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MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Weber's "Freysschutz" has just been performed for the six hundredth time at the Berlin royal opera.

"Panhyperproteobastohypertatos" as a title for the German kaiser feebly expresses one Englishman's rage.

Vienna is going to turn moral, too. The ballet corps at the Imperial opera house has received orders to wear "roomy white silk stockings" over its tights henceforth.

A telegraph line recently run to Coomassie from the coast is highly appreciated by the Ashanti natives. They cut off the wire in suitable lengths to make amulets.

Vaticana is the name given to one of the latest asteroids discovered, No. 416, in honor of Father Boccardi, of the vatican observatory, who has computed its course.

Lord Alfred Rothschild sent a brace of pheasants to every one of the 3,000 drivers and conductors of the omnibus company in which he is interested as a Christmas present.

Herr Dieden, the senior member of the German reichstag, is 87 years of age and has sat in every session since the empire was constituted. He has also been a member of the Prussian landtag continuously since 1854.

Siegfried Wagner is in Rome at work on a comic opera, the book being on a story of the Thirty Years' war. His music is said to be not of the school of his father, but of that of Humperdinck, the composer of "Hansel und Gretel."

Paris' police is trying to discourage murder as a business by showing that it does not pay. Out of 21 recent murders the average profit to each assassin was \$16.37, and in many of these cases the murderer was caught and executed.

Princess Theresa of Bavaria, daughter of the prince regent, has been made an honorary doctor of philosophy by the University of Munich. She is also a member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, is 48 years of age and a spinster.

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 .0788 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.

Experiment with a Sleeper.

Prof. Mosso, the Italian physiologist, constructed a couch so arranged that it could be accurately balanced in the middle when the slightest change of weight would make either end incline. A man was laid upon it, balanced in a horizontal position. As he went to sleep his head rose and his feet sank. As he awoke the opposite occurred, proving that the blood left the head in one condition and returned to it in the other.—Chicago Chronicle.

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 swarthy 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.

THE STORY OF A NUGGET.

A Huge Lump of Gold That Was Found in North Carolina.

Through the Treachery of Two Miners It Was the Cause of Three Murders—The Accursed Greed for Gold.

Long before gold was discovered in California there were both placer and quartz mining in North Carolina and northern Georgia, and the Chattahoochee river bed is yet worked by steam dredges for float and placer gold, while a dozen new plants have been erected in Simpkin, Hale, Harrison, Cherokee and other counties of North Carolina since the Atlanta exposition. This revived attention to an old gold field lends interest to a story told by E. E. Barnes, of Yates county, N. Y.

"Some years ago," said Mr. Barnes, "I read in a newspaper something which recalled to me a visit I had made to Cherokee county, N. C., 40 years ago. This newspaper account was to the effect that the director of the Philadelphia mint was anxious to find an owner for gold minted from a nugget weighing 136 pounds sent to the mint by 'J. J. Barnes, of Pineland township, Cherokee county, N. C.,' years before and never claimed.

"As I had been through that township and knew it to be some 40 miles from a railroad, and as I was going to make another trip through the state, the idea occurred to me to look into the case. I did so, and learned the history of the Red creek nugget, and of the three murders it caused. John Farrell was a squatter on Red creek, Cherokee county. One day he had visitors—two men he had known long years before. For their entertainment he went into his bedroom and rolled out a large ball of something the color of bronze and as heavy as lead. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'here is something I found while looking for my cow. It is mighty heavy, and I thought it might be something more than iron.' His visitors, who were miners, pronounced his find almost pure gold. They proposed to help him carry the nugget to where it could be shipped to the mint. He accepted their offer, and the next morning the party started with their prize for the railroad, some 40 miles distant.

"Meanwhile the two miners had conceived the idea of murdering Farrell and securing the nugget for themselves. So, while Farrell was carrying the front end of the pole on which the nugget was suspended, he was brained with a hatchet, and his body was hidden in the woods. But when they again took up their march the man at the front end of the pole began to doubt the man behind him, and, stopping suddenly, said: 'I say, Mike, Farrell is sleeping behind in the bush, and as I don't want to sleep here we had better cut that lump of gold in two, and each man take his half and go with it.'

"This suggestion was agreed to, and 'Mike' took the hatchet from his belt and cut the nugget in two. Then, still kneeling, he asked: 'Which half will you take?' and as he spoke he looked down at the split nugget. This was the opportune moment for his partner, and the next instant 'Mike' lay dead in the trail with a hatchet gash in his head. His body was dragged into the woods and his half of the nugget was hidden. Around the other half was fastened a strap, a stick was run through it, swung over the shoulder of the surviving murderer, and so it finally reached the mint. The other half was also shipped to the mint, both in the name of J. J. Barnes. Then the murderer conceived the bizarre idea of going back to Pineland township to try to gain the affections of Mrs. Farrell and marry her. When he came to the place where he had murdered his comrade three armed men sprang from concealment and caught him. By accident his crime had been discovered. He confessed the murder, but refused to tell what he had done with the gold. They hanged him on the spot.

Animals That Cycle.

It may surprise many to learn that there actually exist a large number of animals and birds which derive almost as much enjoyment as human cyclists from trips on the bicycle. Of course, considerable time and patience were necessary to educate them up to the appreciation of the finest health-giving pastime on earth. As might be expected, monkeys take an easy first place after mankind in their regard of the wheel. Besides these, dogs have been trained to ride cycles. Members of the feathered world have proved apt pupils in cycling, and there are at least two cockatoos whose command of the bicycle is as perfect as it is wonderful. One belongs to the Bellonis, the owner of the very talented family of birds, and, besides ordinary riding, it gives an aerial performance, riding a tight wire. The other clever cockatoo was trained by Mlle. Irma Orbasono, and rides a tricycle. But these two birds use their beaks for the purpose of steering their machines and pedal with their claws.—London Cycle.

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. Hosmer, the indefatigable manager of the C. P. R. telegraph system, does well to call it a romance.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"Lady (in general store)—'Have you any powder?' New Clerk—'Yes'm. What kind—gun, baking or face?'—Chicago News.

—Out Sleigh Riding.—'Why, Jennie, your cheeks are blue with cold,' said Reginald. 'No; I'm blushing,' said Jennie; 'that's my blue blood.'—Harlem Life.

"Pride," said Uncle Eben, "am er good t'ing in its place. But er country or er citizen is in hadd luck when he ain't got nuffin' much 'cep'in' 'is pride ter be proud of."—Washington Star.

—Pat All Right.—'Out of work again, Pat? I thought that Old Skinflint gave you a job?' 'He did, sor, but Oi'll be kill afore Oi'll starve to death for the sake of kapin' aloive, sor.'—Detroit Free Press.

"Why do you call it a South Dakota novel?" "Because it is thoroughly up-to-date and ends with the statement: 'And so they were divorced and lived happily ever afterward.'"—Chicago Evening Post.

"I noticed in those lines you wrote in Miss Skimp's album that you said a 'smile sailed o'er her face serene.' 'Well, what of it?' 'It was easy navigation, that's all.' 'Easy navigation?' 'Yes, plain sailing.'—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—Useless.—'What do you think of that bill I have prepared to introduce?' inquired one member of the legislature. 'It is a sheer waste of time,' replied the other. 'It isn't practical enough to become a law, nor foolish enough to get your name into the newspapers.'—Washington Star.

—On the Stump.—'In the days of the whigs I was a tory; in the days of the liberals I am a conservative. I have always been consistent,' said the political candidate. 'You have, indeed,' said his rival. 'But, gentlemen,' he added, 'I am not a conservatory.' And then he wondered why everybody smiled.—Harlem Life.

—Shifting the Responsibility.—'It has been proved by half a dozen witnesses,' said the police magistrate, 'that you are selling bread under weight. Have you any explanation to offer?' 'The flour's so bad these days, your honor,' replied the honest baker, looking the magistrate fearlessly in the eye, 'that my conscience won't let me sell it to the people in greater quantities than I can help.'—Cleveland Leader.

German Monastery Devotees—They Are Born in the Purple.

The pope has received in private audience the abbe of the famous Abbey of Benzon, at Seekau, in Germany, one of the best known and celebrated monasteries, especially because of the high station of the monks who are gathered there. The abbe spoke separately and in detail of each of his dependent brother monks, and Leo XIII. heard with interest of their welfare. The monks of the abbey include Prince Philip of Hohenlohe, who has bidden a definite adieu to the world; Father Charles, under which name is concealed the identity of a brilliant ex-cavalry officer, belonging to an illustrious house; Prince Edward Schonburg-Hartenstein, and Father Benedict, Father Sebastian, once a major in the Saxon army, bearing the name of Baron von Oer; Father John, who was Baron von Drais, and ran away from the court of Baden to embrace this career; Father Nicholas, who was Baron von Salis-Soglio; Father Hildebrand, who before assuming the cowl and gown was a brave captain, by name of Count de Memptinne, and many others too numerous to mention.

The Abbey Seekau is situated among the mountains of Steiermark, in a thick, wild forest, and in 30 years has united together Benedictine monks belonging to the best known families, celebrated for nobility or riches or distinguished in the arts. This monastery, where the rules are most rigorous, was founded over 30 years ago by two brothers, Maurus and Placidus Wolter of Cologne, two learned monks sent by Pius IX. to Prussia to reorganize the monasteries there, which were degenerating. The pious Princess Catherine of Hohenzollern offered them the ancient Abbey of Benzon to establish a new house, which came into existence in 1863. Around the two brothers there soon gathered literary men and artists, especially from Dusseldorf, in love with the splendors of the Black Forest, who there continued their work, so that there is now an artistic school of Benzon, which may be said to rival the famous one of the Italian Abbey of Monte Cassino. But at Benzon they not only go in for the higher arts, but they make and provide everything for themselves.—Pall Mall Gazette.

"I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Farrell," said Mr. Barnes, in conclusion, "told her that there was money coming to her from the United States mint at Philadelphia, and with my help she got several thousand dollars and moved to Chicago, where she still lives."—N. Y. Advertiser.

NEW WOMAN IN MEXICO.

She Fights Bulls and Does Other Manly Things.

Among Them She Gives Physic to the Sick and Holds Government Positions—Supplanting the Men.

Spain continues to furnish our principal amusements, for at the theaters one hears Spanish plays, the Basque ball players, the "pelotaris," continue to attract great crowds, and now we are about to have a season of bull fighting with Manzantini as the "espada principal," accompanied by a first-class troupe of performers. But even more sensational will be the advent of "the lady bull fighters," now on their way from Spain to this land of winter sunshine.

"Las toreras," or the feminine fighters of bulls, will be greeted with enthusiasm, for they will be a distinct novelty, and are bound to make an impression on the susceptible masculine public. And why not lady bull fighters as well as the "new woman" of northern and colder lands? The girl who enters the arena to confront the "toro bravo," the fierce bull pawing the sand, and head down, awaiting his human foe, must have "sand" herself, and one can fancy how convenient it would be to marry one of them, and so have always a valiant enemy of burglars in the house. At the first alarm, at dead of night, one could awaken one's lady bull-fighting consort with: "Oye, tu, Mariquita de mia alma, get up quick; there's some one in the dining-room packing up the silver!" And the wife of your bosom, arrayed in a wrapper and carrying her trusty sword in her hand, would descend to the lower floor to give the burglar an "estocada" in the most classic and approved form!

I don't think the new woman of the north can approach in interest the corresponding "feminine new departure" coming out of Spain in these days. In Georgia a female company of militia has been formed, and the gallant governor has a lady colonel on his staff. Chicago presents women footpads who assail and rob male victims in the most approved style of highwaymanship. Everywhere lovely woman is making progress, and it is fitting that the Latin races should produce, as their choicest exhibit, the lady bull fighter!

In Mexico the woman doctor has arrived, and is building up a clientele, and we have also a woman lawyer, besides innumerable teachers of the "female persuasion," all bright, capable and energetic young women. Women are being employed in the national postal service and are giving satisfaction. Soon they will begin to invade the great government departments, and will supplant the languid young dudes who now smoke cigarettes incessantly and manage to kill time at the government expense. The dudelet of the national palace and of the government offices outside is a study in pink shirts and tall collars. He certainly toils not, although he spins yarns in office hours, and he is "the man with two hats," for one is soft, which he can carry in an inside pocket, and the other hard, of the derby quality, which he leaves on his desk while he saunters out of doors, wearing his soft hat! The chief of his bureau comes to his desk and asks, absent-mindedly: "Where is Carlitos?" Ah, I see he is in some other office, for here's his hat! Credulous chief of bureau! your Carlitos is even now down on Plateros street, ogling the pretty girls and "throwing them flowers," as they say in Spanish.—Boston Herald.

AN ARKANSAS PASTEL.

A Word Picture with a Very Pastiche Toning.

He sat on a backless wooden chair in front of his little cabin, idly cutting a "yaller" pine stick with his big jack-knife. The poorly-cultivated corn was dry and yellow, but he had evidently not touched it. He was a characteristic specimen of the men of the section, tall, gaunt, ragged and yellow.

Eight or ten hounds lay around on the dusty soil near him. I drew up my horse. "Hello!" I said; "we need rain."

"Mebby," he said. "You have a pretty good stand of corn there," I said.

"Yep," he said, languidly. "About time you were getting it in, don't you think?" I asked.

"Mebby." "When do you think you will harvest it? You couldn't have better weather."

"Dunno." "Now, look here," I said. "You have a fair crop of corn there. Why don't you get to work and take it in. I suppose, like all the rest of you, you will let your wife do it?"

"Nope." "Well, it is a wonder. And you don't know when you will go to work at it?"

"Nope." "And you are not going to make your wife do it?"

"Nope." "Well, I'm glad to hear that anyway. I never saw people who were as willing to let their wives do all the hard work as you men out here. You make their lives one long worry and sorrow—"

He got up and came over to the fence and leaned his arms on it. The eight or ten dogs followed him.

"Miss," he said, slowly, "yer mean all right. I calkerlate I know what

yer drivin' at, an' I reckon I deserve it, but jest don't go on ter day. I feel kinder played out ter-day."

He pointed to the cabin with his open knife. "Yer see," he said, "my old woman is in there, dead!"

When I looked back at the turn of the road he was sitting on the broken chair and one of the hounds had its head in his lap, and he had his face buried in the soft hide of the hound's neck.—Ellis Parker Butler, in the Yellow Book.

THE QUEEN CLEANS HOUSE.

Old Apartments in Kensington Palace to Be Put in Order.

Queen Victoria has given orders that the old state apartments in Kensington palace, which have long been disused, shall be put in order and opened to the public indefinitely, says the New York Mail and Express. Nine rooms will be renovated, among them the bedroom in which her majesty was sleeping on the memorable June morning nearly 61 years ago when the news came to her that the archbishop of Canterbury was waiting in the council chamber to tell her that she was sovereign of one of the great kingdoms of the world.

All these nine rooms are denuded of furniture and almost knee deep with dust. The ballroom in the Denmark wing, where the men and women of the aristocracy held high revel for two centuries, has been found a handy place for tucking away things which were not wanted elsewhere, and it looks like a regular junk shop. Rusty barrel organs, broken-down tables, unseated chairs and pictureless frames lie on the floor in heaps, and over these hangs in ragged strips, as though to cover the desolation, the tapestry which formerly decked the walls, a striking illustration of the "base uses" to which a royal palace may come.

Another of the rooms to be restored is Sir Christopher Wren's famous banquet hall. The chamber in which the queen was born will not be opened to the general public, but admission may be gained by a special order from the lord chancellor. In this room, which has been kept in order, a brass plate has been placed, inscribed: "In this room Queen Victoria was born May 24, 1819."

ELEPHANT CURIOSITY.

An Animal Which Stands with Its Feet Imbedded in Rocks.

On the Miles Wilbur farm, less than two miles from Palmyra, Wis., nearly midway between Bald bluff and the Curelian spring, on a wild, rocky hillside of the Kettle range of bluffs, may be found a huge rock known far and near as the "stone elephant," says the Boston Transcript.

It is annually visited by large numbers of people, some of whom pronounce it a petrified elephant of monster size, but the theory most generally believed is that it was hewed out of the solid rock in which it seemed imbedded centuries ago by some prehistoric race.

As if to substantiate this latter theory, from time to time many valuable tools, relics and implements unknown to the people of this age have been found about its base and in that immediate vicinity. The elephant is about 20 feet long, six or eight feet high, of a dark gray color and weighs hundreds of tons. The body only is above the level of the ground, its legs being deeply sunk below, holding it firmly in a standing position.

A tradition believed by many is that around this huge stone the Indians gathered to offer sacrifices to the great spirit and burn their prisoners at the stake, or make them the victims of slow torture known only to the Indians. It is a long established and generally believed theory that in this immediate vicinity and about Bald bluff and the Big springs were some of their most famous battle fields and hunting grounds.

A KNOWING DOG.

He Had a Glass Eye and Never Rubbed It Out.

Marmaduke is dead. He was only a Blenheim spaniel, but he was wonderful in his way, for he had a glass eye. He was bred by the duchess of Marlborough, who takes a great interest in the famous kennel. As will occasionally happen to small dogs, he tried to show his superiority over the feline race; but on one occasion a pugacious cat declined to take orders from Marmaduke, and enforced its refusal by giving Marmaduke "one in the eye" with its claws. The result was that Marmaduke's eye was destroyed. The duchess then sent the spaniel to a veterinary surgeon, to be fitted to a glass eye, as she was especially fond of the little fellow, and the sight of the empty socket was repugnant. After he was sent back with his new eye, her grace was made nervous by seeing his staring artificial eye, it being just a little previous to a visit of the earl of Blandford, and so a home was sought for the unfortunate little blue blood, which was found with Miss E. L. Moore, of Denmark Hill, near Woodstock. The glass eye is the right one, and is exactly matched to the other brown, animated one. Marmaduke never tried to scratch or rub out the eye, but seemed to understand why it was there. He was run over by a van.

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, 168,405 skins, valued at \$265,000 were exported.

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