

SUMMER

Is not the Time to Buy

OVERCOATS.

Wouldn't you rather have one now?

Today Our

\$10.00 Overcoats will be marked \$6.30.
\$14.00 Overcoats will be marked \$9.40.
\$18 to \$20 Overcoats will be marked \$13.10.

These Prices are

Well, Less than Cost.

PEASE & MAYS.

ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

CORD WOOD.

Leave or telephone your orders to us for Strictly Dry FIR, and OAK WOOD.

We are not running a four-horse team, but will deliver all Wood promptly.

MAIER & BENTON.

They Must Go

To make room for new stock, and this

Regardless * of * Prices.

We are doubling our Store Room to make room for new Goods, and our present stock has to go. Everything in the shape of

CLOTHING FOR EVERYBODY.

N. HARRIS.

D. A. DIETRICH, Physician and Surgeon, DUFUR, OREGON. All professional calls promptly attended to, day and night.

JOHN D. GEOGHEGAN, [Register U. S. Land Office, 1890-1894] Business Before the United States Land Office a Specialty. Wells Block, Main St., Vancouver, Clarke Co. nov16

The Dalles Daily Chronicle.

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

Clubbing List.

	Regular price	Our price
Chronicle and N. Y. Tribune	\$2.50	\$1.75
and Weekly Oregonian	3.00	2.00
and Weekly Examiner	3.25	2.25
and Weekly New York World	2.25	2.00

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 8 o'clock will appear the following day.

TUESDAY, - - JANUARY 15, 1895

BRIEF MENTION.

Leaves From the Notebook of Chronicle Reporters.

Conductor Fowler is in the city today. Mr. John Wellburg of Mosier was in the city today.

Mr. Wm. Wiley came in from Antelope yesterday. John W. Russell of Kingsley made us a pleasant call today.

The ladies will be pleased to learn that Mrs. Phillips expects to go to San Francisco soon to purchase a stock of millinery.

Grand exhibition drill and ball by Co. G, O. N. G., at armory first and third Wednesday of each month. Admission, gents 50 cents; ladies free. j15-2t

The lower house of the legislature was organized yesterday, C. B. Morris of Marion, was elected speaker, Ralph E. Moody chief clerk, A. J. R. Snyder, of Polk, journal clerk; George R. Hughes of Washington, reading clerk; Harry T. McClellan calendar clerk, M. L. Willnot sergeant-at-arms.

A meeting of the members and attendants of the Congregational church will be held this evening, at 8 o'clock, in the church building. Questions of vital importance will come up for settlement and it is desired that every friend of the church, whether a member or not, will be present.

Tom Ward was out this afternoon with a big sleigh drawn by four black horses, and loaded with some of the very handsomest young gentlemen in the city. Tom himself was wrapped in an immense fur overcoat, and his beard and tout ensemble, whatever that is, was topped out by a four story hat. He was the happiest man in the state, not even excepting Jonathan Bourne.

The recorder's court had considerable business today. There were three Richard Does, charged with imbibing too freely. Not being able to liquidate their fines, though good liquidators, they are doing time. There was also one case before the court in its capacity of justice of the peace, a young man named Aiken being tried for assault and battery. The

case grew out of a snow balling scrape, Mr. Matthews being the party injured. Mr. Aiken was fined \$20, which he paid.

A FIRST-CLASS COMPANY.

The Judgment of All Who Heard French and his Talented Co. Last Night.

The "Golden Giant" at the opera house last night was beyond question the best play that has been on the boards here for a long time. We have had so many troupes of at least medium talent that our people have grown chary about patronizing them. This was shown by the light attendance last night. We want to say right here that those who miss seeing "Davy Crockett" tonight and "Phoenix" tomorrow night, are going to miss a genuine treat. The company is a first class one and their acting last night was superb. This is not the statement of some far away newspaper but the assertion of everyone who attended the play last night. Mr. French as Jack Mason was perfect and so was his support. It is quite certain that those who saw the "Golden Giant" last night will be in their seats early tonight to see the curtain rise on "Davy Crockett."

The way to have good actors visit us is to patronize them when they do, and tonight everyone who appreciates a good clean play and first-class acting should see this talented company. Reserved seats at Blakeley & Houghton's, and if you take our advice, you will fill one of them.

Commissioners' Court.

The county commissioners were in session all day yesterday and today, but have about completed their labors for the term. The January term is always a long one and this has been no exception. The settling with the road supervisors takes considerable time, and the business of the December term of the circuit court brings in a large quota of bills which in this case have been largely augmented by the trial of Savage and Klein. These bills are numerous but outside of that are not very formidable, for most of them are small. It is quite probable the business of the term will be completed tonight, though it may take a portion of tomorrow.

Estray.

Came to my place, on Chenoweth creek, a white mulley cow, branded I W on left hip; crop off one ear, slit in the other; young calf with her.

ALEX ANDERSON,

BORN.

At Portland, Or., Jan. 14th, to the wife of C. E. Davis, a daughter.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Subscribe for THE CHRONICLE.

And the Worm Turned.

He was a small, slender man, with skim-milk eyes, both as to color and their well watered condition, and his whole appearance betokened one who had grown weary in the battle of life. His Prince Albert coat, that had been made for some one much larger than himself, clung affectionately to his form, in places, and was buttoned tightly under his chin. A Fedora hat, much the worse for wear, sat squarely upon his molasses-candy-colored hair, as firmly as the untoward Fates did on him. A pair of pants, jeans, fit the sinuosities of his meager limbs so tightly that one could not but wonder if he put his pants on first, how he ever got his boot legs under them, yet it seemed not a very difficult feat either, if you observed that they had but a little distance to go, the pants having been pulled quite young. Taken all together, he was not prepossessing, yet when he slipped up to Col. Sinnott, of the Umatilla House, and rested his weight on one foot, while he lifted his Fedora in a deprecatory sort of way, there was such an air of listless, hopeless, woe-begone despondency about him as to make him a sort of living and pathetic protest against life.

He shifted uneasily from his right foot to his left, and then back to the right again, while the Fedora balanced on the index finger of his left hand, revolved slowly like the earth, from left to right, being twirled absent-mindedly as he requested something to eat, and expressed his willingness to work for it. "Something to eat? Why, of course," said the Col; "but what can you do? Can you saw wood?" The gaze that had been vacant before, became fixed; the listlessness vanished, the hat ceased to twirl, and his weight rested for an instant firmly on both feet. Then his lower lip quivered, his left hand tremulously sought his face, and the big tears gathering in his eyes, welled over, and impinging on his weather-beaten cheeks, fell with a crescendo movement to the floor. The Col. was touched, and finding the little fellow a seat by the stove, sat down and by degrees won from him this tale:

"You see," said the little man mournfully, "when you spoke of sawing wood you touched a tender spot. I haint done nothin' but saw wood for nigh onto fourteen years. I was married twenty years ago to my Ann, a pretty girl, too, she was, that might have done better; but somehow things didn't go right, and by the time our first baby was 5 years old and the youngest of our four was nearly a year, I had spent what little money I had saved when I got married; and besides, owing to the man I worked for dying, I was left without work. Well, I bought a buck saw, and thought to fill the hungry months that way, until something better turned up. When spring came the only thing that had turned up was James, that was our fifth child. I didn't have time then to look for anything else, it taking all my time pumping the buck-saw—so many pumps for bread, so many for potatoes, so many for paregoric and red flannel. Good

Lord! It makes my back ache when I think of it.

"Well, it wasn't long until spring came around again, and so did Omega. That was our sixth child, a girl; but in spite of the name, we only passed one spring until another girl arrived. More paregoric, more red flannel, and the bread and potatoes required considerable more pumps over the buck-saw. Another spring passed, and then another, with a total failure of crops, so to speak, and I begin to take heart again; and then the next spring it was twins. I didn't say nothin', but kept on sawing wood, but I tell you it was tough. Every morning the streak of day found me bowing over that saw, and I never bowed myself out until it was too doo dark to see.

"The years fled by quick enough, and without interest, except that I used to get uneasy in the spring, wondering if paregoric and red flannel were going to be in the bill, and expecting every night when I went home to hear a new cry; also wondering why some of the rich fellows whom I sawed wood for wasn't picked out by the babies for a father to themselves, instead of eternally selecting me. It was flattering, of course, their choosing me, but hang flattery, any way!

"Well, to make a long story short, I stuck to the buck-saw and its successors (for I wore out many a one), until last spring. There were thirteen in the family still at home, a couple of the oldest girls' being out at work and helping me some. Last spring, I confess it with shame, I abandoned my family and the d-d buck-saw. My bump of parental affection is developed sufficiently, and I would have still been pushing that buck-saw, but last spring, when the crops failed again, and I begin to pick up a bit, my Ann—that's my wife—took sick, or rather she took hungry. She had an appetite like a cross-cut saw, and when she had about eaten us out of a house and home, I got the county doctor to come down and see her. After he had got through with his examination, he turned to me, and says he: "Mr. Williamson, your wife has a tape-worm." That day I went to my work as usual, but I never went back. I left the buck-saw, for it was tuneless. I did not act hastily, but I just figured it out that fifteen months were all any man could be expected to fill with one buck-saw, and that nothing smaller than the county was capable of running up against the tape. I have a chronic objection to sawing wood, but if you have anything else, I'll do it."

The Col. was touched, and the man got his supper without tackling the wood pile. The next day the Col. called us across the street, and the first thing he said, as we smoked (at his expense), was: "Say! Do you remember that little chap with the wood-sawing experience that was here last night?" On our answering in the affirmative, he went on: "Well, sir, do you know further that he lied?" "Why, how was that, Col.?" we asked. "How? Why, the little shrimp, he had the tape-worm himself."

Two Lives Saved.

Mrs. Phoebe Thomas, of Junction City, Ill., was told by her doctors she had consumption and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she says it saved her life. Mr. Thos. Eggers, 139 Florida St. San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching Consumption, tried without result everything else, then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results, of which these are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in coughs and colds. Free trial bottles at the Snipes-Kinnersly Drug Store. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00.

"Here comes your old enemy, the major!" "Is he loaded?" "I think so." "Jug or shotgun?"—Atlanta Constitution.

Carlton Cornwell, foreman of the Gazette, Middleton, N. J., believes that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy should be in every home. He used it for a cold and it effected a speedy cure. He says: "It is indeed a grand remedy, I can recommend to all. I have also seen it used for whooping cough, with the best results." 50 cent bottles for sale by Blakeley & Houghton Druggists.

She—I'm sorry I married you. He—You ought to be. You cut some nice girl out of a mighty nice husband.—Life.

Many stubborn and aggravating cases of rheumatism that were believed to be incurable and accepted as life legacies, have yielded to Chamberlain's Pain Balm, much to the surprise and gratification of the sufferers. One application will relieve the pain and suffering and its continued use insures an effectual cure. For sale by Blakeley & Houghton Druggists.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Snipes & Kinnersly. Shiloh's Cure is sold on a guarantee. It cures incipient Consumption. It is the best cough cure. Only one cent a dose 25cts., 50cts., and \$1.00.

A Long String of Fish

Is not Carried up a Side Street.

It's just about as important to let folks know that we've got extra fine Hams and Bacon, Eastern Buckwheat Flour, genuine Maple Syrup. The Finest Coffee in town. A fine lot of New Breakfast Foods.

THAT ELEGANT DAIRY BUTTER (Dufur)

For all those who call on us we have bargains in Fine Goods; for those who don't, sympathy.

J. B. CROSSEN, Grocer. Ask Central for 62.

BUY YOUR GROCERIES

W. A. KIRBY.

We carry everything that is good to eat, and at such prices that we should have the trade of all hungry people.

Try our Teas and Coffees.

Can give you an excellent blend of Coffee at 25 per pound. Ask for Halivor Butter. Telephone No. 60.

THE CELEBRATED COLUMBIA BREWER, AUGUST BUCHLER, Prop'r.

This well-known Brewery is now turning out the best Beer and Porter east of the Cascades. The latest appliances for the manufacture of good healthful Beer have been introduced, and only the first-class article will be placed on the market.