

DARING JAIL BREAKING.

DAVE PADDOCK'S REMARKABLE ESCAPE FROM JOLIET.

An Almost Superhuman Display of Ingenuity Exercised by a Convict to Get Out of Prison—Working a Few Minutes at a Time for Over Two Years.

A section of iron bar was cut from the cell door of Dave Paddock by that redoubtable knight of the dark lantern and "jiminy" on the occasion of his sensational escape from Joliet. For over two years Paddock has schemed and worked to effect his purpose. He was sent up from Rock Island on an eight year term, and was placed at work in one of the shoeshops, where during every minute of the working hours in the shop he was constantly under the watchful eye of his keeper. There was not the least chance to plan an escape from the shop. But, not daunted at this, he determined to find some means of getting out of his cell at night.

To fully appreciate the difficulty of cutting out of a cell it must be remembered that three times every hour during the night, at irregular intervals, a guard wearing padded slippers—called "sneak shoes" by the convicts—makes his rounds, peering into each cell to make sure that all are secure and in bed. Paddock first appropriated a couple of thin bladed shoe knives from his shop, and, concealing them from the guard, took them to his cell, where, by using one as a file, he converted the other into a fine steel saw. Then by slow degrees he collected a large amount of shoe thread from the same shop, with which he braided the rope. All this required months of stealthful work, but in the course of time he had a slender, strong rope, fully fifty feet in length. This he kept carefully hidden in the mattress of his bed.

Next he began sawing the bars on his door a little at a time. Night after night he watched for the passing of the guard, and as soon as that official was beyond hearing distance he would cut a little and then fill up the space with black wax, which he had also obtained from the shoeshop, so that the prying eyes of the guard could not discover by daylight that the door had been tampered with. When the bar had been cut through he carefully wedged it back into place with small iron staples and bits of lead.

REMARKABLE CLEVERNESS.

He could now get outside of his cell, but the hardest work was yet to be done. His cell was located high up on the third tier, some sixty feet away from the tower door through which he hoped to make his way. Watching his chance, when the night guard was on the opposite side of the block of cells, he removed the bar from his door, crawled through the opening, and with all the agility of a cat climbed down the railing from tier to tier, ran across the corridor to the tower door, and, with a piece of sheemaker's wax, took an impression of the lock, regaining his cell before the guard appeared on that side of the cell-house.

By careful working he made a key out of lead pipe that a plumber had dropped near his workbench in the shop. Several trips from his cell to the tower door were made during the next few weeks before his key would fit, and then it took him some time to get together enough material to make a "dummy" to put in his bed to prevent his absence being discovered before he could get beyond reach. On the very day that he intended to make his escape, while returning from the shop to his cell, he slipped upon an icy stairway and badly sprained his ankle. This almost discouraged him. His months of anxious toil had come to naught. His scheme would surely be discovered. After three weeks in the prison hospital he was sent back to work, and when he reached his cell that evening was overjoyed to find that his rope, key and "dummy" were still safely concealed in the mattress, and everything as he had left it.

ESCAPE AND CAPTURE.

Another week elapsed before his ankle would permit his making the attempt. The night came, however, and along about midnight he was safe inside the tower. A single iron bar still stood between him and freedom, and it would take long hours of hard work to cut through it. Just as daylight began to break the bar gave way. The rope now came into good use, and with its aid he slipped down upon the prison lawn and hurried away to the woods that line the bluff east of the prison. Here he found a thicket or underbrush where he lay hid all that day, and when darkness came again he got away.

His absence was not discovered from prison until the guard went to unlock his cell in the morning. This was without doubt the cleverest escape that had taken place at Joliet, and stamped Paddock as a genius. Extraordinary efforts were made for his recapture. Large rewards were offered, and his description was cast broadcast. A year later it was discovered that Paddock had a mistress in Chicago. A watch was set on her house for several weeks, and sure enough one night Paddock put in an appearance. Captain Simon O'Donnell, of the police department, had the place surrounded and the daring convict was again in the toils. He was taken back to his old quarters at the prison, where he finally completed his sentence, not, however, until he had tried several other schemes for escape, but he was too closely watched to ever again succeed.—Joliet (Ills.) Letter.

Use for an Old Fashioned Caster.

If you happen to have among the family silver an old fashioned caster, don't frown at it uncomplacingly and wonder if it "can't be melted up into something useful." Take it down from its out of the way nook and uncrowd the long handle which holds the crucet frame. This will leave when taken out as handsome a table jardiniere for ferns and flowers as your soul can desire, with the trifling addition of a tin basin, which any tinsmith will fit inside.—New York Times.

Wolf Hunting in Chicago.

South Side citizens had an exciting chase after a wolf yesterday morning. Just where the animal came from is not known, but he was evidently new to city life. The first intimation that the residents of that portion of the city had of the arrival of the stranger in their midst was the sight of a strange looking quadruped, something like a dog, worrying a small dog near Indiana avenue and Twenty-fifth street. Something in the savage manner in which the animal snarled and showed its teeth at the approach of a pedestrian warned those whose curiosity prompted them to try to investigate not to venture too near, and they quickly retired to watch developments from the shelter and safety of adjacent doorways.

Such was the state of affairs when at 10:30 o'clock the dogcatcher's wagon came in sight. Louis Schlusser tried to throw a noose around the supposed dog's neck, but it leaped to one side in time to avoid the snare, and started down Indiana avenue, closely pursued by the dogcatcher, with Officer John Jandt and the dogcatcher well in the lead.

When Thirtieth street was reached the wolf sought to evade the shower of miscellaneous missiles thrown at him from every side by turning the corner. Down Twenty-fifth street the chase was continued to Cottage Grove avenue, down Cottage Grove avenue to Twenty-sixth street. Then through alleyways and vacant lots to Lake avenue. Then across the Illinois Central railway tracks to the lake shore, where the wolf took shelter in a deep hole just behind the breaker. The wolf was finally captured and taken to the dog pound, where he was accommodated with a compartment all to himself. He is of a grayish color and the size of a large mastiff dog.—Chicago Tribune.

The Court's Weak Point.

The township commissioners in Looking Glass township, Ills., are being sued by a lumber firm for the small sum of \$2.48. Two trials have been held before justices of the peace, and the case has now been taken to the county court. Much ill feeling has been engendered, and the costs are assuming large proportions. The first trial was called before a German country justice of the peace. After the evidence was all in, and the eloquence of the attorneys employed in the case had subsided, the honorable court arose and delivered the decision:—"Shentlemans, I was in a pox. I p-ieve you both vos right. Von of you show all your poos and prove it vos dot. The other von show all his poos, and prove it vos not dot. The lawyers made poth gnot speeches, and tam me if the court knows how to decide."

After a moment's silence the judge's face brightened up and he continued:—"Shentlemans, I dismiss this case to Squire Duncan, as he knows more English as I do."—Cor. St. Louis Republic.

Popular Colors This Winter.

In colors this season the blues are rather gray in hue, while the grays either have a tinge of lavender or lilac, or else show a greenish hue, deepening into mignonet or sage. The heliotropes are more than ever suited to those brunets who have a clear complexion, but the woman who is unfortunate enough to be sallow should never wear or permit to be near her any shade of the delicate hue. But the glaring emerald green is not only at once trying, but loud, and cannot be commended even for the much quoted lady who has the skin of a peach. The popularity of black is very great. The soft wools or mixtures of silk and wool being shown especial favor. A black wool gown is "always refined and ladylike. So she who can get only one gown will be wise in choosing that it shall be entirely in the fashion by being black."—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Ice Crop Threatened.

Maine's ice crop is seriously threatened by drought. The water supply has been gradually falling, until now the small rivers are nearly dry and the larger ones are lower than for years. In the Kennebec the water has not been so low for years. At Augusta one can easily wade across. The Androscoggin is practically without water, and the mills at Lewiston would be shut down were it not for the fact that the lakes have been tapped and a supply thus obtained. But the lakes are several feet lower than for years. In the Penobscot the water is so low that the current is not powerful enough to keep back the tide, and the water accordingly is so salt that, should winter set in suddenly, the ice would be entirely unfit for consumption.—Boston Transcript.

Trains Delayed by Autumn Leaves.

Engineers on the railroads in several parts of the state have experienced much difficulty in running their trains on time during the past week owing to the large downfall of leaves upon the tracks. The Housatonic road has suffered most through the long stretches of woodland which the road passes. It has been impossible for the section hands on the different divisions to keep the tracks free from them. The result is that when the wheels of the locomotive pass over them the sap from the leaves makes the rails slippery and the obstruction is as bad as hail, snow or ice. It is even worse, as the leaves refuse to melt or freeze, but stick to the rails until dried up.—New London (Conn.) Day.

A Famous Tree Destroyed.

The famous oak under which Tasso is supposed to have spent the greater part of the day during the last year of his life, when he had retired to the convent of Sant Onofrio, was blown down, it is said, during a violent gale recently. The tree, which all visitors to Rome used to visit, was kept standing for years by supports of masonry on all sides. The trunk, it is reported, will be kept as a relic in the convent of Sant Onofrio.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Volume in a Word.

Friend—What became of that young man you were engaged to last summer? Miss Cathem (innocently)—Which one?—New York Weekly.

Across the Continent: Mr. Barry and Dids's.

Seattle contains today a disappointed young couple who believe not that marriage is, but that it would be a failure. The man is Basil Suporiska and the girl is Miss Florence B. Bathrick, of De Kalb, Ills. They became acquainted through correspondence resulting from the answering of an advertisement in a Chicago paper, and the acquaintance finally resulted in an agreement to marry if upon meeting each was satisfied. Miss Bathrick came out here, her eager lover met her at Pryallup, but the wedding has not taken place and will not. Miss Bathrick says:

"I came out here to marry Basil Suporiska, but have found that he is not the man I thought he was. I was led to believe that he owned about half of Seattle and was a capitalist. I think I'll go back home, for there are plenty of men there that I can marry. Indeed, I've just had a telegram from a fellow who has wanted to marry me all along, and I will go back and take my old beau. I have some money, and I think that is what Suporiska is after, but luckily I did not bring the money with me, but left orders to have the check sent to me after I was married."

Miss Bathrick brought a large trousseau, including a white wedding dress with a train eight feet long, white hat and gloves.—Cor. Chicago Herald.

Hot Water Foot Warmers.

A commission sent by the directors of the French railways to England and Germany to report upon the means adopted in those countries for warming railway carriages during the winter finds that France has nothing to learn from her neighbors in this respect, hot water foot warmers similar to those in use on French railways being employed almost everywhere. On the Northern of France railway, however, an important experiment is about to be tried on a large scale.

All carriages, even on short distance trains, are to be warmed, and the warmth is to be produced by means of boxes of acetate of soda. The chemical is put in a solid state into the boxes, and these are then plunged into hot water about 100 degs. The effect is that the soda becomes liquid. On being taken out of the water the boxes are wiped dry and are put into the carriages. By degrees the soda solidifies, and as long as the operation lasts—that is, for about five or six hours—it gradually gives off the heat it has absorbed in the melting process.—London News.

A Mighty Hunter's Triumph.

There was one incident in the woods this season," said a North woods guide, "which was amusing, to say the least. A wealthy Albanian, who spends his summers in the vicinity of Lake George, and who, by the way, enjoys a military title, came into the woods with great pomp when deer was in season, and requested that a deer be captured for him. This was done and the animal tied to a tree. Then the military gentleman, who is a member of a society for the protection of fish and game, brought his gun up and blazed away at the tethered animal. It required six shots from the gun of the Albanian to mortally wound the deer. What do you think of that for hunting? The guides in the woods when they heard of the affair vowed they would lynch the man if he came up there again."—Albany Journal.

Surprise at a Surprise Party.

A surprise party was given J. O'Donnell and wife, of Beaver Falls, by a lot of his neighbors. Mrs. Bridget Donovan was one of the guests. She weighs about 230 pounds, and when she essayed a skirt dance it truly was a surprise party. The floor was weak, Mrs. Donovan was heavy, and in the middle of a difficult figure the floor gave way, and the fair dancer disappeared into the cellar along with the kitchen stove. She was quickly extracted from her perilous position by the men of the party by the aid of levers and ropes, and was found to be but little injured. The stove, fortunately, contained no fire, and did not fall upon her.—Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Canine Hero.

A case illustrating the sagacity of the canine race has occurred at Jackson, Miss. Several negro children were playing on the banks of Pearl river, near the bridge, when one of them, Robert Jackson, a boy, about seven years old, slipped and fell into the water. He was being borne rapidly away by the current when his dog, a little black setter, plunged into the river, and seizing the child by the clothing, swam safely to shore with his heavy burden. The boy was pretty well, but soon recovered and ran home with his dog following at his heels.—Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Better Than a Gold Mine.

The steamer San Jose, from Panama, brought the report of the discovery of an important deposit of that rare metal known as vanadium in the province of Mendoza, Argentine Republic. This metal is one of the rarest and most valuable known, and is used for setting dyes in silks, ribbons, hosiery and other fine goods. The principal source of supply, until recently, has been a small deposit in the Ural mountains, and it has been held as high as \$1,500 per ounce. This deposit in Mendoza will therefore be recognized as of great importance.—San Francisco Examiner.

In the pockets of clothing discarded by a burglar at Crawfordsville, Ind., was found a translation from Caesar's Commentaries and an example in algebra, indicating that the night prowler was a student.

The Duke of Westminster has again this year given to the Chester infirmary the sum of \$2,500, being the proceeds of the shillings charged upon visitors for admission to Eaton hall and gardens.

Miss Maggie Donger, of Shelbyville, Ind., began a unique course of treatment for consumption last week. Under the advice of her doctor she uses a diet made up exclusively of young dog flesh.

Blown Out of His Office.

Mr. Nathaniel Paige, the lawyer, had a remarkable experience during the recent storm. He was sitting at the desk in his office on the second floor of the Corcoran building, and at the southwest corner, when the storm broke. The door opening into the main hall was open, but the door connecting with a small anteroom was closed. The upper part was of glass. The strength of the wind broke in the corner windows, and, picking Mr. Paige up bodily, carried him through the door, and with the frame hanging around him deposited him out in the main hall, fifteen feet distant. He was not cut by the broken glass nor hurt in any way.—Washington Star.

Was This Parrot a Bad Friend?

A friend of mine once had a gorgeous African parrot, a bird so handsome and so accomplished that everybody petted him, but so sure as we held out a lump of sugar, a bit of fruit or candy with "Here, Polly! Pretty Polly? want some sweets!" he would dart his head aside and savagely nip not the lump of sugar but the fingers that held it. It seemed to rouse all his worst temper to feel that he was obliged to receive the gift from one who had the power to withhold it. I have often fancied that if reincarnation is a possibility, that parrot had been one of the jealous and venal souls some poor innocent had taken for a friend, and from whom a wound had been received not in the fingers, but in the heart.—Mrs. Frank Leslie.

Fisherman's Luck.

No sooner had the disappointed herring fleet sailed away from Biddeford pool, with empty barrels, than a wonderfully big school of the fish straggled in. Nobody's there to catch 'em, and they're having a great frolic.—Lewiston Journal.



In just 24 hours J. V. S. relieves constipation and sick headaches. After it gets the system under control an occasional dose prevents return. We refer by permission to W. H. Marshall, Brunswick House, S. F.; Geo. A. Werner, 531 California St., S. F.; Mrs. C. Melvin, 156 Kearny St., S. F., and many others who have found relief from constipation and sick headaches. G. W. Vincent, of Terrence Court, S. F. writes: "I am 60 years of age and have been troubled with constipation for 25 years. I was recently induced to try Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla. I recognized in it at once an herb that the Mexicans used to give us in the early 50's for bowel troubles. I came to California in 1852 and I knew it would help me and it has. For the first time in years I can sleep well and my system is regular and in splendid condition. The old Mexican herbs in this remedy are a certain cure for constipation and bowel troubles." Ask for

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A Severe Law.

The English people look more closely to the genuineness of those staples than we do. In fact, they have a law under which they make seizures and destroy adulterated products that are not what they are represented to be. Under this statute thousands of pounds of tea have been burned because of their wholesale adulteration.

Tea, by the way, is one of the most notoriously adulterated articles of commerce. Not alone are the bright, shiny green teas artificially colored, but thousands of pounds of substitutes for tea leaves are used to swell the bulk of cheap teas; ash, sloe, and willow leaves being those most commonly used. Again, sweepings from tea warehouses are colored and sold as tea. Even exhausted tea leaves gathered from the tea-houses are kept, dried, and made over and find their way into the cheap teas.

The English government attempts to stamp this out by confiscation, but no tea is too poor for us, and the result is that probably the poorest teas used by any nation are those consumed in America.

Beech's Tea is presented with the guarantee that it is uncolored and unadulterated; in fact, the ann-ounce tea leaf pure and simple. Its purity insures superior strength. About one third less of it being required for an infusion than of the artificial teas, and its fragrance and exquisite flavor is at once apparent. It will be a revelation to you. In order that its purity and quality may be guaranteed, it is sold only in pound packages bearing this trade-mark:

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