems to us they should not let an opportunity pass to secure the location of a beet sugar factory in The Dalles. It means from \$40 to \$75 and \$100 per acre clear, after deducting expenses of cultivating them, besides increasing the values of farm property 200 and 300 per cent. Experiments so far have been satisfactory as to the quality of the beet raised, and it is thought that there will be no trouble in getting the desired acreage planted as soon as the definite proposition can be made to our farmers by the factory people.

Monthly Meteorological Report.

Weather bureau, department of agriculture. Station, The Dalles, Oregon, for the month of November, 1892.
Latitude 45° 36' 18" N. Longitude 122° 12' 34" W.
Altitude 115 feet above sea level.

DATE	High	Low	Mean	Wind	Dir.	Rel. Hum.	Clouds	Wind	Dir.	Rel. Hum.	Clouds
1	41	30	35	43							
2	39	28	33	42							
3	36	26	31	43							
4	35	25	30	41							
5	34	24	29	40							
6	33	23	28	39							
7	32	22	27	38							
8	31	21	26	37							
9	30	20	25	36							
10	29	19	24	35							
11	28	18	23	34							
12	27	17	22	33							
13	26	16	21	32							
14	25	15	20	31							
15	24	14	19	30							
16	23	13	18	29							
17	22	12	17	28							
18	21	11	16	27							
19	20	10	15	26							
20	19	9	14	25							
21	18	8	13	24							
22	17	7	12	23							
23	16	6	11	22							
24	15	5	10	21							
25	14	4	9	20							
26	13	3	8	19							
27	12	2	7	18							
28	11	1	6	17							
29	10	0	5	16							
30	9	-1	4	15							

Sums: High 1756, Low 1589, Mean 1174, 1.15
Means: High 45.2, Low 33.0, Mean 38.1

Mean barometer 29.91; highest barometer 30.48 (date 12th); lowest barometer 29.156 (date 24th).

Mean temperature 45.2; highest temperature, 69 on 3d; lowest temperature, 25, on 27th.

Mean precipitation .452; highest precipitation, .75 on 18th; lowest precipitation, .00 on 27th.

Mean precipitation for this month in 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, 1877, 1878, 1879, 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892.

Total deficiency in precipitation during month, for 18 years, .54 inches.

Total deficiency in precipitation since January 1st, 4.84 for 18 years.

Number of cloudless days, 5; partly cloudy days, 7; cloudy days, 18.

Dates of frost 13th, 20th, 27th (killing).
Barometer reduced to sea level. F indicates trace of precipitation.

Solar halo on 1st, 27th with parhelia. Lunar halo on 29th.

SAMUEL L. BROOKS,
Voluntary Signal Corps Observer.

THE PILOT SCHOONER.

How the Little Thing Behaved in a Recent Gale.

When Weeks brought the schooner San Jose up to Astoria from California, and turned her over to the state board of pilot commissioners, for the Columbia river bar, she was universally condemned, as only fit for absorbing appropriations. On the 6th she went outside on one of her regular cruises looking for ships, and encountered the westerly storm that raged with more or less violence for fifty-six hours. When the storm first struck them they were only six miles from land and were compelled to face a heavy sea and beat off the lee shore. It took them three days to make eight miles, and all this time there was no opportunity for rest, sleep and meals. The heavy seas washed over the deck in a deluge, dashing in the faces of the men, who were compelled to be on the alert continually. The vessel being small, drawing only six feet, they dared not let the sea strike her abeam for fear she should capsize.

The pilots say they should have a schooner of eighty or ninety tons of approved model, to be prepared for the severe weather they are sometimes compelled to remain out in. The hardship of such a life is severe enough even with the best vessels that can be constructed.

The San Jose, they say, will do well enough for smooth water, but to go out and plow through a sea that severely tries the finest ships is more than can be done with safety to her crew. The pilots say they should have money provided that would enable them to have a fine schooner made according to the model of the best boats sailing out of New York harbor. Then they could give the Columbia river a pilot service unexcelled in the world. If our legislators were compelled to take a trip or two out in the offing and lay there during a storm, they would vote unanimously for the best vessel that could be made for the occasion. Life is as dear to a pilot as it is to a legislator.

The Gentleman From New York.

There's a man who until a year or so ago, lived in New York city, and he is very fond of informing people of that desirable fact. Otherwise he is quite a respectful citizen, barring a certain stiffness of manner incidental or sequential to a residence in Gotham. Yesterday his business took him into O. D. Taylor's office where he was not known. He asked for Linus Hubbard, and was shown to his room.

"I am Mr. John Brown, formerly of New York," he said by way of introduction.

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Formerly," responded Mr. Hubbard with a genial smile. "Glad to see you. Sit down Mr. Formerly."

"Don't mention it," responded Mr. Hubbard.

"I believe," continued the visitor, somewhat nettled, "that you called me Mr. Formerly. That is not my name sir. My name is Brown."

"This time it was Hubbard's turn to be embarrassed.

"Oh, ah, excuse me," he said. "I understood you to say you were Mr. John Brown formerly of New York."

The visitor accepted the explanation and transacted his business, but he can't be convinced that Hubbard was guying him.



A MAD POET

rushed into a newspaper office recently, and threatened to "clean out" the establishment, because they printed his verses wrong. Said he: "I wrote, 'To dwell forever in a grove of peace,' and you idiots put it 'a pot of grease.'" The mortified editor presented him with a vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, a year's subscription and an apology.

The little "Pellets" positively cure sick and nervous headache, biliousness, costiveness, and all derangements of the stomach, bowels and liver. It's a large contract, but the smallest things in the world do the business—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They're the smallest, but the most effective. They go to work in the right way. They cleanse and renovate the liver, stomach and bowels thoroughly—but they do it mildly and gently. You feel the good they do—but you don't feel them doing it.

They're the cheapest pill you can buy, because they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You only pay for the good you get.

That's the peculiar plan all Dr. Pierce's medicines are sold on, through druggists.

An Irksome Place.

This is a democratic dispatch from Washington. You will find it in the "oil-o-grain" of the Oregonian: "Reports were current some time ago to the effect that in the event of Mr. Cleveland's election a good-sized plum would be placed at his disposal for bestowal upon some worthy partisan, by the resignation from the supreme bench of Chief Justice Fuller, and now that the election is over, the rumor is again gaining currency. They are based upon the story that the chief justice finds his position something of an irksome one, and that the salary attached to it is not at all in proportion to his earning capability in the ordinary practice of his profession. From the fact, however, that the Fuller residence is now being entirely overhauled preparatory to being put in elegant condition for next year, it is not thought that the rumor has any substantial foundation, or that, if it had, the chief justice has changed his mind. So far as the financial end is concerned, it is not thought that this would cut any figure, as the chief justice is fairly well fixed in this world's goods, and is, moreover, just now engaged in some real estate operations in Chicago that are likely to bring him large returns."

Come one Come all.

The members of the Rod and Gun club are requested to meet at the old Court house at 8 p. m., sharp on Saturday the 3d inst., as business of importance is to be transacted. By request of many.
D. SIDDALL, president.
T. JOLDS, secretary.

Just Received!

A FULL LINE OF GENTS'

HOSIERY, UNDERWEAR, OVERSHIRTS,

E. & W. COLLARS and CUFFS.

JOHN C HERTZ,
109 SECOND STREET, THE DALLES, OREGON.

Dress-Making Parlors

Fashionable Dress and Cloak-Making

Cutting and Fitting a Specialty.
Room 4 over French & Co's Bank. MRS. GIBSON, Prop.

MISS ANNA PETER & CO.,

SPECIAL SALE

OF

MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S Trimmed Hats

SATURDAY, NOV. 19.
121 second street, - THE DALLES, OR

C3