

SPECIALTIES FOR THIS WEEK.

- Ladies' Fine-ribbed, Fleece-lined Underwear,
Vests and Pants to match 50c per piece
- Children's Heavy Wool Bicycle Hose,
Just the thing for cold weather 20c and 35c pair
- Ladies' All Wool Hose, plain and fine ribbed,
Extra good quality 25c per pair
- Ladies' Ostrich Ruffs, fine quality,
Black only \$1.75 each
- Gentlemen's Extra Heavy Ribbed Underwear,
Fleece Back, special value \$1.00 per suit
- Gentlemen's Heavy Overshirts,
Extra value 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50
- Gentlemen's Heavy Sanitary Wool,
Finest Australian, double carded \$1.50 per pair
- Gentlemen's Outing Flannel Nightshirts,
Something to keep you warm \$1.25 each

ALL GOODS MARKED IN
PLAIN FIGURES.

PEASE & MAYS



Ralston
Koffy,
Pan Cake Flour,
Grano and
Breakfast Food,

—AT—

MAIER & BENTON
The Dalles.



All-Steel Clamp Skates, 50c a Pair.

MAYS & CROWE.

Remember — We have strictly First-class FIR, OAK and MAPLE WOOD

To sell at LOWEST MARKET RATES.

Phone 25. **JOS. T. PETERS & CO**

The Dalles Daily Chronicle.

SATURDAY, DEC. 5, 1896

Weather Forecast.
PORTLAND, Dec. 5, 1896.
FOR EASTERN OREGON—Tonight and tomorrow
occasional rain.
FAGUE, Observer.

WAYSIDE GLEANINGS.

Random Observations and Local Events
of Lesser Magnitude.

Frank Heater today paid his fine of fifty dollars, and was released from custody.

The Elks are requested to meet tonight at 7:30 for the purpose of preparing for memorial services tomorrow.

There will be no evening service at the Congregational church tomorrow, that the congregation may have the opportunity of hearing Bishop Cranston at the Methodist church.

The St. Perkins Company will not appear here tonight, owing to being caught in a washout near Colfax. The company will be here later, and due notice will be given of the time.

Bishop Cranston of Portland, Or., resident bishop of the M. E. church for the Pacific Northwest, will preach tomorrow at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. at the M. E. church. Everybody cordially invited to attend.

The steamer Regulator came up from Portland today and took the freight from the Dalles City. As soon as the ice gorge goes out, she will be put on the route again, making the round trip every two days.

The memorial services of the B. P. O. Elks will be held in the new K. of P. hall Sunday, and invitations are now out for it. Hon. John Michell will recite "Thanatopsis," and Judge Bradshaw and Mr. F. W. Wilson will deliver eulogies on the departed brethren of the order.

At the Christian church, corner of Ninth and Court streets, Rev. A. D. Skaggs, pastor, Services morning and evening. Sunday school at 10 a. m., Christian Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Subject for morning discourse, "Missions;" evening subject, "The Proper Division of the Bible." All are cordially invited.

A Question of Damages.

The jury in the case of the United States against Seufert visited the land proposed to be condemned this morning and left for Portland on the local this afternoon. If ever twelve men had a difficult job those composing that jury have. It is almost an impossibility for any man or set of men to form any correct estimate of the value of the lands, as that value is derived from their riparian character, and consists in the rights of fishing pertaining to them. Mr. Seufert's own estimate would of course be, or at least should be, the most nearly correct that could be made, for he, better than anyone, knows what the fishing privileges are worth. No one else can know without making a much more close and critical study of their values than can be done in a single visit, or,

for that matter, in a single fishing season.

The government must have the lands and it should pay for them, just what they are worth, and no more, and this question is the knotty one the jury is called upon to decide, the only dispute being as to the value. Anyone who knows the vagaries of the salmon fishing business knows that a good point for a wheel, in a good season is of immense value, and a single wheel has caught fish in a single season, equaling in value, the entire amount awarded Mr. Seufert by the former jury as damages. The suit will probably last until next Wednesday.

Bishop Cranston.

A rare treat will be afforded the people of The Dalles in the coming of Bishop Cranston to our city today. He is resident bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church for the Northwest. The bishop is a native of Ohio, educated in the Ohio university. The president of this school paid him the distinguishing compliment of being the best all-around scholar that had been graduated from the institution in the twenty-five years of his connection therewith as president. He left the university to enter the service of his country in the hour of her great peril.

As pastor he became widely and favorably known. As presiding elder in the Colorado conference he made for himself a most extraordinary reputation for administrative ability and executive force. Twelve years as agent of the Western Publishing House of Cincinnati he achieved a reputation never surpassed, if equalled, in the history of church work in this department. His extensive experience in business circles, thorough acquaintance with this western country and rare executive ability, most thoroughly fit him to meet the perplexing problems of these times.

As a preacher he is clear, logical and eloquent. His lectures are highly popular and sparkle with witticisms and gems of truth. None should miss the opportunity of hearing him tomorrow.

Officers Elected.

At the regular meeting of Court The Dalles, No. 12, F. of A., last evening, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: Otto Birgfeld, C. R.; Beh Wilson, S. C. R.; John Bradshaw, Treas.; W. F. Grunow, F. S.; Otis Savage, R. S.; Albert Nelson, S. W.; Chas. Johnson, J. W.; L. O. Hawn, S. B.; L. Mayer, J. B.; F. W. L. Skibbe, V. H. Koontz and Fred Furter, trustees; Dr. O. C. Hollister, physician.

Ellen Beach Yaw.

Mr. John G. Ritchie of New York is in the city, seeing what can be done towards arranging for the appearance of Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, the famous songstress. She appears at Walla Walla December 31st, and if satisfactory arrangements can be made, will appear here the evening of the 30th. Her fame is world wide, and The Dalles cannot afford to let the opportunity of hearing her pass by.

JIM LANGILLE AND THE MULE.

Jim Fed Him Once, the Last Meal He Ever Ate.

The subjects of this sketch, while not occupying equal prominence therein, had several traits in common. Langille and the mule were about the same age, if anything the mule having precedence on that score, while Jim averaged up on the mule in obstinacy. However comparisons are odious, and we refrain from pointing out the other points of similarity and lines of divergence and proceed to our tale.

The mule is or was a venerable and noble specimen of his race, but in this he had no advantage of Jim, with a fine pedigree on the distaff side of his house. He crossed the plains in 1847, coming where lots of good people come from—Pike county, Missouri, settled in Washington county and finally became the property of John Divers of Hood River. In the early days of Hood River, he was used as a pack mule, and no hunting party was complete without him. He would patiently accompany his master to the mountains, and with a bear or deer strapped on his faithful back, could be turned loose to carry his load home at his own pleasure, and he never betrayed the trust reposed in him, but always arrived with his load. Time passed, and Divers sold the good old animal to a Mr. Prathar of Mosier. But his usefulness was a thing of the past, the gray hairs gathered around his kindly eyes, and tipped the points of his ever upright ears. Rheumatism racked his frame, and ringbone and spavin, thorough-pin and string-halt one by one visited him, and came to stay. At last broken and infirm of body the patient old animal was turned out, to seek for himself on the barren hillside the food his gaunt frame could no longer earn. In his old age he realized man's inhumanity to mules, but uncomplainingly browsed the sparse herbage, the bitter huckleberry brush and the grilling fern, in the vain endeavor to support himself and keep his backbone from irritating the hide that covered his abdomen. He lived a hard life it is true, but still he lived, until a week or ten days ago, when the deep snow covered the last vestige of his larder, and the biting cold sent him shivering, faint-hearted and almost hopeless to his last resort, the haunts of men. He showed up at Hood River, seeking, hoping to violate the city ordinances forbidding his presence, and longing for the home comforts of the pound provided for trespassers of his kind. But alas! It was a vain hope. The mule, like many another would-be criminal, found that there was no swift desire to punish minor offenses against the law, when there was nothing in it for the officers.

Langille saw the mule, he noted his patient bearing, his gray hairs, his crippled limbs, his gaunt frame, his starved and shivering body, and his big heart was moved to pity. He made request in words that the voiceless mule could only tell in the mute and touching language of appearance to the city

marshal that the mule be impounded. The marshal examined the mule and refused to take him. He wasn't worth his feed over night. Jim went to the city recorder, the recorder could do nothing, and then Jim went to the barn and purchased an armful of hay for him. Then Jim tackled the mayor, he of course had nothing to do with the matter and very properly referred him to the city marshal. So from one to the other Jim appealed, but it was no use, nothing could be done to ease the declining days of the venerable relic. Hood River was not running a hospital for Mosier's antiquated mules, but the mule was there and refused to go away. Finally an Indian was hired to lead the poor, old animal down to the sloughs and there extend to him the hospitable refuge of the grave. A bullet ended the business, and the faithful old animal, whose many years had been spent in the service of his master, found resting place at last upon the drifted snow banks, cold indeed, but not colder than the hearts of men.

He was only an old mule, but he did his life's work uncomplainingly and well, to find at its end the usual reward of ingratitude on the part of those he served. He was only a kindly old mule, that was all, only an old, broken-down, useless mule, encumbering the earth, and an eyesore to his master. Only an old mule.

How Laughlin Was Held Up.

A gentleman visited our sanctum this morning and gives us the particulars of the holding up of B. F. Laughlin last night. Mr. Laughlin was coming down from his residence on the bluff, when he saw a broad shouldered man waiting by the side of the walk. He stopped to take observation and saw that the man stood there perfectly still, his position being made visible by the fact that he was smoking a cigar, the light of which could be occasionally seen. Mr. Laughlin did not like to be bluffed out so walked up to the lurking stranger and discovered it was one of our new lamps.

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair,
Gold Medal, Midwinter Fair.

DR.
PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING
POWDER
Most Perfect Made.
40 Years the Standard.

Only thirty days in which to secure Herrin's unrivalled photos. Mrs. Herrin will leave The Dalles January 1st for a long visit in Southern Oregon, perhaps to remain. You can secure bargains now in all kinds of work—duplicates, cabinet, polished, only \$2 per dozen until Jan. 1, 1897. d2-1w

Female Help Wanted.
WANTED—Red-headed girl and white horse to deliver premiums given away with Hoe Cake Soap. Apply to anywhere.

Hot clam broth every day at noon at Ad Keller's. tf

D. H. ROBERTS,
ATTORNEY - AT - LAW.
COLLECTIONS A SPECIALTY.

Office next door to the First National Bank, The Dalles, Oregon. nov19

Administrator's Sale.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, in pursuance of an order made by the Honorable County Court of the State of Oregon for Wasco County, on the 2d day of November, 1896, will on Monday, the 28th day of December, 1896, upon the premises hereinafter described, sell to the highest bidder for cash in hand, the following described real estate belonging to the estate of Mary M. Gordon, deceased, to-wit: The southeast quarter of section thirty-two in township four south of range thirteen east of the Willamette meridian, in Wasco county, Oregon, containing 160 acres.
Dated this 25th day of November, 1896.
ASA STODDILL,
Administrator of the estate of Mary M. Gordon, deceased. nov25-94

Tygh Valley Roller Flour Mills.
Tygh Valley Roller Flour Mills are running full time on No. 1 wheat. Flour equal to the best always on hand. Prices to suit the times. Also mill feed in quantities to suit.
W. M. McCORKLE & SON,
Proprietors. aug8-6m

Work Horses
For sale, or will exchange for cows and calves. Time given on first-class security. For particulars inquire of C. E. Bayard, The Dalles, Or., or Frank Watkins, at ranch on 15-Mile. 21-wlm

Found.
In Dr. Siddall's office, a gold pin. Owner can have same by calling at his office.

There's no clay, flour, starch or other worthless filling in "Hoe Cake" and no free alkali to burn the hands. jly24

Guardian's Sale of Real Estate.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, guardian of the persons and estate of Alice Al-mira Udeil and William Edward Udeil, minors, under and in accordance with an order of the county court of the State of Oregon, for Wasco County, heretofore made, will sell at public auction, for cash in hand, on Saturday, the 14th day of December, 1896, at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, at the courthouse door in Dalles City, in Wasco County, Oregon, all the real estate belonging to the estate of said minors, to-wit: The southeast quarter of section thirty in township one north range ten east Willamette Meridian, in Oregon, containing 160 acres.
Dalles City, Oregon, Nov. 19, 1896.
GEORGE UDELL,
Guardian of said Minors. nov21-11