

ODDS AND ENDS.

THE EASIEST THING.

Why John Randolph, the Dwarf, Dropped the Gum Drop Industry.

That John Randolph, late of Chicago, should forsake that wicked city for the more effete environment of Greater New York is not surprising when his really pathetic story is known. I met Mr. Randolph recently, after a lapse of years, wearing an air of settled melancholy, a wide brimmed hat and hair that hung to the middle of his back. At first I hardly knew John, he had changed so much.

He is less than 2 feet high, broad of beam and is blessed with a pair of legs that resemble a horse collar. It was those legs that supplied the missing link in the chain of recognition. For years Mr. Randolph flourished in the gum drop industry in the Chicago Tenderloin. With a candy tray strapped to his stomach, John stood in front of theaters and other places of amusement and infested saloons, doing a thriving gum drop trade at all hours until the footpads finally drove the little man from his native heath.

"I couldn't stand it any longer," said John, with a half sob. "Not only did the footpads break me up in business, but they hurt my feelings so that I had to leave town. How would you like to be carried into an alley, held up by the heels and shaken like a meal sack until everything in your pockets fell out? Well, that's what those Chicago thieves did to me, a respectable business man. I was too little to sandbag and the footpads used to jolly me and say I was the easiest thing in town. Then the papers got to printing pieces about John Randolph being shaken down again, with pictures supposed to be funny, but I couldn't see the joke.

This winter was the worst of all. I could stand being robbed two or three times a week, but when they got to shaking the coin out of my clothes every night, and sometimes twice of an evening, I left town. I intended to go into business here, but they won't let me wear a tray, and if I carried a basket the people would be stepping in it. But I've got a new scheme. See my hair and hat? Well, I've got some backskin breeches with fringes on them and a revolver, and I'm going to strike the dime museum circuit as the Lilliputian Buffalo Bill."—New York Journal.

As Others See Us.



Fat Man—What a consummate ass that fellow looks in that get up!—Comic Cuts.

Oly Hold 'Embug.

A story is told of an eminent legal practitioner who was afflicted with difficulty in pronouncing his aspirates many years ago. He had a particular dislike to a late lord chancellor who had published a book of hymns. Upon seeing his rival enter the court on one occasion he was overheard to mutter, "Ee 's comes, 'umming 'is 'ymn tunces; 'oly hold 'umbug, 'ow I do 'ate 'im!"—Westminster Gazette.

For All Practical Purposes.

"My friend," said the traveler with the skullcap, putting his head out of the car window as the train stopped at a desolate looking village, "what is the name of this dried up, God forsaken place?"

"That's near enough," responded the dejected citizen who was leaning against the little red shanty that served as the railway station. "Let it go at that."—Chicago Tribune.

All Put On.

"I don't like the stage manager," said the soubrette petulantly. "He's always making us learn some new popular song."

"What of that?" asked the first comedian.

"Oh," answered the soubrette, "I hate a man who puts on so many airs!"—New York Press.

Expansive Ohio.

Teacher—Jimmie Green, you may rise. Can you give us the geographical boundaries of Ohio.

Jimmie—No ma'am. You can't teach me on any such game as that. Since last November Ohio hasn't had any boundaries.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Dramatic.

Manager—Everything set for that farquyad scene?

Property Man—Everything but the lion.

Once more the eternal feminine and the exigencies of realism were in dire conflict.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

His Idea of It.

The Giddy Young Thing—What is that proverb about there being no marrying in heaven?

A BAND OF CONSPIRATORS.

Deadly Array Against Some Cherished Theatrical Traditions.

It is whispered that the members of one of the most successful and celebrated of our American dramatic companies have organized an oath bound society whose object is the boycotting of dramatic authors' chestnuts, the same having long since proved indigestible. Here are a few specimens which the members of the society refuse to chew:

"I say, lads, are we going to stand by and see this here chap with his store clothes and city ways steal Little Nugget from us?"

"You are mistaken, Harold Rashforth. I am here."

"You just now called me a man, and I lay claim to no higher title."

"Curse me if you will, but don't drive me away!"

"Harm ye, gal? Why, there's not a man wouldn't die for Dick Darrington."

"Now that I have brought you here, you may as well know all. There is no exit. You are trapped—aye, like a dog!"

"Cuthbert Rodney, I know your true character from the moment you entered the old hall."

"Ah, little one, I once had a child who, if she had grown up, would have looked exactly like you." (Fondles the child's hair in utter unconsciousness of the fact that she is his own offspring.)

"Once on board the logger and I will throttle her at my leisure."

"'Tis a dark night, lads, and the waves are high, but let one of you fall me now and his life shall answer for it."

"I am an honest working girl. Let me pass!"

"Hector Clayburn, you have crossed my path from childhood, but this is the last time you will thwart me!" (Attempts to stab him in the back with a spring blade knife, but is restricted by four detectives in "plain clothes.")

"Not, by heavens, before you give answer me!" (Casts off coat, rolls up shirt sleeves, ejects hat and pulls belt up one notch, while the heavy villain waits on stage.)

"Listen, Lillian. In ten minutes I must leave you for ten years. But I will return to you cleared of these vile charges in spite of Clarence Armitage."

"Speak up, lad! No one will harm you here."

"'Tis a long story, but I will tell it to you."

"Hark, what was that? Only the snapping of a twig. What dark demon has a hold of me tonight? One would think I were a piling child instead of Basil Baringsford, with a wrist of iron and a heart of steel."

"Tell me, Harold, do you remember the day you came into my life? The other was full of birds warbling as though their little souls would break. The rhododendron fields were full of verdure, and all the air was sweet with honeysuckle."—Detroit Free Press.

Cameos and Cough Drops.

Beauty is only skin deep, but that is sufficient for the complexion specialist. Figures do not lie until they get on a railway time card.

The wild man of Borneo who comes to town and buys a gold brick or a package of green goods becomes much wilder. Rosebushes never fail to grow thorns, although the crop of flowers may be a failure.

Some men are such liars that they tell the truth only as a means of deception. The ability to discuss the currency question does not always imply the ability to garner coin.—New York Sunday Journal.

The Wolf.

But the brave woman insisted that she could keep the wolf from the door. "I will do my own cooking," she exclaimed radiantly.

Her husband was too full of emotion to speak, but it was with hope he recalled that many had been kept away from their door by her cooking.—Detroit Tribune.

Always Criticized.

"Widows have a hard time of it in this world."

"How so?"

"Half their acquaintances think they grieve too much and the other half think they don't grieve enough."—Chicago Record.

MOQUITO VACCINATION.

Within the last two years a family moved from the city to the country. There were about the new place a great number of mosquitos, and the possibility of an intimate acquaintance with this insect was a serious drawback to their enjoyment of their new home. As the mosquito season arrived there were complaints of suffering that made night a dread. By some means mosquitos would get into the house, even through every door and window were tightly screened. The theory was that infant mosquitos crept through the wires and grew to maturity in the apartment. At all events they did their mischief work to the great disgust and distress of the members of the household, but they were located and could not change their residence, a thing they would gladly have done for this reason alone, so serious was the trouble.

Toward the latter part of the season it was observed that the bites, instead of swelling and forming blotches an inch or so across, grew less annoying until on several occasions there were bites on the hands that produced no results beyond the immediate stinging of the bite. A little notice proved the fact that several members of the family had by some process become practically exempt, and the mosquito plague became but a trifling item of annoyance. It might be interesting to follow up this subject and see whether the introduction of this poison into the system has the same effect as vaccination, rendering the person almost if not altogether proof against suffering from future punctures from these hideous troublesome pests.

—New York Ledger.

ARMY MUSIC IN ENGLAND.

Since 1867 every army musician in England must have passed through a course of instruction at Kneller Hall—the former residence in Twickenham of Sir Godfrey Kneller. The bandmen are supposed to be mere private soldiers and receive the regulation shilling a day, plus a penny extra for the guards, and sixpence per diem to provide themselves with furnished rooms.

It is of course absurd to suppose that first rate performers would be satisfied with this miserable stipend when they could easily earn £2 or £2 5s a week by mere evening work at the theaters. They therefore receive a varying extra allowance from the band fund of the regiment, the government contributing £80 a year per regiment toward the cost of music and instruments.

The bandmaster, who is a warrant officer and is under the military orders of the drum major, nominally gets 5 shillings to 6 shillings per day, plus £70 a year from the band fund. Both bandmen and their conductor, however, derive the greater part of their income from private engagements, and trades unions Congresses have more than once protested that the employment of the army bands at fetes, garden parties, bazaars and so forth is unfair to the civilian professional bandmen.—New York Times.

THE DRIVER'S ERROR.

"A misunderstanding as to the meaning of a word sometimes leads to peculiar situations," said Rev. A. L. Smith of Chicago. In company with several other ministers I was riding in a stage or hack, which served the purpose of a road wagon at a camp meeting. The road wound around the mountains, and the air was delirious, while the scenery was most sublime. I was invigorated as though by a powerful tonic, and several times remarked upon the ozone in the air. After one of these observations the driver stopped his horse, and beckoning to me slyly, climbed from the seat. Wandering what he could want, I followed him, and soon we were behind a large tree, out of the view of the wagon.

"Parson," said the driver, "I couldn't bear to see you suffer. The ozone you smelled was in my pocket. With these words he drew forth a large bottle of whisky, which he offered to me. It took several minutes to convince him that it was not whisky I had referred to as ozone."—Washington Star.

DECORATIONS AND ORDERS.

"What is the difference," asks a correspondent, "between a yellow jacket, a button or a peacock's feather on the one hand, and a thistle, a bath or a garter on the other? Why do we lavish so much ridicule on the importance attached to the first set of emblems by the Chinese when we ourselves set just as much store in these questions, and I commend them to the attention of the wags in the press who are always poking fun at Pe Lo Hing's yellow jacket and peacock's feathers. Looking at the matter impartially, it seems to me that a yellow jacket, or a glass button, or a peacock's feather, is more suitable for decorative purposes than either a bath or a garter. I do not say a thistle, because, no doubt, that is an object highly appropriate to many of those on whom it has been conferred.—London Truth.

THEY LIKE CHINESE.

The black cannibals of northern Queensland are exceedingly partial to Chinamen. The reason is said to be that the flesh of the Chinese is peculiarly tender and palatable owing to rice being their staple article of diet. There is now a numerous Chinese population in the north of Queensland, and scores of them who have ventured beyond the confines of civilization have been captured and devoured by the natives.—London Standard.

HIS BEST SUIT.

"What did old Stuffy have on when he escaped from that burning hotel?"

"A very rapid move."—Detroit Free Press.

IN THE WINTER SEASON.

In the winter season a new moon occurring between 10 a. m. and 12 m. means colder weather, with possibly high winds from the north.

Francois I of France was designated Father of Letters on account of the encouragement he gave to the arts and literature.

CHARLES VI OF FRANCE.

Charles VI of France was hated by his people, and in derision was termed the Well Beloved.

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CHECKING THE WITNESS.

Testimony of a Careful Old Man to a Skeptical Young Attorney.

The young lawyer was determined that if vigilance could accomplish anything the case should be decided in favor of his client, and so when the careful old man went upon the stand for the defense the attorney leaned forward, prepared to fight every inch of the way.

"Mr. Johnson, the plaintiff," said the careful old man, "said that if I would buy the house he would get Mr. Gimpson to relinquish his lease. He said he thought Mr. Gimpson would agree to go. I guess"

"Never mind what you guess. We don't want any hearsay or guessing. Your honor [to the court], I object to this witness' testimony. He is guessing at what he says. We want facts."

"Excuse me," said the old man. "I was about to say I guess at nothing and insisted on the understanding being established in my presence. So the two men got together, with me on hand, to listen to what they said. I understand"

"Objected to as incompetent. Your honor, we don't want to know what this man understands was done. We want what he knows was done. We want"

"One moment," said the careful old man. "I was about to say that I understand ordinary conversation with some difficulty, and so that there might be no error I insisted that they yell out their propositions in loud tones, which they did until you could hear them in the middle of the town. I am informed"

"Your honor," cried the young attorney, "is our time to be taken up listening to hearsay evidence? He does not know. He was informed that such and such was so and so. What we must have is what he knows about the trade and whether or not he"

"I am informed on real estate values, having been a real estate agent all my life," the old man said. "And I knew what the worth of that lease was to the holder of it. Knowing the facts, I would fix damages at \$78.32. I believe"

"Objected," as a conclusion and as incompetent. What any man believes is not necessarily good proof. I don't want to know what you believe, but what you know. We must insist on your telling what you know and not what you surmise or what you conjecture or what you think or what you imagine. A courtroom is not a place for exploiting what a man believes, but what he is sure of. I think the court will support me in saying that we don't want to know what this man believes." And the young lawyer looked confidently at the justice.

"I was going to say," said the witness, "that I believe that is all."—Chicago Record.

THE INDEPENDENT STAGE DRIVER.

Eastern tourists who cannot differentiate between a California stage driver and an eastern coachman meet with a more rude shock in the wild and woolly west, and they soon learn that the Californian is a knight of the reins several grades higher in the social scale than the mediocrity of the east.

There is an old driver at Monterey who is determined that his patrons shall make no mistake concerning his exact status, and in a quiet way he checks all attempts to make a servant of him. A short time ago he was driving a party of tourists about, when one querulous old lady who had annoyed him not a little by her air of superiority asked:

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or women to travel for responsible established house in Oregon. Salary \$780 and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The National Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

COMPRESSED AIR TRANSMISSIONS.

It remains to be ascertained whether or not the pressure of from several hundreds to several thousands, all things considered in compressing and in using, are possible and practicable in the face of heat and refrigeration, with the assistance of compounding, tripling, quadrupling and what not—that is, whether it will pay to employ this vehicle for transporting power developed at a convenient and economical point and distribute the accumulated energy for use through a system of street cars.

Capitalists who invest money for a return upon the outlay are very careful in considering the enthusiastic although sincere views of inventors, and even if it is reasonable to believe that compressed air will eventually take important place in the world's work the investors who take the responsibility are very much in the position of the man who wanted to know how to tell toothstools from mushrooms and was advised to eat them and if he did not die they were mushrooms. Obtaining, say, 10 per cent or less of the heat value of coal in the form of power for available use is a sure thing, well known, and, from the standpoint of facts, cheap. But putting Professor Tyndall's "mode of motion" into some other medium of transportation and paying toll at both ends of the line appeals to the man who pays the bills with a force not easily appreciated by the scientists. The losses met with in transforming mechanical energy into electrical energy and sending it in this form over the trolley wire and into the car motor, or in investing the mechanical energy in the pull of a cable, are more than counterbalanced by many conveniences and economies, and now the hope that some incidental advantages in sight may be realized, and still a little better economy be obtained, is attracting attention toward compressed air.—Charles A. Hague in Cassier's Magazine.

CARLYLE'S DOGGEDNESS.

Carlyle's dogged Scotch unsympathetic persistency in measuring energy by his own ideas was sensibly deepened by a story which Huxley told me of their mutual relations. Carlyle and he were for long good friends, but had a serious difference on the evolution question in the early stages of the controversy. Their personal intercourse ceased in consequence. After an interval of many years Huxley happened to see the Scotchman crossing the street in London, and, thinking that bygones might be bygones, went up to him and spoke to him.

Carlyle did not at first recognize him, but when he had made out who it was he at once said with his Scotch twang as though he were continuing the last conversation of years ago: "You're Huxley, are you? You're the man that's trying to persuade us all that we're the children of apes, while I am saying that the great thing we've really got to do is to make ourselves as much unlike apes as possible." Huxley, who had hoped that the weather or politics might have been admitted for the sake of peace, soon found that the best thing he could do was to retreat and return to their tacit agreement to differ.—"Nineteenth Century.

HE ONE GREAT TROUBLE.

An old, beribboned fisherman at a fashionable watering place was frequently visited during his last illness by a kind hearted clergyman who wore one of those close fitting clerical vests which button behind.

The clergyman saw the near approach of death one day in the old man's face and asked if his mind was perfectly at ease.

"Oo aye; I'm a' rich," came the feeble reply.

"You are sure there is nothing troubling you? Do not be afraid to tell me."

The old man seemed to hesitate, and at length, with a faint return of animation, said: "Weel, there's just one thing that troubles me, but I dinna like to speak o't."

"Believe me, I am most anxious to comfort you," replied the clergyman. "Tell me what it is that troubles and perplexes you."

"Weel, sir, it's just like this," said the old man eagerly. "I canna for the life o' me mak' oot hoo ye manage tag get intae that westcoat."—London Tit-Bits.

STUCK LOU'S FANCY.

The golf stocking has met with astonishing success in this country, and the gentleman who introduced it is regarded as a public benefactor by those young men who cannot boast of much development of the calf. But the rage for golf stockings in civilized communities is not a circumstance to what occurred in Chicago the other day among a party of 70 full blooded Sioux who stopped off in that city for a few hours. All of Chicago's most boasted sights were regarded by them with phlegmatic indifference, but when these untutored children of the forest and prairie beheld a job lot of golf stockings they indulged in a war dance and exhibited their joy in various other ways.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

CHINATOWN HIGH.

Parties doing Chinatown are advised that the fee to the guide will be no small matter. Four of us once found that one of the resident toughs whose services we had secured for a couple of hours valued them at \$10. We compromised with him, I believe, but the slumming expedition, including admissions to the theater, suppers which could not be eaten, tributes to joss and Chinese curios that we bought, was rather expensive. One of the men confided it to his sister.—New York Press.

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