

# ODDS AND ENDS.

**If Dickens Had Lived.**  
How swift was the blow that struck Dickens down on that summer's day in 1870! Rich, happy, universally honored, rejoicing in his prosperity and in his power of giving pleasure to others, he was wracked faithfully to the last. Toward the close of his life, his labors as a novelist had been somewhat interrupted, and from 1861, when "Great Expectations" was completed, until 1870 only one novel had come from his busy pen, and that not one of the best. But in that latter year (or, rather, in the close of 1869), after months of the most unrelenting exertions, traveling, lecturing and reading, he turned again to his true vocation and began "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

There is no trace of fatigue in it, no sign of lessening vitality. In it, working on the ground that he had made his own and he was happy in his work. On the morning of the 8th of June, 1870, he had been writing in the little chalet in the grounds of his house, at Gads Hill, writing cheerfully, hopefully. Contrary to his usual custom he had remained at work after luncheon, and continued through the greater part of the afternoon. Then he walked back to the house he was never again to leave alive. He had made an appointment with a friend in London for the following day, but it was never kept. By the evening of the 9th he was dead, leaving "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" a mystery still, though one, it may be, that does not need much unraveling.—Macmillan's Magazine.

**Some Gigantic Crystals.**  
If you are a fancier of mineral specimens, you probably treasure one or more three or four inch crystals and family imagine that they are of unusual size. As common cabinet specimens go, they are certainly large enough, but as compared with real large mineral crystals they are as a mouse compared with an elephant. At the town of Grafton, N. H., they find the largest crystals known to the geologists and mineralogists. How large do you suppose these giants are? One, two or three feet long? Well, I guess so. A single specimen from that locality taken to Boston and deposited in the museum of the Society of Natural History weighed nearly 2 1/2 tons! Another, found at the same place, is the largest crystal in the world, so far as is known. It is a perfect six sided prism, having a circumference of 12 feet. Three weeks' labor by two men was expended in exposing this giant of the mineral kingdom. The crystal is of beryl, and, according to estimates made by experienced quarrymen, weighs not less than five tons.—St. Louis Republic.

**When Holmes Was In London.**  
I had to give more than \$2 for a pit ticket and had hardly room to stand up, almost crowded to death. The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria—a girl of 15 and heir to the throne—came in first on the side opposite the king's box. The audience applauded somewhat—not ferociously. The princess is a nice fresh looking girl, blond and rather pretty. The king looks like a retired butcher. The queen is much such a person in aspect as the wife of the late William Frost of Cambridge, an exemplary milkman, now probably immortal on a slab of slatestone as a father, a husband and a brother. The king blew his nose twice and wiped the royal perspiration repeatedly from a face which is probably the largest unswelled spot in England. \* \* \* I have a disposition to tartness and levity which tells to the disadvantage of the royal living and the plebeian defunct, but it is accidental and must be forgiven.—"Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes."

**Among the Healers.**  
It was a social occasion which had called together a number of men who are eminent in their respective professions. The person who asked questions was there, and as soon as he was able engaged the attention of the man who knows everybody.  
"Who is that man with the dark glasses?" was the first inquiry.  
"That's Dr. Lencer."  
"What is his business?"  
"He's an oculist."  
"And who was the gentleman who just a speaking trumpet to his ear every time anybody spoke to him?"  
"That's Dr. Tympan."  
"Has he a specialty?"  
"Yes, he's an aurist."  
"And the man who has such a phenomenally husky voice—who is he?"  
"That is Dr. Epopt Glottis. He's the famous throat specialist."—Detroit Free Press.

**Some Men Have Luck.**  
Returning to Paris from Brazil after 30 years' absence, with 200,000 francs in his bag, M. Georges H. owns a cab home. He called at a friend's house, entered for a moment and returned to find the cab gone with his bag and his money. M. H. prepared to return to Brazil to make another 300,000 francs, but en route called at a prefecture of police. Here they handed him his money, with apologies from the cabman. It appears that while M. H. was in the house the driver went to sleep. While the driver was asleep the horse, getting bored, moved on round several corners, and the cabman, on waking could not remember where he had come from. Therefore he drove off to the police station.—Paris Messenger.

**The Education Controversy.**  
Teacher—Now, Patsy, would it be proper to say, "You can't learn me nothing?"  
Patsy—Yis'm?  
Teacher—Why?  
Patsy—"Cause yer can't."—Pick Me Up.

The Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, on the strength of her connection with the royal family, receives \$3,000 per year.

In Canada models of patents are not required unless specially asked for by the Canadian commissioner of patents.

**A Well Filled Valise.**  
A certain hotel keeper who keeps an unpretentious establishment in Algiers not far from the passenger station of the Southern Pacific railway says that in future he will not take baggage in so-called valises without having it photographed under the X rays. "One fellow who owed me and told me that he was in financial difficulties of a purely temporary character he would like to leave his valise in security for the bill. He said he would redeem it in two weeks, or if he failed to do so I might sell the valise and its contents. The bag was not worth 50 cents, but as he was well dressed I concluded that a rummy valise stuffed almost to bursting with the wardrobe of such a well-to-do man would more than pay the \$14 he owed me. I allowed him to take away the rest of his stuff without any hesitation. Well, the two weeks passed, and I did not have any message from the fellow, but the valise remained undisturbed. A week later my housekeeper came to me and said that two of my best pillows were missing. They were big ones, worth about \$4 apiece, and I did not like the notion of losing them. You may be sure, I felt sore, and in an aimless sort of way began looking around behind the office counter, not because I had any notion of finding them there, but just because I had nowhere else to look without leaving the desk to take care of itself. Suddenly my eye rested on that big valise that owed me \$14, and then a kind of sick feeling came over me. I opened it in a hurry—it contained nothing but my two big pillows."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**Not an Anthem.**  
Mr. W. S. Gilbert told a good story against Sir Arthur Sullivan and himself at the Savage club. While "The Mikado" was in process of incubation the collaborators decided that it would be an excellent thing to herald the entry of the Japanese monarch by a suitable Japanese tune set to real Japanese words, and they appealed to a gentleman learned in matters concerning the far east to help them in their difficulty. The result was the chorus in the second act, "Miyama, miyama," the strains of which are also heard with such singular effect in the overture. Until quite recently Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan were under the impression that this air belonged to something in the national anthem; but it now seems that they have been badly fooled. A friend of Mr. Gilbert, who says "The Mikado" the other day for the first time, has written a letter complimenting the author and composer upon the general scheme of their local color, but expressing astonishment at the introduction of the "Miyama" chorus, the tune of which he declares to be that of a song sung only in the lowest tenements of Yokohama and calculated to make the lead chamberlain's hair stand on end.—Public Opinion.

**Valuable Pennies.**  
A striking instance of the desirability of taking care of pennies was seen in the sale at Sotheby's of the second portion of the Montagu collection of English coins, which was particularly rich in Anglo-Saxon and other old pennies, chiefly in silver. The following are some of the prices obtained: Canute penny of London mint, 413 10s.; Harold I penny of Aylesbury, 211 10s.; Harold II Chelsea penny (unique), the only coin known from this mint, from the Brice collection, 213 15s.; Harold I penny, 210 10s.; William the Conqueror Stamford penny (unique), 213 15s.; William Rufus Leicester penny, 210 10s.; St. Edmundsbury penny (unpublished), 214 10s.; Carlisle penny (unique), 210 10s.; Wallingford penny, 211 15s.; and Wareham penny (rare), 211 15s. The day's sale realized about \$200.—London Telegraph.

**What Produces Perfume.**  
According to M. Eugene Mosnard, it is not oxygen but light which is the main cause of the transformation and destruction of the odorous principles, although in many cases the two agents act in concert. In producing the perfume of plants light acts both as a chemical and mechanical power. The intensity of the perfume of flowers depends upon the balance established at every hour of the day between the pressure of water in their cellules, which tends to drive the perfumes outward, and the drying action of light. Where there is too much heat there is too little scent. This is due to the excess of light and the dearth of water.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**How Fine Wire Is Made.**  
The finest wire in the country is made at Taunton, Mass. This metal cobweb of minute diameter is exactly the one-fiftieth part of an inch in thickness—much finer than human hair. Ordinary wire, even though of small diameter, is drawn through holes in steel plates, but on account of the wear, such plates cannot be used in making the fine wire. The Taunton factory mentioned uses drilled diamonds for that purpose.

**His Tip.**  
"Don't I get a tip?" asked the barber after he had finished cutting the tall man's hair.  
"What for?" asked the tall man.  
"Why for taking such good care of your hair."  
"Well, so will I," said the tall man as he took his tally. "You may keep the hair."—Pick Me Up.

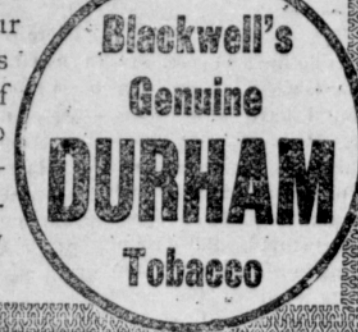
**Celebrated Playing Cards.**  
The most celebrated pack of playing cards in the world, "Trocet di Mantegna," was sold by auction in London for \$560, and incomplete at that, for five cards are wanting; their places being taken by facsimiles of the originals. The pack is interesting as a series of Italian engravings of the fifteenth century.

**Author—Mary, I've made a mistake in my calling; I'm not an author, but a born classmate.**  
Author's Wife—What makes you think that, Horace?  
Author—Well, every book I write becomes a drug in the market.—London Answers.

**His Little Scheme.**  
"How is this, Florence? Here is a guitar in place of your mandolin."  
"Yes, mother. Paul Davis took my mandolin in mistake for his guitar. He will return it tonight when he comes for his guitar."—Detroit Free Press.

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## RESULTS OF MALARIAL AND TYPHOID FEVERS.

A Case Cited in Three Oaks, Michigan, that will Interest Delicate Women.

The Effects of the Fever Were Felt in the Weakest Spots.

## A WARNING TO MOTHERS.

From the *Evening News*, Three Oaks, Mich.  
What can be more distressing than to see a child drooping and fading in the springtime of youth? Instead of bright eyes, glowing, rosy cheeks, and an elastic step, there are dull eyes, pale, swollen, or greenish, complexion, and a languidness of step that betokens a general debility and an early death if proper treatment is not promptly resorted to and persisted in until the impoverished blood is enriched, and the functions of life become regular. Upon parents rests a great responsibility at the time their daughters are budding into womanhood. If your daughter is pale, complains of weakness, is tired out upon the slightest exertion, if she is troubled with headache, backache, or "flu" in the side, if her temper is fitful and her appetite poor, she is in a condition of extreme peril, a fit subject for the development of that most dreaded of all diseases—Consumption. If you notice any of these symptoms, lose no time in procuring something that will assist her development of that most dreaded of all diseases—Consumption. If you notice any of these symptoms, lose no time in procuring something that will assist her development of that most dreaded of all diseases—Consumption. If you notice any of these symptoms, lose no time in procuring something that will assist her development of that most dreaded of all diseases—Consumption.

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