



How to Incubate Gossiping.
If you wish to cultivate a gossiping, meddling, censorious spirit in your children be sure when they come home from church, a visit or any other place where you do not accompany them, to ply them with questions concerning what everybody wore, how everybody looked and what everybody said and did, and if you find anything in this to censure always do it in their hearing. You may rest assured, if you pursue a course of this kind, they will not return to you unladen with intelligence, and rather than it should be uninteresting they will by degrees learn to embellish in such a manner as shall not fail to call forth remarks and expressions of wonder from you. You will by this course render the spirit of curiosity, which is so early visible in children, and which, if rightly directed, may be the instrument of enriching and enlarging their minds—a vehicle of mischief which will serve only to make them narrow and mean.

A TALK WITH A BURGLAR.

MEANS AND METHODS USED BY SUCCESSFUL CRACKSMEN.

How a Man Who Has "Done Time" for Safe Breaking Operates—He Says That to Open Safes Is Comparatively Easy Work—Time and Money Spent on Tools.

Did you ever meet a real live flesh and blood burglar? I mean a man who has made a living by cracking other people's safes, by housebreaking and robbery—who has "done time" in various prisons and who is under police surveillance everywhere he goes? The man with the cast iron countenance, the shifty eyes and the hunted look?

Of course, no. You would shrink from such society. Yet there is a certain novelty in the sensation. Such men pass you on the street and leave no more distinct impression than the touch of a bank president who has absorbed the money of his depositors, and is yet at large unexposed. It is only when you are brought face to face with the burglar in a dark room, with his blinking bulldog eyes shining in your face and the cold muzzle of his pistol pressed against your temples, that the sensation is experienced in all its blood curdling intensity. And I feel sure you would rather be excused from such a meeting.

To have an old friend "on the force" say to you suddenly some day: "Would you like to meet a burglar? Here he is now," and raising a significant finger draw a plainly dressed and shambling figure from the passing Broadway throng into a back room and say, "This man is a bank snafek and burglar." That conveys a different and perhaps more agreeable sensation. And that is the sensation I have just experienced.

EASY WORK TO OPEN ANY SAFE.
"When'll you fellows let up on a man?" was the first and rather plaintive inquiry of the ex-convict. His face took on an innocent and woe begone look.

The policeman addressed him familiarly, asked him what he was doing on Broadway and a string of questions; not severely, but rather inviting confidence and conversation. When the man found he was not wanted, and that a newspaper man was his other auditor, he talked glibly. He had been reading a recent interview with a well known safe manufacturer.

"There isn't a bank vault or safe lock made," said the burglar, "that can't be opened by an expert. I became an adept at the business while in the employ of a safe manufacturer. I picked locks as a legitimate business from New York to San Francisco. Every safe company has men who can do the same thing. The first thing a bank official or anybody else does, when the safe lock gets out of order, is to send to the manufacturer and they send an expert who opens the safe. The ordinary combination lock is easily picked. There are time locks which cannot be worked so easily, especially modern ones. Some combination locks have a micrometer proof attachment. That? Why, it's an arrangement which is supposed to prevent the successful use of the micrometer, a little machine which can be attached to the handle of the lock and has an indicator which shows the thickness and variation of the tumblers.

"Some of these cheap combination locks have a bell-like sound or click and these can be easily read. And some combinations run in grooves and can be detected at once. You might as well have a house door lock and latchkey on a safe as one of them. The latest and best combination lock gives out no sound whatever, and, while it may be opened, it would take an expert a good deal of time. There is a good deal of sameness about the old style combination locks, and when you get used to them they are as easily opened as a street door.

BADLY MADE SAFES.
"While the modern bank burglar must be and usually is an expert on combinations, he by no means relies upon that. A dozen years ago I could open any lock within forty-five minutes. The improvements have been such, however, that that method cannot longer be depended upon. It isn't true, as stated in this safe manufacturer's interview, that the safes operated upon successfully by burglars are simply fireproof safes, and that no so-called burglar proof safes are being cracked. All that formidable looking array of bolts you see on a burglar proof amount to nothing if you can pick the lock. The two side bolts are the important ones. The others catch the eye, but don't make the safe any stronger.

"The weight of material is not so formidable to a burglar as the quality, and there is much poor material put into safes. Now, there is a weakness in almost every safe, and it is the burglar's art to find it out. Some have better steel in the back than in the front, and sometimes the steel is tougher and better tempered in one part than another. I can tell at once as to the hardness and thickness of steel plating. I've had drills, however, that would go through anything. I could put a hole through two average steel plates in thirty minutes. The skill and genius that have been expended upon burglars' tools is something extraordinary, and the pains that are taken sometimes to lay the foundation of great burglaries or a system of small ones would be astonishing to honest people.

"I know of a case where a valuable safe was purchased for the experimental work. For instance, several country banks may be found using the same safe. By the purchase of one of the same kind and make the experts had an indefinite time to study out its weaknesses. They then descended upon the selected spoils and got away with the booty.

"Another way is to go right to the manufacturer and see how they are made, just like the fellow did who wrote that article. You have read accounts of repeated burglaries in certain sections within a very short time? Well, they are usually on a certain set of safes."—New York Telegram.

Death of an Old Pittcairn Islander.

A Norfolk Island correspondent reports the death, at the age of ninety-four, of Mr. Buffett, an old and much respected member of the island community. He had been connected with the Pittcairn community for the long period of nearly seventy years.

Early in the twenties (1822) the English whaler *Cyprus*, on her way home after an extended and successful cruise, and before starting on the then lonely and perilous passage around the Horn, called at Pittcairn island for fresh provisions and to recruit. Just at that time the island elders began to feel the want of a school teacher for the young community fast growing up, and expressed their wishes to that effect to the captain of the *Cyprus*, who, without hesitation, willingly agreed to help them, if possible.

The result was that Buffett, then a young man on board, of fair education, was summoned, and he gladly fell in with the wishes of his captain and the community, went ashore with all his belongings and thereforward threw in his lot with the islanders. He was not long, however, a schoolmaster, as on the advent of Mr. Nobbs, some few years later, a majority of the parents wished for a change, and of course Buffett had to acquiesce.

Mr. Buffett's residence, even on peaceful Pittcairn, was not without its exciting episodes. In 1831 occurred, at the instance of the English government, the exodus to Tahiti, and the community's return some months later curtailed through sickness of many of its members. Then again, in 1836, during the "reign" of Mr. Joshua Hill, Buffett and his two compatriots, Nobbs and Evans, together with their families, were for a short period banished to the Gambier islands by this arbitrary gentleman, where the exiles were kindly treated, and remained until the storm blew over. Lastly, the final departure from loved old Pittcairn to the new home at Norfolk island, 3,000 miles away.

Buffett was an ingenious worker in wood, and his handiworks in the shape of cabinets and such like are widely distributed, the old familiar legend, "made from the wood of John Adams' house," being always kept up, and no doubt adding attraction to the goods. Until three or four years ago Mr. Buffett had the full use of all his faculties, but for the last eighteen months he has been totally oblivious to passing events.—Chilian Times.

A Soldier's Bible.

While Miss Winter, of Emmittsburg, was overlooking her childhood's treasures, she came across an old Testament which she found on the site of a soldier's camp near there during the war, after the soldiers had left for the field of Gettysburg. On examining the book her eyes fell on the name "Samuel Wolcott, Griffin's Mills, Erie county, N. Y.," and Miss Winter decided to write to the address, thinking the owner would like to recover the book.

In a few days she received a reply from Mrs. Weaden, of Clifton, N. J., stating that she was a sister of the soldier and the only living member of a large family. She said her brother had returned home from the army in 1863, and died in 1864, and Miss Winter's letter had been forwarded to her as his nearest of kin. Mrs. Weaden seemed much pleased at the idea of recovering this long lost memento of her dead brother, and Miss Winter sent the Testament to her.—Baltimore Sun.

A Chapter on Oysters.

"Oysters are fatter this year than I ever saw them before," said a restaurant oyster opener. "I don't know why, but usually the fatter an oyster is the poorer the flavor. This is because the fat oyster has generally been out of the water too long and has been fed. That is not wholly the reason this year. They are fatter anyhow.

"An oyster is best on the half shell, about twenty-four to forty-eight hours after he is out of salt water. Eaten before that time they are apt to give cramps. Yes, the male oyster is the best, but we don't come across a male more than an average of once in fifty times."—New York Herald.

Why the Opening Was Delayed.

The opening of the recent church congress at Rhylin, Wales, was delayed for half an hour by the nonappearance of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and everybody wondered what had happened. The Archbishop had lost his crozier. This emblem was locked up in a leather case, and was carried off by a servant, who thought it was a gun, and locked it up in a room full of breechloaders and cartridges. Whether the congress would have been adjourned if it had not been discovered is a question which does not call for immediate reply.—Christian World.

Brain Boarded a Head Car.

A section man was coming into Columbus, Ind., on a hand car on the Pennsylvania road, when he was attacked by a large bear. A terrible struggle was in progress at the time. The man and bear had a terrific struggle, but the man finally struck the bear over the head with an iron crowbar, and as the animal rolled from the car the man got it in motion and escaped. He was badly scratched and bruised, but not seriously injured.—Cor. Philadelphia Record.

Blow Open an Unlocked Safe.

Cracksmen played a singular joke on themselves in blowing open the safe in L. G. Blair's store, Rio Uls. Mr. Blair has been the victim of so many robberies that he has been leaving the safe open and sending the money to Galesburg. The burglars drilled into and blew open the empty unlocked safe.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Raising Tea in North Carolina.

The result of the recent attempt to raise tea in North Carolina indicates that the soil and climate are favorable to such an industry, but that, owing to the expense of picking and curing, none but the highest grades could be produced profitably.—New York Times.

The Highest Railway in Europe.

The opening of a new Alpine railway—the Brienzer Rothhornbahn—is announced. It is the highest railway in the Alps and commands magnificent views. It is 2,351 meters (7,736 feet) high at the summit level, and ascends 1,682 meters (5,500 feet), or sixty-seven meters (223 feet) higher than the Pilatus railway. The journey occupies an hour and a half. The gauge is 0.8 meter. The line is a pure rack and pinion railway on the Abt system, and is similar in construction to the Monte Generoso railway.

The steepest gradient is one in four—that is, less than the maximum Pilatus ascent. The railway has been built in a remarkably short space of time; it was begun so recently as the 1st of October, 1890. No fewer than ten tunnels were bored; numerous streamlets were bridged and heavy stone dams had to be erected.—Iron.

Changed His Opinion of the Jury.

A gentleman who served on a jury that tried a prisoner defended by General Henry Morgan tells a good one on that counselor. In his speech in arguing the case, General Morgan complimented the jurors highly, telling them that he selected them specially for their intelligence. The jury was not out five minutes before a verdict of guilty was returned, whereupon General Morgan exclaimed, "They are the worst set of fools I ever saw."—Albany (Ga.) News and Advertiser.

In Chicago a horse car, a red hot stove and thirteen passengers were struck by an engine. The car was reduced to kindling wood and took fire, but not a passenger was killed. And yet people will go right on insisting that thirteen is an unlucky number.



Just 24.
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, 136 Kearny St., S. F., and many others who have found relief from constipation and sick headaches. G. W. Vincent, of 6 Terence 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 '50s for bowel troubles. (I came to California in 1883,) 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 in constipation and bowel troubles." Ask for

Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla
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LA GRIPPE



A Severe Law.
The English people look more closely to the genuineness of these 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, shoe, 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 poorer it is used by any nation are those consumed in America.

Beech's Tea is presented with the guaranty that it is uncolored and unadulterated; in fact, the sun-cured 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 printed packages bearing this trade-mark:

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"Pure As Childhood."
Price 50c per pound. For sale at Leslie Butler's, THE DALLES, OREGON.

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