

OUR SPECIAL SALE.

SATURDAY, JUNE 30.

To reduce our stock as much as possible before we move back,

WE OFFER

Dry Goods, Shoes, Men's Furnishings, Hats,

20 Per Cent. Discount.

This Day Only.

Take advantage of this Liberal Offer.

ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

PEASE & MAYS.

MAIER & BENTON

Have moved back to their old stands, at 133 Second St., and Corner Union and Third Streets.

JOLES, COLLINS & CO.

Back at Their Old Stand,

390-394 SECOND STREET,

Where they will be pleased to see all their old patrons.

The Rose Hill Greenhouse

Is still adding to its large stock of all kinds of

Greenhouse Plants,

And can furnish a choice selection. Also

CUT FLOWERS and FLORAL DESIGNS

MRS. C. L. PHILLIPS.

HARRY LIEBE,

PRACTICAL

Watchmaker & Jeweler

All work promptly attended to, and warranted.

Can now be found at 162 Second street.

The Dalles Daily Chronicle.

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

Clubbing List.

Table with 2 columns: Publication Name, Regular Price, Our Price. Includes Chronicle and N.Y. Tribune, Weekly Oregonian, and Cosmopolitan Magazine.

Local Advertising.

10 Cents per line for first insertion, and 5 Cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Special rates for long time notices.

The Daily and Weekly Chronicle may be found on sale at I. C. Nickelsen's store. Telephone No. 1.

FRIDAY, JUNE 29, 1894

JUNE JUNGLINGS.

Leaves From the Notebook of Chronicle Reporters.

Cloudy skies and cool weather prevailed for several days.

Mr. N. Harris is out in a new ad. Look at it, then go and see him.

The river registered 41.9 this morning, having fallen one foot during the past 24 hours.

The regular monthly and annual meeting of the city council will be held in the council chambers tomorrow evening.

Goldendale is getting all its supplies from here and every day one or more big four-horse teams pull out loaded with freight.

Mr. I. I. Burget, the city treasurer, has removed his office to Mr. Smith French's office in the rear of the Masonic building.

Reports from all parts of the county indicate the largest and best wheat crop ever grown here. It is now out of all danger from east winds.

The Irma left Cascade Locks yesterday at 2 o'clock with U.S. mail and arrived here at 8 this morning, departing on the return trip at 7 o'clock.

The jury in the case of Walter Douglas, after being out for twenty-four hours, returned a verdict of guilty yesterday afternoon, and recommended him to the mercy of the court.

The Third regiment, O. N. G., will move their headquarters into one of the rear rooms of the Masonic building as soon as it can be refitted. The location is a desirable one, and will be very commodious.

Hon. J. A. Smith of Wasco left on the Regulator for Portland this morning. He arrived here yesterday after a hard drive a few minutes before 7 o'clock and thought he was on time; but for once he got left. The moral of which is: "Read the advertisements in THE CHRONICLE."

The Grain Aphis.

Mr. W. Rice brought into our office today several heads of wheat from the grain field of Mr. John Havely, near Boyd, which are badly infested with what is called by the Willamette papers the grain aphis. This insect first made its appearance in the valley recently. Prof. Washburn, of the Agricultural College, looks upon this infectious in-

sect with somewhat alarm. Mr. Rice informs us that several grain fields in the vicinity of Boyd are affected, and the wheat is already beginning to feel the effects of it. Also, together with this pest, wheat in places is badly stricken with rust. Some writers insist that the only remedy for annihilating the aphis is to destroy the grain and straw as soon as it will burn.

Dufur Doings.

Fine growing weather. Crops are looking splendid. In some sections rye and barley are being cut for hay.

Miss Jessie Welch from The Dalles and Mrs. L. Canfield of Summit Ridge were in Dufur the other day visiting friends.

Miss Anna Frazier has returned from an extended visit to friends in the country.

Mrs. Morehead of Kingsley is stopping with her mother, Mrs. Menefee, who is sick.

Prof. Frazier, M. J. Anderson, H. M. Pitman and several others have gone for a fishing and camping expedition in the mountains.

Mr. Chas. Stoughton has been quite ill, but we are pleased to note he is around again.

Tuesday a crowd of men headed by T. H. Johnston, went out to Mrs. Hanna's spending the day, helping finish her new house.

Sunday Rev. Horn, pastor of the Lutheran church of The Dalles, preached to his people in the German language. Dr. Deitrich presided at the organ, delighting those who listened with his music and singing, in which he is skilled.

There will be a ball given on the I. O. O. F. hall, in connection with which Mrs. Bohna will give an oyster supper at 50 cents a couple.

Mrs. Evaline Mills and Mr. Wm. Penn Carter were married at Dufur Saturday afternoon, June 23, 1894. Three score and ten eventful years, with their joys and sorrows, have passed over the head of the bride, leaving behind a few wrinkles and gray hairs as a reminder of their flight, while eighty-four summers' suns and winters' hoary frosts have faded the once dark locks of the groom to snowy whiteness. But for all of that they did not escape the unerring flight of Cupid's dart. We heartily wish Mr. and Mrs. Carter many years of happiness and bliss, and may they live to a ripe old age.

Cupid is a wily rascal. Watching, watching every day Just to catch unwary mortals, Like a spider for his prey.

Cherry lips he seeks not only, Nor for merry dancings eyes; But he catches 'mong his victims Those much older and more wise.

All his pranks are queer and sudden, Full of joy or full of woe, Few but once for all he bothers, Others where'er they go.

These two whom he brought together: Whose two hearts shall beat as one, May they still remain his captives Till the setting of life's sun.

QUIZ.

The Markets.

FRIDAY, June 29.—The market conditions that have prevailed for the past few weeks have not changed materially. Transportation has been interrupted more or less, and as a consequence, there has been a limited movement of produce, merchandise, stock and so on. Prices have been maintained in everything pertaining to country produce, and no changes in quotations are reported.

THE CHRONICLE prints all the news.

Obituary.

James Francis Magee was born in Lebanon, N. Y., June 8, 1811, died at The Dalles, June 23, 1894, aged 83 years, 2 weeks and 1 day.

Deprived of his father in his infancy, his mother consented to his adoption, by her sister Mrs. Magee, at the age of two years. He took his adopted parents' name, was christened in the Roman Catholic church, and it was intended by them that he should enter the priesthood. His education for that purpose commenced at an early age, and this under God proved a great blessing, as he obtained a better education in French and English than he could have under different circumstances. Through reverses and loss of property, at the age of 15 years he was compelled to make his own living, and by the providence of God was directed to a Methodist family in the town of Stanstead, Canada.

December 19, 1837, he married Sally Brown, and they have traveled life's journey together for 56 years and 6 months. Two children were born to them and this is the first break in the family. January 1839 he was converted and united with the Wesleyan Methodist church of Stanstead. His religious experiences were deep, quiet, joyous. Gentle in his nature, simple in his habits, unassuming, self-sacrificing to the extreme, joyous and hopeful, trusting in God's love and his especial providence, his presence was a benediction to his family. Cordial and friendly with a bright, smile and loving word for all, none knew him but to love him. His convictions of right and wrong were clear and strong, they governed his course of conduct, but he shrunk from imposing them on others. He loved the house of God and all of its services.

His place at prayer and class meeting was seldom vacant. He loved his native country, and he loved his adopted country, he was a true patriot. In April 1854 he with others was attracted to California by the great excitement of the discovery of gold. Like others his fortune varied but he persistently carried out his resolution to stay until he could secure for his family enough to ensure a comfortable support. Like all pioneers he endured many hardships and among these was the loss of all religious privileges. On his return from California his zeal was dampened, but after making his residence in The Dalles he was brought back to a sense of his neglected duty, and most heartily again took up his work for the Master.

Soon age and infirmity broke his robust constitution, and four years ago fever began the destruction of his mind. He was industrious and always found plenty to do up to this time.

Last March he fell and received such injuries that he has since been helpless. One week ago those who cared for him detected a slight fever and since then he failed rapidly. When awake he constantly appeared engaged in prayer, or in giving testimony to Jesus' love and power, saying "I am thine; yes, I am thine. I love Jesus." His oft repeated words were, "For me, for me."

At 7 o'clock Saturday evening, the silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken and he was not, for God took him.

The Chinaman Won.

Yesterday afternoon about 4:30, Milt Aiken and a young friend were driving a Hambletonian cayuse down Second street, hitched to a cart known in every

day language as a canine cart. Just this side of Pease & Mays', as the gait wasn't of the record breaking kind, Mr. Aiken brought his whip down on the brevet Hambletonian in a way that the latter thought uncalled for, and like Jeshurun she kicked. She kicked to some purpose too; for, after shaking the occupants out of the cart, she still played trumps until she also kicked herself out, hoist with her own petard, so to speak. Finding herself untrammelled by the ties that bound her to the vehicle, she spurred the ignoble cart with both hind feet, and started to remove herself rapidly from that vicinity. She didn't like the middle of the road either, so, taking warning from the late—very—populist movement in this state, she took to the sidewalk, and struck out for THE CHRONICLE office with this item. As she reached the sidewalk, a mild-mannered Chinaman was meandering in the direction she wanted to go, and seeing her coming like a cyclone, the Celestial put an extra slant in his port eye and struck out for THE CHRONICLE corner ahead of her. His quilted doublet and Marie Antoinette panties operated as a handicap, catching the breeze dead ahead, while the mare was running under bare poles, as it were; but he was gritty as well as scared, and would not fly the track. The thunderous thud of the mare's feet close at his heels, put life and mettle into the flying heathen. He hung the monkey wrench on his safety valve, (metaphorically of course) and turned on all his steam. They came into the home stretch in front of the First National bank, with daylight only between them; and from there to THE CHRONICLE corner the theretofore breathless crowd began to find tongue, and to give the little yellow man encouragement. There were loud cries of "Run John or you're a goner," "Get there John," and a hundred other equally encouraging remarks. In another second there was a sharp, whistling swish of blue China pants and a green blouse around THE CHRONICLE corner, and the Chinese was a winner by a neck. The horse seeing all the fun was over stopped, while the winner wiped his face and casting an indignant glance at the yelling crowd remarked, "Wha' for you holler? Danfool think I throw that race off?"

Novelty Tea Menu.

Don't fail to come to the Novelty Tea given by Dalles Lodge, No. 2, I. O. O. F., tomorrow night at 8 o'clock at K. of P. hall. A short drama will be given, interspersed with string band music, and last but not least will be served the novelty tea.

MENU.

- An off-colored negro. Saints' diet. Jealousy. Bostonians' daily cake. England's favorite roast. Billy goat. Woman's deadliest weapon. Bachelor's comfort. Yankee's delight. Doctor's friend. Tears, idle tears. White staff. Japanese tonic. Pickled chicken's home. Spring's first offering. One free for all. DESERT. Product of a southern climate. And all for 25 cents. Don't fail to come and spend a pleasant evening. MRS. J. E. BARNETT.

THE CHRONICLE is prepared to do all kinds of job printing.

The Only Thing

Ever high in our store was the Columbia, and that is marked down; but it is not yet as

Low as Our Prices.

We can give you bargains in everything in Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Clothing from Hat to Dress. Call and see us at the old corner.

N. HARRIS.

A FRESH LOT OF NEW STYLES

SUMMER MILLINERY GOODS.

STILL LATER STYLES OF

Summer Hats and Bonnets.

Something New in Flowers.

MRS. M. LeBALLISTER, The Dalles.

THE EUROPEAN HOUSE

Complete and clean in all its furnishings, and

CENTRALLY * LOCATED.

The Culinary Department is under the immediate supervision of Mrs. Frazier, and the table is better supplied than any other in the State for the money.

Union Street, THE DALLES, OREGON.



What?

Hand-Corded Corsets, Health Reform Waists, Nursing Corsets, Misses' Waists, Children's Waists, Shoulder Braces and Hose Supporters made to order.

Where?

At the Pacific Corset Company's Factory, north-east of the Fair Grounds. If desired each garment will be fitted before being finished. Call at the factory and examine our goods, or drop a card in the office, and our agent will call and secure your order.

THE NEWEST BOOKS.

- BARRABAS. By Marie Corelli. THE KING'S STOCK BROKER. By Archibald Gunther. MARCELLA. By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. TOM SAWPER ABROAD. By Mark Twain. MARION DARSHE. By Marion Crawford. MONTEZUMA'S DAUGHTER. By Rider Haggard. SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT. By Beatrice Herraden.

I. C. NICKELSEN, The Dalles.