

The Dalles Daily Chronicle.

WINTER ON THE CANAL.

How the Men Pass Their Time During the Season.

A Mode of Living That Has But Few Attractions—Whole Lives Spent Aboard the Cheerless Boats.

How do canal men spend the winter? is a question many people are prompted to ask at this time when the snow is beginning to fly and the boats are hurrying to their various destinations. People are interested in canal boatmen and the hardy lives they live because they are out of the usual run and their slow method of doing business savors of the past, for canal boats moved just as rapidly many years ago as they do now. Then the canal man is becoming like the stage driver, scarcer each year, and there is a tinge of the romantic about his mode of living. In the summer and during the open season the romance is never seen, for it's all hard work then, and even in its more restful features canalizing is like other occupations—something of a grind.

As for the time of rest, a canal man the other morning related his experience in that line. He was past 50 and ever since boyhood had followed the life of a cannaler. In his younger days he may have given promise of a Garfield, as even last night his first question was for some good reading for his wife during the winter. He explained that something entertaining would do, as his wife had so much leisure time during the long winter nights while he and the boys were playing poker.

"I'm making a heavy pull to get to Troy before the water runs out, and I guess I will make it all right," said he. "Yes, I was stuck one time, but a boatman never gets stuck twice. It was 13 years ago. We had a week to make Troy and were taking it easy when we were frozen hard and fast at the Four Mile grocery just below here. Those were the days we had cold weather, and we didn't float again until the spring. We hadn't a heavy cargo, so it didn't matter much. Yes, there's some of them ties up along the route, but most of them go to Troy or Buffalo or down to New York. They stay there all winter, knocking about the harbor, the boys going to dances and the old folks staying at home. Work during the winter? Well, I never have, but some of them do, but for the most part the boys rest.

"You see, in the winter the cabin of a boat is the snugest place on earth. It's 18 by 14 feet, and you live, eat, and sleep in there. Down in the ditch the wind don't catch you and the boat is airtight with two feet of dead air between the sides and the cabin to keep out cold. It's made of match boards inside and out and the roof is four inches thick so that a little stove makes the cabin warm.

"Me and my wife have been on the canal since we were boys and girls and I haven't seen any of the country except that to be seen from the boat on its way from Buffalo to New York for 30 years. We winter at Troy. As soon as we get there we take our horses and drive them to a place where with about 200 others they are collected by a farmer and taken to winter quarters. There are farmers all along the route that winter horses. Ours go to Fort Edward, about 28 miles north of Troy, where they are turned loose in the fields. Kirkland is our man's name, and he winters from 300 to 350. There are sheds and hay and strawstacks in the fields and the horses eat hay all winter and sleep on clean straw in the sheds at night. About March 1 they begin to feed them grain, three quarts a day, and keep it up until the season opens. That is, we pay 90 cents a head every week for that, but I don't know as they get it, because I don't stay there to see.

"Now, young fellow, when you ask if a man can live and keep his family all winter on what he makes in summer, you must know that he can't nowadays if he goes to many dances or gets many drinks. We manage to scrape along on bacon and pancakes for breakfast, meat three times a week for dinner, a chicken on Sunday now and then, and at supper we generally eat what's left. I've never saved anything, but I would have if the trade kept up as it was 30 years ago. Why, in '78 I think it was, I hauled wheat from Buffalo to New York at 26 cents a bushel for freight. That was a 'living,' I tell you. If the state instead of deepening the ditch had built free elevators at Buffalo so we wouldn't have to pay the railroads for the use of their facilities we would have done us some good, but there ain't a living now as there used to be."—Utica (N. Y.) Press.

other—Chicago Chronicle.

THE TINIEST OF WATCHES.

Most Minute Timepiece Now in Existence.

The smallest watch in the world is at present on exhibition in a show window in Berlin. It is the latest triumph in the art of watchmaking—the art that has made such wonderful progress within the last decade.

The lilliputian timepiece was made in Geneva. Following are given some of the tiny dimensions:

The diameter of the little watch is less than half an inch. The exact measurement is 10 1/2 millimeters, or .4137 inch. Its thickness is 3 millimeters, or .1182 inch, being but little more than a tenth of an inch.

The length of the minute hand is 2 4/10 millimeters, or .09456 inch. That of the hour hand is 1 3/10 millimeters, or .05122 inch.

The entire works of the tiny watch comprise 95 individual pieces, and its exact weight is 14.3499 grains, or, according to the metric system, 93 centigrammes—less than a single gram!

After having been wound up with the diminutive key the watch will run for 28 hours. The mainspring when run down has a circumference of .13396 inch. Its weight is 38 milligrammes, or .5902 grain.

The weight of the four main wheels, with their springs, is 42 milligrammes, or .6468 grain. There are 13 cogs on the little cylinder wheel, which has a circumference of 2 millimeters, or .0789 inch, and weighs .75 milligramme, or .01155 grain.

The balance has a circumference of 3.57 millimeters, or .140658 inch. In one hour it completes 18,152 revolutions, traveling a distance of 9,842 feet 6 inches.

The most delicate tools and measuring instruments were made specially for the construction of this lilliputian watch. The preliminary work in the making of the timepiece was very expensive, and the selling price of the watch is comparatively low, being \$1,250.—N. Y. Herald.

AN ENORMOUS SAPPHIRE.

Bright Gem from Ceylon Now in London. Weighs 628 Karats.

The London Times tells of a Ceylon sapphire in that city, the property of Maj. Gen. Robley, which is not less remarkable for its size than for its translucency and the brilliance of the optical effects it can show. The weight of the gem is 628 karats and it is of a dark, milky blue color, perfectly transparent and flawless.

Large sapphires have been known, but they have usually, if not always, been dull and muddy, instead of having the clear, translucent color of this specimen. But in addition it possesses a property occasionally found in slightly cloudy or milky Ceylon sapphires—and sometimes in other gems, too—which greatly enhances its value in the eyes of believers in the occult powers of precious stones to confer health and good fortune on their wearers. It is a star sapphire, or asteria. That is, being cut en cabochon, it displays a beautiful opalescent star, dividing its six rays at the apex, which changes its position according to the movement of the source of light by which it is viewed. By employing two or three sources of light, two or three of these stars can be simultaneously seen in the gem.

By further cutting it is said that the beauty of this stone could be still more increased, but, of course, at the expense of its size.

SPILLED HER LUNCH.

Sorry Accident to a Stylish Young Woman in a Street Car.

The passengers on an early-morning train connecting with this city were treated to a thoroughly enjoyable scene the other morning, says the Brooklyn Enterprise. At one of the small stations a young lady boarded the train. She was dressed rather stylishly, but a veil covered a rather plain face. She switched down the aisle like a queen. She barely deigned to glance at the other passengers in the car and when she did her nose rose perceptibly at the tip in a manner that spread the impression of contempt.

She carried a Boston bag and the air of a millionaire. There was but one seat vacant. This was beside a good-looking, nicely dressed young man who was reading a paper.

When she came to this seat she flopped down heavily and tossed her bag to the seat between herself and the young man. Two seconds later the young man leaped from his seat and a string of earnest words of doubtful origin fell from his lips like vipers from the lips of the young woman in the fable.

The startled passengers looked to see what had caused this outburst. They saw—and then they laughed. The nice-looking Boston bag contained an ordinary, every-day working girl's lunch.

One of its features was a jar of coffee, which had broken in the descent and flowed freely over the young man's new fall coat and trousers.

He went into the smoking car, swearing profusely. She murmured a weak apology and spent her time in mopping up the seat.

Monkeys in Africa.

Africa's monkeys are giving out. In the neighborhood of the Gold Coast they have been exterminated, and last year the colony could collect only 67,660 monkey skins, whereas in 1894, 163,405 skins, valued at \$205,000 were exported.

GREAT CANNON MAKERS.

The Krupps and Their Big Plant at Essen.

Energy and Enterprise Achieve Unsurpassed Success—Facts About the Enormous Establishment.

The city of Essen is located in the center of a hilly valley, which abounds in coal and iron ore, and the digging for both and the melting of the ore and casting the metal into ingots and rolling it into bars have been the occupations of the inhabitants for centuries past. Frederick Krupp, the founder of the great works bearing his name, was born in 1787, and when crucible cast steel was first being introduced in England, and its importation from there into Germany had been made impossible through the edict of Napoleon called "the continental-sperre," F. Krupp began to produce crucible cast steel, first in small quantities for files, stamps, rolls for coins and shears, and only slowly could he convince and persuade German manufacturers to use his cast steel, and after a life full of disappointments and hardships he died in 1826, after a long and severe illness, leaving to his son Alfred little else than the old homestead, which still stands in the midst of the great works, and the secret of his invention.

Alfred Krupp's energy and enterprise soon conquered. His first success was to be able to furnish cast steel of a varying degree of hardness, thereby increasing its adaptability for many new purposes. Next came the invention of the weldless car wheel tires, which were patented in 1853 in all countries and furnished him capital for enlarging his plant. In 1865 he interested himself in coal mines, iron ore mines and furnaces, which should furnish the material for his own works, and in 1867 he began to reap the harvest from his experiments inaugurated long since with steel cannons, and the great Franco-German war of 1870-71 proved beyond doubt their superiority as against the old bronze cannons. Since then the success of these works and their growth have been phenomenal, and when Alfred Krupp closed the busy and successful and philanthropic work of his life in 1887 at Villa Huegel, his princely home on the side hills of the valley of the Ruhr, the city of Essen, in recognition of his great work, erected in his memory a beautiful monument on the most prominent square of the city, and deputations from many nations mourned at his grave.

Essen is a city of 96,000 inhabitants, and over 20,000 of this population are employed in the works of the able and energetic son of Alfred Krupp—Frederick Alfred. Over 1,200 acres of ground are covered with buildings and machinery. Many coal mines furnish fuel for the works, over 400 iron ore mines furnish the metal, and large iron ore deposits in Spain, near Bilbao, have been purchased in addition, and a special fleet of steamers has been built which bring over 300,000 tons of this Spanish iron ore from Spain to the German coast and up the Rhine. Twenty furnaces at Duisburg and Neuweud on the Rhine are reducing this ore for the Krupp works and are owned or controlled by them.

The main street of Essen divides the Krupp works into two parts, connected overhead with innumerable mammoth steam pipes and bridges, and parallel with it, running east and west, the tracks of the Rhenish railway pass the works in the north, while in the south the railroad leading from Dusseldorf to Bremen, Hamburg and Berlin skirts the mill. Innumerable tracks connect these two main lines of railroad, surrounding in an inextricable network the buildings and crossing the street leading to Muelheim below its level. Powerful locomotives bring train loads of raw material into the yards and leave the works with valuable products, finished and ready for shipment to all parts of the globe. Miniature engines and cars move about between the buildings on narrow-gauge tracks, bringing material of smaller size from one building to another until it is finished and ready for the market.—Iron Age.

TOLD HIS CLAM STORY.

How a Funny Detroit Man Won His Case With the Jury.

Marshall P. Wilder, the funny little man, is charged with having with malice aforethought and evil intent sprung a few of his tales on a jury and thereby turned their verdict in his direction, says the Detroit Journal.

A few weeks ago Marshall came to town and in the circuit court sued Dr. Hercules Sanche on a promissory note for \$1,000. He won the case, and now the counsel for the defense has applied for a new trial on the ground that the jury was improperly influenced.

The lawyer says that during a recess Marshall went out into the hall and told the jurymen a lot of funny stories, including that one about the New Jersey clam digger who fed his family on clams so long that their stomachs rose and fell with the tide. That settled it, the Sanche lawyer says, and the man who laughs was solid as a boarding house biscuit with the jury. They went into court, he says, and chuckled out a verdict in his favor.

The counsel for the defense says Wilder's jokes would win a favorable verdict from a jury of pine stumps, hence the application for a new trial.

BOOK BUYERS.

Errors They Sometimes Make Are Quite Amusing.

During the recent book sale in this city, says the Chicago Chronicle, there were many calls for Henryk Sienkiewicz's "Quo Vadis." One girl appeared with a card bearing this: "Qwadiz," by "Stinkwitz." Another reader asked for "Two Waders," by "Sinkers," while a third demanded "That book by the man whose name ends in 'itch'."

"While the sale was going on a woman asked a cash girl:

"Can you find 'David Copperfield'?" "I'll see," said the girl, and disappeared. She presently returned and said:

"No, mum. He don't work here no more."

Another customer at the sale was a woman who drove up in her carriage. She explained to the clerk that she had just moved into her own house.

"The library," she said, "is one by twenty and the shelves run around the whole shootin' match." She looked at the stock of books and sweeping her hand over a lot of shelving containing about 1,500 volumes, she said: "Send those books up." As the assortment contained broken sets, odd volumes, duplicates and paper covered novels, her "library" will be a motley collection.

WALKED 205,920 MILES.

Remarkable Record of a Postman Who Has Just Retired.

A Mr. Roberts, for 33 years a postman of Pilling in the Fylde, North Lancashire, has just retired, reports the London Mail. For 23 years he walked from Pilling to Fleetwood and back twice a day, not to mention many perilous trips in crossing the river Wyre during periods of storm. A calculation of five miles each way, four times a day (in addition to his round at the village), six days in the week, for 22 years, shows that he walked 137,280 miles between Pilling and Fleetwood in the fulfillment of his duty. During this time he must have crossed the river Wyre (a by no means pleasant task in the winter time) 27,457 times. His duties were considerably lightened when 11 years ago the government decided to bring the mails to Pilling by another route. Though this did away with crossing the river it did not reduce the distance Postman Roberts had to walk very much. Including the village delivery, he must in his 33 years of service have walked no less than 205,920 miles.

DOGS AT KNIGHTS' FEET.

Why the Symbol Is a Far-Reaching One.

I noticed in one of the newspapers that the king of Siam, during his "jubilee" visit to this country, went to Westminster abbey and that, seeing there the figure of some knight with his dog at his feet, informed his suite that in England "favorite dogs were buried with their masters," says Good Words. "It was a pity no one corrected his majesty, for we may depend upon it that our adherence to the abominable custom—so common in less civilized countries, perhaps in Siam itself—of putting to death the favorites of the dead, will pass into Siamese history as a fact. The dog in question was doubtless a greyhound.

As being preeminently the knightly dog it was privileged in life to a special place behind its master's left hand at table and, after death, in effigy, to a place at its master's feet upon the tomb. Says Col. Hamilton Smith: "Hounds, shaped like the present, cannot be traced in the old Frankish and Anglo-Saxon manuscripts; they are all coursing greyhounds, and this character is continued, with but few exceptions, as the emblem of fidelity or gentility, usually couched on monuments at the feet of knights, to the last period of the recumbent figure." But the symbol is more far-reaching than this, for the dog on the monuments of women was the emblem of affectionate fidelity to their husbands; on the monuments of men of unquestioning faith in Providence.

When Royalty Travels.

Many women were called "cranks" for objecting to occupying berths in sleeping cars. However, a large number of maladies are propagated by means of hotel mattresses, etc. Old Emperor William of Germany and the late czar, as well as his father, invariably carried about with them on their journeys small, narrow iron camp bedsteads, the mattresses and pillows being thin and hard. Queen Victoria travels about with her own bedstead, and her mattress gives a whole lot of trouble, two domestics being assigned to its care. Both Grand Duke Paul of Russia and King Leopold of Belgium, and likewise Prince Albert of Prussia, the regent of Brunswick, carry their bedsteads and their bedding about with them in consequence of their huge stature. They require beds eight feet long.

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

WENT TO JAIL FOR LOVE.

Woman Takes All the Blame for a Murder Her Fiancee Committed.

The supreme court of Mexico has asked President Diaz to pardon Maria Montesillos, who, some time ago, was sentenced to 20 years' imprisonment in Belem jail for a murder she never committed. The crime for which she is suffering punishment was the killing of Pascual Montafio, in a family quarrel. Miss Montesillos' lover, Piquito Torres, was the real murderer, but because she loved him Maria was willing to take the penalty. She took all the blame for the murder and during the preliminary inquiry by the third criminal judge, and afterward at the trial by jury, stoutly maintained that she, and she alone, was responsible for the death of Montafio, whom she had killed, she said, to free herself from his constant courtship and dishonorable propositions. Torres, therefore, got off scot free, and the woman, as the murder was considered to have been committed under aggravated circumstances, was sentenced to 20 years in prison, a sentence which she cheerfully accepted. But Torres, when he got out, was unfaithful, and jealousy then proved too much for Maria when she learned of this. She presented the clearest proof that she was innocent and Torres guilty, and showed letters from him to that effect. Her first attempt to secure relief was made before the superior tribunal and was unsuccessful, but the supreme court has just set aside that decision and asked President Diaz to grant her freedom.

Long ago—in 1863-64—there was no cable between Europe and America. Our trans-Atlantic news—even during the exciting episodes of the civil war—was always about a fortnight old. The attempt to make a cable connection had ended disastrously—and in this junction of affairs was organized a gigantic enterprise, looking to the connection of the United States with Europe via Klondike and Behring seal. Most electricians and telegraphic experts had made up their minds that 40 miles—which was the distance across the strait—represented the longest a submarine cable could be successfully worked.

A company was formed, and what was known in those days as Russian Extension stock went off at a premium of 60 per cent. In 1865 the line between New Westminster and the Yukon river was surveyed, found to be practicable and traversed completely the present Klondike region.

The line was expected to be finished in 1867. Even the tariff for messages was fixed at \$5 (\$25) per message. The receipts were estimated to yield about \$9,000,000 per annum. The line was actually constructed from New Westminster along the present route of the Canadian Pacific railway to Ashcroft, where it was continued north toward Behring sea to Fort Stager, 300 or 400 miles beyond Quesnelle. This line is at this present moment in operation in a portion of the Cariboo country.

Then, in the midst of the whole business, after three years of hard work, came like a thunderclap the news that the Atlantic cable was a success. Three million dollars had been expended; yet the next day Russian Extension stock was not worth the printer's ink on its surface.

Some day—who knows?—this Russo-American via Klondike cable scheme may be revived. In view of the commercial growth of China and Japan (to say nothing of eastern Russia), why should it not be now?—London Mail.

TELEGRAPHING TO KLONDIKE.

The Lines Were Laid There About Thirty Years Ago.

When one considers the great primal fact that Klondike is not in American territory one can understand why certain Americans are doing their best to discredit this mighty gold-bearing district in the eyes of the world. But while the discussion is going on the Canadian government has lost no time in considering the project of telegraphic communication with Klondike. This inquiry brings out a strange fact—strange in that everybody seems to have forgotten all about it—that there was once a telegraph line to Klondike and far beyond. Mr. C. R. Hoerner, the indefatigable manager of the C. P. R. telegraph system, does well to call it a romance.

A Rabbit Stopped Family Prayers.

"One Sunday we were all at regular family prayer. A sporting friend was visiting me, and he and I knelt, facing a low window with our elbows upon the sill. And from round a corner, lo, there came up on us a cone, and he reared up not two yards from us, and he hearkened unto the prayers, and he winked his nose at us, till my friend forgot himself and exclaimed: 'We kin catch that devil!' I threw up the window so hard that I cracked a pane, and out we leaped in red-hot chase. And the dear old archdeacon almost burst trying not to laugh, for he had seen the rabbit, and was a keen sportsman withal. We ran that rabbit across four two-acre lots as hard as we could split, and at last we got him into deep snow, where he gave up and was captured alive. And, on looking back to the first fence we had cleared, I saw a fuzz of white whiskers above it, and heard a strong old voice shout: 'They got him! they got him!'—Outing.

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8 p. m.	FROM PORTLAND. Coast Steamships. All sailing dates subject to change. For San Francisco—Nov. 25, Dec. 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28, Jan. 2, 7.	4 p. m.
8 p. m. Ex-Sunday Saturday 10 p. m.	Columbia Rv. Steamers. To ASTORIA and Way Landings.	4 p. m. Ex-Sunday
6 a. m. Ex-Sunday	WILLAMETTE RIVER. Oregon City, Newberg, Salem & Way Land's.	4:20 p. m. Ex-Sunday
7 a. m. Tues, Thurs and Sat.	WILLAMETTE AND YAM-HILL RIVERS. Oregon City, Dayton, and Way-Landings.	3:30 p. m. Mon., Wed., and Fri.
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