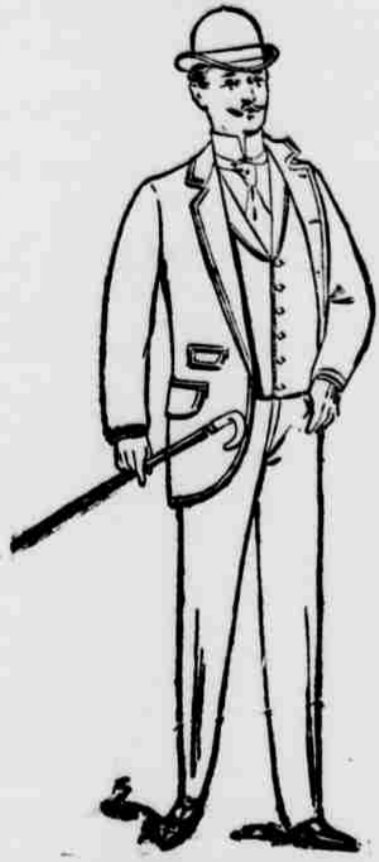


Special Sale of Clothing

FOR ONE WEEK.

The Good Clothes Habit



Is on the increase. Consumers are wearing more good clothes every season. We know this by our increasing business.

WE WISH TO ENCOURAGE THIS HABIT,

And with this end in view, we have selected ninety suits from our regular lines, that retail for Ten, Twelve-fifty and Fourteen Dollars.

FOR THE BALANCE OF THIS WEEK

We shall offer them at a uniform price of

\$8.65 PER SUIT \$8.65

SEE FURNISHING GOOD'S WINDOW.

ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

PEASE & MAYS

The Dalles Daily Chronicle.

MONDAY, - - - JUNE 21, 1897

WAYSIDE GLEANINGS.

Random Observations and Local Events of Lesser Magnitude.

Mr. Brooks reports that the rainfall this afternoon amounted to .63 of an inch.

If you are in need of a new suit, it will pay you to read the ad of Pease & Mays in this issue.

The Regulator went to Vancouver yesterday after a cargo of bricks, arriving back about 9 o'clock.

There will be a meeting of King's Daughters at Mrs. Brooks' tomorrow afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

This is the longest day in the year, and one of the most welcome since it brought a generous rain.

The Regulator this morning left her wharf at 9:15, having remained half an hour to give the boat crew a chance to vote.

The voters of Klickitat county recently passed upon the free school-book proposition, and decided against it in every district.

We will venture to say, that never before in The Dalles have values been offered that are being offered by Pease & Mays for this week, in men's clothing.

The highest daily bowling scores for last week at the Commercial Club are as follows: Monday, T. A. Hudson 50; Tuesday, Bradehaw and Hostetler 52; Wednesday, B. F. Laughlin 61; Thursday, F. Houghton 41; Friday, Hostetler 58; Saturday, Hostetler 61.

It needs but a glance at the clothing displayed in Pease & Mays' furnishing goods window, to convince the most incredulous that they are offering astonishing bargains. Their clothing is up-to-date in every particular and the bargains offered are from their latest purchases.

At the Umatilla House parlors this morning at 4 o'clock, Justice Filloon united Mr. L. Barzee and Miss Stella Howell in Hymen's holy bonds. Mr. Barzee awaited the young lady here, she coming down from Sherman county on the early morning train. The young couple left for Dufur on the stage at 6 o'clock.

A dinner was given at the farm residence of Duncan Ross, on Howell prairie, in Marion county, last Sunday, and among those present were the venerable pioneer, John Durbin, who is now 103 years old, and the 2-months-old son of M. S. Durbin, making five generations of the Durbin family numbered among those participating in the affair.

Grasshoppers continue their ravages about Watsburg. Several localities in that vicinity are literally alive with them, and since they are now nearly grown, every green plant in the gardens is being rapidly consumed, and, unless they fly away soon, garden truck will be

entirely eaten. These pests have never before been so numerous in that part of the country, and it seems as if nothing can be done to protect plants against them.

Dan Moore, who is charged with being a party to the theft of \$80 from Taylor Hill a few days ago and who had been in the country for several days, came into the city Saturday, and learning of the charge against him, went up to the sheriff's office to see about it. He was arrested by Nightwatchman Wiley and is held for examination. There does not seem to be any evidence against him, other than the statement of the man Shurts, who is held to appear before the grand jury.

Shortly after noon a big, black cloud came up from the southwest, and extended itself over the grain fields of Wasco and Sherman counties. For a while it looked as though The Dalles was to be slighted, but at 1:40 the big drops began to fall and in a few moments a heavy down-pour was in full operation. The rain cloud swept across the river and evidently paid our neighbors of Klickitat a much-needed visit. The rainfall here was very heavy for half an hour or more.

There will be an open air meeting at Nielsen's corner, Second and Washington streets, at 7 o'clock this evening. It will be addressed by Mr. B. J. Sharp, state organizer of the Labor Exchange. The subject will be the "Necessity and Practical Workings of Labor Exchange." The labor exchange people think they have a plan to solve the hard-times question and take this means of presenting it to the public. Mr. Sharp is said to be an eloquent speaker, and as he has made the matter a special study, he will no doubt, be able to advance some new ideas. Go and hear him.

Friday night one of Mr. Jos. Peters' cows drifted away from the landing at Sprague, having been left by those in charge of her, without a watchman. The heavy wind caused her to break away, and she took the trip down over the Cascades all by her lonesome. Mr. Peters went down the river yesterday to look for her, finding her lodged on a rock in the middle of the river and partly sunk. He removed the provisions, sails and a lot of hay and grain, and when the water gets lower will see what can be done with the cow. At present he thinks she may be a total loss.

Notice to Taxpayers.

On and after July 1, 1897, costs will be added for the collection of all taxes due Wasco county on all delinquent rolls now in the hands of the sheriff. This is an imperative order from the county court, and the sheriff has no option but to collect such taxes by levy on property if not paid voluntarily by property owners. All parties concerned are hereby notified that no leniency will be shown in the collection of taxes after July 1, in the collection of taxes after July 1, that levy will be made on all property delinquent after that date.

T. J. DRIVER,
Sheriff of Wasco County.

14-td

HE DIDN'T DO A THING TO HIM

Just Played a Few Selections From Wagner on His Backbone.

Doctor Carns of Hood River owns a dog. Mr. Bartmess also of Hood River owns a cat. The gentlemen named live on opposite sides of Oak street, and the cat and dog consequently occupy quarters and are at home seven days in the week, just across the street from each other. The dog boasts of no high-born ancestry, is diminutive, old gold in color, and in fact is, in every day language, just "a yaller dog." The cat is, on the other hand, an aristocrat, being of that blue-gray color, indicating the genuine Maltese, though it may be only a Maltese cross. He is of magnificent proportions as to frame, long of limb, flexible of joint, velvet footed in peace, but a telegraph message with hair on it, the cylinder of a threshing machine done in gray, a cyclone with a swelled tail, or any little thing of that kind when engaged in active pursuits.

Between the Carns' dog and the Bartmess' cat, besides the street, is a long standing feud. When either of them feels lonesome, or pines for the good, old days in the mining camps, that we now can only read about, he makes an incursion into the other's territory.

Saturday Carns' dog felt blue. He had chased an old hen, helping himself occasionally to a mouthful of feathers until he was as full as a tick, and having nothing else to relieve the monotony of the tedious afternoon, he cast his gaze over into the enemy's territory. The gate was open and the Maltese evidently off duty. Here was an opportunity not to be neglected. He walked over, and after reconnoitering for a few moments, he sauntered in. He was on dangerous ground now, and proceeded cautiously and slowly, but gained boldness at every step, as his hated enemy did not appear. The Maltese was curled up taking his afternoon nap, never dreaming that an insignificant yaller dog would dare to try to play him for a Boer. "The best laid schemes of mice and men," and also of venturesome dogs, result in their undoing.

A lady visiting the Bartmess residence came in and walked around the house. The dog having a guilty conscience, knew he was where he had no business and struck for the gate. It was closed. With a despairing howl, he poked his head through between the pickets and tried to crowd his frightened body after it. Like some political pushes, it wouldn't work. He had too many feathers in him. Then he made a frightened lurch back that nearly took his ears off, but he found, as the country editor's epitaph said, "We are here to stay." As he could not move, he raised his voice in just lamentations, longing vainly to hear his beloved master's voice. This was where he showed poor generalship. Had he remained still, some one would have eventually released him, but his 16 to 1 music only disturbed the slumbers of the Maltese, which rose with a start and at once proceeded to investigate the infernal din going on at the

portals of his domain. He discovered the dog and realized that his private grounds had been invaded while he slept. His eyes flashed, the blood of ten thousand or more illustrious ancestors surged through his veins, his tail assumed the dimensions of a brush on a dynamo, and the lady whose attention had been drawn by the dog's expressions of regret, saw a blue rainbow and heard a thud as the Maltese sailed through the air and impinged on the hurricane deck of the pilloried canine. Then there was music in the air, a sound of revelry, all furnished by the dog, the Maltese clawing the keys and running the scales up and down the purps back in a way that would have made Paderewski green with envy. Never a cat had such an opportunity before. Never a dog had so much of his earthly troubles behind him. The dog's calls for assistance became momentarily more vigorous, until the air pulsated with "the music of his fears," and the sound was as though a city dog pound had set up a joint and several death chant. Finally with a mighty backward surge, that head, that didn't know enough to get itself out of trouble, was yanked from between the pickets with such force that most of the dog's hair and all of his bark was left there, and with a gladsome whimper he leaped the fence and fled for home. He was fast when in the gate, but a great deal faster as he struck the ground on the thither side of the fence and realized that there was no place like home.

The cat watched him gain his own territory, and then went back to the woodshed and spent the remainder of the afternoon in picking the dog meat and hair from between his teeth.

What the dog did was to crawl under the house, but his thoughts were probably like those of "Festus":

"I blame no heart, no love, no fate,
And I have nothing to forgive,
I wish for naught, repent for naught,
Dislike naught but to live.
The desolation of the soul
Is what I feel—
A sense of lossness that leaves death
But little to reveal."

One business man wanted in every city (not already taken) for exclusive sale of manufactured goods. Applicant must furnish few hundred dollars cash capital to carry small stock of saleable merchandise with which to supply his own customers after orders are first secured. Two hundred dollars monthly profit assured over all expenses. State references, qualifications, etc.

F. E. VAN,
136-140, Nassau St., New York.
jun15-8t

On the occasion of the meeting of the grand lodge of Elks at Minneapolis, the O. R. & N. will sell round trip tickets July 2d, good to return until July 31st, for \$60.50. These tickets are good for stop-over privileges returning. The meeting of the National Educational Association is held at Milwaukee at the same time, and same rates to Minneapolis will be given. At that point, tickets will have to be purchased to Milwaukee, costing for the round trip \$12.50. jun17-tf

Subscribe for THE CHRONICLE.

WARNING.

Our attention has been called to the advertisements of a Dalles firm, other than our Agents, offering Baker Barb Wire.

Pease & Mays have been our Exclusive Agents

At The Dalles for many years for the sale of our Baker Perfect Barb Wire.

Genuine Baker Wire Can be Bought Only of Them.

This Wire is manufactured under our patents; the name is copyrighted, and our attorney is now preparing to bring suits against the manufacturer of this spurious Wire, and we desire to give notice that all,

SELLERS and PURCHASERS ALIKE, are LIABLE.

Cheap, undesirable articles of no merit are never imitated.

The great superiority of our wire has caused other wire to be stamped Baker.

You buy Baker Wire, not on account of the name, but because of the superior excellence of the wire which has been tested to your entire satisfaction.

Then Purchase Your Wire of PEASE & MAYS, Our Accredited Agents at The Dalles.

For no other firm there has or can secure Baker Perfect Barb Wire.

BAKER DEPARTMENT,
CONSOLIDATED STEEL & WIRE CO.
H. J. McMANUS, Manager.

205 Oregonian Bldg., Portland, Or.

Be Not Alarmed

By the so-called "WARNING" of our competitors. The threat made to our customers is nothing more nor less than a big bluff of a would-be monopoly.

Our Baker Barbed Wire was purchased from one of the largest concerns in the United States; each spool is branded "Genuine Baker Warranted," and we invite comparison with any other make of Wire.

We have bought nearly 100,000 pounds of this wire for SPOT CASH, at the right price, and propose to give our customers the benefit of it. We are not holding it for a fancy price, and claiming it to be the best Wire on earth. It is worth no more than any other good Wire, but is as good as any, and we are selling it as low as any. Compare our so-called "Spurious" Wire with the ONLY Baker PERFECT, before buying, and get our prices. We are making prices that should get your trade.

MAYS & CROWE.



Fire Works.

Jacobson Book & Music Co.

Flags, Rockets, Torpedoes, Roman Candles, Bombs and Fire-crackers. Large Assortment. Prices the lowest.

Mail orders promptly attended to.

New Vogt Block.

The Dalles, Oregon.

GEORGE RUCH PIONEER GROCER.

[SUCCESSOR TO CHRISTMAN & CORSON.]

FULL LINE OF STAPLE and FANCY GROCERIES.

Again in business at the old stand. I would be pleased to see all my former patrons. Free delivery to any part of town.

Lumber, Building Material and Boxes Traded for Hay, Grain, Bacon, Lard, &c.

ROWE & CO.,

The Dalles Or