

The Dalles Chronicle

is here and has come to stay. It hopes to win its way to public favor by energy, industry and merit; and to this end we ask that you give it a fair trial, and if satisfied with its course a generous support.

★ The Daily ★

four pages of six columns each, will be issued every evening, except Sunday, and will be delivered in the city, or sent by mail for the moderate sum of fifty cents a month.

Its Objects

will be to advertise the resources of the city, and adjacent country, to assist in developing our industries, in extending and opening up new channels for our trade, in securing an open river, and in helping THE DALLES to take her proper position as the

Leading City of Eastern Oregon.

The paper, both daily and weekly, will be independent in politics, and in its criticism of political matters, as in its handling of local affairs, it will be JUST, FAIR AND IMPARTIAL.

We will endeavor to give all the local news, and we ask that your criticism of our object and course, be formed from the contents of the paper, and not from rash assertions of outside parties.

THE WEEKLY,

sent to any address for \$1.50 per year. It will contain from four to six eight column pages, and we shall endeavor to make it the equal of the best. Ask your Postmaster for a copy, or address

THE CHRONICLE PUB. CO.

Office, N. W. Cor. Washington and Second Sts.

THE DALLES.

The Gate City of the Inland Empire is situated at the head of navigation on the Middle Columbia, and is a thriving, prosperous city.

ITS TERRITORY.

It is the surplus city for an extensive and rich agricultural and grazing country, its trade reaching as far south as Summer Lake, a distance of over two hundred miles.

THE LARGEST WOOL MARKET.

The rich grazing country along the eastern slope of the the Cascades furnishes pasture for thousands of sheep, the wool from which finds market here.

The Dalles is the largest original wool shipping point in America, about 5,000,000 pounds being shipped last year.

ITS PRODUCTS.

The salmon fisheries are the finest on the Columbia, yielding this year a revenue of \$1,500,000 which can and will be more than doubled in the near future.

The products of the beautiful Klickitat valley find market here, and the country south and east has this year filled the warehouses, and all available storage places to overflowing with their products.

ITS WEALTH.

It is the richest city of its size on the coast, and its money is scattered over and is being used to develop more farming country than is tributary to any other city in Eastern Oregon.

Its situation is unsurpassed! Its climate delightful! Its possibilities incalculable! Its resources unlimited! And on these corner stones she stands.

SNIPES & KINERSLY, Wholesale and Retail Druggists.

DEALERS IN—
Fine Imported, Key West and Domestic

CIGARS.

PAINT

Now is the time to paint your house and if you wish to get the best quality and a fine color use the

Sherwin, Williams Co.'s Paint.

For those wishing to see the quality and color of the above paint we call their attention to the residence of S. L. Brooks, Judge Bennett, Smith French and others painted by Paul Krefl.

Snipes & Kinersly are agents for the above paint for The Dalles, Or.

Don't Forget the EAST END SALOON,

MacDonald Bros., Props.

THE BEST OF

Wines, Liquors and Cigars

ALWAYS ON HAND.

G. E. BAYARD & CO.,

Real Estate, Insurance, and Loan AGENCY.

Opera House Block, 3d St.

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GERMANIA,

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—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL—

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Health is Wealth!



DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death. Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhoea caused by over exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1.00 a box, or six boxes for \$5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied by \$5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantee issued only by

BLAKELEY & HOUGHTON, Prescription Druggists, 175 Second St., The Dalles, Or.

YOU NEED BUT ASK



MIDDLE VALLEY, Idaho, May 15, 1891. Dr. VANDERPOOR—Your S. B. Headache and Liver Cure sells well here. Everyone that tries it comes for the second bottle. People are coming ten to twelve miles to get a bottle to try it and then they come back and take three or four bottles at a time. Thank you, for sending duplicate bill as mine was misplaced. M. A. FLETCHER. For sale by all Druggists.

MANIAC AND DOCTOR.

AN INSANE NEGRESS THROTTLES A PHYSICIAN IN A CELL.

Dr. Dent, of Blackwell's Island, Nearly Loses His Life—Timely Arrival of Attendants Prevents a Fatal Result—A Thrilling Encounter.

Dr. E. C. Dent, superintendent of the insane asylum on Blackwell's Island, told me of a thrilling experience he had with a mad negress. Dr. Dent has been for ten years connected with the asylum, has treated the most violent cases and has had many narrow escapes from death, but his battle with the giant negro woman, he said, was the closest call he ever had.

When Dr. Dent became superintendent of the institution on Blackwell's Island he abolished all the mechanical restraint apparatus, and he determined that all harsh and repressive measures should be expressly forbidden. His idea was that in the treatment and care of patients they should be made to feel at home and among friends; but in spite of all the care and kind attention and the endeavor to please the patients, there are a number of the latter on the island, the doctor said, who are as ferocious as wild animals. These violent cases occasionally take advantage of the fact that there are no straitjackets or restraining machines in the institution, and they become insulting and aggressive and oftentimes very dangerous.

The negress was one of these cases. She had been in the institution for several years and was incurably insane. All the attendants and nurses in the ward in which she was confined were in mortal dread of her, and they were obliged to keep constantly on the watch for fear of a sudden attack from the mad woman, whose name is Ann Kinney. She is nearly six feet in height and very muscular. She had been a laundress in this city, and during an altercation with her husband she received a blow on the head, as a result of which she became insane.

"I was summoned to the acute ward," said Dr. Dent, where I found the negress in a terrible rage. She had driven all the nurses out of the ward and the other patients were completely cowed. She was rambling about at will, brandishing half a picture frame she had torn from the wall. Her eyes were bloodshot and she was foaming at the mouth. When I appeared she became more violent, and the other patients were crying out in terror. She began tearing off her clothes, and presented a hideous spectacle.

"There was only one thing to do, and that was to confine the negress before she could kill or maim any of the patients, which, with her strength, she could do in a few moments. There was no time to summon other help, so I opened the door and walked in. The mad woman made a dash for me, and when within half a dozen paces she threw down her picture frame, which was of light pine, and seizing a bench, which she broke with ease, and catching up a heavy oaken bench rung, she prepared to attack me. I spoke to her gently, calling her by name, told her it was all right, that no one wanted to harm her, and to keep quiet. This did not soothe her in the least.

"Thinking to catch her off her guard I grabbed for the arm that held the bench rung. My antagonist dropped the rung and swore that she would kill me, and to tell the truth I was a little afraid she would, for I was only about half her size. The way she chuckled me about the floor, picked me up and threw me down again, almost took the life out of me. She played with me as a cat does with a mouse, but, strange to say, though she had me at her mercy, she did not attempt to beat my brains out with her club. It all happened in a very few minutes. When she gave me a breathing spell I appealed to her sympathies and she calmed down considerably, and after talking to her in a conciliatory manner we decided to compromise. She agreed to go to her cell quietly, after I had promised to give her something to ease the pain in her head. I walked to the cell with her, in order to fasten the door on the outside. I opened the cell door, and as I did so she grabbed me around the waist, lifted me from the ground and carried me bodily into the cell, then slammed the door. 'Now I will kill you, sure,' she cried.

"She imagined that it was I who had hit her on the head and had caused her all her sufferings. Her powerful hand was at my throat when the attendants rushed in and rescued me. It was the narrowest escape I had ever had. She was given an opiate to quiet her, while I, more dead than alive, was carried to my office considerably bruised.

"How about the cases of rough usage to patients that have occurred in the institution?" I asked.

"In spite of all the care and supervision and under the most rigid discipline, it rarely happens that the patients are roughly spoken to, much less roughly treated, by the nurse; but, of course, attendants upon the insane, like the ordinary run of mankind, are not universally sweet tempered, nor endowed too liberally with that spirit of Christian forbearance so beautifully inculcated in the Sermon on the Mount.

"We have too few attendants here. We should have at least one for every ten patients, but we have not half that number. The employees are overworked; they are kept busy constantly from the time they get up till they go to bed, with duties of a most trying character. They are cut off for the most part from social pleasures, and their sacrifices are many for small pay. But whenever a case comes to my attention of a nurse or attendant caught in the act of abusing a patient there is an immediate discharge. The patients are encouraged to tell their grievances to their supervisors and physicians, whom they are taught to regard as their friends and protectors, and their reports of ill treatment are investigated carefully when there is the least ground to believe that they are true.

We are now investigating the cases referred to in the daily papers, and as far as we have gone we find that our keepers are not at fault. In cases we should find otherwise we shall see that justice is done."—New York Telegram.

A PROSPECTOR'S STOLEN FORTUNE.

Bandits' Cattle a "Forty-niner" to Reveal the Hiding Place of \$100,000.

"The good old days are gone," sighed the forty-niner, "and they'll never come again. When youth's pulse beats high with pleasure, when the sky is clear and there are no black and lowering clouds on the horizon, when, in short, a man feels that all he has to do to acquire a controlling interest in the earth is to apply at the office and hand in his name—why, then life is worth living."

"What's the matter?" I inquired.

"I've been thinking again. I tell you, my boy, it doesn't pay an old man to think. If he can remember without thinking he's all right, but when he gets to comparing the present with the past he's in a bad way, and he's sure to get downhearted."

"California?"

"Yes. Can't help it. I will be thinking of the days of '49, spite of all I can do. Here I am, getting on toward three score years and ten, and I've only got enough money to procure the necessities of life. And who is thankful for that? Who is grateful for roast beef and potatoes when he has an appetite for terrapin and champagne? And yet once I had more money than I could have spent during my whole life."

"How was that?"

"In 1851 I was prospecting in California, and struck it rich. My partner and I located a claim that had millions in it apparently. We didn't have capital enough to work it, and so we went up to Frisco to find a purchaser. We found him too. His name was Moore, and he was a well known character on the coast. He had made a couple of millions working a mine he had bought for \$500. Well, we convinced him we had a good thing, and he gave us \$300,000 in gold coin for it. I was afraid to deposit my share anywhere, so I loaded it in flour bags on a cart and drove down to San Jose. In the hills back of the town was a cave I had discovered a year before. It was so situated that it couldn't be discovered except by accident.

"I buried the money in a corner of the cave and went gleefully back to San Jose. As soon as I got into town a party of Mexican bandits captured me and informed me that if I didn't conduct them to my buried treasure I was a dead man. Life was sweet to me at that time, and I didn't hesitate. They dug up my \$100,000, gave me \$200 to keep me from want and rode off to the southward. I never saw any of them again for ten years, when I met one of the band in Los Angeles. We had a friendly conversation, in the course of which I asked him how he and his companions knew that I possessed the treasure.

"You couldn't have seen me carry it to the cave," I said, "for if you had there would have been no need of taking me prisoner."

"No," he replied, "it was your hands."

"My hands?"

"Yes. I was in a saloon where you were taking a drink, and I saw your hands were tarushed."—Chicago Post.

Women Lobbyists.

Women lobbyists? They are few and far between. The imaginative observer about the Capitol will tell you that ex-Speaker Reed moved the ladies' reception room from its old quarters next the ways and means committee to a corner of a stately hall, because in the former place—a dark corridor inclosed for the purpose—the female lobbyists were so thick and bold as to bring scandal upon congress. But this is not true. Women of all sorts congregated in the old room, as they do now when congress is in session, in a stately hall, it is true, but they are not lobbyists.

They are women of all sorts—innocent young girls, mature matrons, coquettes, destitute dowagers, congressmen's wives, daughters, friends, sweethearts. A majority of them are poor creatures with claims on other poor creatures, looking for congressional help in their search for government situations. Probably there are not more than two, or three professional women lobbyists in town. The woman in this day and generation—Washington Cor. Augusta Chronicle.

Origin of the Clearing House.

A correspondent asks: "When and where did the 'clearing house' originate?" In 1775 the bankers of London rented a house in Lombard street and fitted it with tables and desks for the use of their clerks, as a place where bills, notes, drafts and other commercial paper might be exchanged without the trouble of personal visits of employes to all the metropolitan banks. Transfer tickets were used, and by means of this simple plan transactions involving many millions were settled without a penny changing hands. The Bank of England and every other important bank in London are members of the Clearing House association. The first clearing house in the United States was established by the associated banks of New York in 1853.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Treatment of Dandruff.

Dr. Edward Clarke states that he has had good results in persistent dandruff from the following treatment: The scalp should first be thoroughly washed with soap and hot water, and then thoroughly dried with a warm and soft cloth. There should then be rubbed into the scalp a glycerine of tannin, of the strength of ten to thirty grains to the ounce. Very obstinate cases will require the higher strength of tannin. This process should be repeated twice a week at first, once a week afterward. If tannin fails, as it will in some cases, then resort is had to regorin. After the formation of dandruff has ceased the head should be rubbed daily with olive oil, containing to the ounce ten grains of carbolic acid and a dram of oil of cinnamon.—Lancet.

A Circus Hand.

Jerry—Lovely white hand Miss Simpson has! Joe—Yes. Reminds me of Barnum's big show. Jerry—It does? Joe—Yes. It has so many rings.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

TO MY GUITAR.

Companion of my hours of leisure.

How often we've defied slow Time together! When lightly thus thy yielding chords I press, The world grows bright, how'er so drear the weather!

Am I awestruck? Turn I then to thee, To thy responsive strings my soul revealing, And soon thy sympathetic minstrelsy Sends subtle strength through my dulcet senses stealing.

In lonely moments, what a friend thou art! My minor moods, my fleeting fancies sharing, Thou canst express the secrets of my heart In accents of rejoicing or despairing.

The one whose love I so desire to gain, Would surely cease to doubt, it seems to me, If all my longing, all my speechless pain, Could find a voice, my loved guitar, through thee!

—Amy Elizabeth Leigh in Drake's Magazine.

Took Him a Long While to See It.

A man who returned not long ago from a stay of several months in London has some funny stories to tell of his experience with British wit. "The mind of the Briton is solid, but slow," he said, "and when it comes to his appreciation of a joke he can be trusted after a while to get to it, but the process is slow. This story is a capital illustration of what I mean: One day I went into a book shop on the Strand and asked for Hare's 'Walks in London.' In America the book is sold in one thick volume; the clerk brought it in two. 'Oh,' I said, as I looked at them, 'you part your Hare in the middle, do you?'"

"I, sir," he said with a bewildered look; "oh! no, sir."

I saw he didn't see the joke, so I didn't explain, but bought the books and went away. A week later I entered the same shop. As soon as the clerk saw me he rushed from the back of the shop laughing vociferously, and seized me by the hand:

"Good!" he shouted. "Capital; part your Hare in the middle, that's capital, sir, capital."

I had thought it was rather neat myself, and it didn't take me a week to find it out, either.—New York Evening Sun.

Kindest Not Appreciated.

A little incident that amused the passengers in a Brooklyn bridge car the other day would seem to indicate that the semi-tough young man with a baby in his arms does not appreciate politeness. As the semi-tough young man is seldom seen carrying a baby it might, however, be hard to prove the rule. But this one was carrying a baby, and the tired looking woman with him was hugging a bag that looked twice as heavy as the baby. The woman was the first to see the only vacant seat in the car and dropped into it. And then a dapper young fellow who had been reading intently looked up, and his gaze fell first on the baby.

He apparently didn't notice that it was a man holding the infant, for he jumped up, lifted his hat, and said, "Please take my seat, madam." The fellow with the child scowled, but all he said was: "If yer speakin' to de kid, dat's all right, but if yer speakin' to me I'll smash yer face. See?" And he stood up all the way over, looking as if he felt much insulted.—New York Times.

Mohammed's Descendants.

To find families of an antiquity at once remote and certain we must go beyond Europe and seek them nearer the cradle of the human race. Mohammed died in 632, leaving nine wives and only one child, his daughter Fatima, who was married (as several other ladies were) to Ali, the prophet's first convert and chief lieutenant. From Fatima have descended the numberless sultans, nobles, chiefs, kings and emperors who, ever since the prophet's day, have constituted so important a part of the ruling class in the world which he organized. Today, after the lapse of thirteen centuries, it is the blood of the prophet that constitutes the title to nobility in the several countries of the east.—Chicago Times.

The Earliest Lens.

The earliest known lens is one made of rock crystal, uncarved by Layard at Nineveh. This lens, the age of which is to be measured by thousands of years, now lies in the British museum, with its surface as bright as when it left the maker's hands. By the side of it are very recent specimens of lenses which have been ruined by exposure to London fog and smoke.—New York Telegram.

The Only Real Work of Art in Copper that now exists in India is the casting of Hindoo and other images for religious purposes.

These are, of course, mostly to be found in old temples. Almost all the temples which can really claim antiquity have images made of copper, which are the perfection of art, and which, with all the assistance of machinery, could never be excelled or even imitated by European cities.

The largest kitchen in the world is in the Bon Marche in Paris. It has 4,000 employes. The smallest kettle contains 100 quarts and the largest 500. Each of fifty roasting pans is big enough for 300 outlets. Every dish for baking potatoes holds 235 pounds! When omelettes are on the bill of fare 7,800 eggs are used at once. For cooking alone sixty cooks and 100 assistants are always at the ranges.

A monkey on shipboard used to amuse himself in the cook's absence by turning the water cocks, in order to enjoy that worthy's surprise, when he returned and found the water running over the floor, and there are scores of authenticated instances of actual deception practiced by animals to gain some desired end.

In the West End of London, at Olympia, the large hall there, which is famous at present for its fancy dress balls, is 440 feet long, 250 feet wide and 100 feet high, and contains an area of nearly two and a half acres. Twenty-seven thousand people were present at a recent ball.

Denman Thompson recreates at Swansea, N. H., the scene of both his plays. When he is there he simply enjoys himself. He has built a church there and has a mortgage upon nearly everything mortgageable in the town, for everybody "touches" Denman.