

THE BOAST OF MOSCOW

Results of the Frightful Persecution of Jews in Russia.

FEARFUL WAYS OF CONVERSION.

Conditions Growing Worse Except With Those Able to Bribe.

A PROFESSIONAL DIVERS PERIL.

Death in Armor Explosion--Restrictions on Immigration Viewed With Alarm.

New York, Dec. 31.—A London dispatch, recounting the Jewish persecutions in Russia, says six more edicts have been issued, aiming to disperse the Jewish subjects of Russia, and crush out their religion. The Moscow papers boast that since the beginning of 1891, 20,000 Jews have been converted to orthodoxy. The unhappy converts, who have been driven to a pretended denial of their religion in order to escape intolerable persecution, are rigorously governed by priests of the Russian orthodox church, who require them to attend the services of that church and to comply with its various rules, watching narrowly for any sign of evasion or repentance. No mercy is shown any Jews, no matter how meritorious, who can be brought within the scope of the cruel edicts. Thousands of Jewish working people have been driven from their employment to become beggars and wanderers. The condition of the Jews, except in Lodz and other places, is becoming steadily worse, particularly in the case of those who have no means to bribe Russian officials.

Perils of a Diver.

New York, Dec. 30.—Adrian Fairchild, employed nearly 40 years as a diver by the dock department, met his death today. For some months past the department has been engaged in deepening the river bed at the foot of Fulton street, North River. Today at 9:30 a. m., while under the water in a diving suit, Fairchild was ramming a charge of dynamite in a hole in the rock. The charge exploded prematurely, and Fairchild was killed. His helper was not aware of what had happened until he saw a disturbance of the water, which he concluded intimated something wrong. He gave the usual signal to the diver, but there was no response, and the diver was then hauled up only to be found dead. There was a black mark around his neck, but otherwise he had no external signs of injury.

Diversified Farming Pays.

Pendleton Tribune. R. M. O'Brien, of Weston precinct, thought a quarter section of land of S. Endicott, of Adams. The land is situated southeast of Weston seven miles. Consideration \$3,000 cash. Mr. O'Brien has put in his land early this fall, the grain now being three inches high. This course brought to him a return of thirty-two bushels per acre the past season. Potatoes yielded one hundred sacks per acre. Blue grass is considered by him a very good crop. It stands more pasturing than any grass he uses. He stripped some seven bushels of seed from one half of an acre, beside the hay, which gave him two loads. He has sown five acres for next season. Mr. O'Brien is interested in the raising of hogs. From two sows, Poland China and Berkshire mixed, feeding only from the stubble, he sold \$188 worth in seven and one-half months. Mr. O'Brien believes in applying business principles to farming, and is going into diversified farming as fast as possible.

The Quickest Way to Cure a Cold.

Do you wish to know the quickest way to cure a cold? We will tell you. To cure a cold quickly, it must be treated before the cold has become settled in the system. The first symptoms of a cold is a dry, loud cough and sneezing. The cough is soon followed by watery expectoration and the sneezing by a profuse watery discharge from the nose. In severe cases there is a thin white coating on the tongue. What to do? It is only necessary to take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in double dose every hour. That will greatly lessen the severity of the cold and in many cases will effectually counteract it, and cure what would have been a severe cold, within one or two days time. Try it and be convinced. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Blakeley & Houghton, druggists.

For Sale Cheap For Cash.

The best ranch in Gilliam county, Oregon. Being the E. 1/4 of the S. W. and N. E. of the S. E., S. 1/4 of S. W. of section 10, S. E. of the N. E., N. 1/4 of N. W. of section 11, and the N. W. of the N. E., and the N. E. of the N. W. of section 15, tp. 6, S. 21 E. of the W. M. This ranch contains 400 acres; some of which is grazing. There are fair buildings on the place, and good water. For further information address C. W. Biehle, P. O. box, 138, Walla Walla, Wash.

SOME BRAVE WOMEN.

PLUCKY FEMALES WHO COMPARE FAVORABLY WITH MEN.

Mrs. Anna Kimball's Daring Feat of Riding Before a Herd of Stomping Cattle to Save a Man's Life—Miss Millard and Her Claim That Didn't Stay "Jumped."

There was a heroine of the cattle trail whose name was at one time, back in the seventies, heard in every camp from the Cimarron to the Brazos. Anna Kimball she was named, and she was the wife of a camp manager, one of those characters who took care of the tents, the cooking and the baggage of the cowboys when a great herd was on its travels from the southern ranges to the northern feeding grounds. One day, when a herd of 8,000 cattle was camped near the Salt Fork of the Arkansas, in the Indian Territory, she was left alone in camp while the cattle were feeding near by. Suddenly, from some cause never to be explained in a case like that, the herd lifted its thousands of heads and following a few excitable leaders started on a stampede. Such a rush is death to any one in its path, and Mrs. Kimball anxiously looked over the prairie to the north, whither the herd was tending. A few hundred yards ahead of the bellowing beasts there was a white hat showing against the green of the plain. It was one of the herders who had dismounted, and his pony had deserted him. He was directly in the path of the oncoming avalanche of beef. The animals, blinded with their panic, would trample him into the earth without a pause.

Only a moment remained for action. The woman was the only one near the front of the herd. Leaping upon a pony she lashed it forward, passing one rank after another, until she was ahead of the herd, when she dashed directly in their way. Should her horse stumble she, too, would be lost. But the horse did not stumble and Mrs. Kimball came near and nearer the man now racing at his best pace toward her. At last, when the thundering host was not more than three rods behind, she leaped from the saddle and lifting with her suddenly strengthened arm the herder by the waist, she threw him across the neck of her pony and went racing on until they were without the range of the cattle.

It was a deed which few men could have accomplished, and the handsome watch presented her by the men at the end of the drive proved that, hardened as they were, they recognized a brave act.

A PRAIRIE HEROINE.

Among the heroines of the prairie there must not be omitted some of the women who have taken up claims and defended their rights against all comers. Several instances of this kind of bravery have gained state wide notoriety, and justly so. They endured hardships and took chances which entitled them not alone to 160 acres of land, but to the best wishes of the whole state in which their lot was cast.

A Miss Millard took up a claim near the Kansas and Nebraska line, far out on the plain. She had been a school teacher in Illinois and became weary of the drudgery of her position. She selected a handsome quarter section and proceeded to make a homestead entry and to reside on it the required six months.

She had been on the claim but a few weeks when one day she noticed two rough looking men near the little cabin in which she lived. She watched them until they had withdrawn to some distance, and saw them point to the quarter section eagerly, as if discussing its possibilities. The next day she was compelled to ride to the county postoffice, five miles away, and she took care to take her shotgun with her. On her return she found that her claim had been "jumped"—that is, the men had taken possession of her claim and proposed to treat her as an intruder. As she came near they motioned her to keep away but she did not heed them, and suddenly bringing her gun to her shoulder she discharged a load of shot into the side of the cabin.

The men were probably unarmed, for they did not stop to dispute possession at that time, and vacating the house ran out to the prairie. The girl took the woman, pleased with her easy victory, but she reckoned without her host, for a few moments later she saw smoke curling up from the grass a few rods away. They had begun to light the prairie fire and would burn her out.

FIGHTING TWO MEN.

Determined to have a taste of revenge first, the girl drew from her hiding place a loaded rifle, which she also kept by her, and sent a ball so close to the depredaters that one of them had an arm shattered. Then she took a wet bedquilt, and running out to meet the fire, pointed it along a strip as wide as the cabin. There was a high wind, and the flames swept by on either side, uniting again at a little distance, leaving a V shaped piece of sod, at the base of which stood the cabin. The men had all they could do to care of the wounded arm, and when the smoke cleared away the plucky little ex-school teacher saw them still out on the prairie.

Now that the danger to herself was over, pity came to the surface and she went out and helped to bind up the stranger's arm, sending him off with her own pony to the doctor's. Somewhat to her surprise, as she afterward confessed, the pony was returned to her in safety and she was never again troubled with claim jumpers. She owns now her claim and considerable stock.

Her deed was not an exceptional one for a settler. Many a man and woman had to fight for the land they now possess, but it was remarkable in that the girl tempered her revenge with mercy, and showed herself more than the equal of two men.—Kansas Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The wild boy of Hanover, found in the last century, ran on all fours, ate nothing but roots and nuts and was without speech.

HORRID BEDFELLOWS

TARANTULAS CRAWL ALL OVER A SLEEPING TRAVELER.

A Tired Camper Who Awoke One Morning to Find a Poisonous Reptile Exploring His Anatomy, While Another Made a Bed of the Man's Upright Hair.

Joseph Grandelmyer, a well known mining man of Nevada, has passed through many startling experiences during a residence of twenty-eight years in the far west, but is perhaps the only man who can boast of having had a round baker's dozen of deadly tarantulas for bedfellows and surviving the terrible experience without material injury. It happened a number of years ago, but even now it causes cold shivers to chase up Mr. Grandelmyer's spinal column when his mind reverts to that particular event. However, surrounded by a circle of friends at the Palace hotel a few evenings since, he was induced to relate the incident.

"In 1864 I came to San Francisco," said the gentleman, and with the hopefulness of youth determined to make my fortune. I had a little money saved up, but was a raw tenderfoot, and whatever I put my money into failed to pan out. Finally I concluded to strike out for Nevada. It was a new section of country then, that had been explored to a very limited extent, and when I made known my intention many and urgent were the requests for me to refrain from being so foolish as to encounter dangers in such a wild and almost unknown country.

"Nothing daunted, however, and not allowing myself to be dissuaded from my purpose, one day in the summer of 1864, after inducing three acquaintances to join me, I set out for the land of sagebrush. My particular object in going was to better my fortune by any method I could. Two of the party were prospectors, and the fourth, a Dr. Heath, went along to spy out a good location for a hog ranch.

"Well, after crossing the Sierras at Walker's pass, we found ourselves in Owen's valley, which is now in Inyo county. Days was approaching, and when, after riding a distance in the teeth of a cold wind, we found ourselves at a deserted adobe hut by the roadside we halted, unpacked and unattended our animals, and prepared to camp for the night.

A TERRIBLE AWAKENING.

"There was food for the horses in abundance, and while one staked them out the others began preparations for supper and made the beds ready. My friends preferred sleeping under a large oak tree near, but I chose a spot adjoining the old adobe house where I spread my blankets close to the wall where the wind would not reach me. After a hasty meal we all retired to our respective beds on the ground and readily dropped off to sleep.

"I presume it was within an hour of daybreak when I awoke with a sudden start. A peculiarly dreadful feeling, worse than any nightmare, took possession of me. I felt paralyzed and was unable to stir. There was something moving on my face. It was not a large object, but as it moved about the trail left seemed to scorch my face. I felt the thing traverse my face from the left eye down over my nose and mouth. Then it crossed to the other side and explored in the region of my ear. Then it was gone.

"I knew it was not a snake gilding over my face, but some animal much smaller, though what it was I was utterly unable to conjecture. I was wide awake, of course, but such an uncomfortable horror held me fast that I was unable to move a muscle and gazed helplessly up at the stars. Once I tried to call out to my companions, but not a sound could I muster. I lay there rigid as a log, maybe for one minute, maybe for five, when I again knew that the same thing, or something like it, was on my hand, which rested outside the blanket, and a cold chill ran up my arm and through my whole body. Still I was absolutely powerless to move a limb, and involuntarily closed my eyes, almost expecting to feel them closed in death, so dreadful and indescribable was the sensation.

A HORRIBLE SUSPENSE.

"Next I knew it was climbing up over my throat, then to my chin and about my nose. An irresistible impulse caused me to open my right eye, and I saw by the dim light the fiery eyes of a big tarantula looking into mine, with its hairy body on my face, not two inches away!

"Knowing that death, or at least painful injury might result if I moved my body, I immediately dropped the eyelid and had the satisfaction of feeling the sprawling spider crawl over that eye to my forehead and into my hair, where it prepared a nest and finally settled down, no doubt as snugly as a bug in a rug. You may think you can imagine my feelings, but you cannot. For a full half hour, I should judge, I endured all the suspense and torment that comes to most mortals in a lifetime, and allowed another spider to slowly crawl up my leg, not knowing at what time I would feel those black legs sink into my flesh.

"But, thank God, that did not happen, or I should probably not now be alive. Ages after that, so it seemed, Dr. Heath arose, and, after dressing, came to see if I was awake. I whispered to him the particulars of my plight, and in my hair, which had been standing on end for I don't know how long, he discovered and at once killed one of the tarantulas, an immense fellow, fully three inches long. Carefully turning back the blankets and examining me, he found twelve others that had undoubtedly sought my quarters for warmth. These he quickly but quietly dispatched in a manner not to alarm the others. When the strain was over I fainted and was delirious with fever for many days. Since then, you may depend upon it, I have always taken good care in the selection of a camping spot, for of all the bedfellows one can encounter one of the most terrifying is a tarantula.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Thirteen Daring Young Men.

If thirteen young men—lawyers and physicians—who have just organized a Thirteen club in this city, can find a haunted house to meet in they will be most happy. The organization is nearly complete, the bylaws and rule have been drawn up and adopted, and the only thing lacking is the haunted house. If this cannot be found it is proposed to use the dead house owned by the town. Among the rules are almost everything superstitious people avoid. The president is to sit under an open umbrella during all meetings and at the quarterly dinners. A ladder will be raised in the room, and every member entering will pass under it. A cross-eyed janitor will be secured, and one of the members whose hair is fiery red will be obliged to enter the meeting room first every time it is opened.

A skeleton will be seated opposite the president at every feast, and two black cats will be purchased and kept in the clubroom. Each member takes a solemn obligation to look at the new moon over his left shoulder, pass on each side of a post when two are walking together, walk between any couples who may be seen talking together on the street, and do everything contrary to the accepted custom. The meetings will be held on Friday evenings, and if any member has to make a journey he will start on Friday or the 13th of the month.—New Haven Cor. New York Sun.

Curious Tomb of a Kentuckian.

Several weeks ago Mr. James Golden, a well known lumber dealer of Hickman, Ky., died there and was buried with a strict conformity with the provisions of a remarkable will. He had while in health a strong fear of being buried alive, fostered probably by reading accounts of the few cases of this kind that are known to have occurred, and he determined to take no chances in that line that could possibly be avoided. He caused a tomb to be erected, and in that tomb had an opening left on the east side large enough for a man to pass through. This was covered with glass. In his will he stipulated that a strong hammer should be placed in the coffin with him, and that the lid of the coffin should not be screwed down, so that if by chance he should be consigned to the tomb before his life was extinct he might, if he gained power to move, push off the lid and with the hammer break out the glass in the opening left for the purpose and thus escape a lingering, horrible death. His instructions were faithfully obeyed. Friends took it upon themselves to watch the tomb and he near in case the gentleman's fears should prove well founded and render him assistance. But death came with an unerring shot, and he still slumbers peacefully in his casket.—Columbus (Ky.) Forum.

Two Queer Names.

When a petition for a new postoffice in the mountains of Virginia was received some weeks ago it was found that the names submitted was undecipherable. The petitioners were so notified and requested to submit a list of names in order of preference. The new list contained no names acceptable, and the assistant postmaster general directed an under official to select a name himself. The clerk immediately walked to the map, and, locating the office, discovered that there was a mountain hard by named Purgatory, and the new postoffice was given the name of Purgatory. When the establishing papers were forwarded to the petitioners, and they were requested to submit a name for postmaster, they returned the name of George Godbelthere. So that the new postoffice of Purgatory is presided over by George Godbelthere.—Baltimore American.

A Jury with Hard Sense.

From a town almost near enough to Philadelphia to be called a suburb comes a story of unique dispensation of justice by a jury from around about the vicinity. The case was one in which the prosecution was brought by a young woman against a young man. Despite the eloquent pleading of the lawyer for the fair one, the jury rendered a verdict of acquittal, and then proceeded to assess the defendant a fourth of the costs, the prosecutrix a fourth, the constable who arrested the prisoner a fourth, and the justice of the peace who sent the case to court a fourth. The judge remarked that that wasn't much of a jury for law, but it was strong in the way of common sense.—Philadelphia Record.

The Phonograph and the Dumb.

Recent tests in the use of the phonograph in the deaf and dumb institute at Indianapolis show that it is useful in concentrating sound upon the drum of the ear, so that many pupils otherwise deaf can hear it. It is thought by the superintendent that he can by this means soon teach the use of their voices to many mutes whose inability to speak is due to the fact that they have never heard speech.—Exchange.

Don Pedro's Garter.

Don Pedro was a Knight of the Garter, having been invested by the queen during his visit to Europe in 1871. His death did not create a vacancy in the order, as, like other royal personages, he was an extra knight. It is probable that the Comte d'Eu will come to England in a few weeks in order that he may personally deliver up his father-in-law's insignia to the queen.—London World.

Boarding Lunatics Out.

An experiment is about to be tried in France where 100 lunatics will shortly be sent to the Department of the Cher and placed in the houses of farmers and other people who are willing to take care of them.—Galignani Messenger.

A whale recently captured in arctic waters was found to have imbedded in its side a harpoon that belonged to a whaling vessel that had been out of service nearly half a century.

The Russian government intends to construct a harbor solely for commerce at Poti, leaving Batoum as a strongly fortified point for military purposes only.

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