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WE OFFER

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, FURS and MUFFS,
 SILK MITTENS, ETCHING and ROPE SILKS,
 SILK UMBRELLAS, Fancy SILKS and SATIN,
 SILK NECKTIES, RIBBONS, every shade,
 SILK MUFFLERS, GLOVES, etc., etc.

Large Assortment of Stamped Articles for Fancy Work.

All at Prices in Reach of Everyone.

SEE OUR BARGAIN TABLE OF SHOES.

A. M. WILLIAMS & CO.

W. H. Young,
 Blacksmith & Wagon Shop
 General Blacksmithing and Work done
 promptly, and all work
 Guaranteed.

Horse Shoeing a Speciality

Third Street, opposite the old Liebe Stand.

OSCAR STUBBLING. OWEN WILLIAMS.

Stubbling & Williams,
 The Germania,
 SECOND ST.,
 THE DALLES, - OREGON

Dealers in Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Milwaukee Beer on Draught.

"The Regulator Line"

The Dalles, Portland and Astoria
 Navigation Co.



THROUGH
 Freight and Passenger Line

Through daily service (Sundays excepted) between The Dalles and Portland. Steamer Regulator leaves The Dalles at 7 a. m., connecting at Cascade Locks with steamer Dalles City. Steamer Dalles City leaves Portland (Yamhill street dock) at 6 a. m., connecting with steamer Regulator for The Dalles.

PASSENGER RATES.
 One way \$2.00
 Round trip 3.00

Freight Rates Greatly Reduced.

Shipments received at wharf any time, day or night, and delivered at Portland on arrival. Live stock shipments solicited. Call on or address.

W. C. ALLAWAY,
 General Agent.
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 THE DALLES, - OREGON

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

Dress-Making Parlors

Fashionable Dress and Cloak-Making

Cutting and Fitting a Specialty.

Room 4 over French & Co's Bank. MRS. GIBSON, Prop.

J. O. MACK,

FINE WINES and LIQUORS

DOMESTIC AND KEY WEST CIGARS.

THE CELEBRATED PABST BEER.

FRENCH'S BLOCK.

171 SECOND STREET, THE DALLES, OR.

NOTES OF A TOURIST

A Delightful Trip on the Columbia River by Regulator Line.

THE SECOND PART—CONTINUATION

Rugged Sides of Percipitous Mountains Enlivened by Falls.

PASSING BY THE CASCADE RAPIDS

The Battle of the Giant Snow-Capped Mountains Hood and Adams—An Indian Legend.

From the Coldwater, Mich., Republican.] PART TWO.

Often the rocks form a solid wall on either side for miles with here and there a solitary pine tree springing out from the crevices with apparently no nourishment for its roots. The sides of the mountains are rugged and precipitous, relieved here and there by a tumbling water fall or a dancing cascade. Oft times we look back and the mountains have seemingly hedged in the path by which we have come. Soon we hear the rapids where the river has narrowed for two hundred feet. Here the water, dashing and rushing over and between the cruel looking rocks, forms a seething whirlpool through which it seems suicidal to think of passing. But with our careful captain at the helm we glide safely through the narrow channel, five miles in length, and reach the cascades, where there is a fall in the river of forty feet and the water is foaming and splashing in a mad tumble over the rocks. The Dalles City stops here, as no boat could stem this rushing current, and the passengers and freight are carried around the shore on a queer little railway, the distance of one mile, where the steamer Regulator is puffing at the wharf eager to be gone. Immense locks are now being constructed at this point. When completed they will be of great benefit as the inland products of Oregon, Idaho and Washington can then be readily carried to every seaport under the sun.

Such an interesting legend of the cascades was told me by the captain, I cannot refrain from mentioning it. Long ago in the remote ages, there was a natural bridge across the river. It was built for the red man by the Great Spirit and was very beautiful. It was like an arch on which grew trees and lovely flowers. Under it the river flowed calm and serene. The two giants, Mt. Adams and Mt. Hood, many miles apart, sat ever scowling at each other. At last they had a terrible quarrel which resulted in a battle lasting many days. It thundered and lightened; immense rocks and boulders were thrown at each other and the air was filled with smoke. When at last the thundering ceased and the smoke cleared away, the red men returned but the beautiful bridge was gone and in its place the river was filled for many miles with the huge rocks over which the water was tumbling, tossing and surging in mad fury. And so it has been since then, wrathful and dangerous. Scientists agree that there must have been at one time a volcanic disturbance but it is to the Indians we trace this pretty legend.

We are again favored with a seat in the pilot house of the Regulator, and the voyage is resumed with an interest equal to that of the trip below the cascades. Soon we are enjoying an uninterrupted view of Mt. Hood. It rises white and glittering from a broad plain. In the foreground is the river and the stately pine trees; on either side the "everlasting hills," gorgeous in their dress of crimson and gold. We are in sight of the icy peak for many miles, so white and perfect against the blue sky. Just at sunset, stopping to take on some freight, we discover an Indian camp near the shore. In the dying light the faces of the Indians look dark and savage. They are crouching in Indian fashion on the grass under the willow trees, lazily awaiting the arrival of the steamer. We are naturally anxious to investigate the camp and ask them if they have any curios for sale. But evidently they are not posted as to the wants of the average tourist and gaze at us in blank astonishment.

The moon appears over the hills, as a rein of silver, but very soon round and full, almost dazzling in its brilliancy. The river was enchanting in the sunlight but in the soft, mellow, dreamy moonlight there was an added charm

that no pen could portray. As we near Memaloose Island, not yet discernible in the dim light, the captain standing at the wheel guiding the boat over the tranquil waters, tells us we will soon pass one of the most noted Indian burial grounds along the river. The Indians wrapped their dead in rawhide, laid them on the ground and built low, wooden houses over them, calling them dead houses. Here on Memaloose island many of these houses yet remain, many also have been destroyed, and hundreds of Indian bones lie bleaching in the sun.

As the lights in the city of The Dalles glisten in the distance, we realize that our pleasant journey is nearly over. This beautiful river, with its waters a deep green like the sea, so deep in many places that the bottom has never been touched, has often been compared to the Hudson, with its hundreds of picturesque villas on every hand, but it is entirely different. It is more imposing, more rugged, and fills one with a sense of giant strength in repose. The Rhine and Rhone have been cited. There are no castles, no vineyards, no carefully planned effects on the Columbia; nothing made to order. All is as fresh, as free, as natural as when first this mighty flood sprang through those frowning mountain heights and found its way to the sea. But the little steamer touches the dock, we say goodbye to our genial captain, and our charming ride on the Columbia river is a dream of the past.

A. L. S.

THE MISSING BOY.

His Disappearance Shrouded by an Air of Mystery.

The boy missing from the farm of Mr. Jacob McReynolds, on 15-Mile, mentioned in this issue of THE CHRONICLE yesterday, is still missing, and his absence is shrouded in mystery. Eight men have hunted for him almost continuously, day and night, since Saturday. Mr. McReynolds came to the city last night, hoping to find some trace of him here, but was unsuccessful. It seems that he left the house Saturday in the forenoon, about ten o'clock, instead of the evening of Saturday, as reported yesterday. He found three of the cows he was hunting for which he drove up to the corral, and returned for a fourth one. He was riding a gentle pony, without saddle. The pony was found in a gulch Sunday, with the bridle still on. Tracks of the boy were found in the soft ground of the same gulch about 100 yards from the pony, on Sunday, leading to hard ground on a ridge, where they could not be followed any farther. The boy appeared to be well satisfied with his place at Mr. McReynolds' home, and was well cared for and liked by all the household. He was kind in disposition, and showed no inclination to be "tricky." His name is Geo. Crowell. He is 16 years of age. He said he came from Colville, where his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain live. He said his parents were both dead. The whole neighborhood about Mr. McReynolds' place are interested in the search for him, and any tidings concerning him will be gladly welcomed.

Practical Education.

Mr. R. L. Warner, a Portland boy, who graduated at Cornell university last summer, is at present engaged with the Westinghouse Electric company, as an expert electrical engineer, and is temporarily located at Jersey city, employed in the construction of an electric railway. He is looking forward with pleasure to returning to Oregon before a great while. In a recent letter he says: "I find that the shop training and practical work at Sibley college place me ahead of men who have been in this business for some years, and I realize more than ever the keen foresight and magnanimity of Ezra Cornell and Hiram Sibley in building a technical school where the hand and the eye should be trained to act in unison with the brain, where practical methods of thought and systematic investigation of fundamental truths should be the main object of the work."

The only 3-story, fire-proof brick building in the city, now occupied by Candall & Burget, for rent. For further particulars inquire of Tom Kelly, at The Umatilla house.

WILL GO TO PALO ALTO

Rumor That President Harrison Will be Called to Stanford.

WILL DELIVER LAW LECTURES.

A. S. Mercier's Criminal Libel Case Comes up in Chicago Tomorrow.

ARKANSAS CONVICTS POISONED.

Blaine Improving According to Dr. Johnston, Reports to the Contrary Notwithstanding.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21.—It is rumored that President Harrison has accepted a proposal from President Jordan, of Leland Stanford, Jr., university, to become a member of the faculty of that institution. His duties comprise the delivery of a series of law lectures, which will call him to Palo Alto two or three times a year, and it is probable that he will make California his winter residence. Senator Sanford, when interviewed concerning the surprising and interesting news, said: "It is true that negotiations have been pending with a view of getting President Harrison to accept a position as a member of the faculty of the university. President Jordan has conducted the correspondence, and it seems that President Harrison has accepted."

Commissioner Mercier's Case.

CHICAGO, Dec. 20.—A. S. Mercier, alternate world's fair commissioner from Wyoming, and editor of the North-western Stock Journal, published at Cheyenne, who was arrested several months ago upon complaint of John Clay, jr., of the firm of Clay, Robinson & Co., who charges him with criminal libel, was given a hearing before a justice of the peace, who took the matter under advisement until December 22d.

Looks Like Poisoning.

HELENA, Ark., Dec. 20.—A week ago S. M. Abberson, a contractor, brought over 100 convicts to work on the Iron mountain road. Many unemployed men are here, and they protested against bringing convicts here to work. Yesterday eighteen convicts were taken violently ill with all the symptoms of arsenical poisoning. Four are already dead, and three others will die. The stomach of one of the dead men will be analyzed.

Blaine is Improving.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20.—Inquiry at Blaine's residence this morning elicited the information that he was improving. Dr. Johnston visited Blaine at 9 o'clock and remained a short time. Subsequently he summarized the patient's condition by saying: "Blaine is as well as yesterday morning, and seems refreshed after a good night's rest. Blaine has no trouble sleeping. There is no basis whatever for the report that he had hemorrhage."

Will Use the Telephone.

CHICAGO, Dec. 21.—It is said here that the Rock Island will supplant the telegraph with the telephone, in order to outwit the strikers.

Racing with Wolves.

Many a thrilling tale has been told by travelers of a race with wolves across the frozen steppes of Russia. Sometimes only the picked bones of the hapless traveler are found to tell the tale. In our own country thousands are engaged in a life-and-death race against the wolf consumption. The best weapon with which to fight the foe is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This renowned remedy has cured myriads of cases when all other medicines and doctors had failed. It is the greatest blood-purifier and restorer of strength known in the world. For all forms of scrofulous affections (and consumption is one of them), it is unequalled as a remedy.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE