

THE FACE OF A CROOK

WHY IT IS THAT A THIEF IS GENERALLY DETECTED.

There Are, Almost Invariably, Some Marks About His Countenance or About His Appearance That Inevitably Betray Him to Officers of the Law.

"Police! Police! Where's the police? Some thief's stolen my pocketbook!"

A tall, bearded and excited countryman yelled out these words in the Grand Central depot one morning some months ago. The alarm created the usual excitement which follows the announcement of a robbery in a crowd. Some of the stream of arriving and departing travelers stopped in their places to hastily ascertain whether or not their own wallets were safe. Others crowded around the countryman in eager curiosity to hear what he had to say. Some of the chronically cautious hurried their steps a trifle from the scene of trouble and looked back somewhat fearfully at the big policeman who was elbowing his way vigorously toward the center of the crowd.

Any one of the score of people who did not stop might be the thief. The robbery had just "come off," for the countryman had set up his outcry the moment his wallet was jerked by some mysterious force from his fingers. Now, in all this confusion of hurrying people, how was suspicion to be pointed toward any particular man? One would say "impossible." But one would be wrong. A plainly dressed man, with sharp, black eyes, who had been standing in the door of the restaurant when the cry of robbery went up, stepped quietly out of the doorway and turned his keen eyes in a series of quick glances to right and left. He did not once look at the countryman or the little crowd around him, but in ten seconds he had scanned with lightning rapidity the face of every person who was walking away. A sudden look, as though of recognition, and he walked quickly, unhesitatingly toward a rather well dressed man who was carrying a small valise up the stairway. He overtook him at the top of the stairs and tapped him on the shoulder.

"You are my prisoner," he said.

The thief was found.

WHY HE WAS RECOGNIZED.

How did the detective know him? That is a complex question to answer. Natural instinct of an order unclassified in human psychology is what makes the detective. A fox hound has it, and it makes the dog hunt foxes and find them and catch them where other dogs would fail impotently or through lack of effort. If this instinct was lacking in the man he would be no detective. He would not only lack ability in thief catching, but would have no disposition to go into the business.

This instinct which tempts him into his distasteful and often perilous calling is developed by experience and observation and constant study until it becomes almost a supernumerary sense. He knows a thief when he sees him, if it is for the first time. It sounds impossible, doesn't it? But it has been proved hundreds of times.

Physiognomy has something to do with it; a fund of knowledge of the tricks and devices of the escaping robber, a quick perception of tiny details which lead to suspicion, a supersensitiveness to the hints of circumstance, all go to make up the professional instinct of the detective. But the most powerful element of all, and that which all serve but to re-enforce, is the mysterious sort of animal magnetism which tells a detective—a genuine detective—that a thief's a thief.

The man who was arrested in the Grand Central depot was afterward proved to be a professional pickpocket. He made a bold front when the detective asked him for a moment's conversation and became highly indignant before the cause of his detention was told. This is the mistake which nearly every petty thief makes. The countryman's wallet was found on him, and witnesses remembered having seen the thief walk out of the crowd and pick up his valise just before the cry of robbery was raised. They would never have remembered the circumstance if the detective had not stopped the thief as he was escaping.

HOW A THIEF IS PICKED OUT.

"How do I pick out a thief?" said one of the cleverest detectives at police headquarters in response to a question. "Well, there's a whole lot of things that help a man to pick out a thief, but it's hard to just say in words what they are. Any fly copper will tell you that there is something characteristic about the appearance of every thief. And it's only good sense to believe it."

"If a man spends his whole time studying thieves' faces, haunts and habits, he's bound to get the thing down pretty fine if he has anything of a head on him. I don't say that you can pick a top notcher—a 'con' man or a bunco sharp—out of a crowd, because he's a mighty smart man, and his whole business is to deceive people by his appearance and manner; but you take a pickpocket or 'sneak,' and you can get on to him in a crowd nearly every time, provided, of course, that you've got every reason to believe that there is such a man in the crowd and you're looking for him."

"There's something about the eyes particularly that every common thief I ever saw had. Then they nearly all have a dissipated look. That's because they're nearly all dissipated. A thief will run chances of getting ten years to get money, and then will go and spend it as if had a million. I never knew a common thief that didn't have some bad habit besides stealing. Half of 'em hit the pipe or take drugs in some form; a great many are 'boozers,' and most of them are the victims of some worse depravity."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Wis and Humor.

Man (looking up from paper)—John, what does "a" stand for?
John (poring over his lesson in geography)—Louisiana, sir.
Man—Well, this "Louisiana grip" seems to be an epidemic.—Harper's Bazar.

A WOULD BE SWINDLER BEATEN.

He Was Only Trying to Learn the Shell Trick, but His Scholar Knew It.

After awhile the young man with the white hat and red necktie observed that a friend of his had posted him on a new trick, and he took from his pocket the shell of an English walnut which had been cut in two to make two small cups. He also took from his vest pocket a common field pea and explained:

"I don't say that I can do the trick successfully, but after a little more practice I hope to catch on."

Half a dozen of us exchanged winks and spotted him at once for a sharper, but there was a middle aged man from Indianapolis who appeared innocently interested. He was not a green looking man by any means, but he had a confident, childish look which would have authorized any stranger to ask him for a match or the time of day.

"What is the trick?" he asked as he laid aside his paper.

"Why, it's to manipulate this pea in this way—so and so—and this way, until you can't tell which cup it's under," explained the other.

"That's a new idea."

"Yes, perfectly new."

"Say! I'd like to learn that myself," continued the Hoosier. "The boys down our way are full of tricks, and I'd like to get something to astonish 'em. It all depends on the twist of the wrist, doesn't it?"

"Partly that, and partly optical illusion. As I told you before I can't work it yet, because I haven't practiced sufficiently, but do you think you could tell which cup the pea is under now?"

"I think I could," replied the Hoosier.

"And could you now?" asked the young man after further manipulations.

"I'm sure of it."

"How sure?"

"Well, as I want to learn the trick, and as I am always willing to back my own eyes, I'll bet ten dollars I can."

We winked and shook our heads at him, but his smile only grew more childlike.

"Don't want to make it twenty dollars, do you?" asked the sharper.

"I'd just as soon say thirty dollars."

"Thirty it is. Just hold the cups firmly down on my knees while I get out my sugar."

I took his last dollar, and when it was up he asked:

"Which cup is it under?"

"This one."

The cup was raised, and there, sure enough, was the pea, it having failed to stick to the substance inside and be lifted with the shell. The look which came into that young man's face was something queer to see, and he kept swallowing as if he had tacks in his throat. He gave up the stakes without a word, but sat for a long time like one in a dream. I thought he needed sympathy, and after awhile I found opportunity to inquire:

"How did it happen that way?"

"That's what I want to find out," he absently replied. "Say, you childlike Hoosier, take these things and let's see what you can do with 'em."

"Certainly, to oblige."

He took the cups and the pea, and the manner in which he performed was enough to show everybody in ten seconds that he was an old professional.

"Anybody wish to bet?" he smilingly asked, as the pea went hopping about.

Nobody did—not even the young man. He sat and stared and stared, and watched and watched, and when the outfit was returned to him all he could say was:

"Well, by gum!"—Detroit Free Press.

Feats of Carrier Pigeons.

There are remarkable instances on record of what pigeons have done. A French bird captured near Paris was taken to Berlin, 500 miles away, and kept there for four years. It escaped somehow, and at once made a straight line for home, safely reaching the loft in Paris where it had been reared. Colonel Cameron relates that he purchased in Toronto two birds that had never flown eastward of that place. From Toronto they were taken to Kingston, 150 miles due east, and there kept for some time. They were then sent to Sharbot lake, nearly fifty miles north of Kingston, to be flown. Instead of returning to Kingston they went westward 150 miles direct to their old loft at Toronto.

As they had been, in the case of both moves, conveyed in a closed basket, they had no chance of seeing the intervening country, so that sight evidently had nothing to do with their return. There are numberless instances of birds in training making their way swiftly and safely back over 100, 200 and even 250 miles of utterly unknown territory.—Denver Republican.

On His Mind.

Pat was a hodcarrier. Long practice had made him an expert at threading the mazes of unfinished buildings, but it had also made him somewhat careless in his movements.

He had just stepped from a ladder to one of the landings, and after setting down his load of bricks with a sigh of relief, he straightened up. Whack! his head came smartly in contact with a heavy beam.

When the foreman passed, a few minutes after, he saw Pat sitting on a keg, holding his head in both hands.

"Hullo, Pat," he called. "What's on your mind?"

"The whole top av me head, sir. Oh my! Oh my!"—Youth's Companion.

Sorry for God.

A little girl on being asked by her mother whether she was not glad to hear that an old friend of whom she was very fond had recovered from a dangerous illness, replied, "Yes, of course I'm glad, but still I'm sorry for God not to have his own way sometimes."—London Truth.

A Pretty Tight Squeeze.

Angeline—Oh, mamma, Algernon squeezed my hand so tonight that I almost cried.
Mamma—What, my child, from pain?
Angeline—No, mamma, from joy.—Texas Sittings.

Chinese Justice.

During a recent riot at some place between Tong-Tu and Kalping, the mob destroyed a good length of the railway that had recently been carried through the district.

The local mandarin, instead of using the forces under him to quell the riot, sent the soldiers to assist in the evil work. The embankments were leveled for some distance and the rails thrown into the river, and an attempt was made to destroy the bridges. Mr. Kinder, the head engineer of the line, laid the state of the case before the tao-tai of Tien-Tsin, who is the head director of the undertaking. The tao-tai sent for the mandarin.

"Please yourself and friends," said he, "you have destroyed the railway track. To please me you will put it back just as it was before. If in one month from today the trains are not running as before you lose your head, and your family and ancestors are disgraced."

"Mr. Kinder estimates the damage and loss, nonrunning of trains at 50,000 taels, which sum you will have to pay out of your own funds to the company."

"For labor, all your officials, soldiers and townsfolk will work as you direct, receiving no money for their labor, and all salaries are stopped until the repairs are complete. I shall appoint a board of punishment to return with you, with power to torture and imprison any one who makes the least disturbance or trouble."

The mandarin begged for mercy on the plea that, as the country was all under water, he could not possibly get mud and stone wherewith to build the embankments. The tao-tai saw the force of this plea and said he would give him a chance.

He could pull down any of his forts that he liked in order to provide material for the repair of the railway, and he would give him three months after the railway was completed to rebuild his forts at his (the mandarin's) expense.

In less than three weeks the trains were running again, and the mandarin and his agents are now rebuilding the forts.—Cor. London Truth.

A Fish Swallowed His Watch.

A rather strange as well as amusing incident happened on board the schooner Emma Clara while at sea Saturday on her way up from Rockport. They were well out at sea where the water was blue and clear and the wind very light, when one of the passengers discovered a large fish which is known in those waters as a flun, following close behind the boat.

Several of the boys were soon leaning over the stern admiring the fish, when one of them accidentally dropped his watch overboard out of his overshirt pocket. It was a large old fashioned Swiss silver watch, and when it hit the water it glanced off sideways and darted on its voyage to the bottom of the sea, but the flun saw it, and as he is a fish that bites at everything that shines, regardless of flavor or taste, opened his huge mouth and swallowed the watch at one gulp. The surprised and chagrined young man says that the watch had just been wound up and was good to tick away for twenty-four hours at least. The fish seemed to enjoy the meal, and followed leisurely after the boat for some time.—Velasco Times.

Earl Grey.

Earl Grey's illness is regarded with much anxiety in his native county of Northumberland. He will enter his ninetieth year in seven weeks' time, and his prostration at the beginning of winter is seriously viewed by his friends. Earl Grey was sitting in parliament for Winclesea some years before Lord Salisbury was born. At one time he seemed destined for high office, but soon after his father's (the premier's) death he developed a cross-bench mind, and has since then been increasingly dismal in his forebodings of national decay. He is passionately fond of his home at Howick, close to the Northumberland coast, where he has buried himself for many years, occasionally reminding the world of his existence by his long and old-fashioned letters in The Times. His heir is Mr. Albert Grey, some time member for the Tyne-side division of Northumberland, and now better known as a director of the South African company.—London Star.

The Grave of St. Patrick.

A tourist, who has been visiting Downpatrick, writes on the subject of the grave of St. Patrick. He says: "What I saw was this—a hole such as animals or poultry might scrape, with a few loose stones, apparently thrown in where the earth had been taken out, and laid across the opening was a stone slab, evidently of great age and with traces of carving upon it, broken into three fragments. There was nothing else." The modern cemetery near by was neatly kept. In explanation it was said that such veneration was attached to the grave by some that they could not be prevented from taking the soil bit by bit. The neglected condition of this grave has recently been brought before the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland.—Exchange.

Mr. Field and the Queen.

Cyrus Field is one of the few Americans who have a standing acquaintance with Queen Victoria. Mr. Field's part in the laying of the early Atlantic cables obtained for him a presentation to the queen that meant rather more than such things usually mean, and the acquaintance of many years ago has been kept up by occasional meetings and communications of one kind or another.—New York Sun.

A Beautiful Rainbow.

One of the beautiful sights on last Thanksgiving day at Bedford was a rainbow, remarkable because of its position; it was located almost in the zenith, with its arc turned toward the south and its extremities reaching northwest and northeast, respectively. There was no appearance of rainfall anywhere while it was visible.—Indiana Mail.

A Lover's Rare Property.

Young Toddleby was a true hearted and promising youth. He had graduated with honor at Yale, and was studying law with Mr. Loffer. It so happened that Toddleby became acquainted with a beautiful young lady, daughter of old Digby. He loved the fair maiden, and when he had reason to believe that his love was returned he asked Mr. Loffer to recommend him to the father, Loffer being on terms of close intimacy with the family. The lawyer agreed, and performed his mission; but old Digby, who loved money, asked what property the young man had. Loffer said he did not know, but he would inquire. The next time he saw his young student he asked him if he had any property at all.

"Only health, strength and a determination to work," replied the youth.

"Well," said the lawyer, who sincerely believed the student was in every way worthy, "let us see, what will you take for your right leg? I will give you \$20,000 for it."

Of course Toddleby refused.

The next time the lawyer saw the young lady's father he said:

"I have inquired about this young man's circumstances. He has no money in bank; but he owns a piece of property for which, to my certain knowledge, he has been offered, and has refused, \$20,000."

This led old Digby to consent to the marriage, which shortly afterward took place. In the end he had reason to be proud of his son-in-law, though he was once heard to remark, touching that rare piece of property, upon the strength of which he had consented to the match: "If it could not take wings it was liable at any time to walk off!"—New York Ledger.

Pimples.

The old idea of 40 years ago was that facial eruptions were due to a "blood humor," for which they gave potash. Thus all the old sarsaparillas contain potash, a most objectionable and drastic mineral, that instead of decreasing, actually creates more eruptions. You have noticed this when taking other sarsaparillas than Joy's. It is however now known that the stomach, the blood creating power, is the seat of all vitiating or cleansing operations. A stomach clogged by indigestion or constipation, vitiates the blood, result pimples. A clean stomach and healthy digestion purifies it and they disappear. Thus Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla is compounded after the modern idea to regulate the bowels and stimulate the digestion. The effect is immediate and most satisfactory. A short testimonial to contrast the action of the potash sarsaparillas and Joy's modern vegetable preparation. Mrs. C. D. Stuart, of 450 Hayes St., S. F., writes: "I have for years had indigestion, I tried a popular sarsaparilla but it actually caused more pimples to break out on my face. Hearing that Joy's was a later preparation and acted differently, I tried it and the pimples immediately disappeared."

Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla
Largest bottle, most effective, same price.
For Sale by SNIPES & KINERSLY
THE DALLES, OREGON.

LA GRIPPE



By using S. B. Headache and Liver Cure, and S. B. Cough Cure as directed for colds. They were used two years ago during the La Grippe epidemic, and very flattering testimonials of their power over that disease are at hand. Manufactured by the S. B. Medicine Mfg. Co., at Dufur, Oregon. For sale by all druggists.

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. Under this statute thousands of pounds of tea have been burned because of their wholesale adulteration. Tea, by the way, is one of the most notoriously adulterated articles of commerce. Not alone are the bright, shiny green teas artificially colored, but thousands of pounds of substitutes for tea leaves are used to swell the bulk of cheap teas; ash, sloe, and willow leaves being those most commonly used. Again, sweepings from tea warehouses are colored and sold as tea. Even exhausted tea leaves gathered from the tea-houses are kept, dried, and made over and find their way into the cheap teas.

The English government attempts to stamp this out by confiscation; but no tea is too poor for us, and the result is, that probably the poorest tea used by any nation are those consumed in America.

Beech's Tea is presented with the guaranty that it is uncolored and unadulterated; in fact, the sun-cured tea leaf pure and simple. Its purity insures superior strength, about one third less of it being required for an infusion than of the artificial teas, and its fragrance and exquisite flavor is at once apparent. It will be a revelation to you. In order that its purity and quality may be guaranteed, it is sold only in pound packages bearing this trade-mark.

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

The Dalles Chronicle

IS

THE LEADING PAPER

Of the Leading City of Eastern Oregon.

During the little over a year of its existence it has earnestly tried to fulfill the objects for which it was founded, namely, to assist in developing our industries, to advertise the resources of the city and adjacent country and to work for an open river to the sea. Its record is before the people and the phenomenal support it has received is accepted as the expression of their approval. Independent in everything, neutral in nothing, it will live only to fight for what it believes to be just and right.

Commencing with the first number of the second volume the weekly has been enlarged to eight pages while the price (\$1.50 a year) remains the same. Thus both the weekly and daily editions contain more reading matter for less money than any paper published in the county.

GET YOUR PRINTING

— DONE AT —

THE CHRONICLE JOB ROOM.

Book and Job Printing

Done on Short Notice.

LIGHT BINDING NEATLY DONE.

Address all Mail Orders to

Chronicle Pub. Co.,

THE DALLES, - OREGON.