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Men's Lace, in Ox Blood, Chocolate and Tan, Coin Toe.....	\$3 00
Men's Lace Congress, Pointed, Medium and Wide Toe.....	2 00
Ladies' Lace Chocolate and Ox Blood.....	3 50
Ladies' Lace and Button Tans.....	3 00
Oxfords, Tan and Black.....	2 50
Oxfords, Black, Pointed, Medium and Wide Toe.....	1 50

BICYCLE LEGGINS.

Grey Cloth, per pair.....	\$ 65
Jersey, Tan and Black, per pair.....	1 00

SEE OUR CENTER WINDOW.

ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

PEASE & MAYS

The Dalles Daily Chronicle.

WEDNESDAY, - - - APRIL 21, 1897

WAYSIDE GLEANINGS.

Random Observations and Local Events of Lesser Magnitude.

Quaker and crusty bread pans at Maier & Benton's. a20-4t

March was shy on wind storms, but April is balancing up the books for her in good shape.

Delit ware, new line, just received at Maier & Benton's. a20-4t

Regular meeting of the Maccabees tonight. All loyal sir knights are requested to be present.

Don't miss seeing those olive platino photos of Mr. Hammond's at Herrin's gallery.

It is evident that Pease & Mays are preparing for high water. They are unloading three more full carloads of groceries today, making eight since the first of the month.

It does not take long for customers to learn to appreciate choice and freshly picked fruit. The grower who furnishes this class of goods is not long looking for customers.

There are two dangerous extremes in the selection of varieties for the orchard. The one is the liability of selecting too few, and the other too many. You can strike the medium if you observe carefully the success of other people.

A social dance will be given by Prof. F. G. Swanton at the Baldwin opera house Friday evening, April 23d. The Primrose two-step will be taught to all in attendance. Gentlemen 50 cents, ladies free. a21-3t

The river was at 28 1/2 this morning at 8 o'clock and at noon was at 29. Reports from the upper country indicate that it will go several feet higher before checking. It is so early that a substantial fall may be looked for before its big annual rise.

J. R. Leigh, over 70 years of age, committed suicide at Mount Vernon, Skagit county, Wash., last Saturday, by shooting himself in the head. The old man had been ailing for some weeks. He leaves a widow and several sons and daughters, all of whom are now living away from home.

Company B, O. N. G., of McMinnville, returned from its practice march to Amity Sunday evening in good condition, and with the enthusiasm of its members unabated by the ordeal through which they had passed. The company's next march will be to Dayton, two weeks from next Saturday.

It is amusing to read some of the notices concerning mines, given by our brethren of the press in the bucolic neighborhoods. One exchange says a piece of ore had been brought to town that was rich in gold, silver copper and lead, and added the further astounding statement that it was fine "free milling" ore.

The funeral of the late Samuel Gates

took place this morning at 10 o'clock from the family residence, Rev. W. C. Curtis conducting the services, which were brief and simple. A large number of sorrowing friends followed the body to its last resting place, where after reading the services for the dead, it was laid away.

One of the curious things of The Dalles is that when the east-bound train pulls out there are from a dozen to twenty strangers board the cars. The mystery is where do they come from. An examination of the passenger lists of boats does not seem sufficient to account for them, but it is the only explanation that can be made.

From the news brought to Port Townsend by the steamer Al-Ki, which arrived from Alaska at noon yesterday, the new gold fields on the Clondyke river are much richer than were at first supposed, recent discoveries showing as high as \$335 to the pan. The city of Juneau is almost deserted, as every able-bodied man who can purchase an outfit is leaving for the Clondyke country.

The streets of The Dalles have not presented so dead an appearance in years as they do now. The reason is that everybody is at work and only show themselves in the evening. Many are at work on the farms and many more at fisheries. The results will be seen in a short time in the shape of more abundant money. At the same time the stores are all doing a fair business, and many teams are loading with supplies for points South.

The East End today was dull as a 4th of July picnic, and quiet as a country courtship. Judge Filloon's temple of Janus was closed, the constable gone fishing, the Judge gone we don't know where. There was neither hog nor steer for shipment, the warehouses were in *status quo*, whatever that is, and Joe Worsely was engaged in an abstruse or abstract argument on the proneness of Mormon women in the early days of Salt Lake, to imitate gentle fashions, and getting the best of the argument, too. That was the only real live thing in the East End today.

Two daily passenger trains are now run between Portland and Umatilla. No. 4, the afternoon train out of Portland, is a new through train to Spokane and arrives at Umatilla in the evening, continuing to Spokane via Wallula, without change of cars, and connecting direct with Spokane Falls & Northern train for Kootenai and Great Northern east-bound fast express. Great Northern palace and tourist sleepers are operated daily on this train. This train is the connection for Heppner branch trains from Heppner Junction and all branch lines north of Walla Walla. No. 2, the evening train out of Portland, is still the through east-bound connection of the Union Pacific, but now runs via Pendleton and not via Wallula, connecting with Oregon Short Line east-bound flyer at Huntington. Pullman and tourist sleepers, also free reclining chair cars, are operated on this train to Chicago via Granger and Omaha.

DRIFTWOOD.

What Was, What Was Not, and What Should Not Have Been.

"Are women human beings?" was the question before the meeting in the sixth century at the council of Macon. The reverend fathers went at the subject in no frivolous manner, but debated it long and earnestly, and did not decide it until several days had been consumed in debating the proposition. The council, not without some dissenting votes, however, finally decided that she was a human being. That opinion is shared by some people even to this day. It was, perhaps, the only solution possible that was not beset with future bickerings and dangerous pitfalls, for suppose that the council had decided that she was not a human being, the question of man's position would have also been brought into the matter, for if the woman was not human, could the man, being born of something not human, be himself classed as such? We think the good fathers were biased in their judgment by this state of affairs, and that they only decided that she was human for policy sake. Whenever a man's proud position as boss of the universe and master of all created things is called in question, he becomes suddenly and pathetically tender about other things that might combine to his injury.

Had we been in the council we would probably have voted as they did, especially when we consider the style of head dress and cut of garments women of those days wore; but now as we admire the gracefully-falling skirts, peep at the neatly-booted Tibbys, glance at the bewitching waists and log-o'-mutton sleeves, and bow down before the rainbow splendors of the Easter hat, we would not vote that way. She might have been human then, but now she is—an angel.

As we went down towards the depot the other day, walking along the track, we saw a can of salmon (or at least such we supposed it to be, for the label was off it) near the old Herrick cannery. Now, under ordinary circumstances we would have paid no attention to it; but what struck us about it was that it would roll over end over end, and at times jump up in the air a foot or two and shake itself as though it was trying to light in five or six places at once. As may well be imagined, we were very much astonished, and had to stop and smell our breath two or three times before we could convince ourself that we didn't have 'em again. Being satisfied on that point, we began to examine the can. As we started to pick it up, it made a mighty leap and the end towards us bobbed up in such a manner that if the blamed thing had had legs we would have believed it was trying to kick at us. It was with some trepidation that we finally got the can in our hands, and with something of a grewsome feeling that we proceeded to open it. However, it behaved very nicely and lay perfectly still as we cut the top off with our jackknife. There was no

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We also carry the Ridge-wood brand of Hose, which we recommend as a superior article second only to our Maltese Cross brand in quality. It is made on extra strong duck, and of the best rubber. Then we carry the Wallabout brand which is a good quality and medium price, equal or better than the average so-called "best Hose on the market." We sell it for what it really is—a good, serviceable Hose. See our stock before buying elsewhere.

BICYCLE REPAIRING.

We have secured the services of Mr. Joseph Kirchoff, who has been doing Bicycle Repairing and Gun Work for the last five years in The Dalles. All work entrusted to him will receive prompt attention.

MAIER & BENTON'S

salmon in the can; instead it was filled with two pounds of as good meat as ever grew inside the hide of a bucking devil of a cayuse. It was a piece of the famous old saddle horse ridden by Chief Moses, and canned by Herrick two years ago. The warm sun awakened the natural instincts of the brute, which had been preserved by the canning process, and he was trying to buck. Salt is cheap.

One of the pretty minor tales of mythology has for its subject a most beautiful youth named Narcissus, who was of graceful mein, a rover of the woods, a poetical, dreamy sort of a fellow, who set the wood nymphs by the ears over his sweet self, and almost broke up the peace and quiet of the forest, vale and stream. To see him was to love him, for he was a thing of wondrous beauty. The Dryads peeped out of their trees, and the leaves trembled with their sighs as he passed unheeding by. The Naiads smiled at him from running brook, and stirred the surface of the placid pools in their desire to see him; and it is even said that Venus, having cast her eyes on him, made some comparisons between her husband, Vulcan, and the gazelle-eyed youth that would have made the old man jealous could he have heard them. He was tall, supple, graceful, with a magnificent head of jet-black hair and eyes of limped violet. Yet with all the beauteous nymphs, and even the goddess of love, gone on him, Narcissus remained as cold as the snows on the summit of Olympus. The Dryads ogled, but he ogled not. The Naiads sported, but he wasn't sporty. Venus wooed, but he would not. Why? Because he had seen his own image reflected in a pool where a love-lorn Naiad had shown it him; and from that moment he was mashed on himself. His fate was sad, but deserved, for, stooping to kiss his image in the pool, the treacherous Naiad, who was strictly up to that date, nailed him and he was a goner.

There are several morals to this moral tale, one of which is that in some things reciprocity is better than a prohibitory tariff.

To Trade.

A Winchester rifle, re-loading tools and 100 shells, for good pony. Enquire at this office. a21-3t

No. Schilling's Best

tea coffee soda baking powder flavoring extracts and spices

are not as good as we can make without any regard to cost. They are as good as we can make with both cost and goodness on our mind all the time.

For sale by W. E. Kahler

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A stock of Pure Aluminum Ware Cooking Utensils.

No enamel to flake off. Solid metal. No plating to wear off.

Absolutely pure. No verdigris, or salts of tin.

Wonderfully light and beautiful, and very durable.

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