

ODDS AND ENDS.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

It Seemed Fading Away, but Miss Smiff Merely Misunderstood Him.

She had met him at the door with a loving kiss, but a moment later, when they had taken seats in the parlor, she rapidly removed the six engagement rings he had given her and handed them over with the remark:

"Mr. Samuel X. Johnson, I've frev wid yo' and yo'r deceit, and yo can con sider our engagement dun busted in two."

"W-what!" he gasped as the jewelry dropped from his trembling hand and great beads of perspiration came out on his forehead. "Hain't yo' my true lub no mo'?"

"No, sah," she replied coldly. "A man may deceib dis lady once, but de second time she's gwine to discert herself."

"B-but, muh angel," he stammered, "who's lin partin dis trash in yo' sweet head 'bout me deceibin yo'?"

"No one, sah. I dun seem de hall thing wid my own two eyes."

"B-but how'd I do it, muh lubbly dream, how'd I do it?"

"Mr. Johnson," she answered, "I've mighty young, mighty innocent, and as trusty as a spring chicken, but I've got eyes and saw yo' wipin off dat kiss I 'stowed on yo' as yo' come in dis evening."

"I-I neber did, muh!"

"Dis am de second time yo' dun dat low down trick, sah, and I can neber trust yo' no mo'. Huh, and only las' night yo' said dose kisses was dearer to yo' dan plas' feet!"

"B-but!"

"And den yo' wip 'em off as if dey was dirt. Mr. Johnson, leab me whilo I shed bitter tears over my pore broken heart."

He had been doing a deal of thinking while she was talking, and there was a look of injured innocence on his face as he stood up and said:

"Miss Smiff, sometimes things hain't jes' what dey seem, and dis am one of de times. 'Stead of wipin off dose kisses yo' speak of I was jes' rubbin dem in kase dey was so sweet."

And then the cold look disappeared from Miss Smiff's face, the engagement rings were hunted up and restored to her fingers, and the lovmaking that went on in that room during the next hour could have been heard a block away.—New York Sunday Journal.

Two Friends.

A gentleman walking upon the street was beset at the heels by a yelping black and tan dog, the owner of which, just behind, seemed quite oblivious to her dog's behavior.

Seeing that the woman made no effort to call off the animal, the gentleman turned upon his persecutor and administered a hearty kick, which made the enemy recoil, with his tail between his legs and a loud howl.

"Brute," cried the woman, "to kick a little dog like that! That little creature, sir, is a pet and is unused to such treatment," and she bestowed a freezing glance upon the offender.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," replied he. "I did not mean to hurt your dog. You should have called him off when he was barking and snapping at my heels."

"He would not have hurt you, sir," replied the woman. "He is a pet."

"I did not care to be bitten by him, notwithstanding that fact, ma'am," returned the gentleman. "I am something of a favorite at home myself."—"Youth's Companion."

The Disgusted Chinaman.

The police of San Francisco have recently been enforcing the law prohibiting work on Sunday, especially against Chinese laundrymen. Last Sunday, as a large load of these offenders was being carted to jail in the police ambulance, a resident of the western addition asked the reason and was informed by a policeman. "Yep," grunted a disgusted Chinaman, who stood near, "man workee Sunday, he go jail—'gainst law workee Sunday. Man no workee, he go jail—vag. Amelica heap be—'of county."—Argonaut.

Plata Bread Would Do.

The Lady at the Kitchen Door—No, I've nothing for you. I find it very hard to make both ends meet these days.

Blizzard Bill—If youse will make both ends bread and never mind de meat, I'll be pefkely satisfied, mum.—Baltimore News.

Anesthesia and Publicity.

Dentist (as the patient opens his eyes)—It's all right.

Patient (still dizzy from the gas)—Yes, of course. I never got drunk in my life that it didn't get out.—Detroit News.

Much In a Name.



"Is your new pony fast?"
"Yes; so fast that I've named him What Ma Says."
"That's a queer name?"
"Yes, but what ma says goes."—New York Journal.

AN IDEAL BACHELOR.

A WRITER WHO UNDERTAKES TO TELL A. L. ABOUT HIM.

How He Must Dress and the Rules of Conduct He Must Observe to Be Classed as a "Complete Bachelor"—His Manner With Ladies and Servants.

There are those who would say that a bachelor has no business to be complete; that it is the duty of every young man to marry at the earliest practicable moment and so give over the selfish joys of bachelorhood. But as long as young men in their lamentable desire to be comfortable refuse to look at the matter in that light there is need that they should be duly instructed in the proper ties of their position, and what better instructor could they have than the anonymous genius who writes of things "As Seen by Him" in that very fashionable publication, Vogue? It is he who tells them what "the complete bachelor" should be, and if they are wise they will listen to his words. All the contingencies which arise in the social life of the bachelor are duly considered.

First, there is the matter of his public manners, in which many men who regard themselves as well bred are woefully deficient. They will smoke in the street, keep women standing on corners while they talk to them, sit while women are standing, carry sticks or umbrellas at offensive angles, stare women out of countenance at theaters or hotels, and in general make nuisances of themselves. Now, a bachelor who will do any of these things is wretchedly incomplete.

Then comes the question of clothes. Nothing more distinguishes the gentleman than what he wears. Nor is it enough, as many do, to be nice in the matter of gloves, shoes or cravats and owe large sums to the tailor. Dressing is not so much a matter of money as a matter of taste. After a man has put his wardrobe in proper condition he may get along remarkably well on a very small yearly sum. Our author does not disdain to give economical hints, to tell how the tailor around the corner will do perfectly well some things for which the "swell" tailor would charge roundly, to explain how to get out of a suit the utmost possible service. Such things are beneath no man's attention, though he be a genius or a millionaire.

Until the art of dressing properly is understood, the moral progress of society will remain an idle dream. We need not add that the man who wears a "made tie" belongs in the outer darkness of barbarism. It is gratifying also to note that the use of the Tuxedo, or house coat, is earnestly recommended. Since every complete bachelor will invariably dress for dinner, he will find in the Tuxedo an economical and easy substitute for the more rigorous full dress coat, and one that can be worn not only at home, but in informal companies of gentlemen and at the theater or in a public restaurant. We note that our author speaks a good word for the black tie with a Tuxedo, though he does not absolutely bar a white one. This is a question upon which no thoroughly satisfactory ruling has ever been made.

For our own part, we think that these occasions whereon a man feels a white tie incumbent also demand a "swallow tail" coat.

The toilet is not less important than the dress. Scrupulous care in this respect is certainly the mark of a complete bachelor. That a man should take his tub every morning goes without saying. At the same time there is no need to insist upon the rigor of the game and say that the water shall be cold. Tepid water is best. Every man should learn to shave himself. These are golden words. A barber is occasionally necessary, but no doubt, but there is something offensive to refined sensibilities in the picture of a long row of men in chairs having a part of their toilet performed.

Our author says nothing of the habit of having boots blacked in the street, justly regarding it as one so bad as to be unspeakable. Patent tooth powders, washes, pomatums and nostrums of every kind are condemned without reserve. This, too, shows good sense. The care of toilet articles is rightly insisted upon. A man cannot be a complete bachelor unless he is willing to take some trouble. The custom of wearing the hair long is disapproved.

No point is too minute for the consideration of this thoughtful writer. The etiquette of cards is a matter upon which lamentable ignorance is often displayed, and in calling and dining out there are those who show the lack of breeding. The practice of grasping or squeezing the hand of a lady is (bearing exceptional circumstances) unadvisable. "A man removes his glove from his right hand on entering the drawing room, and holds this, with his stick and hat, in his left. The hat should be at an angle, the top about level with his nose." This is important. But something more than mere politeness is required of the complete bachelor. His goodness of heart will come out in his treatment of his servants. Though he must "exercise an iron will," he must also "encourage them now and then by a kind word." And once in awhile they must have a holiday or some cast off clothing. They, in their turn, should be "noiseless and automatic." Such things too many young men forget.

With this book, however, they cannot go very far astray. They can learn how to behave at dances and at country houses and at clubs. If it is objected that on these subjects gentlemen do not need instruction, the retort is obvious. Persons who are not gentlemen have their ambitions and frequently try to become complete bachelors. And since this is so, let us be grateful for the mentor who is able to give them so much excellent advice.—Providence Journal.

The father of biography was Pintarch. Critics are generally agreed that the model biography is that of Johnson, by Boswell.

Two Friends.

The late Mr. H. C. Bunner, the editor of Puck, and Lawrence Hutton were the closest of friends. They began says Mr. Hutton, in his sad reminiscence of his dead friend, published in The Puckman, in that often desirable "with a little revision." Even so, it is an introduction to the story of their fate actually threw them together, and to be parted more. Their mutual "good times" were dear at the moment and "pleasant, too, to think on." There was much "excellent fooling" there, and when Hutton was married it but added a third desirable member to the company. The marriage itself shows on what terms of happy nonsense they lived. Mr. Hutton says:

He and Mr. Telford and I spent together at the Westmoreland and in Bunner's rooms the last evening of my single life. He had heard that luck would be insured if the groom, on the occasion of his marriage, would wear "something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue." He urged, therefore, my appearance next day in a pair of socks procured especially by him for me. One was especially unworn, the other had been seen and was darned, but they were both blue. And I must borrow them.

Mr. Telford, I remember, lent me a necktie for the same purpose, and both of those dear boys were married, when their time came, in something blue that was borrowed from me.

When Bunner was married, we sent his wife a traveling clock as a wedding gift, to which I attached a card bearing these lines:

For old time's sake
Will you and H. C. B.
At this time take
The time from mine and mo'
Time is, time was,
Let time be old or new,
The times of us are
Are high old times with you.

To this the lady responded:
I lack the time, in spite of time from you,
To write the heartiest thanks I feel for due.
But every passing hour while time endures
Shall speak to me and mine of you and yours.

One of the Rarest Books.
Among the books of a comparatively recent date, if the seventeenth century can be described as such, is, as the Elzevir collector well knows, the famous "Patisserie Francaise," a small duodecimo printed by Loys and Daniel Elzevir at Amsterdam in 1655. A faulty and poor impression of a work of little value issued in Paris two years previously, this book has become the most sought after of all Elzevir works, just because it is wrongly thought to be the rarest. It was fetched prices reaching in France as high as 4,600 francs. The reason for the supposed rarity is of course that, instead of being placed on its first appearance on the shelves of the curious or the studios, the little volume was thumbed to pieces by the greasy hands of cooks and kitchen maids. Genuine enthusiasts in the printer's art have hoped to see the price diminished in presence of the revelations lately furnished concerning it. Its market value, however, shows no signs of diminution, and that one copy, sold in England during the last seven or eight years, fetched at Sotheby's on June 10, 1895, the sale being that of the Earl of Orford, the preposterous price of £100.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Most Conquer if They Want Shelter.
The German soldier, as the London News carries his own house on his back—that is to say, his share of a shelter tent. The stout pieces of waterproof sheeting are joined together so as to form three sides of a square, and the men are saved from the worst in wind and rain. The idea of the shelter tent in sections is no new one. The French had it many years ago in their tente d'abri. It has many advantages. It reduces the baggage of the army, and it enables the soldier to go into lodgings at once on reaching the scene of the bivouac.

Troops often suffer miserably discomfort in waiting for hours for their heavy tents. The Germans have no faith in these cumbersome contrivances. They have often sent whole armies into the field without any sort of shelter. Their theory is that if the men win a battle they will find all they want in the towns and villages, and that if they lose it they will have no time to pitch tents. The shelter tent seems a compromise between these views.

Man's Bitterest Enemy.
"Sin is always man's bitterest enemy," writes Dwight L. Moody in "Mr. Moody's Bible Class" in the Ladies' Home Journal. "It separates him from his Maker. It separates him from his fellow beings. No position is so low as that of a sinner; no place so hollow as that of a hypocrite; no name so sacred as that of a saint. Sin, like holiness, is a mighty lever, says a distinguished divine. And what may be the cause of the thousands of suicides which have occurred during the past year if it is not a leaching of self? It is sin, then, which makes a man loathe himself. It is sin which makes man's life become a burden from which he often seeks to free himself by his own hand."

Origin of the Sidesaddle.
The use of the side saddle for women riders is traced to the time of Anne of Bohemia, eldest daughter of the emperor of Germany, who married Richard II of England. Previous to this date all English women rode their horses in manly fashion, but on account of a deformity this German bride was forced to use a side saddle, and the custom became general.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

What He Asked For.
A tramp tumbled out of a store, stood on his ear a moment and then collapsed in a heap.

"Hello!" cried a bystander. "What's the matter?"

"Excuse me, pard," said the vagrant. "I just went in there and asked that fellow to help me out."—Philadelphia Record.

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A Ride For Reputation.

While they were discussing the meles in the school board the head of a big manufacturing establishment was moved to relate this experience.

"I was once a pedagogue myself. I had resolved to do something worth while in the business world, and having no capital except what was wrapped up in my person I taught school to get a starter. I had some advanced students and had to skirmish in order to keep up with the procession. One day the whole class was stumped by an arithmetical problem, and so was I. In order to gain time for myself I came the old dodge of telling them how much better it would be if they would work out the solution for themselves and gave them another day."

"That night, behind locked doors and closed blinds, I worked in fear and perspiration. From the bottom of my trunk I took a key to the arithmetical, but even with that aid I failed to master the problem. By midnight I was desperate. It would never do to let the scholars, the parents and the whole cruel world know that I was not equal to my position. But it's not in my make up to surrender while there's a fighting chance."

"At the town, ten miles away, there was a loyal and highly educated friend of mine. He would help me and say nothing. It was one of the bitterest January nights I ever knew. But I slipped to the barn, appropriated a horse, made a ride more notable than many of these immortalized in song or history, froze my ears and toes and had my vocal powers reduced to a whisper."

"But you should have heard my whispered explanation of that problem and my regrets that none of the pupils had mastered it."—Detroit Free Press.

Wave Names.
I have a note of some curious names given locally to the waves on different parts of our coast that may be worthy of record. These were culled from The Family Herald a few years ago. I cannot give the exact date. The names are curiously varied and sometimes not a little suggestive. The Peterhead folk call the large breakers that fall with a crash on the beach by the grim name of "Norrawa (Norway) carpenters." On the low Lincolnshire coast, as on the southwestern Atlantic fronting shore of these islands, the grandly long unbroken waves are known as "rollers." Among East Anglians a heavy surf, tumbling in with an offshore wind, or in a calm, is called by the expressive name of a "sleg," while a well marked swell, rolling in independently of any blowing, is called a "home." "There is no wind," a Suffolk fisherman will say, "but a nasty home on the beach." Suffolk men also speak of the "bark" of the surf, and a sea covered with foam is spoken of as "feather white." The foam itself is known as "spoon drift." So in the vernacular we have it, "The sea was all a feather white with spoon drift."—Notes and Queries.

He Said "Poke and Beans."
Joe Cavan, who has had a whirlwind experience in the south and west, said to the crowd in the same old place, the up town hotel:

"My advice to you all is, be natural. Do not try to deceive people with your affected talk or in your clothes. You will be certain to show the cloven foot somewhere. I was at a dinner once in St. Louis. It was given by Governor Marmaduke. Before we had given our man has the privilege of saying what he wants, the governor asked each one of his guests where he hailed from. One was from Tennessee, one from Illinois, one from California. The east was not represented, so I handed in my card from Vermont. Just then the waiter passed the bill of fare, and, my ruling passion asserting itself, 'Poke and beans,' said I in my natural voice.

"Cavan," said the governor of Missouri vehemently, "you're from Georgy. No man from Vermont ever said 'poke and beans,' and your scheme of passing for a Yankee, sah, is reprehensible and will cost you the wick."

"I have sailed under my own colors ever since."—New York Sun.

Their Peculiar Aversions.
Most people have aversions of some kind or other, and some very strange ones. The sight of a set of false teeth makes John L. Sullivan sick at the stomach. Napoleon did not like to see a white dog. Agassiz could not bear to touch polished steel. The sight of the rising moon, when it was full, always made Mue. de Stael ill. Barefooted children made Louis XIV nervous. Dean Swift has said that Bolingbroke would "act like one bereft should he cast his eyes on a poor, harmless toad." Disraeli had an attack of vertigo when he saw anybody chewing gum. Dickens never liked a stiff shirt bosom, and Buffon would fly into a rage if any one put an egg on the dining table at which he sat.

A Bootblack's Novel Scheme.
The most enterprising bootblack in New York is a young negro who has a stand on Columbus avenue not far from the Natural History museum. His location is one which does not bring much "transient" trade, but he has a goodly number of regular customers. On days when the weather looks threatening this wise young man issues rain checks, good for 12 hours, so that if it rains and a customer's shine is ruined he gets a new one free of charge. The rain checks are slips of paper with the date and hour written in pencil.—New York Press.

Of Course.
First Small Boy—I wish I had that 5 cents back I spent for candy.

Second Small Boy—What would you do with it?

First Small Boy—Buy more candy.—Boston Courier.

The common house fly lays four times in each summer, each time about 80 eggs.

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Justice in the Rough.
"We used to call him the cactus edition of Blackstone," said the major, who had lived in Texas long enough to make a fortune, "and the blind eye goddess never had a more peculiar representative. The law never bothered him a bit, but he revered equity. He had a dignity all his own, but never allowed it to interfere with his love of a joke."

"How old are you?" asked one of the lawyers of a venerable spinster on the stand.

"I was born in '45," she snapped.

"B. C. or A. D.?" quickly asked the judge. And the mature maiden disowned her brother because he would not challenge the court.

"Is this your first offense?" he asked of a convicted horse thief.

"On being assured that it was, the judge said, 'Then I will only give you 99 years instead of 100, as I would have done had you been an old offender.'"

"A miller had bought ten barrels of apples from a farmer and brought action to recover on a claim that the barrels were undersized, causing him a loss of three bushels on the deal.

"How did you get the barrels?" asked the court of the farmer.

"Bought them full of flour from the miller."

"Whereupon the court gave the farmer a verdict and taxed the costs against the miller."—Detroit Free Press.

A Hygienic Restaurant.
A suggestion worthy of all praise is put forth by a contemporary journal for ladies. It is to the effect that somebody should start a restaurant in which the waiters should be instructed to refuse to serve any sequence of dishes which obviously make for indigestion. One can easily believe that the world would be the better, the healthier, the happier, if this proposal were widely carried out. Men have been known, for instance, to wash down oysters with brandy and water, but they have always been sorry for it afterward. Students at the British museum have been observed to drink tea with veal and ham pie, and their studies have suffered from the combination. The world, in short, is full of middle aged men who would enjoy their middle age ever so much better if in their youth they had found their way to restaurants where snob delicacies, as veal and ham pie, dressed crab, lobster, mayonnaise and cucumbers were only to be procured upon production of a medical certificate of fitness to receive them.—London Graphic.

Dead Man's Claim.
Among the rich mines of Leadville is one called Dead Man's Claim. It seems a certain popular miner had died, and his friends, having decided to give him a good send off, hired a man for \$20 to act as sexton. It was in the midst of winter, there was ten feet of snow on the ground, and the grave had to go six feet below that. The gravedigger sallied forth into the snow, depositing the corpse for safe keeping in a drift, and for three days nothing was heard from him. A delegation sent to find the fellow discovered him digging away with all his might, but found also the intended grave converted into the entrance of a shaft. Striking the earth, it seems he had found pay rock worth \$60 a ton. The delegation at once stated out claims adjoining his, and the deceased was forgotten. Later in the season, the snow having melted, his body was found and given an ordinary burial in another part of the camp.—Boston Journal.

A Test of Courtesy.
It happened not long ago that I had occasion to request a friend to deliver an urgent letter for me. The letter contained business of importance which was private in its nature, as it concerned a debt. To hand my friend a sealed letter was to presuppose that he would read it if open. To give it to him unsealed was to risk the possibility of a third party reading it, for the exigencies of life are many, and letters are known to have been dropped.

I pondered, perplexed, but decided that courtesy was one of the first laws of society and left the letter open.

With an easy bow my friend received the note; then, seeing the open flap of the envelope, instantly gummied it down.

That, I said inwardly, is true courtesy.

After a Record.
"Strange," said the man with the strong cigar absentmindedly.

"What's strange?" asked the man with the meerschaum.

"I was thinking of a friend of mine who claims to have found an absolutely perfect fountain pen."

"Always writes, never drips ink and never gets out of order?"

"That's what he says."

"The man with the meerschaum pipe shook his head.

"What do you think of it?" he asked.

"I hardly know what to think of it. He's joined no liars' club that I know of, and yet everything indicates that he is working for a record."—Chicago Post.

Something New.
The Chicago Times-Herald says that a western gentleman lately found his new cook in the drawing room, gazing with much interest at the aquarium.

"Well, Biddy," said the gentleman in a kindly tone, "what do you think of them?"

"Sure, sor," answered the cook, "up on my soul, if they ain't rare lovely! An, begorra, perhaps you wouldn't believe it, but this is the first time that I fiver saw red herrings alive before."

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