

The Dalles Daily Chronicle.

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Government Breeding Them for the Purpose of Producing a New Kind of Silk—An Interesting Experiment.

Some very remarkable bugs are being hatched and reared just at present by the experts of the government bureau of entomology at Washington.

The bug hatchery, or "insectary," as it is called, is a brick building close by the department of agriculture. In construction it resembles a greenhouse, the upper part being of glass, so as to admit plenty of light for the insects.

The objects in the glass jars are parts of plants, fruits, dried-up vegetables, pieces of branches or roots, etc. One does not see any bugs at all, and the reason why is simply that the vegetables, fruits and so forth are the natural food of the insects, and the latter are either inside of them or else are "done up" in cocoons for the winter.

For example, there is a huge cocoon nine inches long hanging from a twig in a jar of exceptional size. This is the temporary communal dwelling built by the so-called "gregarious butterfly" in Mexico. More correctly speaking, it is the caterpillars—transformed later into butterflies—that construct the cocoon for a residence while they are undergoing their metamorphosis.

The habit of combining together to build a house seems to be peculiar to this species among butterflies. The silk composing the nest is exquisite, and from 20 to 25 sheets of it can be stripped off from the great cocoon as if woven in a loom.

TOOK A COLD SHOWER BATH. A New and Elderly Pupil Stayed Under It Nearly Fifteen Minutes.

A gentleman about 60 years of age entered a gymnasium and physical culture school in Brooklyn the other day and announced his intention of becoming a pupil to "build himself up."

The elderly pupil was told after his first lesson that he had better take a cold shower, and he entered the compartment and closed the door. The attendant waited for nearly 15 minutes outside, and wondered what the man was doing, as he could hear the cold water running, but no other sound.

Dotted Veil House. A doctor has moved into a new house, one of the finest in Washington. He calls it the dotted veil house. When people seem surprised he explains. This physician is a specialist. He devotes himself to diseases of the eyes. The money to build the mansion was accumulated from fees which were earned in the treatment of eyes injured by wearing dotted veils.

Among the natives of Mexico there are, according to Lumholtz, about 150,000 survivors of the Aztec race.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

THEY ARE DANGEROUS GUNS.

The New Hunting Rifles a Menace to Human Life.

They Throw a Bullet So Far There is No Telling What Damage They May Do—Narrow Escapes.

When one comes to discuss rifles, range and the average distance at which game is shot one is likely to strike contradictory opinions. A prominent hunter, in speaking recently of the great effectiveness of the American rifle, said that in his experience elk, moose, bears and white-tailed deer were most generally killed within a range of 175 yards, and that this was so because they were apt to be discovered within this distance, not because of any lack of carrying power in the rifle.

Of one thing there is no room for doubt, and that is that this year many people are preparing to go to the woods deer shooting, and will take with them the new rifle. Its wonderful range and penetration are due to the new smokeless powder employed in conjunction with a bullet sheathed in copper so as to present a harder surface to the rifling than lead.

The labor employed in building it must be enormous. Under a powerful magnifying glass, it is seen to be composed of an infinite number of shining and very slender silken threads, crossing each other in every direction. When cut into, the nest is found to contain 100 or more chrysalids, attached to the walls on the inside—each one representing a future butterfly.

In still another case a well-known hunting writer from the west now residing in New York chanced upon a moose feeding about 200 yards away, and with the idea of taking the second shot himself, told his companion, an amateur, to try the first shot. The bullet was seen to strike the ground nearly four feet in front of and about six feet short of the moose. When an examination was made it was found that there had been two moose feeding within a hundred yards of each other, and that on the trail of the far one was blood.

The Wise Druggist. Youth—I would—er—like a bottle of some—er—good hair restorer.

Druggist—Want it for your mustache, I suppose? "Er—yes." "I guess it's hair originator you want."—Chicago Evening News.

In the Arctic. Walrus Bill—Klondike Ike's wife didn't know him when he got home from our little swarray this morning.

Sealskin Sam—How could you expect her to, after he had been out all night and grown a beard six months old?—Indianapolis Journal.

CATCHING CONDORS.

A Prize Upon the Feroocious Birds in Chili.

Chili offers a bounty for condor heads, and an American in that country has made from \$700 to \$800 a month killing this bird of prey. One month he got a warrant for \$1,080. Condors steal sheep and calves. He writes, says the Chicago Chronicle:

"How did we capture these ferocious birds? Our first job every morning before we had even a peep of sunlight over the mountains was to carry the carcass of a dead animal—a horse or a cow—out on the plain, where it could easily be seen from all points of the compass. We sometimes made a carcass do service for a fortnight, but it required a strong stomach and indifference to stench. We moved about every few days from one locality to another, and never put the rotting body twice in the same place, because of the extreme suspiciousness of an average condor. Generally we would move three or four miles every 24 hours.

"After we had placed our bait carcass set up our tents and the canvas flies that concealed us and our horses from the view of the condors. Breakfast was no sooner over than we could see from the peepholes in the canvas that hid us several condors coming down through the clouds from the mountain crest straight toward our bait. When the birds had eaten heartily we sprang to our horses, which stood near, bridled and saddled, ready for the chase. When a condor has gorged itself with food it cannot rise without running to give itself momentum. An expert lassoer could send his rope over a condor's head and so manage it that it was slipped down until it touched the shoulders of the wings before it would be tightened on the bird. Then the rider would turn the horse about and lead the chase himself, forcing the unwilling bird along until tumbled, spent, to the ground, and was dragged to death at the horse's heels."

HE LOVED TO GIVE. The Touching Lesson of a Very Charitable Life.

The story of George Francis Train sitting in the park surrounded by birds and children is a familiar one. It is not so generally known that North St. Louis was the home of a child and bird lover who died some years ago, says the St. Louis Republic.

It was this gentle old man's custom to leave home every morning directly after breakfast with his pockets full of bread crumbs and rock candy. He would go to one of the parks near his home and sit down on one of the benches there. No matter how cold it was he never forgot those bread crumbs.

At sight of him the birds would fly toward him. There were not so many sparrows then as now, but sometimes hundreds of them would flutter about him. He has often been seen sitting there quietly with the little birds perched on his hat and shoulders.

When the birds had collected he would bring out his store of bread crumbs, and then there would be a feast. The rock candy he kept for children and poor people. He was always generous with it. He would say that it was pure and would help the poor wretches to keep warm.

It is told of him that he once paid a debt of \$150 for an old friend. The creditor was told to say to inquirers that the bill was paid by "one who loved him." When they asked the old man about it he smiled, but did not acknowledge that he had paid it. He merely said:

"Ah! Love has paid many a debt."

FATE'S LEFT-HANDERS. One of Them Was Delivered to the Millard Family.

Sometimes fate deludes one into thinking there is such a treasure as justice on earth, but she generally caps it by dealing a blow more stinging than the first.

At least that is the sentiment of the Millard family. The Millards live on a fashionable South side avenue, in a row of quiet, unpretentious houses. Their residence had always been the abode of peace and harmony till the fatal day when the daughter of the people next door came from California for an extended visit. Her husband came also; he wore a silk hat rigidly at every outdoor appearance, and had a fondness for frock coats at 7 a. m., but nevertheless he has nothing to do with the story. The daughter proved to be musical. The Millards had not known that the people next door possessed a piano till the daughter came, and at the first were rather cheered by the ripple of the piano keys which generously penetrated the thin wall. After a week the pianist settled down to hard work. Previously she had scrambled through a varied repertoire, but finally decided on her life work, the Millards assumed, when they heard Paderewski's "Minute" one day from three a. m. to luncheon time, and from then till dinner Wagner's "Seigmund's Love Song." The Millards' brows were slightly corrugated at dinner, but they did not complain. After a few days, however, a feeling of nervousness, restlessness and even acerbity of temper made itself manifest.

"I really don't know what ails me!" said Mrs. Millard, fretfully. "I am so irritable." "I can't settle down to anything!" growled Mr. Millard. "Anne, for Heaven's sake, don't touch the piano!"

A LAWYER'S DARING ACT.

How He Risked His Own Life to Save That of a Client.

In the Presence of the Jury He Swallowed Deadly Poison But Was Pumped Out and Won His Case.

Two old-time Chicago lawyers were talking the other day about some noted cases which had been tried in Cook county and of the attorneys who had shone at the Chicago bar. The name and fame of "Billy" O'Brien, once one of the most eminent criminal lawyers that ever stood before a jury in this state, came up and then followed a flood of stories about him.

"O'Brien," said one of the lawyers, "defended in the Cook county criminal courts, 260 people, and during all his varied and exciting career never lost a case. He was one of the quickest men to see and take advantage of a point in favor of his client and when pressed to the wall would somehow squirm out and make what seemed certain conviction a point for triumphant acquittal."

"O'Brien once had a client who was on trial for murder and all the evidence had apparently gone to show conclusively that malice and the coolest of deliberation had prompted the prisoner to take the life of the victim. He had administered poison. The elements of the deadly drug had been taken from the decedent's stomach, and on being analyzed were found to be identical with the remainder of the poison in the bottle, which was offered in evidence and which stood before the eyes of the jury. The horrid skull and crossbones glared from the side of the bottle, which was turned toward the 12 men who were soon to decide whether the prisoner at the bar was to live or to be swung into eternity. The courtroom was crowded with an interested throng, which was at a loss to know what sort of an attempt O'Brien could possibly make in behalf of his client."

"The state's attorney was just about to close his opening argument and in a few moments more the attorneys who had never lost a case would certainly meet his Waterloo. But O'Brien was not to give up without a struggle. Necessity inspired him, and he had already, before the evidence was completed, prepared an outline of the manner in which he would approach the jury."

"O'Brien knew a physician, an expert chemist, whom he could trust, and this man had examined the poison, and the attorney knew too well from his lips that it would kill him. Furthermore, he knew it was this drug that had killed the person for whose murder his client was on trial. O'Brien called this doctor into the seclusion of a private room and said:

"Doctor, this is a desperate case. Tell me candidly and to a certainty how long I can live after drinking the remainder of the poison in that bottle?" "Why, O'Brien, you couldn't live more than three minutes."

"The face of the great criminal lawyer lighted up and he saw hope that he might yet win the case. "Three minutes," said he, "that is enough."

"Then it was finally arranged that the doctor should be in waiting for the attorney after the latter had got through with his argument. He took a station in an adjoining room, where O'Brien could quickly reach him and wait with his preparations to counteract the poison. The state's attorney closed his argument with an apparent triumph, the hangman's rope was almost dangling before the eyes of the prisoner. Everyone in the courtroom craned his neck as O'Brien rose and faced the jury. All were surprised to see the calm and confident look which clothed his face. It seemed impossible that he could have any hope of acquittal or even of saving his client's life. He paid more attention to the medical witnesses than he did to the others and labored to break down their testimony."

"After a pretty good argument from the facts which he had to work upon he drew his address toward a close and, picking up the bottle which contained the remainder of the drug, held it so the 12 men could see it.

"Now, gentlemen," said the attorney, as he paused and significantly looked at the bottle, "just to show you that this is not the deadly poison which the witnesses for the state have said it is, I will drink it and prove that it is harmless."

"There wasn't a person in the room whose hair did not stand on end and the people sat as motionless as if death had grasped them. O'Brien, confident and composed, raised the bottle to his lips, drained it to the bottom, set it on the table and, as coolly as if he had been sipping wine, turned to the men in whose hands the life of the prisoner rested and said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, I thank you very kindly for the attention which you have given to my argument."

"Then, making a graceful bow, he walked quietly from the room. This much the jury and audience saw, but the physician in waiting knew the rest. By the use of antidotes, emetics and skillful use of the stomach-pump, he had in a few minutes removed all the poison from O'Brien's stomach and quickly the lawyer came back into the room, coolly sat down and listened to

the closing and disjointed remarks of the prosecuting attorney.

"The jury retired. It had believed that the bottle contained poison, but O'Brien had taken it and was not dead. How could it be? Anger, malice, premeditated homicide, every element of criminal intent vanished at the thought that O'Brien was still alive. In five minutes after they had retired the 12 men returned a verdict of not guilty. O'Brien is dead, but to-day the murderer walks the streets of Chicago."—Chicago News

An Englishman's Impression of Greater New York.

Americans Come In for a Generous Share of Praise for Their Correct Conduct—Some Curious Things.

Had the initial stage of existence been ordered under different circumstances, and I had been given the choice of a birthplace, I might have elected to be born an American citizen—somewhere outside of New York. For what is one to say of a city that will not permit you to carry pickles through the streets on the seventh day nor allow you to kiss your best girl on the sidewalk on any of the others? I might not want at any period of life to do either one or the other of these proscribed acts, yet if it should happen that I did I should hate to call my own that city which forbade me.

Indeed, the niceties of life in New York have been somewhat of a puzzle to me. I have not been permitted to smoke a cigarette while walking along Fifth avenue with a lady, but I have been allowed to take her to the theater and occupy a front seat in the stalls without donning evening dress—a thing no lady would tolerate in London.

Spanish cities are famous for their noises, but New York I found to be noisier than any three of them. My nerves were at a tension during the whole of my visit. It is not an unceasing, distant rumble that soon becomes no discomfort, as in London, but a succession of jarring, jerky noises, distracting to the senses. Why you tolerate it I cannot understand. What with cable cars, the "L" railroad, the cabs and carts rattling over roadways with no pretense at paving, and the thousand and one street cries, New York is a perfect inferno of clamor.

Indoors I find another curious thing—curious, you must remember, to the Englishman. You heat your houses to suffocation and then drink gallons of iced water to keep cool—to the ruin of your digestion, temper and nerves, until you have become the most dyspeptic people under the sun and the special prey of the quack-medicine venders. You claim to be a sensible people, and yet your candy stores are filled every day by crowds of struggling women who eat indigestible pastry to such an extent that the graveyards of America contain more tons of gold than of teeth.

The New York man does not hustle as much as you would have others believe. In fact, you don't work, man for man, so hard as the Englishman. But you think quicker and larger, and you think more than you work. You have a great idea, tire of it halfway through because another greater idea has come to you, and leave your subordinates to work out the minor details of the first scheme, with the result that it is never wholly finished. The average Englishman will see the thing through from beginning to end, and give his whole attention to the smallest detail. Yours is a city of diversified thought and aspirations. The one thing in which you seem to have a common mind is that you should wear a crease down the front of an old pair of trousers.

As to you generally, you are the kindest and most hospitable people on the face of the earth. This I say without reservation, and every Englishman who has visited your shore will bear me out in my statement. You never seem to tire of extending to him civilities and courtesies such as overwhelm a sensitive man, whether it is in showing with just pride the wonders and resources of your great country, or spending your dollars or your time in his service. To one gentleman, who would not wish me to identify him by name, I owe a deep debt of gratitude for all he did for me—a stranger—and his, I believe, was a spirit that pervades you all.—Leslie's Weekly.

The Foot of the Reindeer. Everything in any way connected with Alaska and the Klondike is of special interest at present, and among other items the foot of the reindeer deserves particular mention. The forefoot of the horse to a great extent determines its value, as upon this portion of its anatomy its speed and endurance depend. The foot of the reindeer is most peculiar in construction. It is cloven through the middle and each half curves upward in front. They are slightly elongated and capable of a considerable amount of expansion. When placed on an irregular surface, which is difficult to traverse, the animal contracts them into a sort of claw, by which a firm hold is secured. When moving rapidly the two portions of the foot, as it is lifting, strike together, the hoofs making a continuous clattering noise, which may be heard at a considerable distance. It is this peculiarity of the feet that makes the reindeer so sure-footed and so valuable in that rocky and uneven country, where almost any other animal would prove a failure as a beast of burden.—N. Y. Ledger.

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