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If you had any idea how much better these Hart, Schaffner & Marx suits are than ordinary clothes you would much rather have them, even at a higher price. The fact is we sell them for as little and often for less than you would pay for inferior goods elsewhere. You owe it to yourself to come in here and see them before you buy. It costs nothing to investigate. We like to show our goods.



FOUR-BUTTON SACK SUIT
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By Hart, Schaffner & Marx

PEASE & MAYS.

All Goods Marked in Plain Figures.

AS TOLD BY A DALLES BOY.

Harry Fredden Tells of Real War—He Was in It With the Best.

The letters in the Oregonian concerning the battles are interesting; but here is what one of our own boys says concerning his experience. He writes home as follows:

CALOOCAN, P. I., BLOCK HOUSE, ON FIRING LINE, March 29—As we are laying around camp and are only doing guard duty at night which is out post duty at that, I thought I would drop you a line to let you know that after going through three good battles, I have come out without a scratch, but have seen some noble men go down by my side, some shot dead and others wounded.

No doubt ere this you have heard all about us, and the work we have done, which, if I do say it myself, is something the people of Oregon can justly be proud of, and their Oregon regiment; and the Eighth army corps can be proud of their record. As the paper here states, never in the history of the United States or the war with Spain has any regiment made such a gallant charge across an open field to a fortress made of trenches that seemed almost inevitable. In fact, it was said the artillery dare not approach under deadly fire, but the Oregon regiment, from that good old Webfoot state, fought every inch of ground until the trenches were scaled and the negroes driven from them. It is difficult to explain to you on paper, or even by talk, just how the trenches are constructed—the only way is to go and see them, and then think how in heaven's name we ever came out alive.

Only the Kansas regiment, which has been guarding them for forty days, knew how strong they were; and they have a colonel who had been through the civil war, and also under Gomez in Cuba before the war with Spain. He said that those trenches could never be taken by infantry, and to try to capture them would mean the death of every man—but we took them and now are called light artillery. We were told before we went into them we would have the hardest position, so collected ourselves and faced it bravely.

After we left the city on March 24th, we marched within one mile of their entrenchments and rested for the rest of the day. When it was dark we pushed on and fell into our places while the gunboat Helen sent forth its blazing search-light, so as to assist us in locating the insurgents in case they should fire upon us. We could see them, but the light was so strong on them they could not see us.

Everything was quiet until daylight, when the artillery threw some shells at them and soon the insurgents were engaged. After a few minutes of volley firing the command came, "Forward!" Lord! but that took my breath away. They were showering us with lead, but quickly we pushed on and over we went. We had scarcely taken ten steps when three boys went down to my right, for you see the negroes were only 100 yards away—but on we went forgetting everything, until the command was given to lie down. I tell you, I dropped like a flash, and I don't think I ever got so close to the ground before in my life. About this time it sounded like there were 10,000 men beating on tin cans and the heavens seemed to burst open and revealed a light as strong as day, or as if a high fire-cracker had burst right before my eyes, giving that funny feeling of wanting to wink your eye as fast as you can.

The next order came like a death warrant to the poor soldiers, when they screamed, "Forward boys! give them h—!" And we did; with one yell and with a run we were on the top of their entrenchments, in less than ten minutes after we had left ours. After we succeeded in routing them and chasing them for one mile and a quarter we stopped, for that was sufficient to let them know the stuff that makes the American.

It was undoubtedly a gallant charge, but it cost us some fine men. In that short time we lost more men than any company—three killed and eleven wounded, and one has since died—yet we made a name for Oregon, and Company L is on everybody's lips.

When we retreated, it was then I saw the horrors of war. Was surprised to find them so strongly entrenched. It was a miracle that every one of us were not killed, for the insurgents were scattered in bunches of three or four. It was a complete victory for us in Malabon that day.

We didn't enter the city for they burned it and the flames are licking up everything at present writing. Just now we are only resting, for General Otis says we are deserving of it.

I felt the shakest when we were falling in line and the Mauser bullets were cutting the leaves and limbs off the trees beside us. After sealing the trenches I didn't seem to know or remember a thing—well, in fact, we crossed a railroad track and I actually

didn't know it until we returned and saw it. A fellow's spirits are the lowest when he sees his comrades go down by the side of him, shot dead or wounded. You don't think about yourself getting hit, for you haven't time and you don't want to—all that urges us on is to get there as quick as you can, and work for "sweet revenge." Really, one is half crazy, midst yelling and roaring of thousands at work, and to be an eye witness to the cruel death of the ones you have learned to love and protect.

I saw six noble fellows meet death, but had the pleasure of seeing five times that many negroes yield to the accuracy of our aim. But one life of an American is worth a thousand of them. We had some very narrow escapes in our company. Two fellows' lives were saved by having cartridges in their pockets. One fellow barely escaped, for the bullet entered his breast, but striking the cartridges glanced off and came out on the left side tearing several shells into smithereens. Some were shot through the hat, others lost a finger; but I was fortunate. One fellow had been wounded and Jess Bollam, H. O., was dressing the wound, when he was struck in the back with a bullet, and died in Jess' arms.

I am well, and willing to go in again—but at the same time, I am not looking for a scrape now like I was, for that fight took the scraping qualities out of me. I must also say, our captain is the coolest headed man in our regiment, and a man can't help from fighting under his orders.

The mail is now being collected so this must go. Will be home with you one year from next Christmas.

Walking for a Bride.

We hear much these days of walking for "dat cake," but the latest thing is walking for "dat bride," and having her bake the cake afterward. The first instance we have heard of this kind occurred this morning, when W. F. Gaston and his intended father-in-law walked into the clerk's office and obtained a marriage license, the former having won the right to wed Mary C. Kiser by arising at sun-up and walking with Mr. Kiser from Hood River—a distance of twenty-five miles—reaching the city at 11:30. The poor fellow looked somewhat as if he was ready to back out, with the thought of the returning twenty-five miles looming up before him, which had to be made before sundown; but the father insisted no man could have his daughter who couldn't accomplish such a light feat, and he bravely faced the music and securing the document they started back.

It is said that the deputy clerk furnished a 10-cent revenue stamp to place on the license, with the promise that he was to kiss the bride. But we imagine he will consider the question a long time and lose his ten cents before walking to Hood River to collect.

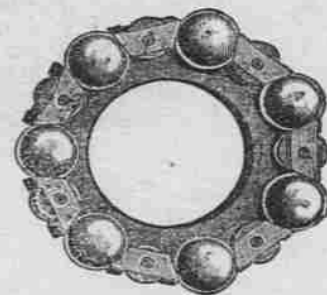
The happy couple are to be united Sunday, and his friends trust his fate will be unlike that of his predecessor, who walked the same distance before, and after winning the prize kept it but three short months.

A Wonderful Discovery.

CARMELITE.

The great Mexican hair vigor, manufactured by Mrs. Dora A. Dreyer, can now be had in this city. Mrs. Dreyer is prepared to treat all diseases of the scalp, and ladies wishing home treatment may leave their address with Chas. Fraser. Carmelite is on sale at Mr. Fraser's barber shop and Blakeley & Houghton's drug store. See display on Friday and Saturday at Blakeley & Houghton's window m4-1m

1041 Miles in Ten Hours.



With each returning season the Lozier Manufacturing Co. show something new and desirable in Bicycle construction. This season finds them with more good things than ever. One of these good things is the BURWELL BALL and ROLLER BEARING. Examine the illustration—notice particularly that the little steel roller between the balls transfers the motion without interruption and the balls cannot grind together as in ordinary bearings.



There is nothing ordinary about Cleveland Bicycles; every piece of material and every hour of labor is the best money can buy.

We cater to a trade that wants the best and knows the best.

...Maier & Benton

Sole agents for Cleveland Bicycles.

HELLO!



Well, I have been thinking of purchasing one for some time. Wife, don't let me forget to call tomorrow at JACOBSEN BOOK & MUSIC CO.'S, 170 Second Street, The Dalles.

Notice—Water Rent.

Hereafter Columbia Lodge, No. 5, I. O. O. F., will charge for use of water in their cemetery at the rate of \$2 per lot for the season, payable in advance to the sexton.

C. J. CRANDALL,
T. A. WARD,
W. H. BUTTS,
Trustees.

The Dalles Daily Chronicle.

FRIDAY - - - - - MAY 5, 1899

Telephone No. 1.

TAKE NOTICE.

TO OUR ADVERTISERS:

All Changes in Advertisements must be handed in before 10 o'clock A. M., as no changes will be accepted in the afternoon. This rule will be positive. CHRONICLE PUBLISHING CO. The Dalles, January 10, 1899.

WAYSIDE GLEANINGS.

Miss Lilly Bentley came in from Victor yesterday.

A. L. Bunnell came over from Centerville yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Fish left yesterday for Lafayette to visit Mr. Fish's mother, who is still very ill.

Miss Frances Van Vactor arrived from Goldendale yesterday and is visiting her sister, Mrs. Chas. Johnson.

The ladies have become interested in the early closing movement for July and August. Now watch it move.

Miss Lord and Miss Elva Humason came up last night from Portland and are the guests of Mrs. W. Lord.

G. T. Prather, C. A. Bell, S. J. La France and J. E. Rand are visitors from Hood River in the city today.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Weister, who will arrive in the city this evening, will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lord.

A. E. Lake, who has been in Portland for a few days, returned yesterday and left this morning for his home at Wamic.

Mrs. Coventon has disposed of her place, three miles above the city, to Seufert Bros., the transfer being made this morning.

George T. Prather, of Hood River, and George A. Parker, of Ione, Or., have been appointed United States commissioners by Judge Bellingier.

Mrs. A. M. Williams, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Mary Clark, of Chicago, arrived in the city on the boat last night to visit for a few days.

Special sale in trimmed hats and walking hats at the Campbell & Wilson Millinery Parlors. Sale commencing May 5th and continuing until Monday, May 15th. 4-td

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kinsey, who spent yesterday with Mr. and Mrs. Hobart, returned to Portland today by boat. Mr. Kinsey was formerly employed in the railroad shops here, and for a time was engineer on the O. R. & N. steamers.

A tennis court has been fitted up on the Moody property, on the corner of Second and Liberty streets, by eight of our young men who are intent on enjoying a game of tennis occasionally. This amusement has been an unknown quantity in The Dalles for several years, and no doubt the first few games will be

principally "love" games, until by practice the members play the "deuce" with each other. We are pleased to see that the game is being again revived.

A petition signed generally by the people of Antelope requesting that the salary of stock inspector be increased from \$250 to \$500 was considered by the commissioners court today, and a raise of \$100 was decided upon, the salary now being \$350.

The commissioners' court is still considering the question of the roads, and a petition of C. R. Bone and others for a road leading from the town of Hood River (or the new mill) to the boat landing was denied on the grounds that the terminus of the road was vague and indefinite.

Gov. T. T. Geer is in receipt of a draft from the secretary of the interior for \$1475.84, being 5 per cent of the net proceeds of the sale of public lands in Oregon, made by the government during the past year. This amount of money will be apportioned among the various counties for school purposes.

The river is still falling at this place, slightly, and stood this morning at 12.7. The Oregonian yesterday devoted a page to very interesting statistics regarding the water situation, which certainly go a long way in persuading one that we are to have a flood. But, after all, there is only One who knows, and He won't tell.

The attention of our amateur photographers is again called to the visit of Mr. G. M. Weister to our city. He will arrive from Portland this evening, and will meet all those interested in photography at the court house this evening at 8 o'clock, when he will give an exhibition of lantern slide views of Northwestern scenery. No admission is to be charged, and it is a splendid chance for amateurs to receive much information, and at the same time be entertained.

An exchange tells of a visitor at a public school, who, being requested to address the pupils, spoke of the necessity of obeying their teacher and growing up to be useful, loyal and patriotic citizens. To emphasize his remarks, he pointed to a large, national flag that almost covered one end of the room, and said: "Now, boys, who can tell me what that flag is there for?" One little fellow who understood the condition of the room better than the speaker, replied: "I know, sir. It's to hide the dirt."

Few places the size of The Dalles have as many pretty homes as has this city, and this spring we are enjoying a boom in this direction, for dotted here and there throughout the residence portion new buildings are going up which will be ornaments to the town. Mr. Pease's new house will soon be occupied, as will also Judge Bennett's. Already the grounds around the latter are being terraced and one can readily see they are to be beautiful. Another very pretty home is that of Frank Meneffe, on the hill, which is nearly com-

pleted. Then F. C. Sexton has begun the construction of a fine residence on the knoll above Seventh street, one of the most beautiful sites in town. There are also many others going up of which the city should feel proud.

IT WILL BE SETTLED.

Now that Boston Has Come to Our Assistance.

A poor seedy looking individual, who looked like the last leaf on the tree, but with a pair of intelligent eyes, entered the court house this morning, and gazing for a time about its hallowed walls, asked Jailer Fitzgerald if court was in session. Being told that it was he remonstrated that he could not find it. John then took him to the court room and left him to the tender mercies of the judge, who inquired his business. He was told that he was a Boston lawyer, who had seen brighter days; that he had some business at Prineville, but having become what we term "broke," requested ten cents to purchase a sandwich (presuming we had no beans). Inquiring if the county clerk was the district attorney, and being answered by some wag that he was, he laid his woes before him. The result was that he received some assistance from the gentlemen present.

However, this did not seem to suffice, and he sought the sheriff's office, where he informed them that he thought the county might be more liberal since he was going to Prineville to settle the question regarding the removal of the Prineville stage line from The Dalles to Moro, in favor of the former city. This brought down the "house" and if it did not accomplish the desired end, sufficed to make known to the court just what a precarious condition this question is in, when we must send to Boston for a member of the legal fraternity to settle it. Surely if he succeed not, we will be compelled to call upon a Philadelphia lawyer.

There are more ways of securing assistance than are dreamed of in our philosophy.

When Nature

Needs assistance it may be best to render it promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

Positions Wanted.

A man and his wife are desirous of obtaining positions as overseer or under workman and housekeeper. The former is thoroughly competent to manage a farm, being conversant with every part of the work; while the latter is a splendid cook and housekeeper. Would work in either city or country. Apply at this office. d2-w1

BOEN.

In this city, Friday, May 5th, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Taylor, a daughter.

Use Clarke & Falk's Floral Lotine for sunburn and wind chafing. t1