

PATENT REMINDERS.

SOME FUNNY THINGS WHICH INVENTORS HAVE MADE.

Bracelet to Make Her Think of Engagements—Many Devices for the Convenience of Sleepy Heads—One to Thwart the Grave Robber.

Psychologists assert that civilized human beings are growing more absent-minded. The average man of intelligence today is not alert, not so conscious of his immediate environments, as he was a century ago.

The inventors, always a step ahead of the requirements of the times, are already at work devising contrivances to command absent attention. One of the latest of these is a bracelet that has an alarm watch attached to it.

At the patent office a large class of inventions is comprised under the head of "alarms"—these being machines by which persons who otherwise would not think are made to think.

There is another sort of bed which sets the head of the sleeper person dropping when getting up time arrives, one end of the mattress frame collapsing.

Hayseed visitors in the city will insist on blowing out the gas notwithstanding all the newspaper jokes on the subject. To provide against such accidents, a citizen of Ashland, Wis., has invented a little apparatus that is intended to be attached to every gas fixture in a hotel.

Even after death you may find alarms a service. If a grave robber comes along, a torpedo placed in the coffin for that purpose will blow him to smithereens.

A citizen of Austin is the author of a sort of water clock that is wound by rain. On the roof of a house is a trough that catches the rainwater, which flows into the tank.

EPISODE OF THE LATE WAR.

Last Night of a Southern Soldier on the Battlefield.

"Don't leave me, captain! Oh, don't leave me!" were the words that came to me with an agonized shriek from a bleeding and dying Confederate soldier on the evening of the great battle of Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862.

Well mounted, I was galloping back across that bloody field to report the duty I had performed when suddenly arrested in my course by the voice of despair and woe, coming from my stricken comrade.

Nature seemed to revolt at this scene of blood and carnage. Thunder and lightning and an avalanche of rain came in quick succession with such great force as to cause the stoutest heart to quake.

Without stopping to consider what I alone could do for the dying youth amid the chaos and increasing darkness of the night that prevailed, I turned back and dismounted to keep a lonely vigil with the dead.

The boy was praying and called down God's blessing on me. His petition to heaven seemed to be heard. The storm of wind and rain, although still high, was abating.

He clasped my hand with hope and confidence and seemed to be happy and without pain. I believed he had gone to sleep.

ANCIENT WARFARE.

How an English Castle Was Attacked in the Fifteenth Century.

Sir John Fastolf had by his will devised his castle, called Caister, to John Paston. As a fortification, it was an excellent defense against foreign invaders.

While Paston was trying to establish his title in the courts the Duke of Norfolk purchased a pretended claim to it, and sought to gain possession by force.

"On the approach of a thunderstorm French peasants often make up a very smoky fire," says Industries and Iron, "in the belief that safety from lightning is thus assured."

"It's so seldom," said Uncle Eben, "dat a man jems' pubeeds along, tryin ter do 'is homes' duty, dat when he does folks goes ter guessin an' spicoinn dat he's playin a mighty sly game."

THE MOON AND I.

A golden moon that leans her gentle face On the blue darkness of the summer sky— We watched her steal aloft a little space, My love and I.

Parting the opal clouds, upward she rose To wander lonely mid the stars on high. We thought our world as bright as one of those, My love and I.

Dear love, the moonlight smote your rippling hair And made you smile you knew not how nor why. My heart beat strangely as we lingered there, My love and I.

I asked her, fooled by the bewildering light, If she would try to love me by and by. She rose and left me. I stood in the night, The moon and I.

—A. Matheson in Good Words.

THE SPORTS OF LONG AGO.

They Were Substantially the Same as Those of the Present Day.

The boys and girls of the present day who become enthusiastic over some new sport and boast that their particular "club" has the very "newest thing out" would be surprised if they could discover how closely many of the old time pastimes resemble our own.

The Eskimos of the frozen north, the Tupinambas of the Brazilian pampas, the gamins of the Paris streets, the boys and girls of London, of Boston and of Philadelphia, have one kindred tie—the love of sport.

Archaeologists have found dolls in Egyptian pyramids and on prehistoric tombs; the name of a popular ball club was found scrawled upon the outer walls of Pompeian houses, and one of the most exciting matches on record was the one stubbornly fought between the rival nines of Montezuma, king of Mexico, and Nezahualpilli, twin of Tezucoc.

The boys of ancient Greece and Rome played at whip top, and quoits, and baseball, and pitch penny, and blind-man's bluff, and hide and seek, and jackstones, and follow my leader, just as do the boys of today.

Said a critic recently on the subject of recreation, "The sports of the day are fast reducing themselves into so many sciences, overweighted with rules and restrictions that often take the real play element from them and make them as unyielding as a problem in algebra."

There is no fun in making our sport a matter of life and death. I know growing people who in these days of prize giving in all manner of games center their whole desire not on the fun of the game, but on the prizes offered.

We have only to watch the intense excitement of some of the amateur players in popular games to realize that the critic was right about that algebra problem. The complaint of "unfairness" on one side and of disagreeable triumph on another seem to be the most noticeable features at the close of the sports of today, and we cannot help wondering if this was a feature of the games of olden times or if in this respect the young people of the present really have "something new."

Father Ryan.

No American poet has given clearer proof of the possession of poetic genius of a rare order than Father Ryan. Certainly no poet has achieved a more enduring fame and secured a warmer place in the hearts of the people of the south than the "poet priest." He is distinctively known as the poet of the "lost cause"—as the bard whose harp sings so sweetly and so pathetically the requiem of a brave and a proud people over the grave wherein their hopes and aspirations have been buried by the mysterious dispensation of an almighty and all-wise Providence.

A handsome gown made in Berlin is thus described: "The skirt of a mouse gray reception toilet was of figured moire, decorated with an apronlike arrangement of openwork embroidery, the rosettes and flowers being made very plastic by means of a thick underlining, which permits the delicate shade of the satin lining to shimmer through."

With the exception of birds, men's legs are longer in proportion to their body than those of any other animal. The human foot is broader and stronger than the foot of any other animal, so that man alone can stand upon one foot.

Relatively to population no European country can vie with New England in respect of manufactures.

BRITISH HISTORY WRONG.

A Misleading Account of the Battle of White Plains.

In its series of supplements recounting "The Battle Honors of the Services" the British Navy and Army Illustrated once in awhile says something about the British forces in the Revolutionary war. When it does, it is pretty sure to be inaccurate.

The cover of one issue of the "Battle Honors" has a spirited picture of Bragg's grenadiers winning the battle of White Plains, where they won the name of the "Slashers," because they threw away their flintlocks and carried an intrenchment with their short swords. The picture is entitled "The Slashers at the Battle of White Plains, 1775."

The battle of White Plains was fought, as a matter of fact, on Oct. 28, 1776. It is stated in the publication that Washington sent 8,000 men to occupy a hill above the Ford of the "Brunx," and that this position was carried by the "Slashers" with their swords.

As a matter of fact the position referred to was held by 1,400 Americans under General McDougal and was carried by a British force of 4,000. One would think from reading the British version of the fight that the "Slashers" whipped the entire American army.

When a nation starts out to write its military history and distorts it in some particulars, it makes one doubt the truth of all. The truth about the battle of White Plains would redound just as much to the glory of the "Slashers" as does the perverted account published by the navy and army.

SHADOWING A FOOTBALLER.

The Scheme of a Team to Down a Successful Rival.

Several years ago a young athlete named D— was conspicuous as a football player. He was a swift runner, a reliable drop kicker and an excellent all round player. He had proved such a tower of strength on his college eleven that rival teams feared him, and when rumors to the effect that he had received money for his services were circulated steps were eagerly taken by the football authorities of an opposing college to investigate his amateur status.

Accordingly an emissary was dispatched, with the usual oppressive college secrecy, to the village of S— where the suspected player resided when at home. The father of D— was a well to do farmer, and the spy, passing as a book agent, experienced little difficulty in getting him to talk about his son.

"Famous," he said, with no great show of enthusiasm. "Waal, I s'pose the boy is famous, but there isn't much in this football."

"But a fellow as famous as he is must get a good salary," the spy suggested, with a craftily assumed air of innocence.

"Nope, not the t'other. Football players don't get a s'ry."

"That's odd," continued the spy. "I heard he was kickin' for cash."

"Waal, that's right. He is," the father slowly admitted.

The spy was secretly overjoyed. He chuckled inwardly and fairly hugged himself with delight. In fancy the rival team was already deprived of her strongest player.

"So he's kickin' for cash at college, is he?" he echoed.

"Yes," the farmer said wearily, "yes, he's kickin' for more cash 'most every letter I get."

And then the disgusted spy kicked himself, metaphorically speaking, all the way back to college.—Harper's Bazar.

Children are taken abroad so young that before they have reached an age to appreciate what they see Europe has become a twice told tale to them.

"You ought to have your ears boxed," said Miss Sharpleigh to a young freshman who had just stolen a kiss.

"Well," he asked, "why don't you do it?"

"I would," she replied, "if I had a box large enough."—Chicago News.

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Why Birds' Eggs Are Colored.

The why and wherefore of the colors of birds' eggs have been a favorite theme for speculation, from the quaint surmises of Sir Thomas Browne to the solemn guess work of Shufeldt, in his ten "biological laws explanatory of the variation in color of the shells of the eggs in class aves." Hewitson piously concludes that the beauty of these elegant and often exquisitely attractive objects is intended for the delight of human eyes; hence, as he says, eggs simply white are put out of sight in holes. He also sees in the larger number of eggs laid by game birds a provision by a benevolent providence for the joy of the sportsman and the delectation of the epicure.

CUSTOMS OF CHRISTMAS.

Giftmaking One of the Most Gracious Features of the Season.

"Giftmaking is one of the most gracious features of Christmas, and one that I pray may survive all other outgrown customs," writes Florence Hull Winterburn in The Woman's Home Companion. "When love and sympathy are close counselors, there is little fear that we shall make the mistake of leaving out of our little one's stocking the particular thing he has set his heart upon getting. And if his choice is beyond us to gratify, let us be as near to it as we can, and not convert this season into a sort of convenience for ourselves, thrusting upon his reluctant acceptance such prosaic articles as shoes, hats and other essentials of the toilet.

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Advertisement for Piles medicine, mentioning Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment and its benefits.

Advertisement for THE SHASTA ROUTE, SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY, listing express trains and routes.

Table of train schedules for Southern Pacific, showing routes between Portland and Corvallis.

Text describing the service of the Southern Pacific, including rates and connections.

Text about giftmaking during Christmas, emphasizing the spirit of giving.

Text about the importance of Christmas, discussing the traditional customs.

Text about shadowing a footballer, detailing the scheme to undermine a rival team.

Text about why birds' eggs are colored, discussing biological and evolutionary reasons.

Text about customs of Christmas, highlighting giftmaking as a key feature.

Text about going east, mentioning travel options and services.

Text about important points for travelers, such as route choices and ticket reading.

Text about the first point of travel, emphasizing the St. Paul route.

Text about the second point, discussing connections and service quality.

Text about the third point, providing information on ticket agents and services.

Text about the fourth point, mentioning specific agents and their locations.

Text about H. W. Jackson, a Machinist and Repairer, listing his services.

Text about H. W. Jackson's business, specializing in various mechanical repairs.

Text about H. W. Jackson's shop, located in the Caulfield building.

Text about H. W. Jackson's services, including umbrellas, guns, and sewing machines.

Text about H. W. Jackson's prices, noting that they are reasonable.

Text about H. W. Jackson's location, near Court House.

Text about H. W. Jackson's business, including a list of services.

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