

ODDS AND ENDS.

She Considered the Lily.
At a teachers' convention in Detroit a lady, speaking about the influence of beautiful objects upon the character and conduct of young pupils, told a pretty story received by her from an "ex-teacher":
"Into a school made up chiefly of children from the slums the teacher one day carried a beautiful calla lily. Of course the children gathered about the pure, waxy blossom in great delight."
"One of them was a little girl, a waif of the streets, who had no one bestowed upon her, as was evinced by the dirty, ragged condition she was always in. Not only was her clothing dreadfully soiled, but her face and hands seemed totally unacquainted with soap and water."
"As this little one drew near the lovely flower, she suddenly turned and ran away down stairs and out of the building. In a few minutes she returned with her hands washed perfectly clean, and pushed her way up to the flower, where she stood and admired it with intense satisfaction."
"It would seem," continued Miss Coffin, "that when the child saw the lily in its white purity, she suddenly realized that she was not fit to come into its atmosphere, and the little thing fled away to make herself suitable for such companionship. Did not this have an elevating, refining effect on the child? Let us gather all the beauty we can into the schoolroom."—New York Tribune.

Some People.
I don't wonder that the carriages of the rich and noble so inflamed the passions of the peasantry that the result was the French revolution.
I am not a peasant, and I hire a cab whenever I want one, but I must say that my gorge rises at the sight of some of our fashionable equipages and their occupants.
It's a case of nose in the air all through.
The horses have their noses in the air because they are "checked up" for the purpose, while the coachman and footman are obliged to keep their professions "tip tilted" or they'd be discharged, but why need the haughty riders do the same?
They seem to be saying very often: "Dear me! What can those creatures be who are actually walking? Don't run over them, James, for I'm afraid it will spoil the looks of the turnout."
Some people affect me just the same way when they enter a private box.

They come in noisily, and turn around half a dozen times ere they can find a resting place, like a dog before the fire, and then they survey the rest of the audience with such a patronizing air of proprietorship that I almost hope they will fall out of the box or be dragged out by the irate populace.—Polly Fry in New York Recorder.

Mark Your Wheel.
John D. Carroll, chief detective of a wheelman's insurance company, said recently: "Every owner should have a private mark upon his or her wheel. By this I don't mean a simple mark upon the saddle post or the saddle itself, as those are the very places where a thief will look for such a mark, and should they be there both saddle and post will be removed. If you want to make the private mark on any part of your frame, say on the underside of the top tube, turn your wheel upside down and remove a portion of the enamel, say 1 inch by 1 inch, and clean well till the metal is freed from any part of the enamel. Then cover the space so cleaned with a greasy material—candle grease, for instance—then take a pointed instrument of some kind and wet the point with carbolic acid. Proceed to write your initials or private mark on the tubing, being sure that you have sufficient acid on the pointed pen before you begin. After allowing the acid to leave its trace on the tubing, you can rub off the grease, and on application of enamel will cover all trace of the mark you have made."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Long Felt Want.
Agent to superintendent of laundry: "I have come, sir, to ascertain if you would like to purchase one of my new machines."
Superintendent: "No, we don't want any of your machines; we have all the machinery we can use."
"But, my dear sir, no laundry is complete without one of my machines."
"What is it, a mangle?"
"No, sir; your mangles and ironers are not fit in it when my machine gets to work."
"What is your machine for?"
"It's a machine made expressly to take buttons off garments. When it strikes a button, it removes the same in a twinkling, and rips the garment from end to end."
"Young man, you have a brilliant future before you. You may send half a dozen of your machines to the laundry at once."—Pearson's Weekly.

Resolutions.
"How glorious to be reeked in the cradle of the deep! Don't you think so, Mr. Dismember?"
"Um—well, I don't know. It would be all right if the deep wasn't inclined to be too ambitious in the matter of rocking the cradle."
"Ah, but think of the sensations."
"That's just what I am thinking of."—Chicago Post.

Most Valuable Stamp.
The most valuable stamp in the world (says a philatelist) is the 1 cent magenta stamp of British Guiana, dated 1856. There is only one copy in existence, and it will cost you \$5,000 if you are dejected enough to desire to purchase it.

The swiftest bird in the world is the English sparrowhawk. It has been known to achieve a speed of 150 miles an hour.
I will not be concerned at men's not knowing me; I will be concerned at my own want of ability.—Confucius.

A Famous Book Is "Ossian."
In his book on "The Study of Celtic Literature," Arnold showed that one of the qualities which the English people admire most in some of their great poets is the very quality which above all others is the distinguishing characteristic of the Celtic lands, and that Ossian in particular is saturated and pervaded with the quintessence of this trait. To denote the characteristic trait of Celtic poetry Arnold used the word Titanism. No one has defined Titanism, but it has been caricatured in the saying: "The Celtic mind seems always sailing nowhere under full sail."
Those who wished to know the full meaning of the word were recommended to discover by a close study of Byron and Keats. "And where did they get it?" asks Arnold. "The Celts," he answers, "are the prime authors of this vein of piercing regret and passion, of this Titanism in poetry. A famous book, Macpherson's 'Ossian,' carried in the last century this vein like a flood of lava through Europe. * * * Makes the part of what is forged, modern, tawdry, spurious, in the book as large as you like, there will still be left a residue of the very soul of the Celtic genius in it, and which has the proud distinction of having brought this soul of the Celtic genius into contact with the genius of the nations of modern Europe and enriched all our poetry by it. Woody Morven and echoing Lara and Selma with its silent halls, we all owe them a debt of gratitude, and when we are unjust enough to forget it, may the muse forget us."—Macmillan's Magazine.

Kant's Windlasses.
Kant, the German metaphysician, was a singular being. The English writer Thomas De Quincey made close observation of Kant's personal peculiarities, and frequently dwelt upon one of them with intense amusement.
Kant, among other studies in the art of taking care of himself, avoided ordinary garters. He permitted no ligature to be placed on any part of his body, fearing to hinder in the slightest degree the circulation of the blood.
He found it necessary at the same time to keep up his stockings. Accordingly he had loops attached to them, and outside each hip he wore a contrivance which may be called a box windlass. These affairs somewhat resembled an angler's reel, with a spring which secured the line at any given point.
Behold Kant then expounding his philosophy to a select circle of disciples. Like the famous counsel who could not state his arguments without twisting a bit of twine, Kant worked the windlasses as he talked.
The idea of this grotesque fancy so tickled De Quincey that he often lingered on the old sight; it must have been to observe the master "paying out the cable" or hauling in "the slack" by aid of this curious machinery.—Youth's Companion.

Sebastian Cabot.
Sebastian Cabot retired from public affairs in 1567, and died shortly after, leaving a high reputation as a scientist and practical mariner, much of which the author of this book considers—and it must be admitted, has cogently proved—to be undeserved. Our own verdict would be that he was guilty of much falsehood and intrigue, that he was not as expert a seaman as he claimed to be, and that in the leadership of men he exhibited neither justice, mercy nor even ordinary discretion. But let us temper justice with mercy, and in judging of the worthies of past ages bring to light some extraordinary circumstances.
He was of the Italian race, a people who for at least a century had borne an unenviable character for slowness and underhand proceedings; he lived in an age when men's service was in vogue, and strict fidelity to engagements was not to be expected; the languages of all the Latin races are prone to vagueness and exaggeration, and thus often deviated, and even unintentionally, from veracity, and he had to deal with Spaniards, who deemed his foreign birth a sufficient reason for disobeying his orders. Perhaps his character may be justly comprehended if we apply to him the common phrase "too clever by half."—London Spectator.

Lesson.
They tell a story of a man of luxurious habits who volunteered as a private soldier in a cavalry regiment during the late war. By what is popularly known as the "irrepressible" he had to perform his services in the roughest possible places and in the roughest possible way.
Sometimes "Jack" was so contrary that the only meal he had was a few grains of corn that he stole from the ears provided for his horse.
One of his companions, who was talking about this, was asked if these hardships and privations cured the volubility of his luxurious habits. He answered that they did not; that when they were fortunate enough to find a few planks to lie down on at night, the luxury lover searched among them to see whether he could not get one of soft wood.—Philadelphia Times.

One Dodge Attributed.
"This new light they have discovered that enables one to take a photograph of a man's bones without skinning him will be a terrible factor in the wars of the future," said the philosopher.
"Take a beaver of a message, for instance; he is captured, and after the old-fashioned methods, swallows the paper; out comes the photographer, takes his internal picture, reproduces the swallowed message, and there's all the poor messenger's devotion gone for nothing."—London Tit-Bits.

The bishop of Meath takes precedent of all Irish bishops, and is followed by other bishops according to the seniority of their consecration.
There is a certain farmer so suspicious that before buying a sheep he examines him closely to make sure that he has no cotton in him.

A Story of Mayo.
Like every actor, Frank Mayo had experiences not of a pleasant character. This story is one of his early ones, that of his first resignation from the stock company of Maguire's theater in San Francisco, because, as one of the friends of Rolla in the once popular play "Pizarro," he cheered too soon. Junius Brutus Booth, the younger, was acting Rolla. The crowd was to cheer at the word "change"—"no such change as they can give us"—but as the word occurred twice in the same sentence, the enthusiastic young "super" anticipated his "cue" by breaking into a lusty "Hurrah!" that shook the rafters. The audience and even the actors laughed. The scene was so completely spoiled that the curtain was run down. Booth was furious. He looked upon the mishap as unpardonable and demanded that the youth—Frank was only 18 then—should be discharged from the company.
Tom Maguire, always gentle in dealing with the young men of the stage when he had unwelcome news for them, told him that Mr. Booth would leave the theater unless he was discharged.
"I leave it to you, my boy," said Maguire, "to decide in this emergency whether the infant stage in California is to lose one of its most brilliant lights." Mr. Mayo used to say with a broad smile that the only consolation that the incident afforded him was the fact that he was called on thus early in his career to decide whether he or the star should leave the company.—Buffalo Express.

The Man Who Dets.
A story is related of a farmer who came into a village grocery in one of our western states and exhibited to an admiring crowd an enormous egg about 6 inches long, which was laid by one of his old hens. He had it packed in cotton and wouldn't allow anybody to handle it for fear of breaking the phenomenon. The grocery man examined it with the rest, and intending to chaff the country man, said, "Pshaw, I've got something in the egg line that will beat that!" "I'll bet you \$5 you haven't!" said the country man, getting excited. "Take it up!" said the grocery man, and, going behind the counter, he brought out a wire egg beater. "There's something in the egg line that will beat it, I guess," said he, reaching for the stakes. "Hold on there!" said the farmer. "Let's see you beat it." And he handed it to the grocer. The latter held out his hand for it, but dropped it in surprise on the counter, where it broke two soap plates and a platter. It was of iron, painted white. "Some folks think they are tannation cuts," muttered the farmer as he pocketed the stakes and left, "but 'tain't no use bucking ag'inst the solid facts."—New York Independent.

For Nothing at All.
A young gentleman of 16 had never been to school, but had had his instruction privately at home. On his very first day at school he came home and complained bitterly that the teacher punished scholars for nothing at all.
"Have you been punished?" he was asked.
"I was shut in a closet for half an hour."
"What for?"
"I do not know, only I wanted to know something of the teacher. I put up my hand—and was very careful to put up my hand—and asked her for permission to ask a question."
"And what did she say?"
"She told me to come to her desk and ask it."
"Well?"
"And I went to the desk to ask it, but instead of answering it she put me right in the closet."
"Singular! But did you do anything wrong on the way to the desk?"
"Anything wrong on the way? Why, yes—oh, the only thing I did was to turn a couple of handsprings!"—Boston Transcript.

Depends on the Amount.
"If I ever get hold of Binks, I'll thrash him so that his own mother wouldn't recognize him."
"What's the matter?"
"He's been slandering me. He says that I beat him out of \$5 in a poker game."
"Not at all. I heard the remark myself."
"Then what did he say?"
"He said that you beat him out of \$5,000 in a wheat deal."
"Oh, well, then, I suppose it's all right. I could hardly believe that he was the kind of a man who would go around telling stories that reflected on me in that way."—Chicago Post.

When First in Print.
Douglas Jerrold, when a young compositor in Biggs's printing office in Lombard street, wrote a criticism on "Dor Frisbush;" and dropped it into his employer's letter box. This cost him a sleepless night, but he was recompensed by having his composition handed to him next morning to (technically) compose. His sisters tell of the boisterous delight with which he would often afterward bound into the house with a copy of Arlie's Magazine in his hand, shouting: "It's in again! It's in again!"—Chambers's Journal.

Not His Kind of Talk.
"I'll bet you it is," cried Mr. Spark. The argument had reached a most exciting point.
"Put up or shut up," answered Mr. Spark in a common, vulgar way. "Put up or shut up. Money talks."
Mr. Spark sighed.
"It does," he said sadly. "It speaks a language which I can understand, but in which I cannot converse."—Chicago Tribune.

What a situation is that of the great! They only live in the future and are only happy in hope.—Mme. de Pompadour.

The treasurer of her majesty's household follows the commissioner of the great seal.

I WANT YOU TO UNDERSTAND THAT I'LL HAVE NOTHING BUT THE GENUINE BLACKWELL'S DURHAM!

You will find one coupon inside each two ounce bag and two coupons inside each four ounce bag of Blackwell's Durham. Buy a bag of this celebrated tobacco and read the coupon—which gives a list of valuable presents and how to get them.

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One two story house in Florence with lot 50 x 155 feet. House heated by furnace. Water handy. Eight rooms besides basement for \$1100.
One house with lot 50 x 142 and blacksmith shop with lot. House is well finished. Only blacksmith shop in Florence. Both for \$900. Blacksmith shop sold separately if desired.
One quarter section of land, heavily timbered 2 1/2 miles from store and post office and 2 miles from school house. For \$300.
One hundred and sixty acres of Agricultural land 12 miles from Florence for \$300.

DON'T MISS THESE OPPORTUNITIES.

76 YEARS OLD AND VIGOROUS

A Veteran of the Late War Adds One More Name to the List of Striking Cures by Pink Pills in Michigan.

AN OLD-FASHIONED, LARGE FAMILY OF THIRTEEN CHILDREN.

From the Courier-Herald, Saginaw, Mich.

A few years ago a war of La Grippe swept over the land and brought thousands of its victims to the grave. Others who escaped the fatal fever in sorrow and suffering, soon began to gain in strength and health and felt the good effect of the Pills.

Terrible as was the disease, its after effects were yet more appalling, as it sought out the weaknesses of the constitution and left them shattered wrecks of their former selves. A few days ago a *Courier-Herald* representative, while in the thriving little town of Akron, Mich., was recommended to me, by the industrial army, on whose aged hands the disease had fallen, and he heard him tell how he had suffered and what had given him relief.

We can do no better than quote his own words, which are as follows: "About seven years ago I was taken down with the 'Grippe' and it distressed me very hard. For about half the winter I was bedridden. I could not leave the house. I was chilly all the time, and could not get warm. I felt as if I was frozen solid, and could only breathe with great difficulty.

"This condition alternated with sweating spells of great heat. There was an almost continuous pain, and it would shoot from one part of my body to another, with great suddenness, and cause me intense suffering. Sometimes it was my hips, then my legs, and again it would go to my head and pain me in the eyes. It was so intense that it even affected my sight.

"I called in medical assistance, but this was fruitless, as I received no benefit from physicians. From then on I tried various remedies, but they did me no good, and my condition was as bad and painful as it was before I tried them.

"I saw an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I read with much interest of the wonderful cures that they had effected in so many cases. I had tried so many proprietary preparations that I had no faith in it, but tried it, as I had so many other things, to see if it would do any good.

"One day when I was feeling as bad as usual, I got a box of Pink Pills, and shortly before going to bed I took one pill. I cannot tell you what a surprised man I was next morning. Then I put on my shoes with ease, a thing that I had not done for forty years. A little while after this I was so well that I drove to Bay City, Michigan, a distance of twenty-three miles, and was not at all tired when I got there.

"I am now seventy-six years of age and unusually active for a man of my years. I work on my forty-acre farm and experience no trouble from the work. I want to say a good word for Pink Pills, as they helped me, where all else did no good whatever. Since my illness and cure a number of my neighbors have used them, and say that they have been greatly benefited.

"Mrs. Smith, the veteran's wife, who set near by, confirmed the words that her husband had spoken and added her testimony to the good that the pills had been to the family. The worthy couple are old and respected residents of Tuscola County, where they have lived for thirty years. Mr. Smith is a sturdy pioneer, and cleared up a 200-acre farm near Akron. He yet lives there, surrounded by his wife, one might I say. Thanks to Pink Pills, he has a prospect of many years of usefulness.

"Another sufferer with the same malady was Dr. Raymond, a prominent and leading farmer, residing near Columbusville, Jasper Co., Michigan. Speaking to a representative of the *Courier-Herald*, Mr. Raymond said: "Three years ago last June, one night I suffered an attack of paralysis, brought on, I think, by overwork and as an after effect of a grippe. After a week my condition was so bad that I assumed a physician and declared for about six months, with but little relief. For some time I had seen in the papers reported cures of cases similar to mine effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and thought I would try them. I bought a box and continued their use with good result. I soon began to gain in strength and health and felt the good effect of the Pills. They were the first things that had been able to give me relief. They have been of great benefit to me and I can strongly recommend them to anyone suffering from paralysis."

The case of another veteran has come to the attention of this paper and it is here given: When, in 1861, the fate of our Union hung trembling in the balance, and President Lincoln issued his famous call for volunteers to go to the front and fight for its preservation, an immediate response swept over the North like a tidal wave, and regiment after regiment of brave boys in blue quickly sprang up from every quarter. Unmindful of the privations of a soldier's life, and the horrors of war, they shouldered their muskets and marched to the front to battle for their country.

Among the first to answer the call was E. G. Matthews, who enlisted as a member of Company D, 16th Ohio Infantry, and who fought bravely until the close of the great struggle. Mr. Matthews now lives with his wife and family of six children and grandchildren on his farm near Akron, Tuscola County, Michigan. While in the ranks he contracted an inflammatory rheumatism and the disease developed into a trouble that remained with him for over thirty years. He finally became cured of it and to a representative of the *Courier-Herald* he spoke of his case as follows:

"During the late war I was a member of Company D, 16th Ohio Infantry, and performed all the duties incident to a soldier's life from 1862 to 1865. While at the front owing to the privations of our soldier life, I contracted an inflammatory rheumatism, and this finally developed into a trouble that remained with me for over thirty years. When I was mustered out I went back to Ohio to the place where I enlisted and was laid up there in bed for 12 weeks. I then got up for a short time and was again laid up for a long spell. Since then I have been a victim of these attacks and they have laid me up for much of the time.

"My case was also complicated by severe kidney troubles and other diseases that defied the best medical skill. I have tried every remedy known, and also proprietary articles of all kinds that were said to be good for such troubles as mine. In my search for health I spent hundreds of dollars, but it seemed to be all in vain, and nothing seemed to reach my trouble and give me relief. About a year ago a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and although I had no faith in them, I bought a box and began to take them. After I had begun on the third box a great change in my condition began to appear, and my trouble for over thirty years' standing began to be cured. I took four boxes more and then felt so well that I discontinued their use.

"I am now able to work on my farm and as long as I can get a box of Pink Pills. My case was a particularly deep seated one, of long standing, and so I want to let others who are afflicted as I was, know the benefit that these Pink Pills for Pale People have been to me."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are now given to the public as an antidote for blood poisoning and nerve restore, curing many of various kinds arising from a watery condition of the blood, or obstructed circulation. The pills are sold by all druggists, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 (there are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Salem, Mass., U.S.A.

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