

A SMART TRAVELER.

HE CAUSED A SLEUTHOUND VERY GREAT ASTONISHMENT.

A Clever Traveling Man Who Was a Good Deal Smarter Than a Western Detective—The Means He Took to Teach the Officer a Lesson in Carefulness.

A famous western detective declares that he never surprised a criminal more completely than he himself was surprised in a journey from Albany to New York.

He was seated comfortably in a parlor car skimming over a newspaper, when a gentleman rose from the seat opposite, and touching him on the shoulder remarked in an offhand way, as if they had been chatting together for hours:

"Well, sir, of course you will do as you think best, but it's my opinion that you are on a false scent."

"How do you mean?" asked the detective, starting at the man with all his eyes in a vain attempt to make out his identity.

"Why, I mean that there is no use in your trying to find out the motive which prompted this young girl to throw herself into the river, because she was dead before she ever left the land."

"What young girl? What river? Who are you talking about and who are you?" All this rather sharply, for the westerner was not a little piqued by being addressed thus familiarly by an entire stranger, who seemed—and that was the puzzling part of it—to be perfectly familiar with his private affairs.

"I trust, sir, that I am not annoying you," said the newcomer with the utmost courtesy. "I know what professional discretion calls for on your part, but the extreme interest I take in the fate of this unfortunate girl prompted me, perhaps unwisely, to venture the suggestion you seem to resent."

Somehow mollified, but as much in the dark as ever as to the man's identity, the detective replied:

"But, my dear sir, how can you possibly take any interest in my business when you do not know me?"

"Ah, but there are no mistakes," said the other smiling. "I do know you very well and sympathize deeply with you in the loss of your poor mother, who died about a month ago, if I am not mistaken."

This was indeed the case and wondering the detective listened as the gentleman went on:

"By the way, you must have had an exciting time in your recent trip abroad in pursuit of those St. Louis counterfeiters. What a pity they gave you the slip at Mannheim. But for that you would have accomplished one of the greatest pieces of detective work of modern times. Don't you think that German banker who was so friendly betrayed you to the rascals?"

"I haven't the slightest doubt he did," exclaimed the man of wile, "but who in the name of heaven are you?"

The stranger, still smiling, continued: "I suppose you have given up the idea of having that boy of yours follow in your footsteps? On the whole I think the law will be a better career for him. He has not your strength and endurance and—"

"Now, look here, my friend," interrupted the bewildered detective, "let's call a halt on this funny business. I'll own up you have got the drop on me. Now, come, what is in the scheme? How do you come to know, and above all how, in the name of all that is mysterious, do you know things about me which no one—"

"Oh, I know more than that," was the exasperating reply. "I know all about the mean way you were turned down at the head office last summer. I know the man who did it and why he was jealous of you. I know how you proposed to get square with him in this very case by proving that he has accepted hush money from—"

"For God's sake, my dear sir, be careful what you are saying. Some one in the car may be listening. Do you speak French?"

"That is precisely what I do speak," said the other, and suiting the action to the word he continued in that language, which he spoke with the purest Parisian accent.

"Now listen and I will give you an explanation of the present enigma. Possibly you may find in it a lesson for the future."

"Do you remember being down in Pennsylvania about a fortnight ago, riding from Pittsburg to Oil City with a dark complexioned man about my height who wore a full black beard?"

"Yes," answered the detective, "I do. That was an eastern detective who was working with me on a bank robbery. He is one of my best friends."

"And you told him, did you not, all about this recent row you have had at headquarters, and discussed with him what was the best thing to do about it?"

"Yes; but how did you know that? Did he tell you?"

"Never mind how I know it. You also talked over with him the case you are now working upon and declared your intention of exposing the dishonorable conduct of your rival. Is not that true? And if so, don't you think that for a detective of your experience you showed a lack of caution in speaking of such serious matters in a public car?"

"Yes," answered the detective quickly, "but I remember now that my friend and I spoke only French as a precaution. No one understands French out in western Pennsylvania."

"And what if I told you that I was in the seat behind you all the way to Oil City, apparently fast asleep? What would you say to that?"

The detective's jaw fell.

"Do you mean to tell me that all you know about my life and my business you got from a chance conversation overheard on a railway?"

"Precisely."

"And that you never knew me, or my friend, or any one who knew us?"

"Never."

"Well, stranger, you are a smarter detective than I am and you've got a memory that's just plain lightning. There's just ten minutes to wait here. Come along and have a cigar."—New York Herald.

LACKS TRUTH ONLY.

COLD FACTS DESTROY AN ENTERTAINING GHOST STORY.

Reminiscences of Lord Lytton Which Are More Valuable in Relation Than in Truthfulness—An Alleged Haunted Room Which Did Not Exist.

Romantic Lord Lytton was, but not superstitious. His death, however, has revived the story of the yellow boy's room, the ghost chamber said to exist at Knebworth house, the beautiful ancestral home of the Lyttons for more than 600 years. At Mr. W. P. Frith's door must the charge be laid of having put the interesting tale in circulation, for we find it first in his engaging volume of "Reminiscences." After relating Westwood's experiences with the weird woman of the Maison Bleue, the painter supplements the story by another anecdote of more tragical significance.

"At Knebworth," he says, "the seat of Lord Lytton, there is a bedchamber called the yellow boy's room." He then proceeds to relate that during a visit to Knebworth, Lord Castlereagh, while the guest of the grandfather of the late British ambassador to Paris, was assigned without a word of warning to the mysterious and haunted room. Feeling very tired he soon dropped into sleep, but his uneasy slumbers were troubled and it was not long before he awoke. What it was which startled him his lordship never knew, but the sight which met his eyes as he gazed at the still burning fire in his room was startling enough.

The figure of a boy, with long, yellowish hair streaming down, sat in front of the fireplace with his back toward the Irish nobleman. As the latter looked, the lad arose, turned toward him, and drawing back the curtain at the bottom of the bed with one hand, with the other he drew his fingers two or three times across his throat. Of course the impression produced on Castlereagh was decidedly disturbing. Bulwer insisted that he must have been dreaming, but his lordship declared with emphasis that he saw the figure as distinctly as he saw his host at that moment, and that, far from being asleep, he was wide awake.

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE. Mr. Frith then adds that Mr. Bulwer did not tell Lord Castlereagh—Byron's "carrot cutting Castlereagh"—that the yellow boy always appeared to any one who was destined to die a violent death and always indicated the manner of it to his victim.

A more amusing and less unpleasant incident is told of the same chamber at Knebworth by our artist author, the subject being a timid, nervous brother painter who spent a night at the poet's lovely and stately retreat in Hertfordshire. The father of the author of "Lucile," Mr. Frith says, confided the details of the Castlereagh story to his guest on allotting the yellow boy's room to him, remarking on bidding him good night, "You will not be frightened, will you?" "No—o—o," said the painter, with an aghast face. "Well, it is getting late; what do you say to retiring? Yes, that is your candle. Too warm for a fire in your room. You don't mind? Good night." "The rest of the story shall be told," says Frith, "in my old friend's words as nearly as I can remember them. 'I had seen,' he went on, 'the infernal room before dinner, and I thought it looked a ghostly sort of place, and when I reached it that night what would I not have given to be back in my own room at home! I looked under the bed, up the great, wide chimney, and had a shock from the sight of my own face in the looking glass. No ghost could be whiter than I was. I don't believe in ghosts, you know, but still it was really too bad of Lytton to tell me such things just as I was going to bed, and then to put me in the very place! There was an awful old cabinet. I managed to pull open the door and was tugging at the other, when my candle went out—how, I don't know—somebody seemed to blow it out. I can tell you what became of it: all I know is I jumped into bed with my boots on and lay trembling there for hours. Frith—literally for hours—till sleep took me at last; and never was I more thankful than when I awoke and saw the sun shining into the yellow boy's room.'"

NO TRUTH IN THE STORY. The circumstantiality with which Mr. Frith tells these short tales must convince his readers that he is thoroughly satisfied in his own mind that the incidents which he carefully describes all happened at Knebworth. And yet, in that respect, he is altogether out in his reckoning. There is no yellow boy's room in that grand old house of the Lyttons at Knebworth. Lord Castlereagh never spent a night there, nor is it known that he ever visited the place in his life. In the autumn of 1884 I spent two or three very agreeable days at Knebworth, the guest of Lord Lytton, who very kindly showed me everything of interest about his home and its charming surroundings. I thought it strange that the yellow boy's room—if there really was such a room—had not been open to me, and that the very story associated with it in the Frith reminiscences had been kept back. So I sent off a hurried note to Owen Meredith, then performing his ambassadorial functions in the gayest capital in Europe, and an early mail brought me these lines:

"PARIS, 8th Feb'y, 1888.
"MY DEAR MR. STEWART—I answer your letter of the 19th ulto. in desperate and unavoidable haste. Mr. Frith's autobiography is all wrong about the story of the Yellow Boy. That story was told by Sir Walter Scott of Lord Castlereagh, who is said to have seen the 'Yellow Boy' in some house in Ireland at the time when he was secretary for Ireland, just before the union, and the story went that the apparition then predicted to him the mode of his death. But the incident certainly did not occur at Knebworth, nor do I think Lord Castlereagh was ever there. Yours very faithfully, LYTTON."

The Castlereagh story is quite familiar to the readers of Scott and Lockhart's noble biography.—Independent.

Lands a Rich Duke Owned.

The late Duke of Devonshire owned land in fourteen different counties. The estates extend to 198,000 acres, and the annual rental is something over £170,000. Much of the land in and about Eastbourne was the property of the duke, and, like that in the vicinity of Barrow-in-Furness, has increased enormously in value of late years.

The duke possessed no fewer than seven seats, the cost of keeping up which alone must have been considerable. The duke had the patronage of over forty church livings, the annual total value of which exceeds £10,000 per annum.

The founder of the house was William Cavendish, commonly supposed (according to Mr. Evans' "Old Nobility") to be identical with that Cavendish who wrote the "Life of Wolsey," and who has been immortalized by Shakespeare. The fifth duke was the husband of the duchess whose portrait was painted by Gainsborough, and about whom there is a story similar to that of one of the duchesses of Gordon of her kissing tradesmen to obtain votes. It was the sixth duke who formed the famous gardens at Chatsworth. The family motto, "Safe by being cautious," applies, most people will think, very fittingly to the new duke.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Stricken with Blindness While Singing. George Neely, a Kensington boatman, has been suddenly and mysteriously stricken blind. His eyesight left him Monday without warning and without any painful confinement. He had begun his usual work on a canal boat on the Baritan canal, from New Brunswick. He had walked a step or two on the boat, singing merrily to himself, when suddenly everything grew black. He could not see objects half a foot distant. His vision had completely failed him.

Groping about the deck he tried to communicate his affliction to the other deck hands. When his true condition was discovered he was tenderly taken care of, and when the canal boat reached this city he was conveyed to his home in Kensington, and there attended to. Still he grew no better. It was then decided that the best place for him was a hospital.

His nephew accompanied him to the Philadelphia hospital. On arriving there he was examined and placed in the nervous ward, where he is resting quietly, with his vision only slightly improved.—Philadelphia Record.

Marriage Under Difficulties.

A. M. Phillips and Millie Burns, of Coleridge, Neb., had to visit three states before they were married.

The couple first went to Hartington to be united, but the bride was too young to meet the requirements of the Nebraska law. On Sunday they started for Yankton, being assured that they could meet with no obstacles. Arrived at the Missouri river they found the bridge had been washed out only an hour before. It was night before they finally found a boatman to take them to the South Dakota bank, where they found themselves two miles above the town in a willow thicket.

Late at night they reached town and were obliged to wait till morning before calling on a justice of the peace. On Monday they learned to their disgust that the laws of South Dakota, although more liberal than those of Nebraska, did not sanction the marriage of one so young as the would be bride. They were told to go to Iowa, which they did, and there met with better success.—Cor. Minneapolis Tribune.

Two Scared Indians.

Two Indians from the La Pointe reservation arrived in Bayfield a few days ago paralyzed with fear. They told a wonderful story of adventure. They had started on a hunt on Madeline island and intended to visit some friends. They camped on a spot about four miles from the village. At midnight the Indians were aroused by a fearful struggle. Before them were two men and a woman battling, the contestants being covered with blood.

The Indians say the forms disappeared afterward, but the sounds and groans were kept up all night. People in that vicinity claim there has been a terrible murder committed on the island some time in the past, and that the "ghosts" of the parties were seen by the Indians.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Exporting Live Geese from Russia.

Live geese are exported from Russia to Germany and Austria in very large numbers. An export house of Warsaw intends building special cars for the transportation of geese directly to their places of destination, if the railroad managers will grant them permission to run the cars. The ministry on roads of intercommunication was notified of the proposal of that firm, and its favorable decision is expected. The cars are to be constructed with appliances to change from the broad gauge of the Russian lines to the narrow gauge of the German lines without loss of time.—St. Petersburg Letter.

Will Be Visited by the Queen.

Costebelle, the charming suburb of Hyeres, at which it is announced that the queen will spend the month of March, is delightfully situated on the southern slopes of the lovely Costebelle hills, and is promptly identified by Americans as "the nearest thing in Europe to a south California ranch"—though the busy little neighboring town, with its orchestra and casino, somewhat upsets the delusion.—London Letter.

In a photograph of the heavens now in course of preparation at the Paris observatory, it is calculated that 60,000,000 stars will be represented. In the nebula of the Lyre, M. Bailland took a photograph 4 by 5 1/2 inches which reveals 4,800 stars to the naked eye!

The Florida orange has so far supplanted those from the Mediterranean that they will be shipped directly from Florida to Europe. In the Liverpool market they bring nearly double the price of other oranges.

Gallantly Rescued.

Five days ago pretty Kattie M. Hall, of Mayhews, aged eighteen, came to Sacramento. At a social party she met Edward J. Farmer, a prepossessing young man of twenty-one. The liking was mutual. Miss Hall said she had left home temporarily to avoid the importunities of an aged lover, who was distasteful to her, though favored by her parents because of his financial ability.

"I'll help you out of your difficulty," said the gallant young man.

"How?" she asked.

"I'll marry you myself, if you say the word."

She flushed shyly, asked for a minute in which to reflect, gave him permission to obtain a license and became Mrs. Farmer.

The ancient suitor arrived soon after the ceremony was performed. He went straight to the county clerk's office, and when informed of what had happened said, with some show of chagrin, "That settles it," and walked out.

Farmer and bride were invisible. He is a clerk in a dry goods store on a modest salary.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Novel to Some.

Miss Antique—No, I'm not going to Mrs. Whitehair's reception.

Miss Budd—Why not?
"Oh, she always talks about old times, and that makes me tired. I don't see how you can stand her."

"But, my dear, her subject is new to most of us, you know."—New York Weekly.

Had Probably Seen His Ancestors.

It was proposed that a certain very small boy should have his portrait painted. He was greatly distressed, saying, between his sobs, "Oh, father, I don't want to always hang upon the wall!"

WOMEN.

The common afflictions of women are: headache, indigestion and nervous troubles. They arise largely from stomach disorders. As Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla is the only lowly regulating preparation, you can see why it is more effective than any other Sarsaparilla in those troubles. It is daily relieving hundreds. The action is mild, direct and effective. We have scores of letters from grateful women.

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General debility, Mrs. Delden, 240 Mason St., S. F.
Nervous debility, Mrs. J. Lamphere, 725 Turk St., S. F.
Nervous debility, Mrs. R. Roseblum, 202 17th St., S. F.
Stomach troubles, Mrs. R. L. Wheaton, 701 Post St., S. F.
Sick headaches, Mrs. M. E. Price, 16 Prospect Place, S. F.
Sick headaches, Mrs. M. Fowler, 277 Ellis St., S. F.
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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 legislation, but no tea is too poor for it, and the result is, that probably the poorest teas 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-dried 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:

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