

AFTER THE STARTER.

A DEATHBED SCENE DESCRIBED BY LOUIS HARRISON.

He Was a Dying Race Track "Tout," and He Imagined He Had "a Copper Lined Cinch" to Play on the Track That Day and No Time to Lose.

I have hesitated about giving to print the following true story of a deathbed scene which occurred in this city. I had the description directly from the doctor in attendance. He has lately left New York to continue his profession elsewhere, and I am constrained to tell the story as he described it, suppressing all names.

The snow and sleet dashed through the death chilling atmosphere in wild waves. The wind moaned a dirge among the telegraph wires. A solitary hackman, driven from his seat by the warring elements, had ensconced himself inside his mournful looking vehicle and tapped upon the frost covered glass to attract the attention of belated night owls.

Winter in its cruellest phase was upon us. In a dingy looking house on Thirtieth street a young man weak and emaciated tossed restlessly upon a bed. He was a race track tout, and the great mental strain he had been subjected to for years in naming sure winners had left him an absolute wreck.

The doctor had been summoned, and when he rang the bell the tout waved his bony arms aloft and shrieked: "They're off! Tenny in a walk! Tenny gets all the money, and Salvator won't be one, two, six!"

THE TOUT'S CINCH. He fell back on the bed exhausted as the doctor entered the room. The physician removed his greatcoat and the nurse shook the rain and snow from it. "Doctor, this is a dreadful night. I suppose you are wet through?"

The tout regained consciousness and muttered: "The track will be heavy tomorrow, and I've got a copper riveted lead pipe, copyrighted, air tight cinch. Firenze in the mud—she swims in it—She can make the pace so hot that the track will be dry before she does the first quarter."

The doctor approached the bed, and touching the patient's pulse said, "How do you feel?" "Well, I'll tell you," he replied, "just how I feel about this. The Dwyers stable is next to ours, and they tell me everything. Phil told me this morning that Blackjack would win in a horrible canter. You see, the party that owns him wants to make a hogkilling, and no one knows that he's out for the dust."

Turning to the nurse his friend inquired: "Have you notified his friends of his condition?" The tout started up and yelled: "Of course I have! I want to let 'em all in on the ground floor. Why, it's a little sure money. I saw him tried at daylight this morning. He made the first quarter in 0:21, the second in 0:07, and the third was so fast that it broke my stop watch and loosened three of my teeth. How can he lose it? Why, it's just like falling through the roof of a mint."

The doctor looked very serious and said, "He will be dead in an hour."

LOST BY A BREATH. "Oh, no, he won't," the tout sneered. "There's not a dead one in the hunt. If any of 'em were stiff I'd know it. I tell you, Blackjack is full of Tabasco sauce, and he'll leave all them other plugs at the post. Why shouldn't he? Do you know his pedigree? Blackjack is out of Dark Lantern, by Blackwell's Island, and he's a born cracker."

The doctor felt his pulse again and sighed, "I can do no more; I must be going." The tout caught his arm and, drawing his head down close to the pillow, whispered: "After the Blackjack race meet me in the paddock. If you win I've got to give fifty dollars to the trainer, twenty-five to the jockey and twenty to the stable boys. I'll put what's left on the next race, and if the horse wins, you're in on it. So meet me in the paddock and I'll cash your ticket."

The doctor took the dying man's hand and said, "My poor boy, are you prepared to meet the Great Judge?" The tout gasped, "I don't want to meet the judge; the man I'm after is the starter."

The physician pressed his attenuated hand, and as the moisture gathered in his sympathetic eyes, said, "Now turn your face to the wall, my boy, and go to sleep." "I will," the tout muttered. "I'll get next to the rail, so that when I turn the corner they can't foul me. Here's a telegram I just received from the owner. There's 50 to 1 on Blackjack; get it quick before they cut it down. I'll win!"

But he didn't. He quit in the stretch and lost by a breath.—Louis Harrison in New York Advertiser.

THE SPARROW'S BATH. Have you ever noticed the pugnacious little English sparrow perform his morning ablution? He hunts up a street sprinkling cart, takes his position in front of it and stands there like a drum major close to the wheel as the cart goes by. After receiving the full force of the water, he again takes his place in front and again awaits the coming of the cart. This is repeated until the little fellow is satisfied with his cleanliness. The English sparrow is nothing if not metropolitan.—Detroit Free Press.

She Was Ready. Pater (emphatically)—Come now! No prevarication. That young noodle has proposed to you. You may as well acknowledge the corn. Daughter (bravely)—I do. It is true. I acknowledge the popcorn.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

BEAR HUNTING IN THE ROCKIES.

It Is Rather Slow Work Now Because the Animals Are So Cautious.

Bear hunting, as a rule, I do not think would appeal to most sportsmen. It is rather slow work, and one is often very inadequately rewarded for the amount of time and trouble spent in hunting up bruin. There is hardly a portion of the mountains where there are not evidences of bear, but I do not believe that in any locality they are especially abundant. They have been hunted and trapped so long that those who survive are extremely cautious. In my experience there is no animal gifted with a greater amount of intelligence, and, in this region, the hunter's chief virtue, patience to wait and stay in one spot, is sure to be rewarded sooner or later with a good shot.

Let me say now that the danger and ferocity of the bear, I think, very much overstate, yet there is just enough element of danger to make the pursuit of this animal exciting. Naturalists do not now apparently recognize more than two varieties of bear in the Rocky mountains. That is, they class the cinnamon, silver-tan and grizzly, as grizzly bear. The other variety, of course, is the black bear. I am by no means sure that the grizzly bear will not be further subdivided after careful comparisons of collections of skulls.

Much has been said and written about the size and weight of the grizzly bear, and in most instances this has been mere guess work. Lewis and Clark made frequent mention of this animal and yet their estimate of the weight falls far below that of other writers. Only a few instances have come to my knowledge where the weight has been ascertained absolutely.

A good sized grizzly killed in Yellowstone park by Wilson, the government scout, weighed 600 pounds. Colonel Pickett, who has a neighboring ranch to mine and who has killed more bear than any man I know of, weighed his largest, which, if I remember rightly, weighed 800 pounds.—Archibald Rogers in Scribner's.

Lowell as a Poet.

As a poet, whatever comparisons may be made with his predecessors or contemporaries, at home or abroad, whatever just criticisms may be recorded, we believe it will be found at the end that a large part of Lowell's verse has passed into literature, there to remain. The originality, vitality, intensity and beauty of the best of it are self evident. Although a true, spontaneous poet, his life had other strong interests and engrossing occupations, and the volume of his verse does not equal that of others whose careers have extended beside his own; his impression as a poet upon his time has not equalled that of others.

It may, indeed, be said that if as strongly poetic in nature as they, he would have been dominated as exclusively as were they by the poetic mood. However this may be, the quality of his genius, as shown in his best work, was, we believe, quite as fine as that of any poet writing English in his day. No one can read his last volume of verse without being impressed anew by the vigor, variety and spontaneous character of Lowell's poetic gift. Even his literary faults are of such a nature as to testify to the keenness of his thought and the abundance of his intellectual equipment.—Century.

How to Make Money.

A man who is wise, careful and conservative, energetic, persevering and tireless, need have no fear of his future. But there is one other thing. He must have a steady head, one that can weather the rough sea of reverses from which no life is altogether free, and one that will not become too big when successes attend his efforts. Keep out of the way of speculators. Take your money, whether it be much or little, to one whose reputation will insure you good counsel. Invest your money where the principal is safe and you will get along. But don't forget the acorns. It is from little acorns that great oaks grow. See that you begin aright early in life. Save your money with regularity. By so doing, you will more than save your money; you will make money.—Henry Clews in Ladies' Home Journal.

The Professional Inventor.

The professional inventor has a peculiar calling. His stock in trade is his brains, and no one can map out his work for him. He must study the needs of mankind, and try to anticipate their wants. To the outsider it would seem that all the patents and inventions needed were made, and that there was no longer any need of professional inventors. But so long as machinery is used there will be some improvements possible, and every new invention opens up a field for a dozen more.—George E. Walsh in New York Epoch.

Clever Metropolitan Beggars.

Between 6 and 12 o'clock in the evening it is impossible to walk half a block anywhere on Broadway between Union square and Thirty-third street without being stopped by a pitiful appeal for alms. The less deserving the applicant the more pitiful the appeal. An old but still a favorite trick with the professional beggars is to bind up an arm or a leg and pretend to be crippled. Some of them are extremely clever in making up a and a careful examination would be necessary to detect the deception.—New York Cor. Chicago Herald.

Every Man to His Trade.

Jinks (at a variety entertainment)—That fellow in front of us was about the only one who didn't applaud that good old song, "Don't Despise a Man Because He Wears a Ragged Coat." He must be a regular aristocrat, isn't he? Blinks—Well, I dunno. Maybe he's a tailor.—Good News.

Above the Reach of Danger.

Tenor—It is singular, when I have a cold it destroys my low notes and not at all my high ones, which would seem more sensitive. Lady—Perhaps; but then they are the most difficult to attack.—Harper's Bazar.

Swallows and Crows.

Among the courageous small birds may be counted the family of swallows. The writer has often seen barn swallows fly downward and peck at the cat and dog, and more than once a sharp twitter, a whir of wings and a peck on the hat has reminded her, when standing in the barn door, that this was intruding on swallows' precincts.

About a half mile from the house is a high bank which is the home of a colony of bank swallows. The earth for some distance is thickly perforated with the roundish holes leading into their nests.

Not far from this bank a quantity of corn was one day scattered by accident upon the ground. The crows were quick to discover what had happened, and swooped down and began to devour the windfall.

Some of the swallows spied them at once and gave the alarm. I chanced to be sitting beneath a tree in full view of the scene. In less than a minute after the crows had settled to feeding, more than a hundred of the bank swallows had darted from their holes, and with angry twitters fell upon the intruders.

The attack was a complete surprise to the big black fellows, and as if realizing the futility of trying to cope with their small assailants, they rose from the ground in a body and took flight.

The swallows pursued them, darting, diving, striking at them above, below and from both sides. The crows were routed completely, and took refuge in a dense piece of woods a quarter of a mile away. Then the triumphant swallows turned about and sailed homeward, uttering many chirps and twitters of satisfaction as they flew.

For the hour or more that I remained in the field not a crow was to be seen near the corn. The swallows were masters of the field.—Cor. Youth's Companion.

We Are Not a Military People.

We Americans are not a military people. In view of our having carved our way into the wilderness with sword as well as with ax, of our having won our independence by arms, of our having come with abundant credit out of all our wars, of having carried through one of the most gigantic struggles of modern days, in which were fought battles almost unequalled in tenacity, this may appear to be an unwarranted statement. But it is true. It requires more than courage, more than ability to raise, to equip, to ration, to move and to command armies to make a military people.

The most splendid conduct in war for an all absorbing cause does not suffice. Having many of the essential qualities, we yet fall short of what the Romans were, the Germans are. Some sections of the country approach nearer to the military standard; but taken as a whole our lack of interest in army and navy, our thoroughly unbusinesslike way of handling our national problems of attack and defense, stamp us as the least military in our instincts of all the great peoples of the earth.—Colonel T. A. Dodge in Forum.

She Had Improved.

The Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV, was a young woman of great spirit and originality. One day one of her teachers chanced to enter the room when the princess was reviling one of her attendant ladies, in great wrath, and, after giving her a lecture on hasty speech, he presented her with a book on the subject. A few days later he found her still more furious and using language even more violent. "I am sorry to find your royal highness in such a passion," said he; "your royal highness has not read the book I gave you." "I did, my lord!" cried she tempestuously; "I both read it and profited by it. Otherwise I should have scratched her eyes out!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Some Notable Wagers.

Of single bets made on American horse races the following instances are taken from the records: Haughton bet Walton \$14,000 to \$1,000 against Girofle. Haughton bet Kelly \$20,000 to \$5,000 against Henlopen. Appleby & Johnson bet P. Lorillard \$11,000 to \$10,000 against Pizarro, and \$25,000 to \$5,000 against Leo in the same race. In each of these cases it is probable that the owners risked ten times these amounts on each of the races, as the bets above stated were only made with one bookmaker.—W. B. Curtiss in Forum.

How Parchment Came to Be Used.

When the literary jealousy of the Egyptians caused them to stop the supply of papyrus the king of Pergamos, a city in Asia Minor, introduced the use of sheepskin in a form called from the place of its invention, pergamon, whence our word "parchment" is believed to be derived. Vellum, a finer article made from calfskin, was also used. Many of the books done on vellum in the Middle Ages were transcribed by monks, and often it took years to complete a single copy.—C. A. Lynde in St. Nicholas.

Like Shooting Ghosts.

The impression when hunting paddy-melons is of shooting at ghosts, what with the dim, mysterious light of the "dash," and the strange appearance and swift movement of the game. Paddymelons, like all the kangaroo tribe, are useless for food, except so far as their tails are concerned, which, being largely of glutinous texture, furnish material for capital soup, very like oxtail, but with a peculiar and agreeable "gamy" flavor.—Boston Journal.

Surprised His Friends.

Girdler (a returned traveler)—How did young Wesley ever turn out? Speakman—Oh! he has made a splendid name for himself. He was sent to prison and has surprised everybody by the talent he displays in pegging shoes.—New York Epoch.

She Knows He Will Come Back.

An Atchison woman has dismissed her cook and commenced to take in sewing. Her husband joined the boomers who rushed into the new Oklahoma country the other day, and she is saving up money to pay his fare back.—Atchison Globe.

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, 156 Kearny St., S. F., and many others who have found relief from constipation and sick headaches. G. W. Vincent, of 6 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 it at once as an herb that the Mexicans used to give us in the early 50's for bowel troubles. (I came to California in 1859), 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

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An eminent authority writes on this subject: "The manipulation of poor tea, to give them a finer appearance, is carried on extensively. Green teas, being in this country especially popular, are produced to meet the demand by coloring cheaper black kinds by glazing or facing with Prussian blue, tumeric, gypsum, and indigo. This method is so general that very little genuine uncolored green tea is offered for sale."

It was the knowledge of this condition of affairs that prompted the placing of Beech's Tea before the public. It is absolutely pure and without color. Did you ever see any genuine uncolored Japan tea? Ask your grocer to open a package of Beech's, and you will see it, and probably for the very first time. It will be found in color to be just between the artificial green tea that you have been accustomed to and the black teas. It draws a delightful canary color, and is so fragrant that it will be a revelation to tea-tasters. Its purity makes it also more economical than the artificial teas, for less of it is required per cup. Sold only in pound packages bearing this trade-mark:

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