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All Goods Marked in Plain Figures.

Pease & Mays.

The Dalles Daily Chronicle.

WEDNESDAY - AUGUST 23, 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.

It's all right. What? The weather of course.

A man is never contented with his lot until he occupies one in the cemetery.

Gov. Geer has received a petition for aid from the state for the suffering Porto Ricans.

It'll all come out in the wash; particularly so if The Dalles Laundry gets hold of the work. They're doing a rushing business now.

Mrs. C. L. Phillips announces to the ladies that she has just received a shipment of the very latest thing in fall hats, particularly for street wear. 22-23.

To-night is the night for the Degree of Honor social. It will be a splendid evening for dancing. Gentlemen will be admitted for 25 cents; ladies 15.

Mrs. Ben. Wilson has returned from her camping trip and is now ready to take photographs at her gallery on Second street. Prices from \$1 to \$5 per dozen.

The largest and most complete line of fall and winter millinery arriving daily, at the Campbell & Wilson millinery parlors. The early fall novelties in street hats are now in. d21-w1

We notice many improvements being made in the sidewalks about the city, and the pitfalls are being covered. Let the good work continue and may it be so infectious that all will be inoculated.

Will the party who walked off with that gold mounted umbrellas, from the Congregational church last Sunday, with initials M. L. G. on it, kindly return same to the gallery. B. A. Gifford. 23-3c.

If Kansas or any other state thinks it is going to get ahead of Oregon, or produce anything we can't, let it try. When the editors visited here recently much was heard about the cyclone states and Oregon took a back seat; but now she

has moved up a little and secured a seat in the dress circle. Monday a small sized cyclone visited Portland. It was about fifty feet in width and running up against a small building in a brickyard, removed the roof to a distance of 300 feet. No other damage was done. It was the second that has visited the city, so says the oldest inhabitants.

The new barber shop of James Rees in the old McCoy headquarters is about completed and today Mr. Rees and Mark Long commenced work. The fittings are neat and the shop complete in every way.

And so Portland people are pleased with the Georgia Minstrels. Dew tell, Mr. Reporter, how much did you get for that complimentary notice? For the sake of Portland's reputation as a place where merit is appreciated, place a star or something at the end of your article that will brand it as an ad.

A fire was narrowly averted this afternoon at the Union street lodging house. Evidently some one had thrown a lighted cigarette or cigar in the lower hallway, and quite a blaze resulted, burning a hole in the floor and a joist was partially burned. Passers-by saw it and a few buckets of water soon put it out.

County Clerk Kelsay was the first person outside of the army to lend a hand toward the furtherance of the Hal'elajah wedding, which takes place Saturday night. Yesterday afternoon he granted a license to Frank E. Potts and Cora E. Johnson, which gives them the consent of the county to become one.

Charles E. Evans, O. R. & N. engineer, who sustained a fracture of his right leg resulting in its amputation, is getting along finely at St. Vincent's hospital. It has only been a little over two weeks since the accident happened, and he is able to get around on crutches and in a wheel chair. He is cheerful and recovering rapidly.—Oregonian.

Thursday evening at the usual prayer service hour, in the Methodist church, an echo meeting of the national Epworth League convention, recently held at Indianapolis, will take place. Rev. N. Evans, of the Goldendale church, who attended the convention, will take charge of the meeting and an interesting time is expected. All are cordially invited to be present.

Everybody remembers the gallant achievement of the big battleship Oregon, and her commander, Captain Clark. They have spread the state's fame abroad, and arrangements are being made to present the captain with a handsome sword. The proper place for the presentation is in the great exposi-

tion building at Portland during the Oregon Industrial exposition, when the whole state will be represented there by thousands of people, and arrangements are being made to thus honor the gallant captain. The fair will be held from Sept. 28 to Oct. 28.

Charles Hoyt's play, "A Midnight Bell," is to be produced in Portland commencing Sunday night. We have always heard this play spoken of in the highest terms and are glad to inform our readers that the company will visit The Dalles on Sept. 4th. Mr. Butler is determined to give theater-goers here the benefit of good companies, and is conscientious in his efforts along that line. Among other plays we are to hear is "My Friend From India," which appears here some time in October. There is not the slightest doubt regarding this production, which has already established a reputation for itself.

There is a queer old Chinese character seen often on the business streets of our city. He hailed from Portland recently and is a veritable "dope fiend," being drunk from opium the greater part of the time. He is not so beside himself, however, as to forget to be sociable and speaks to almost every one he passes, most of the time requesting a job of washing windows. This is not appreciated by the ladies, to whom he is a great terror. It would be well were the authorities to look after him and stop his meanderings. A drunken white man is detestable enough, but when it comes to a "doped" Chinaman it is time to call a halt and get rid of him.

Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Sargent returned last night from Clatsop beach, where they have spent the last month. While it was rainy during the latter part of their stay, causing Mr. Sargent to return with a bad cold, his wife is very much improved in health. A week ago Saturday the campers and friends about there discovered that it was their wedding anniversary, and just as they were about to retire, they heard the sweet strains of voices singing, "The Old Folks at Home." After several other selections, a large party entered their cottage, extended congratulations to the happy old couple and spent a short time very pleasantly with them.

A very sad death was that of Etta, the year-old daughter of Frank Ward, which occurred last night at their place near Wapinitia. Sunday evening Mrs. Ward had placed a kettle of water on the stove preparatory to boiling some beans, when the little one crawled up and holding on to a chair pulled the boiling water over, scalding her fearfully. As she lingered, the parents hoped to save her life, but, although the

services of two physicians were secured, little could be done for her and she died last night. Two neighbors arrived in town this morning to secure a casket, and the burial will take place this evening. She was the only child, and the sad circumstances makes the death doubly hard for the parents to bear.

A party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Myers, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Miller, Mrs. J. A. Geisendorffer and Miss Sarah Henderson started this morning for Cloud Cap Inn on Mt. Hood, and a portion of the party are determined to reach the summit of the mountain. From Fred Houghton, who was at the Inn last Friday, we learn that this is just the time to make the trip. While it is slighter colder than in former years, the mountain is now at its best, and the rains have so cleared the atmosphere that the magnificent view obtained from the Inn cannot be imagined, but should be seen by all. Generally in August the forest fires make the atmosphere so smoky that the mountain and those in the distance are obstructed from view. This year that difficulty is obviated. Those who have never made the trip have no idea of what they are missing.

Dry goods clerks may not always come out ahead at base ball, but when it comes to downing "camp followers" they're sure shot, as was proven by a tragedy at Stevenson last week. Two fellows had been skulking about the place for some time and had frightened some children dreadfully, so that campers were on the lookout for them. On the memorable night at midnight the clerk was dreaming, when suddenly rocks began to descend on the canvass and a noise was heard outside. Gathering his revolver, the brave hero went forth to battle. Creeping cautiously over the gny ropes and measuring his steps, he saw under a tree near by, the figure of a man. In accents tragic the youth exclaimed, "What want you here?" No answer came, and still the youth crept on. Suddenly as he drew near he saw the arms extended and the figure bend toward him "and the villain still pursued him." In desperation he took swift aim, the bullet went home and the villain fell pierced through the leg. Hurrying to the scene, the murderer bent to lift the dying form, when lo! and behold, the life went out and the man returned to the straw from whence he came. And now the clerk is looking for the neighboring small boys and attempting to keep the tragedy from the papers.

VISIT OF AN EARLY SETTLER

H. H. Wheeler Spends Today in the City Meeting Friends and Marking the Changes in The Dalles.

There is a gentleman in our city today very familiar to all old settlers here, for they remember well H. H. Wheeler, who is called the father of Wheeler county, and who in the early '60s was one of the best known men in The Dalles and throughout the country. In 1864 he drove stage between this place and Canyon City, and in those days it meant much to drive through a country infested with hostile Indians, having in your possession valuables, and carry the mail safely through. He was familiar with all the tactics of the wily Red Man, and more than once was compelled to withstand them. On the 16th of September, 1866, as Mr. Wheeler was driving along, just the other side of Mitchell he was accosted by a band of Snakes and Bannocks, who held him up and robbed the stage. In the attempt to defend himself he was shot through the left cheek and the roof of his mouth shot out. For a time his life was despaired of, but thanks to Dr. Brooks, who was so dearly beloved by all early settlers here, he survived, although he will bear the marks to his grave.

It has been eight years since Mr. Wheeler visited The Dalles, and he sees many changes. Particularly does he miss many of his old friends whom he was wont to meet on his visits here, among them "Rebel Tom" who died a few months since and who used to tend his trusted horses for him, and was a familiar character here.

Mr. Wheeler now lives near Mitchell and is on his way to Portland. Asked concerning the fire at Mitchell he said it was very disastrous to the little town, but that already the citizens are beginning to rebuild and all signify their intention of staying by the town. That vicinity was also visited by a waterspout on the 10th, which did considerable damage, washing out an entire field of alfalfa and drowning eleven hogs belonging to a man whose place it chose as its prey.

For a man of his years, who has passed through such varied experiences, Mr. Wheeler is particularly hearty and his age has not told on him as on many who live an easy life.

For Sale.

Twenty-three city lots for sale. From \$50 up. Inquire at Columbia Hotel. 8-23-1mo.

WHAT THEY THINK OF US.

Another Complimentary Notice for The Dalles—We Looked Good to Them.

Among the very many complimentary write ups which have been sent us since the visit of the editors to our state we clip the following from the pen of J. G. Gibbs of the Ohio Reflector, who is also treasurer of the N. E. A., and a most excellent gentleman:

During the afternoon we stopped at The Dalles of the Columbia, a flourishing and thriving city of 6,000 people, at the head of navigation on that part of the river, where we were the guests of the city for dinner. And such a dinner! What with several sixty-pound Chinook salmon freshly caught and daintily cooked, and garnished with all the delicacies of the season, there was enough and to spare of the choice fish-food for a thousand people.

Here the Columbia, which above had been from one to four miles in width, is compressed by the encroaching rocks to a channel less than two hundred feet wide, and goes dashing and rushing along at a speed said to reach fifty miles in the hour, throwing spray high in the air and foaming like Niagara below the falls. The word Dalles is an Indian term descriptive of rushing water, and is applied to notable rapids in several parts of our country, but nowhere so appropriately as here. The citizens of The Dalles were very cordial in their reception and did all in their power to make our visit pleasant. It is a great wheat and fruit market, and is the greatest original wool shipping point in the United States, 6,000,000 pounds per year being bought here, and thanks to the beneficent Dingley tariff the wool is worth something and the farmers are well-to-do and prospering. The Dalles is a rich and flourishing city.

A steamboat line down the Columbia to Portland is owned here.

Ex-Mayor George Farley, an old Norwalk boy, is one of the leading merchants of The Dalles. Seven years ago, on a previous visit, I was most royally entertained by Mayor Farley at his handsome home, and lack of opportunity was the only bar to its repetition by him this time. Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Brooks were also very attentive and regretted that our brief stay prevented entertaining us at their home.

Late in the afternoon we left The Dalles on the final run to Portland, which city we were to reach at nine o'clock in the evening. In the distance we caught glimpses of Mt. Hood, the pride of Oregon, and anon a charming waterfall would dash down the rocky crags at our side, with the great river always in sight, surmounted by the beetling cliffs of the Cascade mountains rising from the opposite bank. It was a never-tiring succession of views whose beauty and grandeur are indescribable.

Cash in Your Checks.

All county warrants registered prior to October 1, 1895, will be paid at my office. Interest ceases after July 26, 1899.

C. L. PHILLIPS,
County Treasurer.

Cord Wood

OAK,
FIR,
and
PINE
CORD
WOOD

At the lowest possible prices at

Maier & Benton

Hardware and
Grocery dealers.

More Flies Are Caught



with molasses than vinegar, is an old saying, but

Tanglefoot Fly Paper

catches more than either. No insect can resist its attraction and once within its power the tormenting possibilities of that insect are over.

Price 5c per double sheet.

Our stock contains many other preparations for destruction of insect life.

M. Z. DONNELL,
Druggist.

Our Bicycle Repairing Department

Is now in shape to properly handle all kinds of work from a puncture to building a wheel.



Also repair Locks, Guns, Sewing Machines and all kinds of light machinery, etc.

This department is under the charge of Mr. J. Kirchoff.

MAYS & CROWE.

"Harmony" Whiskey.

This brand of Whiskey is guaranteed to the consumer as a PURE HAND MADE SOUR MASH WHISKEY for Family and Medical Use. Sold by

Ben Wilson, - The Dalles, Or.