

THE LITTLE RAT MULE.

DISAPPEARING FROM THE STREET RAILWAY SERVICE.

Where He Comes from and Whence He Is Going—What He Costs, Broken and Unbroken—A Hardy Little Brute—His Work and Years of Service.

How often one hears the remark, "Just look at those mules drawing that car; they look like rats." They have thus become known very generally as little rat mules, and the description is a good one certainly. Many of them don't look much larger than a good sized billy goat, being so small that they are hidden from the people in the car by the dashboard in front. It certainly does look cruel to make them pull a car loaded down with people, a load that would strain powerful horses on an up grade. It is like a great many other things, however.

It is cruel only in appearance. The little mule is equal to this and much more. If the car would hold more people he and his mate would pull it any place, and on a level would take it skipping along so fast that you would almost begin to think no other motive power was required to realize rapid transit. He has endurance, speed and strength, and thrives where an animal more hardy and stronger in appearance would soon die. In rapid motion he goes by jumps and jerks, but he accomplishes the desired result, and is one of the most serviceable animals to be had in the street railway business.

He is, however, rapidly disappearing, giving way to mechanical motors. As the old dinky said when he saw the electric cars, "The Yankees is great people; they want satisfied fer free de niggs, and now they've done gone and freed de mules." That is about the case. In St. Louis, for instance, the little rat mules—and, for that matter, the larger mule and the horse—are few in number, not one in thirty for those employed as recently as three years ago. With our increase in population, new industries, etc., this is a somewhat remarkable statement, but it is correct.

The little rat mule is a peculiar animal. Born and raised in the southwest, Texas and Mexico, he is now going to the south and southeast for service on the plantations. In the very recent past, when all the street cars were drawn by horses and mules, the demand for them was very great for that purpose, but as things generally equalize themselves, so has the demand for horses and mules. The street railway companies which have changed to cable or electric motor power have generally disposed of their live stock to very fair advantage, though there are still on hand some of the little rat mules that are unused.

This little animal is one of some value, though he does not look it. Twenty dollars would be a very fair valuation, but in fixing that estimate you would be away off the mark. Unbroken he commands considerable more than that. The cheapest lot that ever came to St. Louis, probably, was one of 300, the price paid for them being a few cents less than twenty-six dollars per head, but they were unbroken. He is a stubborn little brute, and there is considerable labor in breaking him so he can be put ahead of a bobtail and trusted to the average driver. Thus broken he has a value of sixty to seventy-five dollars.

One would naturally suppose that his raiser would break him, and get his enhanced price, but, as a rule, he has come to the St. Louis railroads as wild as could be, and also as stubborn, but the employees of the companies have had a great deal of fun in breaking them in and reducing them to tractability. They have also had some exciting experiences, too, as the little fellow has heels quite as serviceable as his larger relative, and he knows how to use them too. You have got to look out for them, and you have got to put some muscle into use when you think you have an easy task to hold them with the lines. This is not at all easy sometimes, as he has strength and frequently a very hard mouth—hard enough to pull a bobtail car by it with the traces slackened.

It has been said that it seems cruel to run these little fellows to a street car loaded down with passengers. To the contrary, there are few animals which have an easier life. The pulling of the car is nothing to them. They can laugh at that and grow fat. Twenty-five to thirty miles a day for them is nothing at all, and that is about what they cover, with rests between trips. Through with their day's work, they are turned into a big yard, where they run and roll as they please. They never die, or at least the employees of the street railways never hear of their dying. When they approach that period of life they are sold or sent off to the farm, where they may still be of some use.

They are aged before that time comes, however. There are, for instance, little rat mules as much as 20 or 25 years old still in service here, and some which have been in the service twelve and fifteen years. And still they are, to all appearances, good for several years yet. They are as strong and active as ever, apparently, and will likely a year from now start in for a second life on a southern plantation. This is a long time for an animal to tramp over granite and other kinds of paving, through mud and in all kinds of weather, but the limit has seemingly never been reached with this hardy little fellow. He might be subjected to twice as much, possibly, and still not fall under it.

In addition to performing service equal to that of the horse or the large mule, the little rat mule is one of the easiest animals known in the care required. It might, in fact, be said that he really does not require any care. He flourishes best when allowed to rough it. He is, of course, fed grain and hay, but he is not in the least fastidious about his food, as is the horse, and in the absence of anything else would probably manage to live on old boot legs. He likes nothing better than to run to fodder and cheap food.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Things Money Cannot Buy.

How much the happiness of individual lives is made up of priceless things, unobtainable in the coin of the land, yet found quickly when the heart of the searcher honestly desires them! Many of these real treasures are qualities that simply diffuse themselves through the moral and mental atmosphere, and are sometimes little valued, because they seem too vaporous and too illusive to be practically grasped; but they are genuine possessions, and won by heart service.

Who does not rejoice to have an honorable name—not necessarily a distinguished name, but a clean one? Truly, pride in such an inheritance, which cannot be bought, is justifiable if with it there are mingled a feeling of humility and a desire to do one's own part to transmit the name as unspiced as it has been bestowed. What makes home love dearer and sweeter than all else, and treasured while life lasts? Not the tables and chairs, not the delicacy of porcelain or the esthetic beauty which the loom achieves.

These minister to the comfort, taste and artistic nature; but beyond these there is something which ministers to the heart and soul, glorifying plain surroundings and homely details—something illusive to measure or weight, yet potent to guide, to comfort and to help. What is this but the sympathy, the trust, the spirit of sacrifice, the gentleness, the faith, the readiness to do and to bear, which, blended together, make the chain that binds us to our homes?—Harper's Bazar.

Where Steel Is Made.

The general aspect of the interior of a converting house at night is at once startling and grandly impressive. Here heat, flame and liquid metal are ever present; locomotives whistle and puff, dragging with clatter and clang huge ladles of molten iron; the lurid light, flashing and flaming, that illuminates the scene, throws shadows so intensely black that they suggest the "black fire" of Milton, for in such a place it is impossible for a shadow to be cool; half naked, muscular men, begrimed with sweat and dust, flit about; clouds of steam arise from attempts to cool in some degree the roasting earth of the floor; converters roar, vibrate and vomit flames mingled with splashes of metal from their white hot throats; at intervals the scorching air is filled with a rain of coruscating burning iron.

Ingot molds lift mouths parched with a thirst that can only be appeased for a short time by streams of liquid steel that run gurgling into them; the stalwart cranes rise, swing and fall, loading scores of tons of red hot steel upon cars of iron; all these conditions and circumstances combine to make an igneous total more suggestive of the realms of Pluto than any other in the whole range of metallurgical arts.—W. F. Durfee in Popular Science Monthly.

When Animals Are "Charmed."

Kalm mentions having seen a rattlesnake "lying at the bottom of a tree on which a squirrel was seated, fixing its eyes on the little animal, which from that moment cannot move or escape, but begins a doleful outcry, comes toward the snake, runs a little bit away, comes nearer, and finally is swallowed." But, as if to show that this result of bewilderment is not all to be put down to the eye alone, Dr. Andrew Smith says: "I have heard of cases in which antelopes and other quadrupeds have been so bewildered by the sudden appearance of crocodiles, by the grimaces and contortions they practiced, as to be unable to fly or move from the spot toward which the crocodiles were approaching to seize them."

This power is in the human animal often developed to a very great extent, and the part that the eye plays in fascinating a fellow creature by mesmerism—thus opening the way to almost infinite psychical results and unvelled, unknown depths of possibility—is decidedly great in proportion to the magnetic force of the system, or rather the mind, for which it acts.—Chambers' Journal.

Why a Mosquito Bite Hurts.

Humboldt, who was a firm believer in the poisonous nature of the mosquito bite, considered the sucking out of the poison to be the explanation of the painlessness of some wounds. He affirmed that if the insect were allowed to suck to satiety no swelling took place, and no pain was left behind, and considered that when pain was produced it resulted from the hasty interruption of the process of sucking, since then the last infused poison would not be able to be withdrawn. He experimented with one of the most virulent species, allowing it gently to settle on the back of his hand, and reports of it: "I observed that the pain, though violent in the beginning, diminishes in proportion as the insect continues to suck, and ceases altogether when it voluntarily flies away."—Knowledge.

Shocking.

A prominent New York theatrical man, who is quite homely but very conceited, went into a photograph gallery to get some photographs he had had taken. The photographer produced them, and the man declared them elegant. Said he: "It is an excellent picture. It is me all over. It is life itself." "That is so," responded the candid artist, with a dismal expression of countenance, "they are so lifelike that I can't afford to put one of them in the show window, as I intended to. I can't afford to shock the public that way."—Texas Sittings.

His Rage Saved His Life.

A story is related of the celebrated grammarian, Urbain Domergue, who had an abscess on his throat, which broke in a fit of passion with which he fell on his physician for committing a solecism in grammar.—American Notes and Queries.

At the Cemetery.

She—Dear, what do you think of all the stuff that is carved on tombstones? He—I think it is all epitaffy.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Bad Blood.



Impure or vitiated blood is nine times out of ten caused by some form of constipation or indigestion that clogs up the system, when the blood naturally becomes impregnated with the effete matter. The old Sarsaparilla attempts to reach this condition by attacking the blood with the old and obsolete "potash." The potent theory is modern. Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla is modern. It goes to the seat of the trouble. It arouses the liver, kidneys and bowels to healthful action, and invigorates the circulation, and the impurities are quickly carried off through the natural channels.

Try it and note its delightful action. Chas. Lee, at Beams's Third and Market Streets, S. F., writes: "I took it for vitiated blood and while on the first bottle became convinced of its merits, for I could feel it was working a change. It cleansed, purified and braced me up generally, and everything is now working full and regular."

Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla
For Sale by SNIPES & KINERLY
THE DALLES, OREGON.

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. Guarantees issued only by

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

REAL MERIT



PEOPLE

Say the S. B. Cough Cure is the best thing they ever saw. We are not flattered for we know REAL MERIT WILL WIN. All we ask is an honest trial. For sale by all druggists.
S. B. MEDICINE MFG. CO.,
Dufur, Oregon.

A Revelation.

Few people know that the bright bluish-green color of the ordinary tea exposed in the windows is not the natural color. Unpleasant as the fact may be, it is nevertheless artificial; mineral coloring matter being used for this purpose. The effect is twofold. It not only makes the tea a bright, shiny green, but also permits the use of "off-color" and worthless teas, which, once under the green cloak, are readily worked off as a good quality of tea. An eminent authority writes on this subject: "The manipulation of poor teas, to give them a finer appearance, is carried on extensively. Green teas, being in this country especially popular, are produced to meet the demand by coloring cheap or black blends by glazing or facing with Prussian blue, tumeric, gypsum, and indigo. This method is so general that very little genuine uncolored green tea is offered for sale."

It was the knowledge of this condition of affairs that prompted the placing of Beech's Tea before the public. It is absolutely pure and without color. Did you ever see any genuine uncolored Japanese tea? Ask your grocer to open a package of Beech's, and you will see it, and probably for the very first time. It will be found in color to be just between the artificial green tea that you have been accustomed to and the black teas.

It draws a delightful canary color, and is so fragrant that it will be a revelation to tea-drinkers. Its purity makes it also more economical than the artificial tea, for less of it is required per cup. Sold only in pound packages bearing this trade-mark:

BEECH'S TEA
"Pure As Childhood."

If your grocer does not have it, he will get it for you. Price 60c per pound. For sale at
Leslie Butler's,
THE DALLES, OREGON.

\$500 Reward!

We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar-Coated. Large boxes containing 50 Pills, 25 cents. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by
DR. JOHN C. WEST COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

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

THE Dalles, Portland & Astoria

NAVIGATION COMPANY'S
Elegant Steamer

REGULATOR

Will leave the foot of Court Street every morning at 7 A. M.

for
Portland and Way Points

Connections Will be Made with the
Fast Steamer

DALLES CITY,

At the Foot of the Cascade Locks.

For Passenger or Freight Rates, Apply to Agent, or Purser on Board.
Office northeast corner of Court and Main street

R. B. HOOD,

Livery, Feed and Sale
STABLE.

Horses Bought and Sold on
Commission and Money
Advanced on Horses
Left for Sale.

—OFFICE OF—
The Dalles and Goldendale Stage Line.

Stage Leaves The Dalles Every Morning at 7:30 and Goldendale at 7:30. All freight must be left at R. B. Hood's office the evening before.

R. B. HOOD, Proprietor.
Opposite old Stand. The Dalles, Or.

W. & T. McCoy,

BARBERS.

Hot and Cold Baths.

110 SECOND STREET.

A NEW Undertaking Establishment!



PRINZ & NITSCHKE.

—DEALERS IN—
Furniture and Carpets.

We have added to our business a complete Undertaking Establishment, and as we are in no way connected with the Undertakers' Trust our prices will be low accordingly. Remember our place on Second street, next to Moody's bank.

D. BUNNELL,

Pipe Work, Tin Repairing and Roofing.

Leave orders at L. Butler's, Grocery Store.

JOHN PASHEK,

Merchant-Tailor,

Next door to Wasco Sun.

Madison's Latest System used in cutting garments, and a fit guaranteed each time.

Repairing and Cleaning

Neatly and Quickly Done.

The Dalles Cigar Factory

FIRST STREET.

FACTORY NO. 105.

CIGARS of the Best Brands manufactured, and orders from all parts of the country filled on the shortest notice.

The reputation of THE DALLES CIGAR has become firmly established, and the demand for the home manufactured article is increasing every day.

A. ULRICH & SON.

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.

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.

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.

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. St.

JOLES BROS.,

—DEALERS IN—

Staple and Fancy Groceries

Hay, Grain and Feed.

Masonic Block, Corner Third and Court Streets, The Dalles, Oregon

New Columbia Hotel

THE DALLES, OREGON.

Best Dollar a Day House on the Coast

First-Class Meals, 25 Cents.

First Class Hotel in Every Respect.

None but the Best of White Help Employed

T. T. Nicholas, Prop.

Washington North Dalles, Washington

SITUATED AT THE HEAD OF NAVIGATION.

Destined to be the Best Manufacturing Center in the Inland Empire.

Best Selling Property of the Season in the Northwest.

For Further Information Call at the Office of

Interstate Investment Co.,

O. D. TAYLOR, THE DALLES. 72 WASHINGTON ST., PORTLAND