

NOBODY CARES!

A weary wan little face,
A feeble, forlorn little smile,
Poor faltering feet,
That must pace their beat
For many and many a mile—
A star stealing out in the dusk,
A lamp that flurriedly flares,
In the wide city's whirl
Just a nameless girl—
Nobody cares!

THE BELL NAPOLEON STOLE.

After a Varied Career It Calls Paterson's Children to Their Studies.

When Napoleon in behalf of France carried war to Switzerland he found in one of the cantons there an ancient convent. During the course of the war this convent was destroyed, and the bell that hung in its tower was carried off as a trophy by the conqueror.

RELICS OF DARK AGES.

BARBARISM PRACTICED BY MANY CIVILIZED NATIONS.

The Fiendish Custom of Torturing Prisoners—Some of the Fearful Modes in Operation in Russia and Turkey—Russians Are Inhuman but Turks Are Worse.

The examination of accused persons by torture is permitted today in only two European states, Turkey and Russia. The method in Russia is illustrated in the experience of forty-six prisoners recently condemned on political charges at Warsaw.

Political suspects are not allowed to seek any legal advice in self defense. The investigation is managed not by judges or lawyers, but by officers of the gendarmerie. The gendarmes are paid double salary while engaged in political investigation, and it is therefore to their interests to protract the process as much as possible.

Among the accused was one Ladislav Guisbert. He was a private tutor of good reputation. While in prison he fell ill with a fever and became delirious. Little or no care was taken of him, but on the contrary attempts were made to profit by the disturbed condition of his mind to extort confessions from him.

Such treatment, inflicted at a moment when the patient was suffering from fever, so aggravated the delirium that ultimately Ladislav Guisbert completely lost his reason. After a time he became a raving lunatic and was removed to a madhouse.

Another prisoner, named Ferdinand Zaleski, was asked to give information about the propaganda carried on in the factories of Warsaw and neighborhood. He refused to turn informer. Thereupon the authorities gave orders that Zaleski should be conveyed to another part of the prison and severely flogged.

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YOU NEED BUT ASK THAT THIS IS TRUE YOUR NEIGHBOR.

MIDDLE VALLEY, Idaho, May 15, 1891. DR. VANDERPOOL—Your S. B. Headache and Liver Cure sell 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. Respectfully, M. A. FLETCHER. For sale by all Druggists.

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 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 criticisms 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. Address your Postmaster for a copy, or address

THE CHRONICLE PUB. CO.

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

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 supply city for an extensive and rich cultural an grazing country, its trade reaching far south as Summer Lake, a distance of over 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 will be more than doubled in the near future. The products of the beautiful Klickital valley find market here, and the country south and east has the 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.

He Traveled with the Lions. "I had an interesting experience," said Mr. George Boniface, Jr. "I happened to be passing one of the dime museums when I noticed a large placard announcing the appearance of the elastic skin man. Having never seen this curiosity I bought a ticket and entered the museum. I was startled by the resemblance which the elastic skin man bore to some one I had seen. I could not recall the name, but the resemblance haunted me like a dim ghost that had come out of long ago. While I stood wondering the reporter for a local paper came up to interview the elastic skin man, and I heard the elastic skin man say: 'My name is D. B. Hodges. In 1837 I was agent for Humsey & Newcomb's minstrels. Since then I have been idle.'

"In a few moments," continued Mr. Boniface, "who should come along but Arthur Cambridge, Charley Gristle and Gus Pennoyer. They shook hands with the elastic skin man and began talking over old times.

"Let's see, Charley," asked the elastic skin man, "what show were you traveling with when I first met you?"

"Upon my word, I don't remember," said Mr. Gristle. "The first show I ever traveled with was a den of performing lions, run by—well, now, it's curious that I can't recall the name!"

"Was it Van Amburgh?" asked the elastic skin man.

"Bless your heart, no," said Mr. Gristle. "Why, he taught Van Amburgh the business. Funny I can't think of his name. He was a great friend of old Bill Coup's—oh, yes, now I recall the name: it was Daniel!"—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

Where Nobody Starves. Within a hundred miles of the east coast of Australia no native in an uncramped condition has ever died from lack of digestible food—a rather comprehensive term in a country where fern roots are boiled like potatoes, and snails and grasshoppers are considered tidbits. Strange to say, the martyrs of that horrid diet get old, as a proof that freedom from care is, after all, the main condition of longevity. A similar phenomenon may be observed in the villages of Central Russia, where mental stagnation prevails in its ugliest forms, but where charity and parish poor laws protect every native from the risk of actual starvation.—Professor Oswald in Good Words.

Two Famous Men Converge. A young woman was favored with a chance to hear two famous poets converse. She was walking in Cambridge, and saw Longfellow and Lowell strolling a little way ahead. Her quick step soon brought her near them. She thought to herself, "Now I will get the freshest utterances of two great men." Just before she overtook them she saw a pretty child coming along, and about to meet them. "What are little girls made of?" said one poet to the other. "Sugar and spice and all that's nice, and that's what little girls are made of."—Christian Union.

Canned Fruits in Pompeii. A curious story is told of the origin of canned fruits. Years ago, when the excavations were beginning at Pompeii, some jars of preserved figs were found in the pantry of one of the buried houses. On being opened the fruit was found to be fresh and good, thus showing that centuries ago the art of preserving fruit was practiced and that we are indebted to the ancients for many a delicious dish.—New York World.

The biggest natural beehive in the world is that in Kentucky known as the "Mammoth Beehive." It is in reality a huge cave, the main compartment of which is 150 feet high, and whose floor covers ten acres in extent. The beehive is of solid rock, the roof of which has been entirely honeycombed by bees.

A system of electric railway signaling has appeared in England, in which, if two engines come on the same section of line, bells are automatically set ringing in each engine by an electric current. The same arrangement allows telephonic communication between the engineers and also with the signal men.

One state of the Union, which derived its usages from French and not from English originals, has no counties at all. In Louisiana these subdivisions of the state are still called parishes, both officially and in ordinary speech, though they are now divided into many real parishes of the church.

Senator Peffer, of Kansas, has had each of his eight children, three of whom are girls, learn a trade. Typesetting seems to have been most popular with them, although one daughter has fitted herself to become an amanuensis, and one son is a locomotive engineer.

One of the largest dynamo in the world is said to be in use in an aluminum works in Switzerland. The commutator is made of copper, and weighs over six tons. The machine has the capacity of developing 14,000 amperes at thirty volts.

Algeria has now about 4,000,000 population. It is not considered a colony, however, but a detached part of France, and the French chambers alone have the right of legislating for it.

Napoleon carried the bell with him to France, and retained it as a prized curiosity until his downfall and banishment to St. Helena, when he gave it to his brother, Joseph Bonaparte, who likewise being banished brought the old relic to America and hung it in a belfry at his home in Bordentown.

There it remained serving as a dinner bell on the farm, its history remaining unknown until Joseph's recall from exile. Then it was lost sight of and for years forgotten until one day some curiosity seekers rummaging about in one of the subterranean passages that honeycombed the place came from all sections to visit the so called catacombs and see the historic bell. At that time the Camden and Anboy railroad had just been built, and the old bell was sold to the company, who placed it in their depot at Bordentown to tell the arrival and departure of trains. It hung there for years, but finally, through some channel or other, it fell into the hands of the Paterson and Hudson River Railroad company, and was destined to another period of obscurity. At that time the company operated its road by horses, and the bell was hung in the Jersey City station at the foot of Bergen Hill to answer the same purpose that it did at Bordentown.

When the great railroad revolution took place and steam cars were substituted for the old horse cars the bell was brought to this city. In those days the terminus of the road was where St. John's church now stands. Two trains were run each way daily. A small branch manipulated by horse power, however, ran from the main depot on Market street at its conjunction with Main street. Here the old bell was hung on a post, and its duty was to ring for half an hour before the departure of each train. Passengers could board the horse cars without extra expense and ride to the main depot, whence they could take the train for New York. As time went on, however, improvements developed in the railway service. The Market street (it was then Congress street) branch was abandoned and the old post on which the bell hung rotted and fell down.

But Paterson was also beginning to make great strides forward. Then the only educational facilities were private institutions and subscription schools. The public spirited townsmen finally concluded to erect a public school and selected the site. Here a building was constructed and the old bell was placed in its tower. In years gone by some of our older citizens remember the peals of that bell. Then the pupils grew in numbers and the old school grew too small. Another and more improved building (now known as school No. 1) was erected, and the ancient bell, whose mellow peals echoing from the walls of the dizzy Alps seven centuries ago called the humble peasant to worship, now startles the youths of Paterson from their morning beds. Napoleon's voice may have made the whole world tremble, but the voice of the little Swiss bell rings further than his.—Paterson (N. J.) Call.

How Foolscap Was Named. Everybody knows what "foolscap" paper is, but everybody does not know how it came to bear that name. In order to increase his revenues Charles I granted certain privileges, amounting to monopolies, and among these was the manufacture of paper, the exclusive right of which was sold to certain parties, who grew rich, and enriched the government at the expense of those who were obliged to use paper. At that time all English paper bore the royal arms in water marks.

The parliament under Cromwell made sport of this law in every possible manner, and among other indignities to the memory of Charles it was ordered that the royal arms be removed from the paper, and that the fool's cap and bells should be used as a substitute. When the rump parliament was prorogued these were also removed, but paper of the size of the parliamentary journals, which is usually about 17 by 14 inches, still bears the name of "foolscap."—Harper's Young People.

Proving Polarization. The polarization of the human body can be proved by allowing a strong current to flow through the body from one end to the other, the hands being placed in two basins connected with the poles. The hands are then dried and placed in two other basins of water, connected with the wires of a delicate galvanometer. A current in the reverse direction to the original one is then found to flow from the body.—Boston Transcript.

Settled at Last. It has finally been settled in Scotland that after a single man and woman have kept company for fourteen years, and have not denied to outsiders that they contemplated matrimony, that the man can be sued for breach of promise, and that no further proof shall be needed by the plaintiff.—Detroit Free Press.

A Thought. Live up to the level of your best thoughts; keep the line of your life tense and true; it is but a thread, but it belongs to the great republican warp where Time is weaving a nation. You cannot alter its attachment yonder to the past nor yonder to the unrolling years.—Thomas Hughes.

During the panic in Constantinople on the subject of an Armenian insurrection hundreds of Armenians were arrested and thrown into prison. It has been openly charged that several of them died under tortures applied with a view of obtaining evidence of a conspiracy that had no existence. One man was laid in the courtyard of the prison, in the glare of the sun, bound hand and foot, and his face besmeared with some sweet substance to attract flies.

Another was hung up by hands and feet, and still another was compelled to walk up and down, pulled along by soldiers, who relieved each other in detail, never permitting their victim to rest a moment. A number of the Armenians perished in this way before the Turks came to the conclusion that no insurrection was thought of. Then the sultan ordered the wholesale release of all that remained.—Chicago Herald.