

AFTER DEATH.

In this the couch where she lay yesternight, With averted face, pale and feeling, painful breath...

Coffee in the East.

How long coffee was in use among eastern nations before being introduced into Europe is not known.

Some pious Mohammedans thought it might be included among the intoxicating beverages forbidden by the Koran.

One Woman's Bedtime Hours.

A lovely woman who was talking with a friend one day about the enjoyments, disappointments and heartaches of childhood...

Art in Telling Lies.

Telling the truth is an art, but not nearly so difficult an art as telling lies. It is within reach of any man's power...

Silver Dollars 675 Miles High.

The treasury counts its silver by weighing it, which is part of wisdom, in view of the fact that a man, counting at the rate of 200 dollar pieces per minute...

The Uses of the Sword.

The uses to which the sword has been put seem to have been almost as varied as its appearance, when we recall the anecdote told of Charlemagne...

Her Hubby's Teachings.

Friend—Why do you get married so soon after the death of your husband? Widow—My dear, if there was any one thing that my poor dead and gone husband insisted upon...

It is now suggested that many dwelling house fires caused by lamp explosions might be averted by keeping some of the ornamental vases in the rooms filled with sand...

He who discovers a new dish confers a greater benefit or mankind than he who discovers a new star.

The artificial honey is becoming a formidable rival of natural honey. Its composition is sugar, water, free acid and a small proportion of mineral salts.

Every Japanese workman is ticketed. He bears on his cap and on his back labels giving his name and business, as well as his employer's name.

JUDGE AND BUNKO MEN.

A NEW YORK CITY JUDICIAL OFFICER'S EXPERIENCE.

Two Smooth-Tongued Sharpers Make a Sad Mistake in "Sizing Up" a Man, and One Is Arrested and Sentenced—The "Pal" Meets a Bitter Fate.

At the Lawyers' club a few nights ago Judge Rufus B. Cowing and Judge Henry A. Gildersleeve were spinning yarns on the queer experiences they have had with the thieving fraternity...

Judge Gildersleeve was telling how he was approached by a bunco man a few years ago at the Pennsylvania railroad depot in Jersey City...

He had hardly got off the train at Jersey City when he felt a vigorous slap on the back.

"Why, hello, my dear Mr. Thompson. So glad to see you. Just in from Philadelphia, eh? How are all the folks at home?"

When Judge Gildersleeve got a chance to say a word he replied meekly: "Yes, just in from Philadelphia. I guess the folks are all well. They were when I left them, anyway."

"Now, I've met you in Philadelphia, I am sure. Don't you remember me?"

THE JUDGE GETS EVEN. Knowing what sort of a character he had to deal with, Judge Gildersleeve led him on in a modest, innocent way.

"Why, you must be mistaken," said he to the bunco man. "My name is Johnson, Joseph W. Johnson, and I keep a store in Philadelphia."

"Why, I beg a thousand pardons," and the bunco man bowed low and disappeared.

THE TIP TO HIS "PAL." Then came the "pal," just as Judge Gildersleeve expected. He was just stepping aboard the Desbrosses Street ferry when he got another slap on the back.

"My dear Mr. Johnson, how are you and what are you doing over here? You don't remember me, but I knew you years ago in Philadelphia," and bunco man No. 2 piled his tongue in the most voluble manner...

"Now, my dear Mr. Johnson, don't forget to meet me, will you?" said the bunco man as he stepped out of the ferry house on the New York side.

"Officer, arrest this man," said Judge Gildersleeve to a policeman standing by. "Say, you old jay, what do you mean?"

"We will meet again, young man, in a short time, I hope. I will give you my name and place of business—Henry A. Gildersleeve, judge, Part 3, court of general sessions."

"What's the charge, judge?" asked the policeman. "Suspicious character."

The next day the bunco man was sent to the island for six months by Justice Power, of the Tombs.

THE "PAL" SENTENCED. Two months later Judge Gildersleeve had the pleasure of meeting the man who was king of the New York "hand shakers."

"Miller, I've met you before," said Judge Gildersleeve. "Not guilty," replied Miller.

"Well, I got off a Pennsylvania train in Jersey City one day two months ago, with a gun and a basket and dressed in my hunting clothes. I had been on a little pleasure expedition, and you saw fit to interfere in the business of a peaceable, law-abiding citizen."

Judge Gildersleeve told me that so far as he knew he and Recorder Smyth were the only criminal judges that had ever been approached by the New York bunco men.

The only other experience Judge Gildersleeve ever had with the crooks outside his courtroom was during the Centennial in Philadelphia. He had his pockets picked while going over the exhibition grounds.

A Woman's Age. Again. Queens—Does Miss Prym believe everything in her Bible? Cynicus—Yes, except the entry of her birth.—New York Epoch.

French Cookery Terms.

With the best of Anglo-Saxon intentions it is sometimes a little difficult to avoid the use of French terms in cookery or a bill of fare.

The term hors d'œuvre is the most difficult to particularize. When cold it comprises all side dishes which are really accessories to the meal.

Hot hors d'œuvre are almost unlimited; they are very acceptable at large dinners, and are generally served immediately after the soup and before the fish.

The Boy Who Discovered the "Saw By." A few years ago a green country boy applied to the superintendent of a western railway for work...

Well, how would you go about it? asked one of the conductors, confident that the lad would soon find himself against a stump.

An Expensive Infirmary. I happened to be in a Broadway optician's store and saw a good looking, well dressed matron with a slip of a girl and a small boy...

The Shark Is a Slow Swimmer. One ill service nature has done the shark, namely, that of placing a triangular fin on his back which acts as a danger signal and gives warning of his approach.

Benzine Cleans Furs. Nothing cleans soiled fur better than benzine. Actresses immerse their wigs in baths of this liquid with most excellent results.

A Crisis in Spain. Queen of Spain—Moi gracia! The baby king has the stomach ache. Lord Chamberlain (excitedly)—Woo-o-o! Call the secretary of the interior.—Good News.

Never Heard of Him.

Telegraphers' stories are unique sometimes, and they do not hesitate to tell them to one another. It is said that the operators in New Haven, having always lived there, seldom hear of anything beyond the limits of the city and their operating rooms.

Two new alloys for making boring and cutting tools have been invented in England. The metal equals steel in hardness and temper, and does not lose its temper when heated by friction.

Losses are preaged by a dream of riding in a stage coach. If you run after one you will be out of employment for a long season.

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.

Keal Merit. Say the S. B. Cough Cure is the best thing they ever saw. We are not flattered for we know Keal Merit will win.

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.

Beech's Tea. Beech's Tea is procured with the guaranty that it is uncolored and unadulterated. In fact, the sun-cured tea leaf pure and simple.

Leslie Butler's. Pure As Childhood. Price 60c per pound. For sale at Leslie Butler's, THE DALLES, OREGON.

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