

Linings.

For the above mentioned goods we have this season a very superior

Spun Glass

which is a beautiful substitute for Taffeta silk. It is more durable and gives the same effect. Except to the eye of an expert it cannot be distinguished from the genuine Taffeta. All the swell garments are being lined with this and gives most perfect satisfaction. Our lining stock was never so complete as this season.

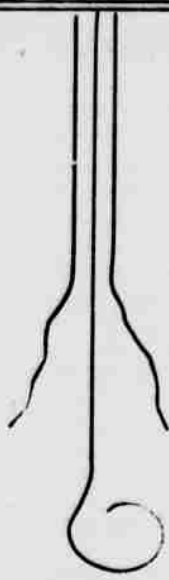
Black Crepons.

If you have not given this matter a thought, call during the week and be convinced that we are showing the most complete line of novelties in these goods ever shown in this city.

All Goods Marked
In Plain Figures.

Pease & Mays

No Reason Why



In view of the unprecedented offer which we make today there is no possible reason you should not wear a high grade, up-to-date, fully guaranteed

Suit or Overcoat.

In fact, we sell only High Grade goods, the very best make of clothing anyway. Cheap, trashy, thrown together goods find no place in our store. Our line comprises the very best goods to be had. The prices have been reduced. The profit is all yours for one week, for the modest sum of

➔ \$8.95 ➔

We are showing a line of suits in Tweeds, Worsted, Velour, Casimere; Serge in stripes, checks, plain and oxford mixed; Sacks and Frocks, with single and double breasted vests. Overcoats of Thibets, Oxfords, Cassimere, Vicuna and Covert cloth and all the latest novelties at the same price.

\$2.95 is a Heap of Money.

If you bring a bright bouncing boy and \$2.95 to our children's department, you'll soon learn what a lot of money \$2.95 is, or that the above amount has a high purchasing value at our store. You'll also admit that our children's department has no equal hereabout. If saving a dollar is your Hobby, come in and we will encourage the Hobby.

Mason's Fruit Jars.

One Quart 50c per dozen
Two Quarts 65c per dozen

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.

The Dalles Daily Chronicle.

TUESDAY - - - OCTOBER 10, 1899

Oysters

served in every style by A. KELLER.

WAYSIDE GLEANINGS.

Take your prescriptions to the Butler Drug Co. They put up what the doctor orders.

Everywhere thus far this season the "Vanity Fair" company seems to be giving satisfaction.

Two marriage licenses were granted today. One to Harry R. Richards, of Fairfield, and Jetty I. Starr, of Dufur; another to Frank Wing and Annie Johnson, both of Tygh.

What is worth doing at all is worth doing well. An Eastman Kodak will insure good work. Get a complete outfit from the Butler Drug Co. and when you take a picture you will have a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

Hime-seekers have not ceased their excursions to the West, and every through train brings parties from the East looking for a home in the "wild and woolly." Last night ten persons from Iowa landed in The Dalles and will settle "hereabouts."

The ladies of the Congregational Aid Society will meet at the home of Mrs. S. L. Brooks Wednesday afternoon. A large attendance is desired, and it is requested that the ladies bring their thimbles.

J. E. Berry, who was charged with embezzlement, came up for examination in Justice Bayard's court this morning, and he was held in the sum of \$500. Alfred S. Bennett appeared for the defendant and A. A. Jayne for the prosecution.

The international race cannot be said to be a racy race, nor run according to the usual rules, for again today the word was "off" instead of go. Pat McNeal says the water isn't green enough for the Shamrock; but the real trouble seems to be the breeze isn't swift enough for the Columbia.

The marriage of Roger B. Sponoff of this city, and Miss Augusta L. Winesdale, of Salem, is announced to take place in Salem Thursday at high noon. The young man left this morning for the capital city, and after a wedding trip to the East, will bring his bride to The Dalles, an addition having been placed on the northwest corner of the Umattilla House, where they will make their home for the present.

An entertainment was given by the ladies of the U. B. church at Dufur last Friday evening, for the purpose of improving the appearance of their church. The entertainment was exceptionally good, the participants deserving much credit for their efforts.

Refreshments were served in connection, and the proceeds amounted to the snug sum of over \$33.00, the ladies feeling well paid for their efforts.

The engagement of the Metropolitan Opera Co., at the Baldwin Saturday night, promises to be one of great importance. They come to The Dalles with most flattering press notices beside being previously known here as a company that is far above the average. Last season many hundreds were disappointed in not attending but on this occasion all lovers of music will have a chance to see and hear opera that is opera.

The little steam ferry Klickitat seemed to be decidedly unfortunate and laid up for repairs the greater portion of the time. The Telegram says—"The steam ferry Klickitat, of The Dalles, which has been operating between Vancouver and the Oregon shore, carrying teams, since the Vancouver went on the ways, broke down this morning, and was compelled to tie up. The delay was caused by the breaking of a pinion in the gearing. A force of men is at work repairing the damage, and it is expected that she will resume operations this afternoon."

Sunday evening about 4 o'clock as the special bearing the Minnesota soldiers rounded a curve near Grants it ran into a Chinaman who was working on the track, injuring him so that he died yesterday morning. For some reason the Chinaman did not hear the train and the sand was blowing so that he could scarcely see. It is difficult to determine from the disconnected reports given by the Celestials just how the accident happened. His friends had the body brought down yesterday afternoon and buried it today.

A very pleasant evening was spent in Fraternity Hall last night by members of the G. A. R. and W. R. C., about forty being present. Plans were discussed for the winter work, and it is hoped their united efforts may be crowned with success and much good accomplished. The lunch tables were spread and good cheer prevailed. Mrs. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Gifford and Miss Pearl Grimes enlivened the parting hour with very sweet music. Many kind wishes were expressed for the absent members, when the "Good Nights" were exchanged.

This morning the Inland Flyer, which reached here Sunday night, started down the river with Agent Alloway, Directors Peters, Brooks and Nolan, on board. They make the trip a short distance down the river for the purpose of locating docks. Tomorrow morning the Flyer will begin making regular runs to Portland in connection with The Dalles City, the former carrying passengers, who will thus be enabled to make the trip quicker as she will not stop at way stations for freight, the latter doing that part of the work. In this manner a regular schedule of time can be made for the runs, and will be advantageous in many ways. The Flyer has been fitted up so that meals can be served to a large number at once, and the cabins

have also been enlarged, so that passengers will be as comfortable as on either one of the boats. The Dalles City will also take passengers, but will start earlier and make the trip much slower as she stops for all way freight.

Our contemporary showed its good taste in criticizing the actions of two young ladies (?) who were the principal actors in the Hobsonian part of the reception given to the Minnesota boys Sunday. If Hobson had to face such as that in his tour, we are not surprised that he sank into insignificance. It would be well, however, to add that there are always a certain class in a community who not only disgrace themselves, but the city in which they reside, and while strangers who pass through often go away and reflect on the character of the young ladies of the city in general, any one who will stop and consider will readily see what an injustice such a criticism would be.

The feeling of Christian sympathy which exists between denominations (in spite of oft repeated criticism to the contrary) was evidenced in the very gracious act of the Congregational Sunday school in The Dalles toward the unfortunate Methodist Sunday school at Canyon City. During his recent visit to this city E. S. Penfield, who is a Congregationalist, but who in the absence of that church there, affiliates with the Methodist denomination and is superintendent of the Sunday school, told the members of the Congregational school here what a loss the church in Canyon City suffered in the fire last year, when their building was destroyed. A member arose and suggested that as a token of their fellowship, and also their respect for the superintendent, who was the earliest superintendent of their school here, they take up a collection and present it to the Canyon City church. Last Sunday the collection was taken and as a result \$30 will be sent to Canyon City to aid them in re-building.

We have often spoken of the dearth of literary societies and pursuits in The Dalles; but there is one organization which for several years has held its meetings each Monday evening through the winter months and not only obtain much benefit thereby, but as much enjoyment. Last evening the meeting was held at the home of Dr. Belle Rinehart, and a splendid program was given of the utmost interest to every one present. The lesson was conducted by Mrs. Durnell, and the subject was "The Conflict Between the United States and Foreign Powers." The supplementary subject was "Aztecs." Mrs. Shackelford, Mrs. Thompson and Miss Wrenn read papers treating of the "Mound Builders," which were very much appreciated and made this study already so interesting to all, the more so by the manner in which they handled it. Miss Roberts also gave a select reading on the Massacre of the Aztecs, and Mr. Northrup read a comprehensive paper on the "Discovery of the Columbia." Among the visitors to the class were J. H. Rinehart, J. A. Gelsendorfer and Miss Gertrude Mays.

GREENHORN EXPOSTULATES.

Concentrates His Thoughts on Concentrators, Life, Women, Mules, Education, Etc.

THE GREENHORN, Oct. 1, 1899.

EDITOR CHRONICLE:—

The Greenhorn is still verdant, and so is the Greenhorneer. It is not true that that "horn" has been blown for the last time, though, no doubt, it would be a relief to most of your readers were that the case. Everything is "mines" up this way, and from morning even until long after the going down of the sun the one subject of conversation is strikes, stakes, drifts, free-milling, bare ore, sulphurets, chlorides, concentration, square-sets, and so on, and so on, until the weary tympanum throbs to the dreary and monotonous grind. Once there was a mule that furnished the motive power for the merry-go-round in a brick-yard. Now this mule, after ten weary months of the drudgery, complained in a loud and mournful voice until his master, growing weary of the doleful cadence of his song, gave him a new job. He was sent into the city and there employed in furnishing the speed to a genuine merry-go-round. The happy laughter of children greeted his ears and made him regret the fact that he would never be able to raise a family of his own. The demure maiden smiled the dimes out of the pockets of the adolescent dude with the caterpillar down on his upper lip, and gaily swung round the circumference of the circle—and the mule. Life was at last "one joyous round of pleasure," and yet at night as that mule munched whatever his owner gave him to munch on, he failed to discover where or how his condition had been bettered. And after all he came to the conclusion that the new job gave him longer hours and kept him up later.

I wonder sometimes if, after all, it is not just as well that I should grind out a useless life in the wilds of the Greenhorn—a solitude my intellectuality is so well calculated to adorn—as to expose my unsophisticated mind to the temptations and wickedness of city life. And yet, even I, sometimes long to look upon a face, or several of them, as fair, or fairer than my own. I pine for a sight of a chip-hat with trimmings on it, and under it. I feel that it would rest my eyes to gaze on something daintier than a six-foot-two he-cook. I fain would hear the voice, soft and low—a voice dripping with honey instead of tobacco juice, and suggestive of flowers and birds and tenderness and humanity, and love, and God; instead of profanity and mule-driving and risqué stories, and all manner of wickedness. Life, I suppose, is all right; it depending on the manner in which it is lived, or as someone remarked, "It depended on the liver." But I fear that I am growing sentimental, and sentiment from a gaunt-fanked, gander-shanked six-footer like myself, whose sole earthly possessions is a pair of knee-sprung overalls and a few old rags to hide behind, is as much of a matter of sarcasm as shearing a pig for

wool, and that, you know, is "shear nonsense." Which leads me to remark that Job never monkeyed with a Johnson concentrator.

A Johnson concentrator is a first-class machine. It is also the devil himself done up in iron and belting and cussedness. Concentration is the automatic weighing of products, and the separation thereof according to weight. A Johnson concentrator does this to perfection. It also concentrates one's mind on long since forgotten cuss-words, and racks one's brain for still more and more superlative and keenly accentuated profanity, and makes one a convert to the doctrine of a higher education in the public school, so that when the sweet boy graduate tackles a Johnson his command of English will not fail him and leave him stranded high and dry on the shoals of illiteracy, pouring out his soul in explosive Saxon and gasping over the paucity of his verbosity. If it were not for the concentrator this would be a good summer resort. It has snowed every month this year, and October came in with two inches of the beautiful. It lingered all day, and the air was filled most of the time with the miserable stuff. But here I go wandering and maundering as I usually do when I get paper and pencil in combination. I shall visit The Dalles shortly, and I know that I should have done so long ago. I can only offer the excuse that I did not because I am

A. GREENHORN.

That Joyful Feeling

With the exhilarating sense of renewed health and strength and internal cleanliness, which follows the use of Syrup of Figs, is unknown to the few who have not progressed beyond the old-time medicines and the cheap substitutes sometimes offered but never accepted by the well-informed. Buy the genuine. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

Notice.

All members of the W. R. C. are earnestly requested to meet for drill work at Fraternity Hall next Friday afternoon, at 2 o'clock.

By order of the President.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

MRS. OLIVIA W. MORGAN,
STUDIO
AND
ART NEEDLE ROOMS.

MASONIC BUILDING,
Third Street, between Court and Washington Streets, The Dalles.



MISS BLANCHE ALDRICH.

One can readily imagine that an actress who made such a clever little "Betina" as did Blanche Aldrich in "Mascotte," cannot be excelled as "Yum Yum" in Mikado, Saturday night at the Baldwin.